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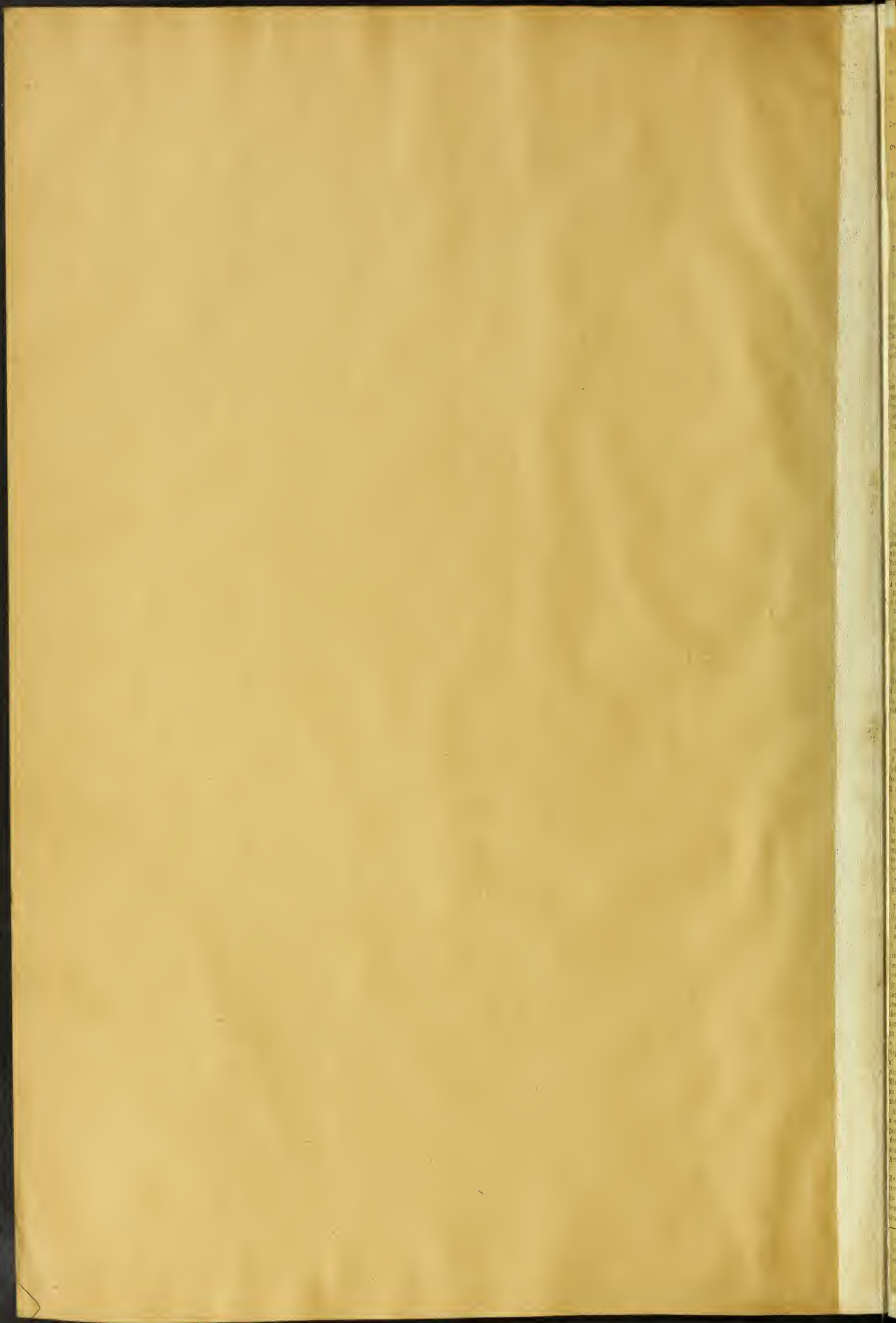
V. 10



GIVEN BY

Hale





March 16 1901

BY A GRAVE.

So fierce he was that with his might
He smote down lies
And put to flight
With tongue like sword of light
That flashing flies.
So fine he was that each appeal,
Though plea most faint,
Could straightway feel
Deep will to help and heal
Answer compliant.
Oh, fine and fierce! Could death subdue
That strength of will,
Or take from you
That ardor ever new
And burning still?
Oh, fierce and fine! Oh, comrade leal
These tears of mine
Tell what I feel
Better than words reveal
Or sounding line.
Dead others lie beyond recall
You might defy
Whatever befall.
Fierce, fine, above us all,
You could not die!

To "Earnest Inquirer": Many years ago there was a farmer who had five sons: Arie, Eric, Iric, Oric and Uric. The last became an expert chemist and gave his name to the well-known and popular acid.

This very day is fraught with pleasant reminiscence. Thus on a pane of glass in a public house called "The Plough," in Lordship Lane, which sells from West Peckham to Sydenham, is the following inscription:

March 16, 1810.
Thomas Mount Jones Dined Here.
Eat six pounds of bacon, drank 19 pots of beer.

But not your trust in German calendars. Here is Meyer's "Historical and Geographical Calendar" for 1901, and what saint for both Catholics and protestants does it name for March 17? The Abbess Gertrude. There is not an allusion to the glory of Ireland. But what is a virgin of Brabant to St. Patrick? A fig for St. Gertrude as well as.

A fig for St. Denis of France,
He's a trumpety fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitteth a heathenish dragon;
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with the patron of swipers,
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear.

Dr. Mazlun, the author of this beautiful poem—we regret that we cannot give the other seven stanzas—assures us that the sentiments were approved before publication by Messrs. Terence Mahagan, Pat Moriarty, Jerry O'Keoghghan, Phelim Macgillcuddy, Blagham O'Shaughnessy, profound geologists, well known and respected characters, and to a man good judges of punch, porter and poetry. No one need hesitate, therefore, to sing it fortissimo tomorrow.

At Cohasset you hear some one say: "I told him if he didn't stop his foolin', I'd gaffe on him." Down in Maine they use "mitten on" with the same meaning. But you will vainly search the Notes of the American Dialect Society, or any slang dictionary, for even recognition of these picturesque phrases.

The good work goes on. Only the other day Mr. J. J. Van Alen of New York was made "Knight of Grace in the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem," which gives him the privileges of an Ambulance Department and an ophthalmic hospital, and now Col. Long, Mr. Humphreys and Mr. Puig—they all have double-barreled names, but we are not yet reduced to use them as padding—are chevaliers of the Legion of Honor. You jostle human beings with titles or decorations on every corner. Even the humblest is a Son or a Daughter or a Grand Nephew of the Revolution, War of 1812, or Shay's Rebellion. A citizen known merely as Mr.—plain Mister—will soon be as conspicuous as an American Ambassador at a foreign and bespangled court.

And yet forty years ago Boston knew a real Duke who was at home "in the parlor of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street in the classic pre-sinks of Bostin." And who was he? Artemus Ward described him.

"A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowels, which last air turned up over his boots; his hat, which it is a plug, bears cock on one side of his classical head. In, sooth he was a heroic

lookin' person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barriest days, near produced a more hefty cavalier."

And what was his noble name?
See him on the Saury Jane which is pursued by pirates.

"Baptist!" said the stranger, "I'm the Duke d'Moses!"
"Old boss!" said a passenger, "me-thinks thou art blown!"

March 17 1901

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky of Chicago

Plays Liszt's Second Piano Con-

certo—Dvorak's "Othello"—Mr.

Fritz Kreisler's Last Recital in

Chickering Hall.

The program of the 18th Symphony concert in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Othello".....Dvorak
Concerto for Piano No. 2, in A Major.....Liszt
Symphony No. 9, in C Major.....Schubert

The program-book states that Dvorak's overture to "Othello" was first played in New York in 1891, and in Germany in 1894. It is my impression that the Triple Overture of which "Othello" is a part was played at Prague before Dvorak landed in New York. Some one has said, and he gave the composer as his authority, that in these three overtures, "Aus der Natur," "Othello" and "Carneval," Dvorak wished to express in music man in a state of nature, close to the earth and the forest; man swayed by a mighty passion, and man as a careless townsman.

"Othello" is characteristic of the Dvorak of the later years, after he was famous and was sought after by English publishers and Festival committees. It is only natural that when an overture is thus entitled the stormy passages should be taken to represent Othello and the tender passages Desdemona. It is easy to say, for instance, that the opening measures were suggested by Desdemona and the song of "Willow"—and there is a clarinet passage that seems to be the burden of the famous song. Whatever may have been the composer's intention, the tender and gently amorous portion of this overture is more effective than the pages that tell of raging jealousy and foul murder. Desdemona's music—let us assume that it is hers, for the sake of convenience—is gentle, quietly pathetic, and it would be beautiful were it not for the suspicion of fluent indifference in the making—insincerity is perhaps a harsh word. But the Moor is decidedly an operetta tyrant. The music that announces his approach arouses curiosity; and whom do we see entering with a fierce expression? Our old friend Mizourk of "Girod-Girod." No, we cannot take this Othello seriously. There are delightful romantic passages; there are bits of charming orchestration; but, as a whole, the overture is not among Dvorak's strongest works. He is so naive that you begin to wonder whether this simplicity is not assumed, whether it is not his leading card. And when he is sinister, you feel that it is only a passing mood; that in his overture Desdemona explained everything satisfactorily; that Iago allowed he was mistaken and was invited to dine with the happy couple the following day.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky is a pianist of high and international reputation. He chose for his appearance here last night Liszt's second concerto, which is by no means one of the most effective in the repertory of the virtuoso. Indeed, Liszt at first did not call it a concerto, for it departs widely from the common form of such pieces. It is an ensemble composition in which the piano is merely one of the instruments, and however rich in color it may be, it is not a concerto that immediately incites an audience to wild applause. Mr. Godowsky played with uncommon accuracy and ease. His performance was worthy of all praise, and his repose was truly refreshing.

The symphony was Schubert's in C major, concerning which there is nothing to be said at this late date. The performance of the orchestra was brilliant, and the concert gave pleasure.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler gave his last recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall, which was crowded. Many stood and many more were turned away. The program was as follows:
Concerto in G minor No. 1.....Bruch
Concerto in D minor.....Bach
For two violins, with orchestral accompaniment.

Songs.....Lalo
Marche.....Henshel
Morning hymn.....Vidal
Printemps Nouveau.....Mrs. Hartmann.

Trille du Diable.....Tartini
Scored for strings and organ by Mr. Kreisler.
Arie.....Goldmark
Requiem.....Mrs. Townsend
Polonaise in A.....Wieniawski

Mr. Kreisler may well plume himself on his success in this city, especially when he knows that this success is the just appreciation of his great talent. The concert yesterday was one of unusual brilliance. Mr. Kreisler displayed fully the technical mastery, the tenderness and the virility of his artistic nature, the individual charm that have drawn toward him the music lovers of this city. As Hunold Singul cast his spell over the women and children of Hamelin. His art has been analyzed in these columns to such an extent that further detailed criticism would be impertinent and tiresome. It may be remarked, however, that Mr. Kreisler is singularly fortunate in his ability to discriminate between that music in a concerto which is only amiable padding and music that should call out all his sympathy or power in interpretation. Now there are violinists who do not make such contrasts, and

they forget that there may be a monotony of beauty or of dramatic strength.

Mr. Kneisel joined his friend and colleague in generous rivalry in a performance of Bach's Concerto in D minor, which was accompanied by string players of the Symphony Orchestra. The performance was one long to be remembered. The two violins were as two voices of different character, yet each was most musical; the art of each player was indisputable; there was no slavish imitation; but there was an artistic rivalry that redounded to the credit of each and honored the composer. Mr. Kreisler's own arrangement of Tartini's famous sonata was effective and he played his part superbly.

The audience was in holiday mood. The violinists were recalled again and again, and Mrs. Hartmann was heartily applauded. Mr. Wallace Goodrich was the accompanist. The cadenza to the Concerto was by Hellmesberger.

Philip Hale.

THE visit of the Leipzig Orchestra, Mr. Winderstein conductor, was in a way pathetic. About a week ago music journals of Leipzig arrived here, and we read in them of the exploits of this same orchestra at home. The reviews were all favorable, and they were to the effect that the performances were excellent and that the audiences were demonstrative in appreciation. But they—orchestra and conductor—were far away and remembering sweet Leipzig. When they gave their first concert in New York they were despitely used by the critics. Mr. Winderstein was asked whether he thought there were no orchestras in this country that he should bring his young men across the wintry Atlantic. The players were summarily weighed and found wanting. And some of the critics who are never happy except when they are jeering at the Philharmonic Society of New York turned a handspring without the aid of a spring board or any mechanical appliance and patted the local players on their collective back. Furthermore the pecuniary results were not gratifying. The United States no longer resembled Tom Tiddler's ground. No wonder that when the orchestra came here some of the young men—or rather boys—looked homesick, and all looked discouraged. Nor is it likely that they could understand how, in a land that boasts of freedom, citizens and foreigners are not expected to cat or drink in public after 11 P. M.

New the New York critics were correct in their opinion that the orchestra is not one of the first rank, although they might have insinuated the fact in a more delicate manner, after the fashion of the boatswain in "Peter Simple." I do not recollect any loud trumpeting that heralded the approach of the orchestra, or any screaming claim of superiority. Mr. Winderstein's players were simply visitors and they deserved at least civil treatment.

They had many predecessors. "The Comet," a Sicilian band of instrumental players, came to this country in 1839. There were the Steermakers who came here in 1846. The band was of 18 performers and Rziha was the conductor. They played chiefly dance-tune, operatic fantasies, light divertures. Gungl's "Railroad Galop" was a favorite piece. They remained here for a few seasons, then they broke up the organization, and Rziha—on Rziha—joined the Mendelssohn Quintet

Club. The Saxonia, led by Ehardt, visited us in 1848. Then there was the Lombardi. Joseph Gungl, at first an oboist, then a bandmaster, established his own orchestra at Berlin in 1843, and visited the United States '43-'49. His tour was not successful, but he took sweet revenge by writing an article about music in this country for a Berlin newspaper. The article, translated into English, is in Dwight's Journal of Music. A few quotations may be of interest:

"At length I will undertake to inform you how it really is with Madama Musica in America. As I told you before, the above mentioned dame lies still in the cradle here, and nourishes herself on sugar-teats. How muchsover the American, as a business man, perhaps surpasses most European nations, just so much, perhaps, in all departments of the fine arts—but especially in music—is he behind all, and is therefore not capable of enjoying instrumental music. It is a matter of course that only the so-called anti-classical music can in any degree suit the taste of an American public; such as waltzes, galops, quadrilles, above all polkas. That there are exceptions, I cannot deny; but only a few—a very few."

Then Gungl describes the fate of certain virtuosos:

"Seventh—A Madama Gorla Bothe, who wishes to make the Yankees believe that she is a prima donna at the Royal Opera in Berlin, sings like a jay and gets applause in proportion. * * * She sings worse than a watchman; and whoever would take the much-talked-of Gorla Bothe, after the first note of her screeching, for prima donna of the Berlin opera, must be a Chinese, a Hottentot or an Esquimaux. * * * A Madama Bishop, Englishwoman, much better than the last, is traveling about in the United States with Bochna, the old virtuoso on the harp, and understands how to operate on the

Americans. She understands Homberg (humbug), and contrives once in a while to excite their emotions and feelings even down to their purses. * * * But then she had to exhibit a little as a comedian. First she appeared as Anna Bolena, with disheveled hair; then as Norma (without children, though); and, lastly, as the Daughter of the Regiment, with a drum and a little tobacco pipe stuck in her hat. The art-loving, discerning public applauded bravely; and it seemed to me that the tobacco pipe most especially called forth the enormous applause. If I find I cannot make it go, I know what I shall do; I shall take also to the tobacco pipe."

The romantic story of the organization of the Germania Orchestra is well known. It was originally composed of 23 or 24 musicians (one 'cello), and the leaders were Lenschow and Carl Bergmann. The first concerts were in New York and Brooklyn, and the expenses

were often greater than the receipts. In Philadelphia the players had no better fortune. Even the gas was turned off at their last concert in the City of Friends. They disbanded. But a profitable engagement was offered at Washington; they had good luck at Baltimore; and when they arrived at Boston, April 14, 1849, six of the ten pieces had to be repeated, and although this first audience was small, "20 concerts were given in rapid succession to overflowing houses."

Louis Antoine Jullien came to this country in 1853. There is a dispute as to the number of players he brought with him; some say 50; some say 40; some say 24; but he brought some of the finest players in Europe; Koenig, the cornetist; Bottesini, the marvelous double-bass, who first came to this country with the Havana Opera Company; Lavigne, oboist; the clarinet player, Wuille; Hughes, an extraordinary player of the ophicleid; the Mollenhauer brothers. In New York this orchestra was increased to 97, the largest ever brought together up to that time in this country. The program of the first concert included the overture to "Der Freischuetz," Andante and Storm movement from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and his own Prima Donna Waltz. He was laughed at; some called him humbug; but he was not a humbug; he was a strange character, theatrical, vain, but a musician of talent and an excellent conductor. His eccentricity before the public was no doubt the forerunner of the disease that sent him to the madhouse. Jullien was remarkable, possibly insane in this; he brought out instrumental works by certain American composers.

I do not mention sundry military bands that have visited us—one was here the year of the Columbian Exhibition, and the visits of Eduard Strauss are of a recent date.

Mr. Arthur Mees is the author of "Choirs and Choral Music," published by Charles Scribner's Sons in "The Music Lover's Library." Mr. Mees, as chorus leader and compiler of program books, was admirably qualified for this task. The book is systematically arranged. The chapters treat in turn of choral singing among the Hebrews and Greeks in the early Christian church, in the Medieval church, after the Reformation. Bach is associated with the Mystery and Handel with the oratorio. Then there are chapters on Amateur Choral Culture in Germany, England and America, and the last word is concerning the chorus and the chorus conductor. There is an index and there are eight portraits. The facts are carefully marshalled, and the author avoids vain speculation concerning Greek choruses.

When there is an opportunity for individual judgment Mr. Mees speaks to the point, as when he says: "Any attempt to surround 'The Messiah' with the halo of an ecclesiastical function must result, as it only too often does, in robbing the music of much of its expressiveness and force." I regret the fact that Mr. Mees ignores the existence of Cesar Franck, Peter Benoit, Saint-Saens and Gabriel Faure as writers for chorus and orchestra.

Mr. Huneker spoke as follows of a piece of chamber music played for the first time in New York by the Kneisel Quartet, Feb. 26:

"Dohnanyi, who is a better chamber music player than a composer, gave us in MSS. his new 'cello sonata. The composer played the piano part and that sterling artist, Mr. Schroeder, the 'cello. The work is a bantling, inspired by Brahms and Liszt. The scherzo was pretty and Lisztian—its trio futile. This young man should hide his compositions from the sun for at least a year. They would thus ripen, and so would his critical judgments."

Mascagni wrote this open letter after the failure of his "Maschere":

Now that the steam has all been blown off with regard to my last opera, the "Maschere," I wish to answer the innumerable communications which have been showered on me with the vehemence of a torrent. I shall divide them into three classes. The first are those who have sent me words of sympathy and belief in my future. This belief I feel also, and I can proudly affirm that the storm of these days instead of discouraging me, has only concentrated all my soul and all my energy, and I shall continue to strive to that artistic ideal after which I have striven. The second category is the most numerous. In it are those who, entreaching themselves behind the anonymous, courageous, gratulate the world on my fall.

exult in the fact of he who thinks he can produce something. In these letters I am ill-treated not only as a composer, but as a private individual; even my family and children are not spared, as to them were sent postcards anything but flattering to me, with inscriptions and comments showing the ferocious joy of those who sent them. Some of them have even accused me of desiring, with the "Maschere," to deceive the public. What can I answer? Do these blessed children of heaven know what work of heart and mind costs? Do they know the anxieties, trepidations and bitterness which inevitably accompany the life of a musician in the hard daily battle with an ideal which smiles but to escape? I pass to the third category, which is the most important, that is, they which have said and written that the good reception of the "Maschere" in Rome arose only from the affection which the Roman public has for me. I can only reply that no eulogy has ever so moved me.

March 18, 1900

The talk was furious, and each man gave his opinion at the same time, after the fashion of the Russian *Mis*, or as it may be that we shall yet see done during debates in Parliament, so that all men may have a chance to speak, and yet escape the ignominy of their words being caught, set down and used against them, after the present plan.

Some time ago we spoke of men who did not accept the reigning and conventional standards of beauty. We wondered whether bearded ladies were surrounded by wooers, but we were ready to believe that certain deformities were as magnets to men and women of high imagination. We received a few letters of violent protestation.

Will these doubting Thomases and Thomashs read the advertisement of Mr. Albert Dolby of New York? "Middle aged man wants a wife. He is all complete with the exception of one foot. His constant work, his character and respectability are good. A lame person preferred."

Mr. Dolby is a man of excellent habits, and he plays the clarinet. "Maid with one leg and with large hearts can come to my home and be welcome, and I'll make choice of the one that suits me best." Nothing could be fairer than that. Some may say that he wishes an incomplete wife because he himself is a foot shy. This is a superficial view. The reader of Montaigne remembers the pleasant arguments in the chapter on "The Lame," and Casanova, a man of incredible experience, has told us in detail of a most surprising adventure, so we may well be persuaded that the true form of the proverb is, "A lame woman is a crown to her husband."

Here is a Southern type of beauty. We quote from an advertisement published in the *Ocala Star* (Fla.).

I had a boy staying with me by the name of Thomas Walker Brown that I raised that was given to me and he left me on February 5th. I will give any person \$3 that will put me on to him. He is a boy between thirteen and fourteen years old, wearing long pants, with a good height. He had on blue overalls, double seated and double kned, known as the best overalls made. They are about half worn out. He has on a brown hand made shirt, with white buttons, and a gray sack tall coat, well worn on the sleeve, and a brown back hat. He is very dark, with heavy white teeth and his upper front teeth is a little double and a little affected between them, and a wide mouth, and his hair is a red brown; lies close to his head. He is not so bright in width and has an illsome appearance and large white eyes; a long face and a sharp head.

Any one finding such a boy of this description will please address me at once and money paid at sight. Ocala, Fla.

"His upper front teeth is a little double and a little affected between them." This floors us. We know too well what "long pants with a good height" are; but how about the "upper front teeth is a little double?" Dripline, the daughter of King Mithridates by Laodice his Queen, had a double row of teeth; a young boy named Phocbus had a triple row; and they say that Louis XIII. had a double row in one of his jaws, "which was some hindrance to him in the readiness of his speech." But this is not an explanation. Women that have on the right side in the upper jaw two eye-teeth, which the Latins called dogs-teeth, may promise themselves the flattering favors of Fortune, but the same teeth double in the left side above is a sign of evil luck. This information is of no avail in the present case. Query: Can there be any connection between the double seated overalls and the said teeth? "And a little affected between them" is absolutely cryptic, lycophronic, "Idesome appearance" is good and needs no gloss or commentary.

Dr. G. Arbour Stephens of Glasgow has invented a remedy for sea-sickness. He claims that the disease is caused by "the rapidly changing focus occasioned by the eye closely following the apparent approach and withdrawal

of objects, such as the rolling crests of the waves." By closing or covering one eye nervous irritation is prevented. "Closing or covering the two has not the same effect, for the simple reason that the imagination is sufficiently stimulated to produce, by descending cerebral sensations, exactly the same effects as were produced by external stimulus. When one eye is closed the imagination has not equal play." It is to be hoped that the knowledge of this new remedy will be widespread, otherwise a winking passenger may be accused by highly sensitive women of gross disrespect.

There are remedies for sea-sickness in the old books. Thus Pliny: "Let a man or woman use to drink wormwood, they shall not be sea-sick nor given to heaving, as commonly they be that are at sea." But Pliny also wrote: "The vomits also which are occasioned at sea by the continual rolling and rocking of the ships never standing still are good for many maladies of head, eyes and breast; and generally they do cure all those accidents for which the drinking of hellebore serveth." Rabelais mentions remedies in vogue in his day as well as in 1901: "All drunk to them, they drank to all: which was the cause that none of the whole Company gave up what they had eaten, nor were sea-sick with a Pain at the Head and Stomach, which inconvenience they could not so easily have prevented by drinking, for some time before, Salt-Water, either alone or mixt with Wine, using Quinees, Citron-peel, Juice of Pomegranats, Sourish Sweet-meats, fasting a long time, covering their Stomachs with Paper, or following such other idle Remedies as foolish Physicians prescribe to those that go to sea."

An editorial writer of the London "Daily News" discusses Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman's book, "Our Children," and says in the course of his remarks:

"Some of Mrs. Gilman's suggestions are worth remembering. If a child is naturally of a cruel disposition, do not give him a kitten, for they will tend mutually to destroy one another. 'His pets should be large and strong creatures.' They should. As the poet has said:

Mothers of large families,
With claims to common sense,
Will find a tiger well repay
The trouble and expense.

And in another place:
As a friend to the children, commend me
The yak.

"An alternative and less drastic treatment is to cultivate sympathy in him. Let him be taken to a children's hospital, and helped to minister to the needs of the small sufferers." We fancy the mere threat of doing so would straighten out the most obstinately warped morality in most infants. And how are we to deal with the child who is as callous as Nero at one moment and passionately sympathetic at another—who is capable alike of holding the kitten under the bath-room tap and of shrieking with agonized pity before the picture of the amputation of Conrad's thumb? Our authoress has not dealt with him. Perhaps he is too bad a case to be admitted to the juvenile fool's paradise."

March 19, 1901

Underneath the growing grass,
Underneath the living flowers,
Deeper than the sound of showers:
There we shall not count the hours
By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain,
Beauty reckoned of no worth;
There a very little girl
Can hold found what once the earth
Seemed too narrow to contain.

A Bostonian of some prominence—and are not all Bostonians prominent?—was called to New York on business. In amiable mood he said unto himself, "There is my wife, poor wretch. She has few diversions. I'll take her with me." He took her not only to the great city, he took her to Koster and Bial's and sat by her in a box, and his breast was widened by the thought of his generosity. He left the box for some reason or other, and his wife was pining with pleasure when a young woman went up to her and said in matter-of-fact, metallic tones, "I say, get all you can out of him. He's the easiest thing that comes to New York."

Our friend the musical editor was pained by the exhibition here of a nine-year-old pianist. We commend to his consideration the case of Miss Amelia Eaves of Fleetwood, England. She is only eight years old and yet she can climb walls that are four and a half feet high, force windows, and plunder grocers' shops and newspaper offices. We regret to say that a magistrate interfered and sent her to an industrial school where she will graduate when she is fifteen. We regret this, because her precocious display did not suggest hours of weary piano practice and confinement. On the contrary she was

exercising her legs and arms, she was necessarily in the open air for some time, and she was mastering the art of judicious selection; for there are things even in a grocer's shop that are not worth the trouble of carrying away.

"I am opposed to duels," said Old Chimes, "at the same time I wish Mr. de Rodays had plunked Count Boni so that we should not have heard from the young squirt for some months or years. That Boni should wing de Rodays is a strong proof of the unfairness and the absurdity of the duelling system."

On Monday morning in the country you are awakened by the chatter of the birds. On Monday morning the flat dweller in town is awakened by the chatter of the maids who are on the roof. There is merry talk about the church service, the benefit concert or entertainment of the night before, the meanness of the mistress, the gallant behavior of a certain "lile." This is the labor of the weekly wash cheered, lightened, made beautiful. No doubt the birds are even worse gossips, and they chatter from sheer wantonness of spirits.

Another woman that has successfully impersonated man. Her name is Catherine Coome, and she is 66 years old. She was married when she was 15, but for the last 40 years she has represented herself as a man, and she has tried various occupations. She married a young woman after two years at sea as captain's cook, and lived with her for 14 years. Her sex was discovered when she was compelled to go to the workhouse.

Our model for the young this day is Mr. John Henderson (1757-1788) of Pembroke College, Oxford, whose astonishing powers of understanding were surpassed only by the virtues of his heart. He usually went to bed about daybreak and rose in the afternoon. "It was his custom to strip himself naked as low as the waist, and taking his station at the pump near his rooms, would completely sluice his head and the upper part of his body; after which he would pump over his shirt, and putting it on, in that condition would immediately go to bed."

Here is an example of the English of a priest in Rome, who has written a book to tell the story of a miraculous picture in the Church of Santa Maria in Portico, where the Elder Pretender—this will please our Boston Jacobites—"Sometimes styled King James III. of England"—established a "perpetual intercession for the conversion of England." The priest dedicates his book to Archbishop Stonor.

"The remembrance of the singular pity and Stuart's devotion towards the prodigious Image grant me to entitle to your Excellency most Reverend, in order to have I also for my protector a famous name who efficaciously will be worth to promulgate again to the Catholics of Great Britain the beautiful perpetual institution of James III. on the favour of its fellow-countrymen."

At a wedding at Bois-Colombes the bride was given away by a woman and the bridegroom had no best man. All the witnesses were women. This leads the Berlin Times to say, "There can be but one step further: abolish the bridegroom."

We have not a high opinion of "society" journalism at any time, but for pure idiocy commend us to the London social news purveyed by the Paris edition of the New York Herald. Here is a gem from Monday's paper: "In Piccadilly I saw Lord Marcus Beresford walking, quite unconscious of the fact that one trouser leg was turned up and the other down."—The Sporting Times.

I have often wondered whether the average individual is in the habit of telling the truth about his knowledge of French. This has been borne in upon me all the more strongly since the Bernhardt engagement. Ordinarily truthful persons tell the most astounding legends concerning their knowledge of French. Gray-haired mothers and fathers, who dawdled over Ollendorf half a century ago, proudly assert that their "French is a little rusty, but—" Their grown-up daughters, who pored over Pasquellé twenty years ago, seriously say: "Yes, I am not so well up in French as used to be, but—" The youngest generation, which is still poring over the contemporaneous French grammar, whatever it may be, says blithely: "Yes, we finished our French course with Mme. Unetelle last term and understand most of what Bernhardt said, but—"—The Argonaut.

The beauties of the law! In England a passenger left in the train a pair of

kid gloves for which he had paid a few shillings. When he asked for them the company demanded sixpence rent or demurrage. He declined to pay and he sued the company for the value. The Judge held that the company had a lien on the gloves and gave it judgment and costs.

March 20, 1900

THE LORD OF LIFE.

Not Love, with all his riot of roses
His painted lilies dressed for death,
His eyes joy opens and grief closes,
His cruel hands, his treacherous breath,
Lying in every word he saith.

Not Death, who promises such pleasure,
Such rest from joy, such ease from pain—
Knowing that ere they grasp his treasure
All hands from all grasp must refrain—
A mocking gift, a treasure vain!

Not this nor that is Lord of Life,
But Courage—who plucks rose or rue,
Faces the silence and the strife,
And lives, serene and steadfast, through
The worst that Love and Death can do!

The history of words is full of interest to the Earnest Student of Sociology, who devotes hours to the dictionary and often plays with a word as Cuvier with a bone. "It is curious," he said to us yesterday, "how some words drop out of existence and are not honored by even the dictionary-makers with 'rare' or 'obsolete.' The word 'abstemious,' for instance, is in common use. It means dispensing with white and rich food, and then 'sparing.' By Latin writers it was held to be from 'ahs' away from 'temetum' intoxicating flour. But what has become of the adjective 'stemious'? You find a hint at it in the expression, 'to steam it,' but the spelling has been changed. If a man is given to steaming it, he is of course a 'stemious' person."

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, a woman doctor, spoke at a meeting in London the other day, and gave this prescription for the best means of obtaining money for charitable objects: Approach a rich widow when her grief is fresh and before the missionaries get everything.

A Parisian magistrate has laid down the rule that a ballet dancer "exercises a liberal profession."

Mrs. Nation at a Topeka conference chided the woman for wearing good clothes "and paying big bills to dress-makers to fit their dresses so as to show off the form." Boston women should know that trains for Topeka leave this city every day. Here the bills are big and the form is not shown—or as an Englishman would say, not according to good form."

We found yesterday in the "Adventures of Bampfylde-Moore Carew" a noble tribute to Boston of the 18th century:

"The goodness of the pavement may compare with most of London, to gallop a horse on it is three shillings and fourpence forfeit.

"The conversation in this town is as polite as in most of the cities and towns of England.

"The streets are broad and regular; the ground on which the town stands is wonderfully high."

Going down a green hill at the end of "the great street," Mr. Carew met two drummers, a Sergeant and several fiddlers and marines, who were, by beat of drum, proclaiming that the tavern and shopkeepers might safely credit the soldiers and marines to a certain value.

Mr. Carew's eulogy of pavement, conversation and streets is of special value, for he twice visited this country against his will. It was on his second journey that he came here. He claims in his remarkable book that he was seized by a press-gang and put on a

ship that happened to be full of convicts. The story is told passionately, as this introduction will show: "What we are now going to relate will raise an honest indignation in the breast of every true lover of liberty; for all such know that the heauteous flower of liberty sickens to the very root (like the sensitive plant) at the slightest touch of the iron hand of power upon any one of its most distant branches."

A less emotional writer assures us that "Carew had a method of enticing away people's dogs, for which he was twice transported from Exeter to North America."

We are delighted to become acquainted with Mr. William Barker of Kilburn, England, who celebrated his 71st birthday early this month. After he left his friends, he was a weary and he would fain rest. A policeman found him sleeping peacefully on the sidewalk. Mr. Barker finally appeared before the magistrate.

He nothing common did, or mean
Upon that memorable scene.
"My condition," said Mr. Barker in reply to a question of the Magistrate, "was that of an English gentleman."

This reminds us that some years ago an English Prohibitionist advocated deporting the hereditary class of English inebriates to the Pacific Islands; whereupon Sala denied that island life is necessarily conducive to sobriety. "Trineulo, shipwrecked on the enchanted island, certainly did not turn teetotaler, and as for Caliban, he found in the bottle a sweet solace for the monotony of insular existence."

Here is a good story told by Mr. W. G. Thorpe of an army Chaplain stationed at Port Royal, whose duty it was to bury those that had died in the hospital close by the garrison mess-house. "The hour for the ceremony was fixed for after lunch, and the Chaplain then fortified his system against the depressing influences which were in store for him. He was a sportsman, a good shot, and in Canada, where he had been previously stationed, had been introduced to a new food animal on whose praises he waxed eloquent, so much so that when gently reminded that the corpse was waiting many of the officers went with him to continue the discussion. * * * At last, however, the orisons drew to an end, and at the words, 'Our dearly beloved brother, now departed this life,' the officiant closed the book, handed it to the sexton, turned to his messmates and went on, 'possessing, you see, all the juiciness of beef, but crisper, and with a slight gamy flavor.' He had been thinking of elk all the time of the service."

The New York Evening Post publishes a sour review of Mr. R. L. Garner's "Apes and Monkeys." The reviewer thinks that Mr. Garner might have obtained a great deal more if he had turned himself loose after the apes instead of wasting his time in waiting for them to call upon him. He mentions one 'of the most satisfactory words learned,' the wh-oo-w of the Capuchin; he gives some of Mr. Garner's translation and then adds: "The monkey talk is thus very like that of the horse, the whinny of which means thirst, hunger, hay, oats, corn, something to eat, or liquids, or solids, and may mean another horse, the owner, the hired man, or anything else desired; the intensity of the desire, possibly the kind, being indicated by the emphasis, accent, or other peculiarity of the whinny."

21 1907

BENDIX QUARTET.

First Appearance of This Club in Boston Yesterday Afternoon at Steinert Hall With the Assistance of Mrs. Beach, Pianist.

The Bendix Quartet of New York (Messrs. Max Bendix, Ernst Bauer, Jacob Altschuler, Leo Schulz) made its first appearance here yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Beach assisted. There was a large and applause audience. The program was as follows:

Quartet in A minor, op. 29.....Schubert
Sonata in A minor, op. 34.....Beach
Quartet in E minor.....Smetana
Two at least of the Quartet were not strangers in Boston. Mr. Bendix visited us three years ago with Ysaye, Marteau, Géraldy and Lachauve and took part in a memorable chamber concert, and Mr. Leo Schulz, for several years a valuable member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was widely known and appreciated. This quartet was organized only this season.

The program was well calculated to give pleasure. The quartet by Schubert is a delight from beginning to end, and it would be hard to choose between the movements. This cannot be said of much of Schubert's music. What a falling off, for instance, in the second movement of the "Unfinished Symphony!" And how often in his chamber music is there a steady decrescendo of interest. How much there is that is diffuse, sentimental, tiresome! But in this quartet there is that peculiar gaiety which reminds you of certain poems by William Blake, and there is also that peculiar melancholy which Schubert alone knew. What a wealth of spontaneous melody! What natural, inevitable harmonic treatment!

Smetana's quartet, "Aus meinem Leben" is a singularly interesting human document. Seldom has a composer deliberately tried in chamber music to tell the story of his struggles, love, amusement, despair. For Smetana gave out a program to go with this music, and when madness gained full possession of him he was at work on a second quartet, which was to be the continuation of the story.

Mrs. Beach's sonata was played at a Knelsel concert a few years ago. Since then it has been performed in Boston and Paris, unless I am mistaken. It is to be reckoned among the most spontaneous and genial of her works.

The Bendix Quartet need not apologize for the few months it has been together. It already plays in a manner to win respect and admiration. Pre-

cision and observance of nuances were to be expected from such good musicians, but we were hardly prepared at present for the marked authority and the true sentiment that characterized the playing. Nor was there any evidence of undue anxiety in the matter of nuancing. This anxiety often leads to incongruous polish and bore-some uniformity of expression. The Quartet knows the value of strong accentuation and virile bowing. It plays with enthusiasm as well as taste. It knows the truth of the homely proverb: "It is not necessary to plane both sides of a barn floor."

Philip Hale.

Esprit de corps is a corporate partiality or prejudice; a feeling of clanishness and confraternity; a selfishness at second hand, which induces us to prefer the members of our club, guild, or coterie, not only to others, but to reason and justice. Nationality is but esprit de corps on a large scale, selfishness spread over the surface of a whole country.

Poor Sihyl Sanderson! She tried to give a concert in Vienna, Feb. 23. The audience was not responsive, or at least it showed no signs of hysteria; whereupon she stopped in the middle of a song, said "I can't" and left the stage.

How different the fate of the dancer La Belle Guerrero. She made a contract in Paris with Mr. Andrews, a muscle hall manager, for two months in America. The salary was to be \$5000 a month, and in case of breach of contract she should pay \$1000 by default. She did not carry out the contract, and the manager claimed that her salary should be seized at the Folies Bergère until the forfeit was paid off. The Court decided in her favor and awarded her the costs of the action. The decision is that "the acts of a minor are governed by the laws of the country in which he or she is born, and accordingly as a Spanish woman is of age only on her 23d birthday the contract, although signed in France, is void." This decision, they say, is a death-blow to the "never-aging young girl of 16," who has now to produce her birth certificate. Meanwhile managers are compiling a list of the ages at which different countries "regard a woman as being able to think for herself."

The fondness of the British public for puns has long been known to us through the burlesques imported from London. The latest Gaiety shows, however, were comparatively free from this nausea, and we were led to think that punning was now confined to Punch. But we learn from a London journal that it has broken out in a most aggravated form. "At dinner parties, and in the club smoking room and between the acts at the theatre, and going to town on the Twopenny Tube, and while the jury are discussing their verdict at a murder trial, people ask each other paralytically idiotic questions. For example:

"Why did the Barmaid Chain-pagne?"

"Because the Stout Porter Bitter."

And this is the nation that is oppressing the Boers in the name of Christianity.

We cannot get away from England. The society and fashion journals, dear to Englishmen and women, are a perpetual delight. In one of the best of these journals you find advertisements of persons who wish to exchange a slightly worn set of false teeth for a concertina, a bird-cage for a scratch, etc. But it was reserved for H. B., a contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette, to examine thoroughly a journal read enthusiastically by suburbanites. Let us pass by the headlines: "What is the Secret of Success in Society?" "Cold Air and Red Noses," and even "Dark Rings Round the Eyes."

A correspondent wrote to the "dear editress": "We have only been married a month, and all that long while I have tried my hardest to be a good wife to my husband. I have superintended the cooking of all his meals, warmed his slippers unfailingly, wet or fine, darned his socks all over the soles and heels." "H. B." suspects that her personal superintendence of the cooking has turned the husband into a man of wrath. Another husband "goes about for days with a face one mass of frowns," whenever he sees his wife speak to a gentleman—even though he may be a friend I have known from childhood.

A thrilling article on "Fattening the Face and Removing Superfluous Fat" tells us that "Toward middle age the fat of the cheeks tends to gravitate toward the lower jaw," and that "when a face is too thin in parts the question should be put, Is it too fat in others?" The writer insists that "all kinds of stockings require to be carefully washed."

Here are some choice bits of ad-

vice: "When he gets raggy, ruffle his hair and tell him 'He's a darling old idiot' and you're so glad he cares enough about you to be jealous." "Those who wish to get on in society make an inversion of an old proverb and say: 'Take care of the women and the men will take care of themselves.'" "There is one situation in which olive-oil can be used to advantage—round the eye." "One of the most-admired ladies in society merely owes her popularity to the way she gives herself up to the person with whom she is at the moment conversing."

H. B. was moved to pity, not to laughter: "Think of these thousands of obscure women who read week by week how they should invite their friends to aristocratic teas, how they should woo the red from the tips of their noses, how they should tame jealous husbands, how they should make fashionable blouses, and how they should ask themselves, when a face is too thin in parts 'Is it too fat in others?' These are our sisters; they are immortal souls. The majority of them have husbands. Think, then, of these women, and of the husbands who find their new socks darned all over the soles and heels."

"I was thinking of these women when my train stopped, and two grandly-dressed ladies stepped into the middle of my meditations. In neither case, I fear, had the instructions regarding compulgence been followed with that precision which alone can produce a cure. They breathed heavily.

"There's no style in her dress," said one.

"I've never seen her look a real lady yet," replied the other.

"It isn't as if she couldn't afford it."

"Oh, dear, no! What's to be bought she can buy."

"It's want of taste."

"And want of hey."

Certain popular novels bring to mind Horace Smith's definition of horse: "An article in the sale of which you may cheat your own father without any imputation upon your honesty, or your sense of filial duty."

This is the anniversary of the death (1798) of Mr. John Little, who died, rich, at the age of 84. "A few days before his death the physician who attended upon him advised that he should occasionally drink a glass of wine. After much persuasion he was induced to comply; yet by no means would in-trust even his housekeeper with the key of the cellar. He insisted on being carried to the cellar door, and on its being opened, he in person delivered out one bottle. By his removal for that purpose from a warm bed into a dark humid vault, he was seized with a shivering fit, which terminated in an apoplectic stroke and occasioned his death." Mr. Little left behind him in this vale of tears many things; much money of various kinds, 173 pairs of breeches in a room that had been closed for 14 years; 180 wigs hoarded in a coach house, etc., etc. Truly an interesting character.

March 22, 1901

MR. WALLACE GOODRICH.

First of Two Organ Recitals was Given by Him Last Evening in Symphony Hall—A Program of Genuine Interest.

Mr. Wallace Goodrich gave the first of two organ recitals last night in Symphony Hall. There was an appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Toccata in F.....Bach
Sonata No. 6 (first movement).....Mendelssohn
Pastorale.....Grieg
Adagio.....Widor
Canon in B minor, op. 56.....Schumann
Lamentation.....Guilmant
Breton Rhapsody No. 1.....Saint-Saëns
Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.....Thiele

The program was an excellent one. The pieces were representative and well-contrasted. There was no piece that was of merely technical interest, there was no piece that was a deliberate bid for cheap applause. And the program was free from that abomination of desolation, the "transcription for organ." It is true that Schumann's charming canon was not written for the organ, but it was written for the pedal-piano, and the organ rightfully claims it. As for that matter, some believe that the great toccata played by Mr. Goodrich was intended originally by Bach for some species of piano with pedals.

The first movement of the sixth sonata by Mendelssohn is the most impressive of the organ compositions of that master whom many have so slavishly imitated with tiresome results. The Pastorale of Franck is a characteristic piece, of melodic and harmonic distinction; a pastorate of autumn fields, not boisterous spring, nor radiant summer. The adagio of Widor is true organ music that leads to solemn thought, such music as Milton would have liked to play. Guilmant's "Lamentation" is perhaps a little perfunctory in expression, nor is it to be compared with his

short Funeral March in C minor, a most dramatic and poignant dirge. Saint-Saëns wrote his three rhapsodies on Breton themes before he was famous, in the late fifties, before he was organist of the Madeleine. There was a time when every organist felt obliged to play Ludwig Thiele's variations. Some have claimed that the pieces which bear his name were written in great part by Haupt, his close friend; but Thiele was recognized in Berlin before his death—he died in 184 of cholera—as not only a marvelous player but a composer of talent. Haupt edited these pieces. If he composed them, is it not singular that he did not write pieces of a similar nature and take the credit? Haupt himself was never weary of talking about Thiele, and he never mentioned his name without honest emotion.

Mr. Goodrich played admirably. His technique was amply sufficient, nor was there ever the thought of an arduous task. He registered effectively, not anxiously, not with a view to experiment. Here was an excellent instance of legitimate organ playing by a musician.

His second organ recital will be given Thursday afternoon.

Philip Hale.

NEUTRAL TONES.

We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though children
Of God,

And a few leaves lay on the starving sod,
—They had fallen from an ash, and were
gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles solved years ago;
And some words played between us to and
fro—

On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadliest
thing

Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing.

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a
tree,

And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

Mrs. Sabin of Brooklyn is a member and a deaconess of the Church of the Incarnation. The choir of that church is made up of women; some are young and some are old, but all wear surplices. Mrs. Sabin appeared before the choir at a rehearsal and said in part: "Many of you wear your hair in the style that is called pompadour. It is frivolous, coquettish, and altogether inappropriate for those who are to take part in the worship of God. It is irreverence." Then, not satisfied with idle words, she started down the line, pulled out hairpins and "undid 'pomps.'" Tears, words, letters of resignation, followed.

Thus did Mrs. Sabin follow in the footsteps of famous fathers of the church who rebuked women for their wigs: Tertullian, St. Gregory, St. Jerome, St. Bernard, St. John Chrysostom, Cyprian—who even went so far as to say: "Give heed to me, O ye women! Adultery is a grievous sin, but she who wears false hair is guilty of a greater." She would sympathize with Thomas Conecte, the Carmelite preacher, who inveighed bitterly against the head-dresses of the 15th century. These were especially monstrous in Flanders, for the women wore horns of a surprising height and breadth, and they had on each side two ears of "so unaccountable a size that it was impossible for them to pass thro' a door." These head-dresses were called "hennins." Conecte not only preached against them; in order to make them still more odious to the populace he used to excite little children, to whom he gave some trifling presents, in the places where he preached, to hoot and hallow after these Hennins. These children were so well taught by him that when they saw any Lady coming to Fryar Thomas's sermon with such a head-dress on they used to hallow after her, tho' the congregation was ever so numerous, and cry a Hennin, a Hennin, without ceasing, till such ladies had left the congregation or taken off their Hennins." Some of the children were taught to throw stones at the offenders. Of course, when Conecte left Flanders the head-dresses shot up to a still greater height, and the women bore with equanimity the news that the Carmelite had been burned at Rome as a heretic.

A la Pompadour was not merely a fashion of arranging the hair; the phrase was applied to fashions of every kind. Thus a pamphlet was published at the Hague entitled "Life à la Pompadour, or the Quintessence of Fashion." Nor was the Pompadour coiffure the prevailing one during the life of the favorite, Legros, a hair-dresser of Paris, exhibited 100 dolls with heads dressed to suit the shape and the expression; and he boasted that 42 different coiffures had been applauded by court and town. The "Encyclopédie carcassière" appeared the year before the death of the Pompadour. It is illustrated with pictures of 41 coiffures, and "à la Pompadour" is one of the eight most curious.

Why should this Pompadour coiffure be regarded as coquettish, or irrever-

nt? The chief question is this: Is it becoming? And when it is becoming the male beholder thinks that life is pleasant and that there are goodly things as pasture for the eyes. But be not deceived. There are pompadours that do not deserve the name.

This is the feast day of Saint Nicholas of the Rocks. He was a Swiss gentleman whom Satan once threw into a Bramble-bush. Nicholas did not thus put out his eyes, but he pondered his life and concluded that his duty was to go into the desert and spend his remaining years in prayer. He therefore left his wife and 10 children and turned hermit. His specialty was fasting rather than praying; for the inscription on his tombstone says that he lived 19 hours and six months without taking bodily food. Thus he eclipsed the record of the Marquis in "La Pêcherie," who spent 10 long years in a dungeon without tasting food or clothes.

Mrs. Charlotte C. Stopes is about to publish a book entitled "Shakespeare's Family." It is written on purely genealogical lines, and the writer hopes to show conclusively that the immortal Williams was descended on his mother's side from Alfred the Great. Alfred, our young readers will remember, was the monarch who forgot to turn the cakes, hence he did not take the cake. If we should follow the lines of investigation approved by Baconians we should say at once that Mrs. Stopes had an easy task. For why did Shakespeare make sundry allusions to cakes, if he did not have in mind the historical anecdote about his royal forebear? Sir Toby Belch's question about cakes and ale is a household word. "My cake is dough"—"stewed prunes and dried cakes," also occur; and Pandarus reminds Troilus that he must carry "the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking"—before the cake Cressida is ready for his lips. ♪

MR. GABRILOWITSCH.

The Russian Pianist Gives His Third Recital in Chickering Hall Before an Enthusiastic Audience.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave his third piano recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op. 31, E flat.....Beethoven
Faschingsschwank aus Wien.....Schumann
Nocturne, B major.....Chopin
Valse, C sharp minor.....Chopin
Polonaise, A flat major, Op. 53.....Chopin
Petite Sérénade.....Gabrilowitsch
Humoresque, Op. 10.....Dvorak
Rigaudon.....Raff
Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 8.....Liszt

Mr. Gabrilowitsch confirmed the favorable impression made by him at his last recital, and his performance at the first recital in Symphony Hall seems all the more singular and impossible. At that concert he was distinctly lackadaisical and inconsequential; but at his recitals in Chickering Hall he has shown strength and authority, strong rhythmic feeling, and brilliancy as well as dynamic gradations, grace and elegance—an elegance that was not cold or stately. Never was there such a contradiction. Let us be thankful that the true Gabrilowitsch revealed himself before he said good-by, and that he has made his double-with-a-difference pass into the shadows as though he were not. The feature of the concert of yesterday was the eminently musical performance of Beethoven's sonata. "One is often tempted to ask a pianist, 'But why do you play a sonata?' The thing is in four movements." Such a question was impossible yesterday. The performance was maturely thoughtful, yet the thought seemed born of the moment, as fresh as the dawn. There was admirable differentiation between the characters of the movements. The pianist was tricky when some are leaden-heeled in gayety. And the variety of tonal color seemed never ending. Perhaps the performance of Schumann's Faschingsschwank was equally great, but the musical thought of the composer is here not so sustained. The work abounds in passages of exquisite beauty, but there are also sad drops in fancy. The waltz of Chopin was encored, and yet the performance was not excellent, for it was affected and distorted. I do not refer so much to Mr. Gabrilowitsch's version of Chopin's notes as I do to the disturbances in the rhythmic flow. A sudden jolt in rhythm is not tempo rubato. His own piece might well have been omitted.

Philip Hale.

SONG OF SLAVERY.

I hate the way your eyes are shaped—
I hate the way your lashes curl—
I hate the way your gown is draped,
Detestable, enchanting girl.
There's not a glance or gest of yours
That mind and soul of me approves.
Yet something—yours or mine—secures
The cage that holds my angry love.

Oh, be as I would have you be—
Demure, devout, and dainty—dear.

For love is struggling to be free.

How dare you keep him prisoner here?

To my ideal approximate.

And hear Love sing a free bird's song:

"Was it the furnace of my fate

In which Love's bars were forged so strong?"

So certain horses are to have a sumptuous palace in the Back Bay. There will be steam-heat, elevators, amuletories, and open, sanitary plumbing. But this is not the first instance of such loving care. The Emperor Caligula, who lived in the Back Bay of Rome, built a marble stable with a manger of ivory for his favorite horse Incitatus, and the day before a race he sent soldiers to see that there was quiet in the neighborhood that the horse might not be made nervous, and that it might sleep. The historians say nothing, however, about steam heat or open plumbing. The books are full of instances of strange affection shown horses, as by Alexander the Great, Augustus Caesar, Queen Semiramis, and many owners have remembered horses in last will and testament, as Reinhold Rosen, who settled a pension on his horse, with a meadow. And Charles, Duke of Calabria, pronounced a sentence worthy of his exalted rank when he decreed in favor of an old horse, "who, having been forsaken by his master in his old age, and to whom he had done very remarkable service in war, went, by I know not what instinct or accident, and rung a bell that was hung up at the palace gate, purposely that all who met with ill treatment might ring it, in order to make their complaints, and sue for justice." Pelagot tells of a countryman near Toulouse who about 1781 left all his property to his chestnut horse, and added in his will, "I wish it to belong to N—my nephew." The will was attacked, but it was sustained. Claude Serres, professor of law at Montpellier, gave the reason why: "The will was held valid and the estate was granted to the nephew, who was named owner of the horse; because it was thought right that the simplicity of the villager should be respected and his wish carried out." Of course there will be some who will protest against extravagance in the Back Bay when men and women are struggling or starving in other parts of the city. So Father le Moine cried out against Caligula: "An Emperor caused a palace of marble to be built for a horse. . . . Not contented with this he nominated him Consul, gave him a Feast in the Senate, and had his name registered in the Fasti, or Roman Calendar, with Cato, Pompey, and such like illustrious personages. Had he survived him, he doubtless would have made a god of him, by a new kind of apotheosis; and forced the 12 gods of the Capitol to admit him into their number."

Sophie Croizette, the play actress who died the other day, was much caricatured in the late seventies. Her death scene in "The Sphinx" was sensational, and the first night there were hisses. She was caricatured as a sphinx with a rear held to her breast. Her tongue was bitter and her malignant wit was often directed against Sarah Bernhardt. Pelicien Champsaur says that she would have looked unmoved on a capital surgical operation. Her railing passion was riding, and in the picture of her painted by Carolus Duran, her brother-in-law, the horse was perhaps more conspicuous than the rider.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid prohibits local theatres from performing tragedies because they excite and sadden the public mind. Only farces and burlesques are permitted. How different it is in America today. Tragedies promote hilarity and general good feeling, while farce-comedies depress and give one that tired feeling.

Heard in a street car: "Yes, Jennie's takin' music lessons. Her teacher is just splendid. Oh! she's known all round—all over Europe. She's a great pianist and she's played with all the symphonies everywhere. She's been here five years. She's got 40 pupils and you have to pay a dollar a lesson. How long has she been takin'? Why—her father got her a lovely piano for a birthday present that time I went away and when I got home she could play 'Home Sweet Home.' It seemed to come kind of natural to her. She's going to play in the Hall at a concert in a duet and a solo piece too. It's all full of those running notes, and she does it just as easy. Can she sing? Well—she's got a real nice voice. Jennie has, and they do say she could learn to sing in the grand opera, but he don't seem to want to have her trained. You see it costs a lot, and then just as soon as she is ready why, a girl like Jennie is likely to go and get married, and there you are. Don't you remember that Smith girl? They had her learn, and then when she was 19 she joined a troop and went off singing in opera, and pretty soon she married the conductor, and that was the

end of her. It don't seem to pay. Jennie's teacher's name is Lichtenstein. Oh, yes, she's German, but she can speak English just as good as you can—could when she came. They learn it over there to Berlin in Europe, but you'd just ought to hear her play. I can tell, for you don't often hear such a pianist. It's perfectly lovely."

An English student of sociology reports that the Northern peasant woman now comes to the fair with a genteel hat and veil, while her hair is over her ears and curled round her eyebrows in the manner of a popular barmaid; whereas in the good old times she was a buxom woman, supported on legs like two stout pillars, her frock very short, showing her leggings and wooden clogs, while she wore a queer bonnet with a projection that resembled the hood of a carriage. He says of the woman of today: "I am certain only a quarter of the women looked healthy, and these were nearly all the middle-aged ones. They are in the most frightfully anaemic and dyspeptic condition, and very few but had most of their teeth out. They looked more delicate than the town girls. Many of them had the most exquisite complexions imaginable, but not of the kind we associate with good health. To get the extraordinary pallor and the faint pink they eat quantities of raw oatmeal, starch, rice, etc., till it is impossible for them to digest a decent meal."

But women of all ranks and all periods have done queer things to gain this pallor and pink. The noble dames in the days of Louis XV. used to be bled.

M. R. GRAY has prepared an operatic list of unusual interest for the first week of the engagement at the Boston Theatre. Two of the operas will be sung for the first time in this city.

Massenet's "Le Cid," an opera in four acts and ten scenes, was first performed at the Opéra, Paris, Nov. 30, 1885. The Chlmène was Fidès-Devrèlès; Bosman was L'Infante; and the two de Reszkes and Plancon created the parts which they will take here April 2.

The librettists, d'Ennery, Gallet and Blau, borrowed from Guilhem de Castro and Corneille; from the former they took the scene of the oath and that of the vision; from the latter, the majority of the situations and much of the verse. But the manner in which Chlmène recognizes in Rodrigue the murderer of her father is their own invention.

There is an overture in which the composer has recalled the chief themes allotted to his characters. The curtain rises on the home of the Comte de Gormas, who encourages the love of his daughter for Rodrigue. The Infante joins in his entreaties. Chlmène asks if she does not love him, and the women sing a duet. Change of scene. A gallery leads from the palace to one of the doors of the cathedral. Burgos is seen under a clear sky. Bells, trumpets and the organ are heard. The King of Spain consecrates Rodrigue a Chevalier of the Order of Saint-Jacques. This scene includes the song of the sword and a prayer, which is followed by a celebrated page for the tenor "Ange ou femme." There is the scene of the blow and a noticeable duet between Don Diègue and Rodrigue. In which the father points out de Gormas, and Rodrigue swears to avenge him. Meanwhile Chlmène crosses the garden, while the violins express her joy in knowing that she is loved.

The second act shows a street in Burgos at night. De Gormas is killed in the duel. Rodrigue sinks to the accompaniment of a funeral march. Chlmène appears on the threshold of her dwelling, pale, distracted, asking who was the murderer of her father.

The ballet is naturally of Spanish dances and of strongly marked character. Trumpets announce the envoy of Boabdil, who is about to declare war against the Spaniards. Chlmène demands justice, but the King hearkens to Don Diègue, who demands for his son the honor of commanding the army. Then follow the scenes in which Chlmène sings "Fleurez, mes yeux," which is often heard in concert halls, the great duet between Chlmène and Rodrigue, the camp before Cadix, the scene of the vision, the battle, and the triumph.

It will be seen that there is opportunity for scenic display and picturesque costumes.

The success the first night was indisputable. A Frenchman always kisses another Frenchman on such an occasion, and this time it was Ambroise Thomas who on the stage gave the "accolade paternelle" to his pupil and said: "I should like to have written

"Le Cid." The opera was sung 45 times the next year, and since then it has been often performed. Klafsky was the Chlmène at the first performance at Hamburg in 1888. The part of Rodrigue is considered to be one of Jean de Reszke's most brilliant parts.

Puccini's "Tosca," a melodrama in three acts, book by Sardou, Illica and Glacosa, was first performed at the Costanzi, Rome, Jan. 14, 1900. The chief singers were Darcle, who had an unfortunate experience in this country with Mapleson; De Marchi, who shared in this experience, and Giraldo.

Sardou's repulsive melodrama (1887) is familiar to all theatre goers. I say "repulsive" because the scene in which Cavaradosi is tortured and finally brought on the stage with bloody face, is repulsive and inexcusable. The other famous scene in which Floria Tosca is wooed brutally by Scarpia—yet wooed is hardly the word—has been illuminated by the brilliant art of Sarah Bernhardt, and it is said that Terina in this same scene rises to a supreme height of tragic intensity. The brutal offer of Scarpia was not original with Sardou; it is the theme of an old Italian story by Cinthio, and it is found in other forms, as in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure." But let us see whether the story of the librettists differs from that of Sardou.

The first scene is that of the church of Sant' Andrea della Valle. There is no overture. Angelotti, the escaped prisoner, has just entered into the chapel of his sister. The painter Mario sings a madrigal as he dreams of his love for Floria Tosca. She enters, jealous of the Marquise, the sister of the

prisoner, the woman whom her lover has for a model. The prisoner has already donned the woman's dress provided for him, gown, veil, fan. A cannon shot is heard; the flight of Angelotti has been discovered. The church fills, and Scarpia, the chief of police, hunts and finds the fan. With this he will try to prove to Tosca that her lover has betrayed her. The duettino between Tosca and Scarpia is one of the joyous pages of the work. It begins with the sound of bells which tell that the procession is about to enter the church. The phrases of Scarpia are supported by the rhythm of the bells; they are of true invention; Tosca, meanwhile, breathes out her sorrow in warm and vibrant song. The bells sound, the procession passes, the cannon boom, and the chorus sings with full voice a Te Deum accompanied by the orchestra.

The next act includes all the episodes that are in the third and fourth acts of Sardou. The police who followed Tosca to the villa where Angelotti is supposed to be in hiding, do not find him and arrest the painter. The voice of Tosca is heard singing on a lower floor of the Farnese palace. A note from Scarpia calls her to him. Cavaradosi refuses to betray his friend, and he is taken into the adjoining room to be tortured. The duet between Scarpia and Tosca is said to be of wondrous beauty. But the most striking music dramatically is the "duet of seduction" between Tosca and Scarpia. There is a repetition of a phrase of the preceding duet; then Scarpia has a magnificent phrase; the dialogue that follows is concise, stern. It is interrupted by the invocation of Tosca, "Vissi d'arte e d'amor," which is perhaps the finest page of the opera. Every one knows the supremely tragic scene in which Tosca after the murder of Scarpia places a crucifix on his body and a candle on each side of him. Puccini has thought that music here would be superfluous; he is silent.

The third act is short. There is the platform of Saint Angelo, with a view of St. Peter's and the Vatican. Cavaradosi awaits the hour of execution. Tosca runs toward him, beside herself, and gives him the pass snatched from Scarpia, then tells him the death of the brute. The day breaks. The execution is to be only a sham. She advises him to play well his part. But Scarpia had deceived her; her lover is killed. All that is left for her is to die. She runs to the parapet and jumps.

This opera was given for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera House, Feb. 5. Mr. Henderson then said: "Puccini has written a clever score, one that displays genuine talent and a large command of the materials of opera, especially in the management

of dramatic ideas. Much of his music has a fascinating quality and his melodies have individuality."

I have spoken of the praise awarded Terina. Mr. Scott's Scarpia was also highly praised. Mr. Henderson, an excellent judge of acting as well as singing, wrote: "Mr. Scott's Scarpia revealed the combined cunning, cruelty and passion of the man fully." His singing was broad and vigorous. In a word, the criticisms were unanimous in praise concerning the performance.

Mr. Blackburn wrote this characteristic review of a work by Tschalkowsky played in London March 9:

The most interesting work performed at the Popular Concerts at the St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon was Tschalkowsky's Quartet in E flat minor (Op. 30) for two violins, viola and violoncello. The performers were MM. Ysaye, Marchot, Van Hout and Jacob, who played as admirably as could be. It appears that Tschalkowsky for long cherished quite a prejudice against chamber music. He had

been known to say that "he could hardly keep awake in his seat through Beethoven's great A minor quartet." And yet it was in the year following this remarkable declaration that he set himself to the composition of a string quartet! That performed on Saturday was his third and last, written some fifteen years ago. It has all the qualities of Tschalkowsky's best work. It is not only a prophecy of the great later symphonies; but within its boundaries it is as great a fulfillment of his powers as they are. It is as individual; it is as largely marked with the seal of his own personality; and there are as notably mingled in it those separate elements of the musician of the zeitgeist and of the barbaric East, which distinguish the more elaborate works. The end of the first movement is an exact example of this amazing combination. The lively melody, strongly rhythmic and insistently marked, is brought to a halt, every now and then, as it were, by some sad and poignant thought of too conscious a world-weariness. Again, just as in the Pathetic Symphony, he abandons himself in the slow movement to the very luxury of grief. He is determined to suffer. The extraordinary opening discords seem to show you the Slav actually punishing himself purposely with thoughts, with stripes, with a torture in which he glorifies while he agonizes in his pain. Wonderful is the emotion which inspired such a work; as wonderful is the perfection of the utterance where-with that inspiration is made communicable to others. This Andante alone would prove Tschalkowsky to rank among the greatest of musical geniuses in modern days. His note of terror, of grief, and again of an almost enforced ecstasy of abandonment to their contrary emotions belongs to him alone in the whole range of music.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Sunday, Symphony Hall, 3 P. M.—Fourth annual concert of the People's Choral Union, S. W. Cole, conductor. Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Hummel's "Aimez-Vous," march from "Tannhauser," Damskus march, "Thanks Grateful Thanks," and "God Who Cannot Be Unjust," from Naaman; Lohr's Slumber Song, Miss Sara Anderson will sing songs by Brahms and Foshier; Mr. G. E. Whiting will play Dubois Toccata and "In Paradise," for organ, and the Boston Festival Orchestra will play Handel's Surprise Symphony and Mozart's overture in C.

Monday, Stern Hall, 3 P. M.—Piano recital by Mr. Leopold Godowsky; Beethoven's Sonata op. 31, in E flat; Schumann's Davidsbündler; Brahms's Scherzo op. 4, E flat minor; Godowsky's Sarabande in C sharp minor, courante in E minor, C sharp minor; Liszt's Eclogue, "At the Spring," concert study in E minor; Chopin's Ballade in A flat, and scherzo in G sharp minor; Godowsky's six studies on Chopin's Etudes (including the one for left hand alone—op. 25, No. 4), and Godowsky's contrapuntal paraphrase on Weber's "Invitation to the Dance."

Thursday, Symphony Hall, 3 P. M.—Second organ recital by Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich: J. S. Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; Rheinberger's Pastorale; Cesar Franck's chorale in E major; Salome's Offertoire in D flat; J. S. Bach, Choral Preludes; Wilder, Prelude, Adagio and Toccata from Symphony in F minor.

Friday, 2.30 P. M., and Saturday, 3 P. M., Symphony Hall—Nineteenth Symphony Concert, Mr. Gerloke, conductor. Schumann's overture, "Julius Caesar," Charpentier's suite, "Impressions d'Italie" (first time); Liszt's "Battle of the Hunns" (first time). Two arias will be sung.

Saturday, Chickering Hall, 3 P. M.—Violin recital by Miss Maud Powell, assisted by Miss Lucie A. Tucker, contralto, and Mr. W. D. Strong, pianist.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. Edwin Klahre's fourth pianoforte recital has been set for Monday afternoon, April 1, at 3 o'clock, in Stern Hall.

Mr. Henschel's "Stabat Mater," conducted by the composer, will be performed for the first time in Boston Sunday night, the 31st, at Symphony Hall. The quartet will be Mrs. Henschel, Miss Edmonds, Mr. Liebermann, and Mr. C. W. Clark. Whelpley will be the organist. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Kniesel as concert master, will assist. The program will include Mr. Henschel's "Morning Hymn" for chorus and orchestra, and a cycle of romances for quartet and piano.

"Gounod's 'Redemption'" will be sung by the Handel and Haydn at Symphony Hall, Easter Sunday evening, April 7.

The present opera season in New York city has been a very successful one. While the actual profits may not quite reach last season's figures, when the additional expense of four costly productions is considered, the returns so far have been more than satisfactory. Mr. T. E. Johnson has announced positively that a season of grand opera will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House next year, and an extended tour will be made after the New York engagement.

They say that Edouard de Reszke has completely recovered from his recent attack of grippe, and that the other singers are in excellent vocal condition.

A concert for the benefit of the family of the late Herbert Brewster will be given at Association Hall, Monday evening. Mrs. Marius, Mr. T. E. Johnson, Miss Garrity, Mr. De Voto and others will take part.

March 25, 1901

CHORAL UNION CONCERT.

The People's Choral Union, Mr. S. W. Cole, conductor, gave its fourth annual concert last evening in Symphony Hall. The society was assisted by Mr. George E. Whiting, organist. Miss Sara Anderson, who was announced to sing, was unable to appear on account of illness, and Mrs. Marie Kunkel Zimmerman took her place on short notice. The orchestra was the Boston Festival, and Miss Jennie Weller, organist, and Mr. William Strong and Miss Edith Snow, pianists, played in the chorus pieces. The program included Schubert's "Miriam's Song of Triumph," three choruses from Costa's "Naaman," choruses by Hummel, Wagner and Lohr; Mr. Whiting played the first movement from his sonata in A minor, and a not very stormy "Storm," by Lemmens; Mrs. Zimmerman sang songs by Brahms,

Franz and Beach, and also in Schubert's cantata, and the orchestra played pieces by Mozart and Haydn.

The program was well selected, interestingly arranged, but too long. Mrs. Zimmerman did not sing her group of songs until ten o'clock, and there were three choruses to follow.

The society, as a chorus, has improved in many respects. Its attacks are fearless, and although they are not yet equal to contrapuntal singing, some attention was paid to nuances, and the singers showed good tone and commendably pure intonation in the unaccompanied piece by Lohr. The chorus work throughout the evening displayed careful drilling.

Mrs. Zimmerman sang with much taste and smoothness, and her voice is of pleasing quality and liberal compass. Mr. Whiting played in his usual good fashion, and the orchestra was for the most part acceptable.

The audience was good-sized and ap-
plaudive.

The pessimist counsels manual labor for all. The pessimist believes that forgetfulness and nothingness is the whole of man. He says, "I defy the wisest of you to tell me why I am here, and, being here, what good is gained by my assisting to bring others here?" The pessimist is, therefore, the gay Johnny, and the optimist is the melancholy Johnny. The former drinks champagne and takes his "tart" out to dinner; the latter says that life is not intended to be happy in—that there is plenty of time to rest when you are dead.

Does the book-worm ever turn?

Has the production of Reyer's opera "Salammbô" in New York excited interest in Flaubert's novel? Maupassant in his preface to Flaubert's letters to George Sand describes "Salammbô" as "an opera in prose" and the sentences are as "blasts of trumpets," "murmurs of oboes," "undulations of cellos," etc., etc. Will "Salammbô" be performed here? Our friend, the music critic, says it is a dull opera in spite of the scenic splendor and the final fall of the tenor who performs an acrobatic masterpiece down a flight of stairs in a manner to make Mr. Francis Wilson or Mr. Jefferson De Angelis turn green with envy. But Massenet's "Le Cid" is announced, and no doubt Cornelle's distressingly moral tragedy is already being read in street cars by opera-goers. The story of Puccini's "Tosca," the other novelty, will be familiar to all that have followed Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport, for the Italian librettists keep close to Sardou.

This reminds us that Mr. W. J. Henderson spoke as follows in the New York Times of Saturday about Fernina's Bruennhilde in "Goetterdaemrung," and it is Fernina who will be the Florida Tosca here:

"It will not be regarded as evidence of a lack of appreciation of others if the horrors of the occasion are here laid at the feet of Miss Fernina. She has never before sung with such a free emission of tone, and consequently never before with such satisfying results, in the role of Bruennhilde. Her voice yesterday was clear and strong, and it rose equal to all the heavy demands she made upon it. Now this is really all that is necessary to lift Miss Fernina's average of work to a level where only unqualified praise can reach it. In understanding of the composer's intent, in variety of expressive detail of accent and shading, in pictorial eloquence, and in tenderness of feeling she is not surpassed by any artist now before the public. Yesterday she gave the public her best, and it was an afternoon of triumph for her and delight for the audience. She is one of the few great operatic artists of our time."

The publication of love-letters goes merrily on. But what drive most of them are. Drive! not because they are full of terms of endearment or passionate phrases—but because they are so often the vaporings of a securely self-centred egotist. Here is Victor Hugo writing to his Adèle: "Poetry is the expression of all goodness; a noble soul and real poetic talent are almost always inseparable." To which the answer in the language of the day is "Nit!" True love-letters are often disjointed, sometimes ungrammatical. That woman is little to be envied who receives polished essays on the tender emotions. What does she care for a sentence that has evidently been rewritten so that the rhythm has been improved? A split infinitive, or a singular noun with a plural verb, or "too" for "to" shows impetuous passion. There are writers of love-letters who would like to see revised proofs—fussy men, who wear rubbers at noon when it rained the night before, who think they seriously impair their health if they fail to eat a "cereal" at breakfast. It is a grave question whether the man that writes a long love-letter, say 1500 words, should be trusted. Lovers are happiest when they are silent, nor need there be any physical demonstration. Each is thinking of what the other might say. Or the conversation is general, desultory to others that are in the room, and yet the two are in close communion, and the most banal phrases exchanged are charged with cryptically amorous meaning. The most glowing love-letter might be dropped in the street without impru-

dence; nor would it raise a laugh if it were read in court. For the expressions of adoration and devotion are between the lines; they are in the breast of the one to whom the letter is sent. A volume of such letters would not be viewed kindly by a publisher; but true love has no commercial value.

Do you not know a man who fashions his conduct after that of Napoleon? There's Johnson Wilkinson. When he was at college some one who wished to be pleasant said to him, "Do you know, Wilkinson, you bear a striking resemblance to Napoleon?" And Wilkinson took the remark seriously. He has collected books about the Corsican. A portrait of the Emperor with his hair brushed down his forehead hangs over the office desk. There are several portraits and a bust at home. Wilkinson tries to stand and walk like his model. He dictates hurriedly to his admiring typewriter girl. He dashes off notes to his wife and signs them illegibly "Johnson." He pinches the ears of his female relatives; he likes Italian music; he suffers acutely from anglophobia; and a few years ago he bought a snuff-box with a beautifully painted lid and practised taking snuff; but he was obliged to give this up because he sneezed violently. He went every night to "L'Aiglon." He has his own theory concerning the battle of Waterloo, which he advances on all occasions. As a business man he is conservative, old-fashioned. But if he clears \$200 in a transaction, he describes it to his wife and children as "a Napoleonic stroke." Many look upon him as a bore; but he is simply the victim of an idle compliment. And, worst of all, Wilkinson looks no more like Napoleon than he does like Richelieu, George Washington or P. T. Barnum.

A French physiologist, Dr. Hanriot, has been investigating the theatre microbe. He finds that theatres are dangerous for these reasons: the air is bad, for a ventilator cannot cleanse the air of dust, on the contrary it stirs up the dust. No sun enters the room, and where the sun does not enter, the physician soon calls. The upholstery gathers the pernicious dust. The most successful theatre is the most dangerous; for applause brings into activity the microbes that were slumbering in plush oblivion. He recommends more air, apertures through which the sun can come, leather seats, furniture coverings that can be washed, and a floor that can be easily and thoroughly cleansed.

March 26, 1901

When you shall see me lined by tool of Time,
My lauded beauties carried off from me,
My eyes no longer stars as in their prime,
My name forgot of Maiden Fair and Free;

When in your being heart concedes to mind,
And judgment, though you scarce its process know,
Recalls the excellencies I once enshrined,
And you are irked that they have withered so;

Remembering that with me lies not the blame,
That Sportsman Time but rears his brood to kill,
Knowing me in my soul the very same—
One who would die to spare you touch of ill!
Will you not grant to old affection's claim
The hand of friendship down Life's sunless hill?

How many disagreeable ways there are of earning a living!

The edict has gone forth. "No man should wear a frock coat, except on his wedding day and when he is an old man." The substitute for the frock coat is a "cutaway, single-breasted with long skirts." This garment was evolved, not in Providence, R. I., but in New York, and from a coat that Mr. John Drew introduced at the Horse Show, two years ago—are we so long remembered?—a species of sporting cutaway with long skirts, in which there were pockets with flaps." Of course this coat allows of easy access to the pockets, otherwise Mr. Drew would not have been able to assume his favorite attitude; favorite in spite of the fact that his latest bill-board portraits represent him in the act of holding a superbly made and brushed plug hat, in a singular position and as though it weighed 20 pounds.

Every half century there is a distinguished play-actor or singer who works reform in dress. We were reading lately the entertaining life of Garat, by Paul Lafond. At the very end of the 18th century, coats, cravats, canes, eyeglasses, boots, were named after the French tenor. (In this country the greatest tribute that can be paid to worth, statesmanship, bravery, or beauty, is to give the name of a man or woman to a five-cent cigar.) Garat's foot was so small that he had his boots made by a cordwainer for women. The embroidery on his coat would cost about \$600. He knotted his cravat on the right. He found the consonant "r" hard and raucous, and he made lisping fashionable in Paris. A most picturesque character, adored by the women of all classes. His impudence excelled

that of Beau Brummel. An admirer said to him one day with a foolish smile, "Monsieur Garat, you are a regular nightingale," to which Garat answered, "Go to the devil, sir; the nightingale does not sing in tune."

There are always names enough for steamships. What a wealth in the terminology of chemistry. There is the good ship Oceanic; why should there not be the Hydrocyanic. A battleship named the Hydrofluoboric would strike terror to the foe by mere sonority of name.

We were much interested in reading about the model oyster farms in New Jersey, and yet there was a painful lack of information concerning details. Is horse-radish the best fertilizer? Would a sprinkling of cayenne pepper act toward typhoid fever microbes as Paris green toward potato bugs?

The stories about the Tsar smack of the good old times. He sleeps or snoozes fitfully in a sort of safe deposit vault; the doors of his chamber are provided with an automatic alarm, and no doubt there is an automatic sprinkler over his bed; a Siberian Tartar—now we are in full melodrama—a Siberian Tartar, can you not see him?—"whose knowledge of poisons is very great is constantly employed to taste the Imperial food." This Siberian must have prepared himself by following the example of Mithridates, or the Sultan of Cambaya, who ate poison from his cradle, and was of that nature that when he determined to put any nobleman to death "he had him stripped naked, spit upon him, and he instantly died;" flies perished that stung him; and death divorced a vast number of wives of a day; asp, basilisk, and toad made him indeed a terrible object. But there are more subtle ways of poisoning and against them the Siberian Tartar would be of little avail. Henry VII. of Luxembourg was poisoned at communion, as was the sister of Clovis I. A Netherlander undertook to rub poison on the corners of the altar and the places where Louis XI. on his knees was accustomed to kiss the earth during the mass. Parisatis poisoned one side of a table-knife, cut a delicate bird in two, ate the wholesome side, and gave the infected share to her daughter-in-law—an ingenious, neat, cleanly device. The toothpick of Agathocles was poisoned. A gentleman named Calphurnius Bestia relieved himself of several wives by poisoning his fingers with aconite. Henry of Castile put on—but only once—boots that had been diabolically treated. Several donned medicated shirts to their disadvantage. Some say that a man was executed in England for having put poison on the pommel of Queen Elizabeth's saddle. Was not the mother of Henry of Navarre poisoned by a pair of gloves, and Francis II. by an ear-spoon, and Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, by a torch borne before him at night, or by a purse?

The thought that death may be in the cup, on the platter, in bed, grinning behind a door or near the altar or from the ceiling, should make a conscientious monarch a good ruler. A Tsar is perhaps all the better for the constant fear. His nervous system may be shattered, but he is forced to think of the word liberty and gradually accustom himself to it. A year ago a Nihilist who had lived some years in Russia and was close to Stepniak told us that there was at that time no organized nihilistic movement against the Tsar. But perhaps she was not of the inner circle; perhaps she was only a literary secretary, an amateur Nihilist. And yet her own marriage ceremony was according to nihilistic rites; it differed from that of the mediaeval gypsies chiefly in that no pitcher was broken and the length of the contract determined by the broken pieces.

A leader of fashion in Paris has "caused some excitement" by wearing diamond ear-rings. Will his example be followed by the successors of the Incroyables? Organ grinders, bull-fighters, and Gypsy musicians often wear ear-rings and so do some seafaring men. We hope that this Alcibiades of Paris does not wear his diamond ear-rings before noon, and it would have been in better taste if he had chosen a more modest stone, or such undecorated but noticeable rings as de Nevers wears in "Les Huguenots." The ancient Saxons wore ear-rings, but there is a dispute as to whether the ears were bored. In the reign of James I. a black string was worn in the ear. Men wore ear-rings in the 17th and 18th centuries (see Wycherly's "Plain Dealer" and Strutt's "Habits and Dresses"). And fortunately we know when this ornament was first worn. Sarah was jealous of Hagar and declared she would not rest until her hands had been imbued in Hagar's blood. "Then Abraham pierced Hagar's ear quickly, and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to dip her hand in the blood of Hagar without bringing the latter into danger. From

that time it became a custom among women to wear ear-rings." A Yankee carpenter wore them and told us boys, who were lost in wonder, that they strengthened the eyes.

McA 27 1901
SHE TO HIM.

Perhaps, long hence, when I have passed away,

Some other's feature, accent, thought like mine

Will carry you back to what I used to say,
And bring some memory of your love's decline.

Then you may pause awhile and think, "Poor jade!"

And yield a sigh to me—as gift benign!

Not as the title of a debt unpaid

To one who could to you her all resign—

And thus reflecting, you will never see

That your thin thought in two small words conveyed,

Was no such fleeting phantom thought to me.

But the Whole Life wherein my part was played;

And you amid its fitful masquerade

A thought as I in yours had seem to be.

Two English women in London had seen "Antony and Cleopatra" at a playhouse. On their way out one said to the other: "What a singular person that 'Cleopatra' was!" "Ah, yes!" said the other. "How different her home life from that of our Queen!"

It is a pity that Cleopatra did not write her memoirs; there would not now be so much dispute about her true character. The woman imagined by Shakespeare, with the help of Plutarch, is the Cleopatra known to me and woman of today. Mr. George Bernard Shaw claims that the poet's "Antony and Cleopatra" is vaguely distressing to the ordinary healthy citizen, because, after giving a faithful picture of the soldier broken down by debauchery, and the typical wanton in whose arms such men perish, Shakespeare finally strains all his huge command of rhetoric and stage pathos to give a theatrical sublimity to the wretched end of the business, and to persuade foolish spectators that the world was well lost by the twain. Such falsehood is not to be borne except by the real Cleopatras and Antonys (they are to be found in every public house), who would no doubt be glad enough to be transfigured by some poet as immortal lovers. Mr. Shaw's Cleopatra is the 16-year-old girl. "I do not feel bound to believe," says Mr. Shaw, "that Cleopatra was well educated. Her father, the illustrious Plute Blower, was not at all a parent of the Oxford professor type. And Cleopatra was a chip of the old block." Jeremy Collier, the grave divine, who purified the English stage, does not agree with Mr. Shaw; for he says of Cleopatra: "This Princess, who besides the Charms of her Beauty had a very engaging Genius, could speak seven or eight different languages, and withal was the best bred and most pompous Lady of the whole World." Tennyson described her as of Gipsy complexion, but she was of straight Greek descent. All in all a fine woman for her time.

Yes, we should have preferred her at a supper table to Miss Charlotte Yonge, who died Sunday. The latter was no doubt most estimable and she was certainly industrious, for when she was not writing books she was "devoted to botany and conchology." Nearly 50 years ago some one wrote of the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe": "As a writer of elegant stories, inculcating a healthy morality and true womanly sentiments, and eminently adapted to develop and form the tastes of young girls at that critical period when childhood is blushing into womanly maturity, the author of 'Heart's Ease' has excelled all her rivals," and, no doubt, such praise pleased her. She was most voluminous, and Allibone took the trouble to make a list of her books, an "alphabetical enumeration." Middle-aged women have told us that the young man in "The Heir of Redclyffe" was the favorite hero of their girlhood—was his name Guy? Who is the hero of fiction read by girls of 16 today? Miss Yonge was conservative and ecclesiastical even in her most daring romantic flights; and a conversation between her and—say, Thomas Hardy about the modern novel would have made entertaining copy. She never married; perhaps she did not think it proper; or perhaps the death of a lover fixed her gaze toward ink and paper, and plants and shells. We like to think of her going along a beach armed with a conchometer—is it a conchometer, or a conchoscope?—a conchometer, for a conchoscope is an instrument for examining the interior of the nose. A thorough woman, she probably had, as they formerly said, "an extensive and well-founded acquaintance" with shells and shell fish. Perhaps she owned "The Conchologist's First Book" by Edgar

Allan Poe, which was lifted in large part from other works. A female conchologist is to us a more attractive figure than a female geologist equipped

with a hammer. The latter suggests Jael, or a village sewing circle. And yet she sometimes marries. And for that matter so does an expert gynaecologist, for women are braver than men.

It appears that in Somerville "the structural formation" of the body is regarded as indecent. The heart, lungs, liver, and other organs should not be discussed, and it is thought better to let the boys and girls grow up in ignorance about their insides. We make no criticism, for we do not happen to have any children in Somerville; we merely call attention to a historical fact to be recorded as occurring in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the year of our Lord 1901.

There is much talk about Mr. Churton Collins's "Ephemeris Critica"—talk in England, for here in America they have time to talk only about the latest historical novel by some 18-year-old female genius, who says she never saw ink before 1898, or some young Napoleon of fiction who wears a frock coat in all of his many and syndicated portraits. A contemporary says that Mr. Collins is "a kind of walking delegate of the sublime in literature," and refers to his "Study of English Literature"—a discussion of the study of English in the universities. But Mr. Collins has written other and important books. A volume of essays, one of which, on Swift, is a masterly vindication of a misunderstood and abused man—and "Illustrations of Tennyson," a book of marked scholarship, in which he shows how the poet rifled the ancients. Add his "Early Poems of Tennyson," with interesting and valuable notes, and his annotated edition of "The Plays and Poems of Cyril Tournour," the wild and tragic playwright, of whose life absolutely nothing is known, and therefore it is logical to conclude that "The Revenger's Tragedy" and "The Atheist's Tragedy" were written by Bacon.

McA 28 1901
SHE TO HIM.

I will be faithful to thee; aye, I will!

And Death shall choose me with a wondering eye!

That he did not discern and domicile

One his by right ever since that last Good-by!

I have no care for friends, or kin, or prime
Of manhood who deal gently with me here;

Amid the happy people of my time

Who work their love's fulfillment I appear

Numb as a vane that cankers on its point,

True to the wind that kissed ere canker came;

Despised by souls of Now, who would disjoint

The mind from memory, and make Life all aim.

My old dexterities of hue quite gone,
And nothing left for Love to look upon.

Mr. Augustus B. Wyld in his "Modern Abyssinia" describes an interesting custom observed at Yejju, by which a long betrothal is brought to a happy ending. The betrothed pair go secretly to the outskirts of a village. The man hides himself and the girl shrieks as though she were a Sabine. The first man that comes to her rescue is seized by her sweetheart. The couple may then go home and be married, for moral sentiment demands that every bridegroom should have killed his man.

We tell this story because at present there is intelligent interest in all forms of murder. This interest is not confined to the United States. The question is not merely of an unfortunate woman who received poison by mail or of some slain dweller in a farm house. The last number of the Saturday Review published an editorial article of a page discussing this interest, apropos of three murder trials in London. The reviewer asks whether "There is any order of mind to which the possibility of murder in any conceivable circumstances could not occur," and gives by way of illustration the story of the Oxford Don, "who, according to his own account, 'with great presence of mind, hit his friend on the head with a boathook to save himself from drowning.'" But there is a question of greater practical interest: "Whether there is not a class of minds unable to appreciate even the commonest distinctions of right, duty and moral responsibility?" Then, of course, you ask whether the morally insane should be put to death. The reviewer finds that the interest of the spectator of the trial and the newspaper reader arises in part from the reflection that the danger of an innocent man being executed is a danger to which he himself is exposed through human error; and another stimulant of interest is that "with the desperate clinging to life and the determination to defend it to the last go down all the covers and concealments that people throw around themselves and their acts."

Now there are persons who insist that this interest is morbid and unwholesome. They will not admit of any defence of insanity. They are like Magistrate Hogan in New York, who declared this week that he had no sympathy for "kleptomaniacs." "In such cases it is always said that there is something the matter with the prisoners and that they don't know why they stole. They can't account for it. But they go in and steal just the same." Many would agree with him. And you hear the old, familiar cry: If a poor girl had stolen a loaf of bread, etc., etc.

But intelligent men and women know that there is a disease, kleptomania, just as there is a disease, pyromania, and alienists know that even the most refined women may be subject to either one of these diseases, or at certain times in her life a woman may be urged by some perversion of her will to kill those dearest to her. Sometimes this homicidal desire is accompanied with a wildness of religious feeling, religious hysteria. Dr. Icard's great study of morbid psychology and medical jurisprudence in the case of women at certain periods was published nearly eleven years ago, and yet our magistrates are not acquainted with it. Take the case of Henrietta Cornier, a most amiable, affectionate servant, whose character had been exemplary. One day she borrowed the child of a neighbor, put it on a bed, found a receptacle for the blood, and cut off the child's head with a kitchen knife. She wrapped the head in a sheet and threw it out of the window. She was found tranquil, without the least show of emotion, near the corpse. She only said: "I do not know why I did it; I had suddenly an idea; something stronger than my own will made me." This is only one case out of many. And have not like instances been known even in New England? Observe, however, that these women have not been recognized maniacs of long standing, nor were they allowed to stay at home, on account of foolish pride, or imprudent affection, or outrageous meanness. The momentary insanity comes like a flash of lightning, and the moment the bloody deed is done the wretched woman is again amiable and gentle.

All England was talking early this month about Mr. Bennett, who was convicted of murdering his wife. Mr. G. R. Sims was shocked by the fact that after the murder, Bennett sat quietly at a tea party while Alice Meadows, whom he was courting, and her relatives discussed the "Yarmouth horror," and said it was strange the murderer had not been found. Bennett held out his cup for another lump of sugar, and "chatted pleasantly of river trips. If he had exclaimed 'I committed that murder!' they would have laughed at him; and his sweetheart would have put on her hat and taken his arm and gone out with him to spend a happy evening just the same." Mr. Sims adds that any one of us may have talked or dined with a murderer, "the man who sat next to us at the theatre, the gentleman who was so charming at the table d'hôte in a Continental hotel." Mr. Sims forgets to mention Wainwright, so powerful with "pen, pencil, and poison," the friend of Macready, Lamb, Talfourd, whom Lamb described as "kind, light-hearted, Wainwright." He had exquisite white hands, his rings were beautiful, he wore an antique cameo breast-pin and pale lemon-colored kid gloves, and even De Quincey looked at him with intellectual interest across the table. But in one of the beautiful rings he carried poison. No one knows how many he killed, but he made way with his uncle, his mother-in-law, his sister-in-law, a man at Boulogne, whom he had just induced to insure his life. Mr. Sims does tell of a mysterious murder committed in London some years ago. The body of a man who had been stabbed was found in a quiet street at dawn. An inquest was held, but no clue was found. Long afterward investigation into another case disclosed the probable murderer. He was then dead, but he had been one of the jurymen who sat upon the corpse of his victim.

Even in peaceful Boston you may rub elbows with men who live in comfortable houses and are not without friends, and who have been suspected of murder; suspected not wantonly but shrewdly. They wear no brand of Cain; they have no hunted look; one whom we have especially in mind is sleek and pompous. And some years ago there died a Bostonian of distinguished bearing and family who was suspected of a singularly cruel and atrocious murder. No doubt Jack the Ripper was a University man and an engaging conversationalist. Suppose that you killed a man and cunningly avoided even suspicion; would you read with interest the newspaper reports of murder trials; or would the headlines set your heart a-fluttering? This would depend somewhat on your use of tobacco.

YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky's Piano Recital in Steinert Hall—Mr. Wallace Goodrich's Organ Recital at Symphony Hall.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He played Beethoven's Sonata, op. 81, in E flat, Schumann's Davidsbündler; Brahms's Scherzo, op. 4, in E flat minor; his own Sarabande, Courante and Moto Perpetuo; Liszt's Eclogue, At the Spring, and Concert Study in F minor; Chopin's Ballade in A flat and Scherzo in C sharp minor; his own studies on Chopin études (op. 25, Nos. 4, 5, 8, 11, op. 10, Nos. 2, 7), and his "Contrapuntal Paraphrase on Weber's Invitation to the Dance."

Mr. Godowsky is in certain respects a remarkable pianist. His technic excites admiration even in these days of technic. He plays with singular clearness and with genuine understanding of the structure of a composition; nor is any form of musical architecture foreign to him. Whether the composer be a romanticist or a classicist, his manner of thought is appreciated by this interpreter. This clearness and this understanding are, indeed, intellectual gifts and contribute materially to the dignity of Mr. Godowsky's performance; they save him from being a virtuoso whose sole object is to excite applause by exhibitions of strength, endurance, speed. Thus the performance of the pianist's own Moto Perpetuo was something more than a surprising feat of speed; for there was the thought of a carefully considered composition, one not without elegance, which demanded imperatively clearness and swiftness, but was not written solely for nimble and brainless fingers. And yet this incredible technic, this clearness and this cool understanding do not alone make a truly great pianist. Mr. Godowsky has these and other gifts, such as a touch that is often delightful, rare and effective repose in the very fury of performance; but there is one thing lacking—he is without emotion. There were moments yesterday of plausible emotion, moments and not half hours. There were moments when the hearer thought, "That is beautiful," but even then the emotion was contemplative, ruminative. The music did not get under the skin. The vitals were not stirred. And too often this man of genuine talent was utterly uninteresting, except as a perfectly working and well-oiled machine.

The program, which was far too long, included several studies by Mr. Godowsky on études by Chopin. I have known these études for some time. I also know that Mr. de Pachmann and Mr. William Mason and other pianists regard them as most wonderful and after that out of all whooping. It is easy to see why a virtuoso should welcome any new demand made on technic; but I am amazed that any musician should endure with pleasure the thought of Chopin's music tortured to make a pianist's holiday. Chopin's Etudes are a part of the great music of the world; they do not deserve to be tinkered, enlarged, arranged, to excite the gaping of the crowd. Mr. Godowsky's studies may be useful to him as a means of extending technic; they have no place in the literature of music, except in the Inferno, where is found the arrangement of the Overture to "Tannhauser" for mouth-organ and flute, and other disarrangements.

There was a fair-sized and applauding audience.

Philip Hale.

MR. GOODRICH'S RECITAL.

Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich gave his second organ recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. His program included Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, César Franck's chorale in E, Rheinberger's Pastorale, Salomé's Cantilène, Bach's Prelude on the chorale "Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele," and a prelude, Adagio, and Toccata by Wildor.

Another organ concert that gave much pleasure. The program was well selected; it interested the audience; it kept in mind the dignity of the instrument. The name of Salomé recalls his organ-sonata, a work that we should like to hear played by Mr. Goodrich. It is a mystery why Salomé, who began his career brilliantly, did not exert himself and write more music that was really worthy of him. Personally he was a lovable man; but he often seemed as though he were in a trance—which after all is one form of laziness. The chorale by Bach is one of the most beautiful in the volume.

Mr. Goodrich played as a musician as well as an accomplished organist. He is earnest in the endeavor to make the organ respected by musicians, who have cause, alas, to look upon it as a sort of machine used in church to cover up the noise made by worshippers entering and leaving the building, and as a sort of orchestra to accompany congregational hymns. Concerts by such men as Mr. Goodrich are a help in the appreciation of good music of every kind. Taste is elevated, and discrimination in judgment is encouraged. It is to be hoped that this was not Mr. Goodrich's last concert this season.

THE, TO HIM
This love puts all humanity from me,
I can but maledict her, pray her dead,
For giving love and getting love of thee—
Feeding a heart that else mine own had fed!

How much I love I know not, life not known,
Save as some unit I would add love by;
But this I know, my being is but thine own—
Fused from its separateness by ecstasy.
And thus I grasp thy amplitudes, of her
Ungrasped, though helped by night-regarding
eyes;
Canst thou then hate me as an envious
Who see untricked what I so dearly prize?
Believe me, Lost One, Love is lovelier
The more it shapes its moan in selfish-wise.

Certain laundries of high pretensions
and roaring circulars send back shirts
curiously perfumed with musk. When
you put the shirts in your set of draw-
ers or on a shelf there is only a faint
odor, and if you do not molest the
shirts, they will do you no harm. But
put one on, and in an hour you will
be unpleasantly conscious of musk. The
longer you wear the shirt and the
dirtier it becomes, the stronger the for-
eign odor, which seems to strive in-
divally as though the action were auto-
matic. In our younger days of toil and
vassal shirts came back from the
washerwoman—for she was not then
extinct—smelling of pipe tobacco, as
though she had solaced herself with a
D. We prefer the tobacco to the
musk.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume—
Through her quaint alembic strain
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damselfs meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Here is the true story of a dream. A
young woman of this city had for some
time wanted a dog. She and her father
had discussed the more appropriate
kind, the age, the sex, the price, where
they should keep it, etc. One morning
at breakfast she said: "Father, we
needn't bother any more about the
dog. We shall find one that is just what
we want. I dreamed about him last
night; he came up to us wagging his
tail, a stray dog. I did not recognize
the place where he met us, but it looked
as though it might be in a suburb."
The day was Sunday, and that after-
noon father and daughter took a car
ride and at the end of the route they
walked at random to take the air. They
had not walked far when the girl gave
a start. There was the place seen in the
dream. There was the dog, tired, dis-
couraged, dirty; but he came forward,
wagging his tail.

To C. L. We can give you only
scanty information at present. The Ox-
ford English Dictionary says that
grape-fruit is a term in the United
States for the smaller variety of the
shaddock. Now this latter word is in
Webster's Dictionary of 1828 and it is
defined, (1) a variety of the orange,
and (2) a large species of orange, but
grape-fruit is not in this dictionary.
Lady Brassey wrote of the grape-fruit,
"It looks and tastes much like a shad-
dock * * * it does not bear the slight-
est resemblance to a grape," which
shows that she was a woman of keen
observation, and could tell a grape-fruit
from a bunch of Hamburg or Concord
grapes without touching or tasting. Un-
less we are seriously mistaken, the
shaddock, named after a Captain who
first brought the fruit to America,
includes the smaller grape-fruit or
pomelo to the pompelous, which may
be eight inches in diameter.

Not long ago a girl in a well-known
school near Boston fell sick of the
mumps. She was sent home by rail to
Philadelphia or Baltimore. The girl sent
with her was told to see that the pa-
tient had a good seat and was com-
fortable and then to take her own
seat in another car so that she might
not be exposed any more than was ne-
cessary. But it was not thought worth
while to tell the conductor, porter, other
passengers that the girl had a con-
tagious disease. This is a fine instance
of criminal disregard of the rights and
health of others. A case of a similar
nature was that of a man who brought
his wife and two children who had
whooping-cough a hot day in a crowded
car from a White Mountain village to
his home near New York. When he was
asked why he submitted his family to
such discomfort and other children to
risk, he said with a sniff, "My wife
couldn't leave the children, and if I
were home alone I should have to
get my meals at a boarding-house."

A German version of the comedy "A
Woman in the Case" was billed lately
in Berlin as "Die Frau in der Kiste."

This is the feast day of Saint
Eustachius, of whom a pretty story is
told. He was of noble birth, and, like
any true nobleman of his period, unable
to read. He determined to lead the
better life, so he turned monk, and he
said at all hours simply these words:

"Ave Maria." He died and was buried
in the graveyard of the monastery.
Soon afterward a lily grew on his grave
and on each petal appeared in letters
of gold "Ave Maria." The monks
opened the grave and found the root
of the plant in the dead man's mouth.

A correspondent of the Westminster
Review writes: "I cannot say why it
is so, but it sounds to some ears very
slipshod to call port wine 'port.' It
is the only wine to which the word
itself is tacked on." This may be
true of bibulous speech and life in En-
gland, but there is a kind of man in the
United States who is never so happy
as when he asks the barkeeper for "a
glass of sherry wine," and we have
heard the phrase "a glass of claret
wine."

The same correspondent says she has
never heard of "pillow-shams" or "bed-
spreads." The latter word does not
appear in the best English dictionaries,
nevertheless there are such things.
Some in England say bed-quilt. Pillow-
shams are an abomination in any coun-
try. She mentions, with loathing,
"nightgown cases." What on earth are
these? She says that persons who use
them will substitute "chemise" for
"shift," talk about a "dress" when they
mean "gown" and being "gowned"
when they mean "dressed." And she
swoons at the thought of "valley" for
"valet," or "Callay" for "Calais."

March 30, 1901

There are two classes of stories that
seem to me to be not only fundamentally
false but sordidly base. One is the pseudo-
religious story, in which the hero or her-
oine does good on strictly commercial
grounds, reluctantly exercising a little vir-
tue on earth in consideration of receiving
in return exorbitant payment in heaven:
much as if an odalisque were to allow a cad
to whip her for a couple of millions in gold.
The other is the romance in which the hero,
also rigidly commercial, will do nothing ex-
cept for the sake of the heroine. Surely this
is as depressing as it is unreal.

A correspondent writes: "This season
nearly all the afternoon concerts begin
at 3 o'clock, whereas in past years the
customary hour was half-past 2. Three,
I suppose, is considered to be a more
fashionable hour, but a concert thus
appointed breaks up the whole after-
noon. Nothing can be done before or
after it. I observe also that 8.15 P. M.
is the hour preferred by many pianists
and singers. This is an absurd hour;
they might as well name 8.10 or 8.20.
Half-past 8 would be better, provided
the recital should not last over an hour,
and one hour is long enough for the
exhibition of any individual. Of course
a symphony concert or an oratorio is
another matter. But why after many
seasons of 2.30 P. M. and even 2 o'clock,
should we suffer from the imposition of
3 P. M.?"

We consulted our friend the music
critic, for we seldom go to concerts.
He answered that nearly all recitals are
too long, and that nearly all of them
were as disagreeable at one hour as
at another. But he is not fond of mu-
sic; few music critics are.

Our old friend Mr. Prosette is at pre-
sent on the ice wagon. He was bewail-
ing his lot the other night: "And the
worst of it is that I spent last week on
alka-lithia, medicines, grape-fruit, or-
anges and lemons more than I use to
spend on beer during the same time."

Highly respectable London newspapers
give us unvarnished accounts of strange
behavior at social gatherings. Thus at
Colchester early this month Mr. Os-
borne was fined one pound and costs
for assaulting Miss Baker, to whom
he was betrothed. There was a ball at
the Colchester Conservative Club, but
Mr. Osborne's conduct on that joyous
occasion was distinctly radical. He
slapped Miss Baker's face three times,
whacked her with a stick, and threat-
ened to beat her to death, which leads
us to think that he is a younger son
of a noble family. The defendant
swore that when he asked Miss Baker
to return a diamond ring she behaved
like a tigress. The fat-headed English-
man did not appreciate a display of
temperament that would have delighted
a true connoisseur.

She: The play was excellent except
for one thing.

He: And what was that?

She: The time extends over three
months, and it shouldn't be more than
a week.

He: I don't see why!

She: Why, because the same servant
stays through it all.

From "The King."

Messrs. Paul and Victor Margueritte,
well-known novelists and sons of the
General who made the famous charge
at Sedan, are now conducting a cam-
paign in favor of greater divorce facil-
ities. They are printing letters from
various persons whose opinions are en-
titled to consideration.

Mrs. Juliette Adam writes: "I held at
one time that divorce was necessary to
the respectability of marriage, to the
loyalty of the conjugal bond. I believe

so no longer."

Paul de Cassagnac declares that mar-
riage as the Marguerittes would have
it would "reduce the man to a lower
level than the dog, and the woman to a
lower level than the sow."

Poincaré, a prominent lawyer as well
as politician, believes in divorce by mu-
tual consent authorized by the law
"without enthusiasm but without ter-
ror;" and he remarks concerning di-
vorce at the mere demand of either
husband or wife: "If it sufficed to say
'I'm off' to obtain one's liberty, I can
scarcely imagine what would become
of marriage. It might still exist per-
haps as the last resort of bachelors
weary of a liaison that had lasted too
long, and who would seek in this legal
union so easily canceled an elegant and
expedient mode of rupture."

Zola writes: "I am for the couple
of whom the union is rendered indis-
soluble by love. I would have the
man and the woman who have loved
each other and had children love each
other until death. Such is the true
way, the beautiful way, and the way
of happiness. But I am for absolute
liberty in love; and if divorce be neces-
sary, it must be without obstacles, by
mutual consent, or even at the desire
of one of the married parties."

Beauquier, a most respected member
of the House of Deputies, foresees a
day when a couple will be allowed to
arrange what conditions they please
for their union. "I imagine that our
descendants will see nothing astonish-
ing in married couples contracting
unions for a limited period, say, of
three, six, or nine years, renewable,
like a lease, by tacit agreement." But
this was a favorite idea of Marshal
Saxe, and we have spoken of it at
length in this column.

Chastenot, another Deputy, looks for-
ward confidently to damage cases.
"A matter which causes me some con-
cern is the fact that the woman when
she marries is the possessor of a cap-
ital of a special nature, which is con-
sumed forthwith on use, which cannot
be the object of any restitution, and
which has no equivalent in the case
of the husband. In consequence, if you
admit that the husband should be al-
lowed to put an end to the union solely
on pretexts which he is pleased to
furnish himself, it seems to me most
legitimate that the woman should have
the right to bring an action for
damages."

Our civilization, grown more and
more complex, has added many ter-
rors to divorce; the uncertainty of the
decree, the awkwardness of meeting
former wives and husbands when there
can be no outward expressions of re-
gret or joy, the inevitable comparisons
suggested by the analytical spirit that
characterizes the period, etc., etc.

The French painter Cazin, who died
Wednesday, began his career in an un-
usual manner; he studied in England,
and it was from London that he sent
his first picture to the Salon.

Mr. Osman Edwards, who has written
a book on Japanese plays, says that
the playactor in Japan occupies a much
more enviable position than the author.
"As he treads the flower-walks, fans,
purses and embroidered pouches will
be showered at his feet; to his dressing-
room will come love letters innumera-
ble, for the Japanese 'matinee girl' is
very susceptible; in public he will be
pointed out, the idol of the masses;
his crest will be on the tortoise-shell
or ivory pin which adorns the high
coiffure of the stage-struck 'musumé';
finally, should he ever reach the head
of his profession, he may hope to make
as much as £5000 in four weeks, far
surpassing the modest income of a
Prime Minister or an archbishop."

The constant "head-lining" of DeWet
on the Orange and across the Orange
reminds Mr. Sims of the story of Syd-
ney Smith and the woman who sat
next him at dessert. "Oh, Mr. Smith,"
she said, "won't you venture on an
orange?" "I would, madam, but I am
afraid I might fall off."

March 31, 1901

The program of the 19th Symphony
concert, given last night in Symphony
Hall, Mr. Gerike conductor, was as
follows:

Overture to "Julius Caesar," Schumann
(First time at these concerts.)
"Pater Noster," Mancinelli
Mr. Campanari.
Orchestral Suite, "Impressions of Italy,"
Charpentier
(First time in Boston.)

I. Serenade.
II. At the Fountain.
III. On Muleback.
IV. On the Summit.
V. Napoli.
Prologue to "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo
Symphonic Poem No. 11, "Battle of the
Huns," Liszt
(First time at these concerts.)

Julius Caesar has not been lucky in
the matter of overtures. Von Bülow's
overture that bears the name of the
pronounced Imperialist was a youth-
ful indiscretion and perhaps may be
pardoned, especially as it is not played

now that the composer conducts no
more. But Schumann is a name to
conjure with, and why did he do the
great Roman this wrong? Even Mr.
Bernard Shaw's polished, cynical and
elderly Caesar would have resented
this music; and yet he is represented
as slow to anger. He would have
asked, why all this aggravating and
impotent brass, and he would have
preferred one blast from the bugle,
which gave forth a vaguely fearful
sound, something like "the hellow of a
minotaur softened by a great distance."
He would have asked Schumann
whether the chief theme was repre-
sentative of the hero, pale, serious,
laurel-crowned, with drooping eyelids,
as he was revealed to the man in
Turgenieff's "Visions." He would have
objected to a few reminiscences from
"Manfred" as anachronistic, and he
might have forgotten his baffling and
dangerous politeness and said, "Schu-
mann, your music came hard; and do
you really call that orchestration good?
And why are you so joyful at the end
over my death?"

There are two Charpentiers. One is
the composer of "Impressions d'Italie,"
a composition full of the sun and bustle
and poetry and beauty of Italy. The
other is the man of "La Vie du Poète,"
the anarchistic songs, and the opera,
"Louise"—the man that sings contra-
alto of Montmartre, that crowns the
working girl as Muse. A strange appar-
ition, whose enormous success has flut-
tered conservatories and the conserva-
tive. And he knows his trade, this wild
musician—he was even a prix de Rome,
and thus he saw Italy. Now many
musicians have seen Italy. Richard
Strauss went there as a German, with
his red guide book. There are many
others—and among them, Arthur Field,
for was not his suite played at a Sym-
phony Concert under Nikisch? Char-
pentier went there as a crack pupil of
Massenet, and in the suite performed
last night it is easy to find the teacher
of this singularly gifted man, who has,
however, his own harmonic and orches-
tral thoughts. This suite made last
night an immediate and deep impres-
sion, and no wonder; for it abounds in
melody, it glows with color, it is alive
with pulsing rhythm. Furthermore,
moods are created and sustained. The
Serenade is of haunting beauty; and
the composer escapes ingeniously any
charge of vulgarity that you might
bring against him. "At the Fountain,"
is in less popular vein, but "The Mules"
is a little masterpiece that charms both
musician and general public. "On the
Summits" shows the influence of Mas-
senet in the character of the melodic
structure, but the last pages are strik-
ingly original and characteristic—as in
the treatment of horns to gain a pecu-
liar effect of bells. The finale, "Na-
ples," is a picture in tones of the gayety
of the swarming crowd of that city.
Mr. Gerike is to be thanked most
heartily for producing this fascinating
work, a composition interesting in so
many respects. The performance was
a brilliant one, and the solos were
played with marked effect.

Liszt set several pictures to music,
and he at one time contemplated an
assault on the six mural decorations
of Kaubach in the new museum at
Berlin. Fortunately he stopped with
"The Battle of the Huns." The music
is fresco-music. The Huns have fierce
and sinister pages, and then the choral
"Crux fidelis" given at first to a trom-
bone and then to the organ represents
the light of Christianity which finally
puts to confusion the pagan crew and
shines over a converted world. In-
cidentally we are told where Wagner
found the hint for his Ride of the
Walkyries. The trouble with this
hotch-potch is that Liszt took it seri-
ously. He even went so far as to re-
quest the conductor in a note at the
beginning of the score to make all the
instruments "sound spectrally."
Mr. Campanari was heartily wel-
comed, and after his spirited delivery
of the prologue to "Pagliacci" recalled
again and again. The rich and noble
quality of his voice and the breadth of
his style were thus fully appreciated;
and yet the text of this Prologue calls
for dramatic finesse in certain pas-
sages rather than mere sonorous deliv-
ery. Mr. Campanari with all his
natural and acquired gifts could make
little out of Mancinelli's "Pater Nos-
ter."

Miss Maud Powell, violinist, assisted

by Miss Lucie A. Tucker, contralto,
gave a recital yesterday afternoon in
Chickering Hall. Mr. W. D. Strong
was the accompanist. The program
was as follows:

Sonata, "Didone abbandonata," Tartini
Loure, Gavotte-Rondo, Prelude, from E
major Sonata, Bach
Miss Powell.
Gens Duce Splendida, "Hora Novissi-
ma," H. W. Parker
Miss Tucker.
Gipsy Melodies and Dances, Coleridge-Taylor
Abendlied, Schumann
Moto Perpetuo, Ries
Miss Powell.

"In Haven" and "Where Corals Lie,"
Elgar
Sweetheart, Chadwick
Miss Tucker.
Crépuscule, Massenet
L'Abellie, Schubert
Fantaisie de Faust, Wieniawski
Miss Powell.

The hall was dimly chilly; the ac-
companist was boisterous, rigid, un-
sympathetic; the audience was small;
and yet Miss Powell was not disturbed
by any one of these things. She played
with classical serenity, breadth and au-
thority the old sonata of Tartini. How
often Dido was forsaken in music for
violin, piano and the stage! Tartini,
they tell us, was often moved to com-
position by the thought of favorite
poems and he would even write words
of poems, under the notes of violin
parts. Whether Dido was more to him
than Hebeba the strolling player,
who can say? But the music is noble
and passionate and the spirit of the
composer vitalized the art of the play-
er. Equally admirable was Miss Pow-
ell's performance of the movements
from Bach's sonata. The "Gipsy Melo-
dies and Dances" by Coleridge-Taylor

are characteristic pieces, full of color, rhythmically exciting, and of exotic melody. Perhaps the "Melodies" have the greater distinction; but all of the music has charm and individuality.

Miss Powell has grown steadily in artistic stature until few of her sisters can claim reasonably to be her peer. Of women who have visited us of late years only Lady Hallé is to be named with her in the same breath. Miss Powell has reached the goal by honest and honorable means. Her own natural gifts, her genius for indefatigable and in elegant work have placed her in the proud position. She has not put her strength in press-agents with sackbut and psalter and high sounding cymbals; she did not use her sex or her nationality to boost her into a place she did not deserve. Her one great friend and helper has been her indispensable talent. It would be an idle compliment to say that she plays like a man, for she plays better than many men. It would be misleading to say that she plays like a woman, even though the possession of the finer sentiments and gentler emotions was thus implied. Miss Powell plays like a true artist, who knows all emotions and passions, but is not mastered by them, for she realizes that sentiment is not effeminacy, sensuousness is not catering, and passion even at its height is not hysteria.

Miss Tucker sang with breadth an air from "Ilora Novissima," which, with piano accompaniment, is out of place in a recital, and songs by Elgar and Chadwick.

Philip Hale.

MISS HENSCHEL'S RECITAL.

Miss Henschel, assisted by Mrs. Henschel and Messrs. Fox, Lang and Foote, gave a song recital yesterday in Association Hall. She sang songs by Veracini, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Henschel, Foote, Bizet and some old French songs. There were duets by Méhul and David.

Miss Henschel has a small, clear voice which she uses skillfully. It has been carefully trained and yesterday it was invariably true to the pitch. She sang with ease and with an evident appreciation and enjoyment of the music which quickly communicated itself to the large and enthusiastic audience. At times when she forced her voice, as in the Brahms song, there were unpleasant tones, but, as a rule, she showed a discretion and an artistic finish truly remarkable in so young a girl.

In her duets with Mrs. Henschel the similarity in quality of the two voices was startling, and, in response to an encore, they sang Mr. Henschel's "Spring," arranged as a duet, with charming effect.

Twice Miss Henschel went to the piano and sang to her own accompaniment which made a pretty picture, but was musically so much less satisfactory than her other singing that she should be chary of repeating the experiment.

Mr. Fox played the accompaniments with an art which was undimmed even by comparison with Mr. Henschel's. In his solos he was most successful in the tiny prelude by Blumenfeld, Rubinstein's "Barcarolle" and Chopin's polonaise in B flat. Messrs. Lang and Foote played the Saint-Saëns Variations on the 30th of March 25 years ago, at a concert where Mrs. Henschel made her debut in Boston. The repetition of the work yesterday was interesting only as a matter of history, for the piece is dull and had evidently been insufficiently rehearsed.

HERCULES has strutted in more than one opera. Gluck introduced him in "Alceste," and he has figured in various operatic adventures in English, German, French, Italian. Only the other day I spoke in this column of Leroux's "Astarté," in which the librettists make Hercules a Duke and a member of the Law and Order League. But does not Shakespeare speak of Duke Theseus? In all these operas the traditional character of Hercules is maintained and respected. Even in Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem "Le Rouet d'Omphale," the hero laments and groans in a truly heroic manner. It was reserved for two French librettists, Messrs. de Caillavet and de Flers, to strip of his glory the mighty man whom Offenbach and his merry-men, mocking at Grecian mythology, had spared.

The operetta "Les Travaux d'Hercule" was produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, Paris, March 7. The music is by Claude Terrasse.

Some time ago Edmond Pottier, a deep-thinking archaeologist, startled the French Institute by reading a paper in which he claimed that several of the celebrated labors of Hercules were performed by Theseus. The librettists of this new operetta ascribe the glory not to Theseus, but Augeas. According to them Hercules is a stupid, lazy, boasting, gluttonous, swilling fellow. He married Omphale, who is mightily discontented with him and knows only too well that he is not a hero in mind or body. He swaggers about, wears the skin of the Nemean lion, which he did not kill, brandishes his club, and is frightened to death if there is any thought of personal risk, for he is white-livered and pigeon-galled.

But everyone is afraid of him, even the women—and this makes his wife Omphale smile sardonically. An oracle

has foretold his extraordinary labors, and therefore while he is nerving himself to begin his glorious career, everyone is terrified at his approach, and he is at the same time adored; but his worshippers finally wonder when he is going to begin.

Omphale, a warm-blooded, loving creature, at first tries to console herself with Orpheus, a literary gentleman of the town, but he is shy—here enters improbability—and he thinks more of authors' readings and publishers than he does of the woman who would fain be his muse. Omphale wastes no time in coaxing him; she turns her attention toward Augeas, a wealthy gentleman, who keeps race horses, and whose stables are celebrated far and wide. He had been proposed for membership in the Tyre Jockey Club. Hercules as Chairman of the Elections Committee had used his influence to turn his rival Augeas down, and the black balls obeyed his call. This offended Augeas, "Sportsman blen commu." He did not content himself with saying "Rotten club, anyway. Three or four of the men cheat at cards, I hear. I wonder why Phintius put me up." He talked in a most unpleasant manner to Hercules, and then he slapped his face. Hercules submitted to this insult, which was witnessed by many, was contemptuously dignified, and said that he would take no notice of such a low person.

Omphale, however, thinks that at last she has found a man of action, so she joyously goes with Augeas when he proposes elopement. Augeas leaves a letter addressed to Hercules in which he says: "I am taking away your wife, your club and your lion-skin. If you are bored, clean my stables." (Hercules did clean them, by the way; he got rid of all the horses that were not sound in wind and limb.)

Augeas leads the Queen through her husband's gardens. Frightful roars as of wild beasts are heard. Orpheus, who regretted his shyness, hearing of the presence of mind of Augeas, had determined to kill himself, and chosen this way: to be eaten alive by the ferocious animals of the Tyrian Zoo. His courage failed him, as it had failed him in the presence of Omphale, and after he had opened the doors of the cages he ran literally for his life. Augeas and Omphale are in a moment surrounded by all sorts of monsters, the Lernean hydra, the Erymanthian boar, etc. etc., but Augeas, with one arm about the sumptuous woman's waist, whacks each animal with the celebrated club, while the Tyrians on the battlements hurrah wildly for Hercules—for they see the lion-skin and the club—and it must be Hercules; did not the oracle foretell these deeds?

The lovers wander about, and wherever they go it is the same story. Augeas performs the labor and Hercules gains the credit. Omphale is not pleased. It is not enough that she knows the true hero. She prefers to be associated with the popular hero, to share in his triumph. Augeas, in the hope to keep her, tells her what he has done, but she asks, "What good to you or to me are your deeds while Hercules gains the honor?" Omphale goes back to Hercules, who at last performs a surprising feat that brings reconciliation.

It is singular that this broad farce should be brought out in Paris at a theatre celebrated for parody of Grecian myths and legends so soon after the performance of "Astarté" at the Opéra. Some complained that in "Astarté" Hercules was lowered below the level of human dignity, for the librettist represented him as panting and screaming after this same Omphale, whom he had sworn to convert from the error of her amatory ways. And now some regard the operetta as an antidote to "Astarté" or, better, a homeopathic remedy. The Paris correspondent of the Referee wrote concerning "Astarté": "On all sides the opinion was that it was not simply crotty, but unpleasant and immoral. The story of Hercules and Omphale requires much more delicate handling than a young man like M. Louis de Grammont is capable of. His ideas of the casual voluptuousness of Omphale's Court seemed to have been inspired by a study of after midnight scenes on Piccadilly Corner." And the Ménestrel says: "Have they not doubled the petticoats of the women in this opera and multiplied the modest and protecting knots? and thus at a blow the work lost its chief attraction for a certain part of the public."

It was left for a Hamburg critic to discover that our old friend, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, could direct without an orchestra. "From the motions of his arms, wrists and fingers the audience would guess the character and contents of every composition." And this from Hamburg, where the steaks come from!

An English critic speaks as follows of Arensky's new piano quintet: "The respectability of this music in a conventional sense is not so assured—in fact,

it comes to a bad end—but its 'gongos-on' are decidedly fascinating. In the first movement martial ardor is much in evidence. Subsequently it coquets with an old French song, on which it plays several up-to-date 'variations' which seem to surprise the ancient air a good deal. . . . The finale goes off like a damp squib."

Mr. Carl Armbruster, who lectured here early in the season, has been recommended by the Parks Committee as Musical Adviser to the London County Council. There was a motion to appoint him at a salary of £140, with an additional £25 a year for traveling expenses. There were so many protests against the appointment of a foreigner. "It is probable, however," says an English writer, "that the real basis of the opposition to Mr. Armbruster's appointment is an idea that he will favor the engagement of German musicians and the performance of German music, notably that by Wagner. I doubt if either of these suspicions are justified. It is certainly an unpleasant fact that the engagement of a conductor of foreign nationality has often led to the discharge of English instrumentalists in favor of the director's compatriots, but I take it Mr. Armbruster would have little power in this direction."

A baritone at Slenia who took the part of Don Carlos in "Ernani" paid homage to Verdi by singing in the well-known scene, "O Sommo Verdi" instead of "O sommo Carlo."

An Italian has offered prizes to composers who will complete a quartet by Rossini of which he has the manuscript.

August Klughardt of Dessau has finished an oratorio "Judith." So has Mr. G. W. Chadwick, and they say his work will be produced at the next Worcester Festival.

Carl Weiss's new opera "Der Polnische Jude" ("The Bells") has been produced with success at Prague. The style of the music is said to resemble that of Massenet's "Werther," fresh, not without powerful dramatic moments, and not without a skillful use of typical themes as in the story of the murder of the Jew. Both melodic flow and orchestral cunning are highly praised.

A symphony by Gluck was played early this month at Brussels. It is really a suite of three pieces that are hardly developed and recall the ballet airs in his operas.

Mark Hambourg, the pianist, was trounced vigorously by the critics in Berlin for his absurd pounding and rushing.

Mr. Runciman begins an article in the last Saturday Review: "The two musical instruments best known to the British public undoubtedly are the piano and the organ. The first is supposed to adorn every British home; the second mars most of our churches."

Sunday, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—George Henschel's "Morning Hymn" for chorus and orchestra; "Serbisches Liederspiel," a cycle of romances for four voices and piano; "Stabat Mater" for solo voices, chorus, orchestra. Mr. Henschel, conductor; Mrs. Henschel, Miss Edmonds, Mr. Lieberman, Mr. C. W. Clark, the quartet; Mr. Whelpley, organist. The Cecilia chorus and 60 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will assist.

Monday, Boston Theatre—The list of operas for the week will be found in a special announcement.

Monday, Association Hall, 8 P. M.—Eighteenth and last concert of the Knisel Quartet; Beethoven's quartet in E flat, op. 127; Loefler's sextet for strings; Schubert's Quintet in C.

Thursday, Steinert Hall, 2.30 P. M.—Mr. Leopold Godowsky will give his second piano recital.

Friday, 2.30 P. M., and Saturday, 8 P. M., Symphony Hall—Twentieth Symphony concert, Mr. Gerick, conductor. Rubinstein's overture to "Dimitri Donskoi," Howard Brockway's "Sylvan" suite (new here); Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules," Beethoven's 4th symphony.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Sousa and his band will soon give a series of concerts in the chief cities of New England. The concert in Boston will be given at Symphony Hall, Friday evening, April 12, Sunday evening, April 14. The band will be assisted by Blanche Duffield, soprano; Bertha Bucklin, violinist; Arthur Pryor, trombone. The sale of seats for these concerts will open in Symphony Hall on next Friday morning.

Henschel's "Stabat Mater," which will be sung tonight for the first time in Boston, was begun by the composer back in 1873, and the scoring of the first number occupied his time during his first voyage to America the following year. Other matters interfered with its completion, and it was not until he was commissioned to write a work for the Birmingham Festival of 1894 that he took it up and completed it. It has also been performed at Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Dresden and Montreal, as well as in Breslau, Mr. Henschel's native city, where it was given for the last time in June, 1899. Haydn's "Stabat Mater" will be rendered in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Harrison Avenue and Concord Street, this evening at 7.30 P. M. It will be under the direction of Mr. George E. Whiting, organist and director of the choir. The quartet, Miss Anna C. Westervelt, soprano; Mrs. Annette Welsh-McMunn, alto; Mr. D. J. Murphy, tenor; Mr. Ivan Macdewski, bass, will be assisted by a large chorus.

Messrs. Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke and Plancon will take the parts in Massenet's "Cid" Tuesday evening that they created in Paris.

The repertory of operas for the second week of the season here will be announced not later than Tuesday. The list to be selected from includes "Lohengrin," "Romeo and

Juliet," "Don Giovanni," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Les Huguenots," "Die Meistersinger," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," and perhaps one repetition from the first week.

Mr. Grau, according to the numerous requests from many opera patrons, will give several of the Wagner "Ring" operas during the second week of his season here, at the Boston Theatre. The "Trilogie" has never been sung in Boston by the Grau Opera Company. With Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Dippel, Bertram, Blass, Bispham, Muchmann, Hubbert, Termina, Nordica, Gadsak, Oltzka, Susan Strong and Schumann-Helk, an arrangement of casts may be made that will rival in excellence any heretofore given.

Among the first arrivals in Boston of the Maurice Grau Opera Company are Mmes. Meiba, Macmure and Suzanne Adams, MM. Saleza, Plancon and Manchnell. Mlle. Lucienne Breval will arrive tonight. The Messrs. de Reszke, who do not sing until Tuesday night, will leave New York on Monday morning. The other artists, chorus, orchestra, ballet and managerial and working staff of the company will leave New York by special train early Sunday morning and arrive here that afternoon.

The Grau Opera Company will give but one Sunday concert during its coming engagement at the Boston Theatre. They will take place on Easter Sunday night, April 7, and the work will be Verdi's Requiem Mass.

It should be borne in mind that there is no overture to Puccini's opera, "La Bohème," which is to be given by the Maurice Grau Opera Company at the Boston Theatre next Saturday afternoon. The curtain will rise precisely at 1.45 o'clock on the first bar of music played in the orchestra.

Gounod's "Redemption" will be sung at Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn, Easter Sunday, April 7. The concert will begin at 7.30. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer will conduct. The solo singers will be Miss Sara Anderson, soprano, Miss Grace Preston, contralto, Mr. Glenn Hall, tenor, Mr. Gertlym Miles, bass, Mr. Ericsson, Bushnell, bass. The orchestra will be composed of players from the Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Tucker will be the organist. This will be the seventh performance by the Handel and Haydn; the last one was in 1898. Tickets will be on sale tomorrow.

Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" will be sung at Symphony Hall by the Cecilia, Mr. Lang, conductor, Wednesday evening, April 10. The solo singers will be Mrs. Schumann-Helk, Messrs. Rieger, Beresford, Daniel, Greene, Waterman. The orchestra will be made up of Boston Symphony players.

April 1, 1901 MR. HENSCHEL'S CONCERT.

A Program Composed Wholly of
His Works—First Performance
in Boston of His "Stabat
Mater."

Mr. George Henschel gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was composed of these works by him: "Morning Hymn," for chorus and orchestra; "Serbisches Liederspiel," a cycle of romances for four solo voices and piano; "Stabat Mater," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The chorus was the Cecilia. The quartet was made up of Mrs. Henschel, Miss Edmonds, Mr. Lieberman, Mr. C. W. Clark. The orchestra was composed of Symphony players with Mr. Knisel as concert master. Mr. Whelpley was the organist. Mr. Henschel was the conductor and pianist. There was a large and effusive audience.

Mr. Henschel is an indefatigable musician. He sings, he plays the piano, he teaches singing, he conducts, and he composes—alas, he composes. He is a man of fine artistic temperament; he is eminently successful as an interpreter of songs; he knows that which is good in music and he is quick to appreciate it and share his appreciation and enjoyment with others. Why, then, does he compose?

This "Stabat Mater" was written for the Birmingham Festival of 1894, and it was produced there Oct. 4, when Mr. Henschel led the performance. The solo singers were Mrs. Henschel, Miss Wilson, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Black.

The work was afterward performed in London, and a writer of that city remarked that it was "so little inspired that somebody suggested it might have been written by a man in joy at the recovery of his mother-in-law." I am tempted to end discussion of the "Stabat Mater" with this quotation.

Mr. Henschel did not attempt to write a mildly contemplative or mystical work. His music is more ambitious—pretentious is the better, the fairer word. He tried to be dramatic, and in his endeavor he strained every nerve. And yet there is not a thrill in the whole work. There is little that reminds one in any way of the immortal poem, of the grief of the Virgin Mother. Whether he is frankly operatic and sensuous as in "Virgo, virginum praeclara," or whether he puts his trust in the brass as in the "Cygnus," Mr. Henschel reminds you of the mountain in labor. The work is indescribably dull in spite of all its pretensions. The melody, as a rule, is commonplace. There are no harmonic devices of marked effect. The orchestration is either scrappy, or it is pointless, or it is downright ugly. This "Stabat Mater" is without celestial beauty or human interest. The nearest approach to any effect whatever is in "Dum emisit spiritum"; but this passage is not long enough to furnish relief.

Now the "Morning Hymn," on the other hand, is short and effective, chiefly on account of the body of tone at the climax, for the structure of the piece does not differ materially from that of any part-song manufactured by a reasonably honest German Kapellmeister. The "Serbisches Liederspiel" provoked much applause; but examine the words and the music, and see how far apart they are in spirit. After you have heard two or three numbers they all sound alike, for they are without

distinction, they are not alive, they are not the inevitable expression of the text.

The performance of the various pieces was excellent. All share in this praise, although Mrs. Henschel's voice rasped in forte passages. Mr. Clark sang his solo, "The Luckless Year," capably, but the honors of the evening were borne away by Miss Edmunds.

Philip Hale.

Augustus used seldom to drink wine, not above thrice at supper; but now ye quaff before meat, and at meat, and your carousers cannot be numbered. He, when he was athirst, eat bread dipped in cold water, or a moist apple, or a cucumber; but ye inflame your thirst instead of quenching it, nor remember that ye drink the blood of the earth and the poison of hemlock, as did Alexander, who slew his friends and perished himself in wine; thus are souls and the bodies, made to serve them, destroyed together. Among all the pleasures which creep from the body to the soul, they are accounted most vile which are accomplished by feeding, for as much as these senses are common to us with beasts, and croak down the reasonable creature; also loathsomeness is next neighbor to fullness, diseases follow, and death hastens to the mansion of gluttons.

We read with deep emotion the news that Lord Salisbury is suffering from a kidney affection. We men with weary, discouraged kidneys must stand by each other. Especially now, when bock beer flows for the well, the gay, the thoughtless. As the poet sang so beautifully:

Beers, idle beers, I know not what they mean.

Dear as remember'd schooners after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love, and wild with all regret; O Death in Life, the beers that are no more.

Do you say: "Why should any man whine so because he is debarred from drinking gross and sensual beer?" But beer is one of the oldest and most honorable of drinks devised to gladden the heart of man. It was known to the early Egyptians. The soldiers of Caesar fought the better for it. Vincent, a swell in Wycherley's "Love in a Wood" did not hesitate to call a beer-glass his best friend. Jorevin de Rochefort, traveling in England about 1670, received a visit from a clergyman at Cambridge, and wrote about it in his travels. "It was necessary to drink two or three pots of beer during our parley, for no kind of business is transacted in England without the intervention of pots of beer." Did not Philip II. on his arrival in England announce his intention "vivre de tous points à l'Anglais" and immediately call for beer, which he drank? One of the most remarkable opinions ever handed down was that in which Chancellor Walworth wrote the history of beer from the earliest days—the days called by the superficial dark—as though any days could have been dark when there was beer.

We hear you say: "But there is glucose in beer. Not necessarily; but suppose there is? What does Dr. Charles Harrington say? We quote from his new "Manual of Practical Hygiene," a book indispensable to the profession and valuable and interesting to the general reader. The learned expert says of glucose: "The popular idea that it is injurious to health is absolutely without foundation and is the result of a senseless agitation against its use, set on foot for commercial reasons and by pseudo scientists and amateur hygienists."

"A dead miser with 15 bank books." And he is worth more, in all probability, than a live miser without one bank book.

Mrs. Sidow ran away with a farm-hand of 18 years and left her prosperous husband. She also left this note: "Henry—By the time you get these lines I will be married to another man. Forgive me, I have not been true to you for the last six years." Heartless, you say; outrageous. Yes, indeed; why didn't she let the neighbors tell Henry all about it?

Mr. Richard Mansfield is often irresistible, as when he said last week in a speech to a School of Acting in New York that "good breeding and manners were essential" to success on the stage, and advised those who wished to acquire breeding, if they had not learned it in youth, "to take service as a footman or housemaid and observe for a year or two the actions of those 'to the manner born'." Mr. Mansfield, it will be observed, did not advise them to enter his company.

"To the manner born"! It would be hard for the dramatic students to find positions as footman or housemaid with such. The greater number of employers of servants in livery remember fathers in shirt sleeves and mothers doing the washing. (Few "to the manner born" can afford a footman.) Yet we can imagine no better training for a comedian than the opportunity of

studying his master and mistress at close range and when they are not on parade.

We also learn that "frank impropriety" characterizes Mr. Guiches's new play at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, and the Parisian critics denounce the playwright. It must be something dreadful. What do you suppose it is all about? Will not somebody produce it here?

Mr. George Dorrys has written the life of a most interesting ruler, Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. We hasten to give our readers information about this particularly unspeakable Turk. He is a good shot with the pistol, an accomplished astrologist, a competent molder and painter, a practical carpenter, an amateur pianist who prefers Italian tunes to German symphonies. His drinking water is brought from Kiathane—we do not know where this

place is and we have no time to look it up on the map—but the name of the place sounds as though the water might be good. He is frugal at table and in constant fear of poison. "His private kitchen is a veritable fortress, consisting of a small chamber, situated to the right of the great entrance, and is guarded by barred windows and an armor-plated door. The cook officiates under the ever-watchful eye of the Keldarjhi Bachi, one of the most weighty functionaries in Yildiz, for the health, the very life even, of the Padishah is at his mercy. When cooked, each dish is fastened with red wax, bearing the official seal of the Keldarjhi, and remains hermetically closed until the seals are broken in the Sultan's own presence. His Majesty's life is passed in a long series of elaborate precautions. One of his most fruitful sources of terror is the darkness. Each night sees him a prey to this horror, although every room and corridor of his kiosk, even to the farthest alley of the immense park, nightly witnesses the miracle of fiat lux, the brilliancy of the illuminations rivaling daylight itself. Sometimes the silence of a sleeping world will madden him, and he orders the band to strike up, or commands the Imperial Guard to march up and down in front of the pavilion, that the sound of their measured tramp may calm his nerves." He goes to bed very late. He likes books of a melodramatic nature, stories about murders, mysteries, revenge, vice. He is fond of ladies' society and has a harem of over 300. He prefers charm and prettiness to regularity of feature, and he visits his collection only when his mind is free from care.

Amic 2, 1901 "FAUST."

The Grau Grand Opera Company began last night an engagement of two weeks at the Boston Theatre. The opera was Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Marguerite	Adams
Siebel	Homer
Marthe	Bauermeister
Faust	Saléza
Valentin	Scott
Wagner	Duffrie
Mephistopheles	Plancon

Some have maintained that "Faust" is always the opera chosen for the opening night by Mr. Grau in Boston. As a matter of fact since 1892 "Faust" has opened his season three times, "Les Huguenots" twice, "Siegfried," "Lohengrin" and "Carmen" once each. But "Faust" is a strong card, and any manager is safe in playing it. It is true that portions of the opera have grown old, but still younger works that were a little while ago acclaimed as revolutionary, epoch making, now seem far more venerable than this "Faust" of 40 odd years. Take "Cavalleria Rusticana" for instance. There never was such an instance of immediate and widespread success in the history of opera. The work had an influence over composers in that it started a reaction against operas of absurd length; and the singularly effective libretto led librettists to seek tragic subjects in daily and contemporaneous life. But much of the music of Mascagni's opera now seems staler than certain despised music in "Faust" or even "Les Huguenots." For the life of the average opera is very short. That "Faust" is still performed constantly in all countries where opera is sung proves that it has strong and genuine elements of vitality, that there is something in it that appeals to human feelings and emotion, not merely to a fashion, not merely to the partisans of a cause.

The duet in the first scene is, indeed, bad dramatically and musically, just

as the music of Mephistopheles in this scene is without a suggestion of the supernatural; the interpolated song of Valentin is not worthy of the noble measures that precede it; the Kermess music is fast becoming worn; Siebel's song delays the action and might as well be thrown over, and even Faust's address to Marguerite's cottage begins to show wrinkles; the Jewel song is merely a vocal exercise, unless it is sung as Calvé sung it and then the music is not Gounod's; Mephistopheles's serenade is no longer considered as real devilish; the Soldiers' chorus was not intended originally for "Faust"—out with it, and with the brass band with instruments unknown in Valentin's time—Mr. Mancinelli, by the way, is to be thanked heartily for refusing last night to grant a repetition; and the last act in these days is merely an excuse for the trio and an exhibition of vocal endurance.

Do you ask, what remains? The choruses heard by Faust and some of his declamation in the first scene; the first meeting of Faust and Marguerite, her song of Thule's King and all of the love music in the garden; and the whole of the church scene and Valentin's death, in which Gounod comes closest to Goethe. For the sake of these moving, beautiful, or intense scenes the rest may be accepted—even that ineffectively bolsterous duet between Faust and Mephistopheles.

The performance last night was in many respects an excellent one. There was natural disappointment that Melba did not sing, but so far as action was concerned, she was not missed. Both Melba and Suzanne Adams were trained as Marguerites of the Paris Opéra, who do not fly in the face of tradition, and who fly in the face of propriety only to oblige the librettists. But Miss Adams, in spite of this training and her handicap of a New England temperament, is beginning to show signs of histrionic animation. Her opening scenes were played with an agreeable discretion and a genuine charm. It was a pleasure to see a Marguerite who was youthful and virginal, and the virginal attitude of this Marguerite was not unmistakably a deliberate and laborious assumption. This impression was preserved in the garden scene, where many Marguerites wonder too anxiously why the fine gentleman is so slow in coming. After this scene Miss Adams

was only conventionally, and in moderate degree effective, for her simulation of anguish in the church scene was not authoritative. It would not be fair to say that she has not the nature to portray such stormy emotions; but it is evident that she has not the experience, nor does her voice lend itself easily to tragedy. In the former scenes she sang with ease, simplicity and a girlish charm, that suited admirably the part. Her progress as a singer and as an actress during the past year has been unmistakable.

Mrs. Homer was a Siebel in bicycle costume. The warmth of her voice and the fervor of her delivery made me regret that so many of her tones were far down in her throat. Mr. Saléza was an earnest Faust who sang always with enthusiasm and often with taste. When Mr. Saléza is at his best, he is very good indeed. He is an accomplished artist in many ways, and it seems impossible that he should occasionally force tone and indulge in vicious vocal tricks. There is Mr. Scott, too, an actor of true distinction, a singer blessed with a rich and sonorous voice, who seems possessed at times to capture an audience by violence of final cadence. He knows better; but he also knows that audiences are impressed by brute strength even in song.

Plancon's Mephistopheles, a part that is regarded by our opera audiences as distinctly comic, is well known and it has often been loudly praised. Last night he displayed lavishly the wealth of his vocal resources and he acted with even more animation and finesse than his wont. The honors of the evening were easily his.

The chorus was large and effective. The performance of the orchestra under Mr. Mancinelli would have been worthy of the warmest praise had it not occasionally defied the size of the theatre. No doubt this blemish will disappear as soon as conductor and players remember that they are not in the Metropolitan Opera House, but in a theatre of most admirable acoustic properties. The stage management was careless.

Tonight Massenet's "Le Cid" will be given in Boston for the first time. The singers will be Lucienne Bréval (her first appearance here), Suzanne Adams, Jean and Ed. De Reszke, Plancon, Sizès, Bars. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

Philip Hale.

Are thou of great earthly note? Then thou art deprived of the sweet tranquillity of living secret, and out of knowledge whatsoever thou dost, the people will talk of it, how thou livest at home, and how thou featest at dinner and supper, thy neighbors will covet to know; and not only the order of thy daily diet, but the secrets of thy family; what thou doest with thy children, what

with thy servant, how thou behavest to thy wife; even the least word thou speakest of the smallest matter, and they will the most do this who have the least to do with thee! This is the fruit of thy clear blood and thy nobility; that if thou tread thy shoe never so little awry, thou shalt be called the shame of thy stock, and a base degrader of the path which was trodden before thee into honor and dignity. Deserved nobility is not gotten by the birth, but by the life; and many times by the death.

This reminds us that we saw in a shop window to what glory a plain American citizen may come. We refer to a portrait of Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, who was so pleased with the article which he was recommending that his mouth was stretched from ear to ear, and his head thrown back as in the days of old-fashioned and violent dentistry. It was a painful sight to the thoughtful, yet it was a speaking, a guffawing likeness.

They are debating in England the question whether St. Patrick was an Irishman or a Scotchman. But was he not a Frenchman? In Malo's "History of Boulogne" the claim is made that St. Patrick was born at Boulogne, between 372 and 387, the son of the decurion Calpurnius, whose duty it was to tend the harbor light. Calpurnius was killed by pirates, and Patrick was led prisoner to Brittany. He finally passed to Ireland, which he evangelized. William Maginn admits that Patrick was not born in Ireland.

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving stone mounted;
The steamboat he beat by a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted.

But another poet, Henry Bennett, scouts the idea that Patrick was a foreigner, for "he came of decent people," and his mother "kept a shebeen shop in the town of Enniskillen." Monsieur Malo, you will observe, says nothing about Patrick's estimable mother. Surely the names mentioned by Mr. Bennett are not distinctly French. They sound rather as of Turkish origin.

His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy;
His uncle an O'Grady.

But another poet insists that the saint's father was a Wollaghan, and his aunt a Kinaghan, while his wife was a widow Brady. And some say there were three St. Patricks.

Fortunately there are no such disputes about the saint whose festival is today, Saint Francis of Paula. He was a most accomplished saint, and walked on the billows. As Liszt represents him doing this in a piano piece, he must have made a fearful noise. Bridget, the sister of the saint, asked him for a souvenir, so he gave her one of his back teeth. Once he had no money to pay a blacksmith for shoeing his ass so he told the beast to get rid of his shoes, which the cunning animal did, and they then walked eight miles to a more friendly smith.

There is a pretty dispute between Mr. H. S. Fiske, Mr. T. B. Aldrich and others as to whether the volume found in Shelley's hand when his body was washed ashore was a copy of Sopnocles or Aeschylus. No one of the disputants sheds light on the question whether the said book was wet.

Mr. Elliot Gregory makes some sensible remarks in Harper's Bazar about conversation. He claims that listening in America is a platonic occupation out of fashion; that a speaker is rarely allowed to finish a sentence. We fear that his strictures are well-founded. How many dining clubs invite an "entertainer," so that the evening may not be dull. Some one from a variety theatre is persuaded to accept an invitation. He is present, and as soon as the cigars are lighted, the President rises and says, "Gentlemen, we have with us tonight Mr. Bunkolio, who will now give us a few of his amusing specialties." And then the poor wretch who has looked bored through the dreary dinner dons his cap-and-bells and goes through his "stunt." After he leaves, there is yawning; there are feeble attempts at persiflage; and one by one the guests steal away. Music in public dining rooms is another sign of the decay of true conversation. The music is supposed to give the guests a fictitious gaiety. They scream inane questions and answers. Not long ago Mr. Phil May drew in Punch a picture of a young swell at a fashionable restaurant who sends for the waiter and complains that he "can't possibly dine to that tune." Melancholy tunes in restaurants lower the vitality so that microbic oysters easily effect an entrance. Rag-time tunes impair the digestion, for irregular deglutition is the result. And then there are the tunes that drive even the abstemious to drink that takes away the hearing and the memory.

E. P. writes: Your remarks about subtle poisoning remind me of the speech of Lighthorn in Marlowe's "Edward the Second":

You shall not need to give instructions; 'Tis not the first time I have killed a man. I learned in Naples how to poison flowers; To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat, To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point, Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill And blow a little powder in his ears; Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.

And yet I have a braver way than these.

Ah, those were the days when a man killed his enemy in picturesque and artistic fashion! There was no mere brutality of an axe or gun. There were the elements of true mystery and horror. The treacherous host lighted his guest home and held the poisoned torch with his own hand. There was no intelligent jury, and the man suspected of murder was not obliged to listen to testimony of experts, arguments of lawyers, charge of Judge. Nor was there the hearty breakfast provided by the courteous jailer the morning of the execution. A relative of the poisoned one poisoned in turn. There were private dungeons built without thought of health and comfort. And the gentleman assassin was most courteous in his work. Perhaps at the very moment of administering the drug or the knife his face wore a disagreeable expression, but in all the preliminaries his speech was suave, his manners polished.

KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneisel Quartet closed its season at Association Hall last night. The audience was intensely enthusiastic, and with good reason. Beethoven's quartet in E flat major, op. 127, the second movement from C. M. Loeffler's sextet for two violins, two violas and two violoncellos, in A minor, and Schubert's quintet for two violins, viola and two violoncellos, in C major, op. 163, made an exceptionally attractive program, and the players were in holiday mood.

The perfection of ensemble for which the Kneisel Quartet is noted distinguished the performance of the Beethoven number, but to this quality in the performance of the second and third numbers was added remarkable enthusiasm. Mr. Loeffler's virile music was performed thrillingly, the audience sat spellbound until the last chord. Then it gave way to applause which was not stilled until the composer had twice risen from his seat and bowed. In the sextet the assisting players were Max Zach, viola, and C. Barth, violoncello. Mr. Barth also assisted in the joyous Schubert Quintet. In the performance of which the players also showed an irresistible spirit.

Exquisite artistry and rare enthusiasm combined made this last concert of the Kneisel Quartet altogether memorable.

April 3, 1901

A sudden "attack of bronchitis" prevented Jean de Reszke from singing last night and necessitated a change of opera. "Les Huguenots" was performed. Mr. Flon conducted. The cast was as follows:

Marguerite	Adams
St. Bris	Plancon
Valentine	Bréal
De Nevers	Sizes
De Cosse	Masiero
De Tavannes	Hubenet
De Retz	Viviani
Raoul	Dippel
Marcel	Ed. de Reszke
L'Huon	Oltzka
Huguenot Soldier	Bars
Maurevert	Dufliche
1st Lady of Honor	Bauermeister
2d Lady of Honor	Van Cauteeren

"Les Huguenots" is an excellent example of the old-fashioned opera for family use, one that seems contrived expressly for the benefit of those who seldom go to the theatre, who wish to go in a family party when they think they can afford the pleasure, and who insist that they shall get as much as possible for their money. It contains a little of everything—popularized history, religious fanaticism and strife, loyal devotion, prayers, a banquet scene, a real queen on a horse, or in a sedan-chair, a threatened duel, priests and aristocrats in conspiracy, a notable instance of a conflict between love and duty, a ballet that springs up suddenly like Jonah's gourd, a good deal of furniture, a brass band—what does it not contain?

It is true that if "Les Huguenots" contains one of the greatest scenes in all opera—the wonderfully thrilling and tragic duet of the fourth act—it also contains pages of indescribable dullness, absurd scenes, as the one in which Valentine and Marcel go about the stage playing blind-man's buff and shouting at each other; pages of bombastic, shrieking vulgarity, as the bridal music at the end of the third act; and one of the biggest bores in all opera, Marcel with his psalmody and once-admired battle song, a bore that Wotan, the Harper in "Mignon," the Flying Dutchman, King Mark, Wolfram viewed jealously as a formidable rival.

And yet what a godsend has this same opera been to composers and managers. The former have helped themselves freely from it as from a great treasure-house of themes, rhythms, stage effects, orchestral inventions and devices. The latter have

crowded theatres with the announcement: "Les Huguenots" with an local Cast." The citizen looks over the prospectus of a fortnight. Which opera will give him the opportunity of hearing the greatest number of celebrated singers with familiar tunes? "Les Huguenots." Dramatic soprano, bravura singer, mezzo soprano in lights, herole, tenor, distinguished baritone, two renowned basses, and any number of singers of lesser note—he reads the cast, smacks his lips, rushes for tickets. "La Bohème?" No; the story is about persons who are shiftless and of doubtful respectability. "Tosca?" No; it is novelty, and the citizen would not be able to tell when a favorite tune was coming; besides there are only three chief parts. "Aida?" No; the music is beautiful or stirring—but there are more singers in "Les Huguenots." And the opera is "Les Huguenots"—and the one act worth hearing does not begin until 10.30 P. M.

If only the third act, which resembles a "grand ollo entertainment," could be cut! The pomp and the glory of the world pass away and so do the embellishments of French grand opera.

Miss Lucienne Bréal, who sang here for the first time, is one of the stars of the Paris Opéra. She is a dramatic soprano of genuine force and passion. If her performance of Valentine is a fair measure of her abilities. The voice is a large, rich, expressive organ, which

is admirably adapted to the display of intense emotion. The voice itself is emotional, without any consideration of text or situation. It is a voice for tragedy, not for merely gentle or amiable sentiments, not for merely lyrical and pleasing passages. Miss Bréal at times is unfortunate in her attack, for she slurs with a long upward swoop, and there were a few moments last night when there was impure intonation; but these were slight and passing faults in comparison with the general and prevailing merit of her performance. She phrased with noble breadth and dignity. She recalled by her length of a sustained phrase, by the refinement as well as by the passion of her impersonation, by the use, not abuse of her superb physical advantages the traditions of the grand school. The lines of her performance were simple and salient; her effects were apparently the thought of the moment; she was not seen laying trains of gunpowder for the explosive climax; but nevertheless she composed carefully the part, and it was consistent throughout. Her Valentine was the daughter of a nobleman, a noble dame as well as an offended, forgiving, loving, woman. How charmingly modest and yet effective was her entrance! How yet again her business at the end of the third act when de Nevers claimed her hand! And in the fourth act—an act which makes you swear for the moment that Meyerbeer was the greatest of opera-makers—she managed skilfully a crescendo of tragic emotion. Nature has been more than kind to Miss Bréal, for her face, which is sombre and almost sinister in repose—and lightens gloriously in the expression of her love, her sculptural figure, her subtle physical magnetism that without effort on her part crosses the footlights and enraptures the hearer, all work synchronously and sympathetically with that strange voice which suggests the tropics and exotic odors and sultry nights of darkness.

Miss Adams sang surprisingly well the florid music of Marguerite—queens, mad women and consumptives in opera are addicted to the coloratura habit. Miss Oltzka was a page without grace, elegance, or distinction.

Mr. Sizes, another new comer, made a most agreeable impression. His voice is rich and well trained, and he acted the part of de Nevers in true chivalric spirit. He did not give one the impression of a masquerader who had hired his suit. By the way, might it not revive interest in "Les Huguenots" if some one—say, Mr. Damrosch—should give a preparatory lecture on it before a performance? In New York there is grave discussion as to whether Wotan should wear a hat in certain music-dramas; not an opera-hat, but a plain, ordinary hat. The laureate might spend at least 15 minutes in considering de Nevers's ear-rings.

Mr. Ed. de Reszke was the faithful, earnest Marcel so well known to us all, but he was not wholly in voice. Plancon's Saint-Bris was a magnificent impersonation in all respects. Mr. Dippel is a singer worthy of all respect. He is conscientious, industrious, and at times effective. He is a constant student and he is adding steadily to a large repertory. But he is not an ideal Raoul; for he lacks the one essential quality, he is not romantic. He often sang last night with genuine effect, but he was not authoritative in his histrionic impersonation, and the hearer wondered why Valentine made such a fuss about his leaving her. The chorus and orchestra were excellent and Mr. Flon conducted with marked discretion and intelligence. There was a good sized and applause audience.

The opera this afternoon at 1.45 will be "Aida" with Nordica, Louise Homer, Bauermeister, Saléza, Scotti, Plancon, Muchmann. The operas this evening will be "Pagliacci" with Fritz Schaff, Saléza, Scotti, Muchmann, and Masiero, and "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Galski, Bridwell, Bauermeister, Cremonini and Pini-Corsi.

Philip Hale.

PALLADE OF GOLF.

The burden of the slobber; swipe away!

Here shalt thou turn a five into a four.

And then unto thy brassy shalt thou say,

"I'm in today for an uncommon score."

A round that never has been touched before!

Yea, thou to rival Blackwell shalt aspire!

When lo! thou'rt bunkered, and must play three more—

This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sluffed pitches; when the clay

Clings to thy club in winter shower's

downpour;

When run-ups check and falter on their way.

And "poached eggs" fall not dead as heretofore;

When all the dodges that came off of yore

Are futile as a scent-spray at a fire;

When greens seem smaller than a cupboard door—

This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of weak putting; ah, that day

When every green brings something to deplore,

When strength and line are hopelessly astray;

Those short putts missed—their burden is full sore;

When eye and hand are out, can'st thou ignore

Thy caddy's deep disgust, thy partner's ire?

Yet wilt thou start tomorrow, as before—

This is the end of every man's desire.

So on the uplands or beside the shore

We play through sun, rain, bunkers, whin,

and mire,

Till the grim Marker takes our final score—

This is the end of every man's desire.

Still is there talk about those love-letters of an Englishwoman. Certain Continental critics insist that love letters written in so uncouth, harsh a language as English cannot be called love-letters with any justice. Mr. James Howell mentions a Spanish doctor who had a fancy that only three languages were spoken in Paradise; that the Lord commanded in Spanish, the Tempter persuaded in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French. But a learned Dutchman insisted that Adam and Eve discoursed familiarly and amorously in his language, and Charles V., Emperor, and King of Spain, used to say that he would address women in Italian; to men he would speak French; to his horses German; but if he were to speak to God he should employ the Spanish language. English, you see, meets with no consideration.

A London reviewer admits that English, "a concise and lucid tongue," as a French Academician called it in a moment of politeness, is not "an ideal one for expressing the tender passion," and intimates that the Roman ladies for a similar reason were obliged to use Greek. But he claims that the Persian love poetry as found in Burton's "Arabian Nights" is stupid beyond description; that the vocabulary of Italian is poor, as are the vocabularies of the Spanish and the French, and "as for German, with its harsh sounding gutturals, it has long since thrown away all claim to distinction by its contempt of literary form and the license which allows every prolific writer to invent a vocabulary all to himself."

He gives this ingenious reason why spoken English seems uncouth to foreign ears: "In all Continental languages, the tendency seems to be for the better classes to equalize the syllables as much as possible, and even the staccato effect caused by the Italian habit of apparently dividing the longer words is really more a case of beat than of stress. In English, on the other hand, and particularly in the English spoken by townspeople, the tendency is to keep all the stress for some (generally the earlier) words in the sentence, and to leave the others to trail after them as best they may. But this is very much the method adopted on the Continent by the wage-earning class, who make up by gesture and emphasis for what is lacking in precision of speech; and hence, while an educated Frenchman talking English seems to us to speak with the monotonous accent of a little child, we, on first attempting a foreign tongue, are apt to use the intonation of a cabman or a peasant. Add the national morgue and uneasy consciousness that one is making a fool of oneself, and you probably have the secret of a good deal of English unpopularity abroad."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw in a note to his play "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" most vehemently disclaims "any intention of suggesting that English pronunciation is authoritative and correct." "My own tongue," says Mr. Shaw "is neither American English nor English English, but Irish English; so I am nearly impartial in the matter as it is in human nature to be. Besides, there is no standard English pronunciation any more than there is an American one."

Meanwhile the parodists are enjoying themselves—witness this version in Punch by Mr. Seaman, who signs the letter "Ownest."

"20th—Most Near—This must be a very, very short letter, as I can hear your horse's gallop in the lane. You are coming, beloved, you are coming! "I am just returned from the gate. It was the butcher's boy. I kissed his feet from mere association of ideas. You are not jealous? He is nothing, nothing to me, except that just now he seemed to take your rightful place. See, I lay my cheek on the words that will soon glow under your eyes. There, I have a black smudge on my nose, and

am in mourning for myself. Lay your nose, dearest, where mine has left the paper still warm. Your impressionable."

All this leads us to the reflection that the verbal as well as the physical expressions of endearment are intolerable to third persons; Mr. Trotter in "Peter Simple" exclaimed: "My life and soul!" and Gen. de Gallifet referred to his wife, who was separated from him even before death claimed her, as: "My little Pig." A Frenchwoman may give to her lover the name of any endearing vegetable or animal or mineral, the Oriental may talk of fainting with longing and of bulbous and roses, an American may ring the changes on "Darling" and "Pet" and "Precious"—whatever the language may be, the terms are only for two in the intimate relations. But Dean Swift and Charles Lamb have said about all there is to be said on this subject.

There are many young men at the opera who are exulting for the first time in the display of the hideous head-gear known as the opera hat, the zibus, the crush, the accordion. Truly fashionable hatters should give a course of lessons in the use and not allow one of their hats to leave the store until the buyer is proficient. A few of these young men never miss fire, but explode their hats the moment they are in the aisle for the rush toward the corridor. But the great majority pry awkwardly as though they had forgotten to bring with them a can-opener.

April 4, 1901

The Grau Grand Opera Company gave a performance of "Aida" yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Flon conducted. The cast was as follows:

Aida	Nordica
Amneris	Homer
Priestess	Bauermeister
Radames	Saléza
Amonasro	Campanari
Ramfis	Plancon
The King	Journet
A Messenger	Masiero

It was a pity that Mr. Grau was obliged to change the bill of last night, for it would have been interesting to hear "Aida" and "Il Trovatore" in such close juxtaposition. There are some who patronize the Verdi of "the later period," as they are pleased to call the years which begin with the appearance of "Aida," but they sneer at "Il Trovatore" and speak of hand-organs. As a matter of fact, Verdi was not a man of periods, which may be set apart and labeled; he was a composer of long and steady growth, who never changed deliberately or perversely his style, to catch applause. He acquired more and more a mastery over technical resources; but scenic instinct, dramatic intensity, consuming passion, and spontaneous melody characterize "Il Trovatore" as well as "Aida" and "Otello." There is a richer vein of melody in "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata" than there is in "Otello," nor is it too much to say that for dramatic truth and intense expression nothing in "Aida" equals or approaches the scene in the tower. On the other hand, the warmest admirer of "Il Trovatore" could hardly have foreseen the exquisite and exotic music of the Nile scene at the beginning of the third act of "Aida," music that moved Grieg to eulogy that might spring from the lips of a lover enamored of his mistress.

These objectors to "Il Trovatore" will tell you that it is dead and buried. The statement is made constantly that no "hurdy-gurdy opera" is performed in these enlightened days except occasionally in America, England or Italy. Let us see. The 4th volume of the "Deutscher Bühnen-Spielplan" is just out. It contains the list of plays and operas performed in the theatres of Germany from September, 1899, to Aug. 31, 1900. "Il Trovatore," it appears, was performed within that time in Germany alone 181 times. During the same time there were 141 performances of "Die Meistersinger," 122 of the "Die Walküre," 60 of "Siegfried," 50 of "Tristan." No, "Il Trovatore" is not even moribund.

"Aida" is the last word of Verdi in the old style rather than the first result of his submission to a new faith. This opera and "Il Trovatore" seem a century apart only to the superficial and bigoted Wagnerite, or to Dr. Riemann, who calmly states in his Musik-Lexikon that Verdi first tried in "Aida" to write like Wagner. As a matter of record there is only a difference of about 18 years, and there are more than hints of artistic growth in "Ballo in Maschera" and "Don Carlos." The form, the structure of "Aida" is after the old pattern. "Otello" is a decided change, and the scheme of "Falstaff" is still more remote from the famous operas of the fifties.

"Aida" is a work that many hearings do not exhaust. There are always fresh beauties in the detail that escaped the attention on previous occasions. The melodies are more than tunes, for somebody defined a tune as a melody that is over-ripe. There is authoritative local color; such was the power of Verdi's imagination that the hearer swears that the music in certain situations, as in the first Temple scene and in the Nile scene, must inevitably have fitted the locality and the situation. There is music of indescribable fascination, music that thrills at the time and haunts long after. There are certain pages that are disfigured by what Mr. Runelman calls Salvation Army rhythms, but these are few and show that the old Italian Adam was still in

the composer. All in all, a masterpiece.

The performance was a brilliant one, and it raised the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Nordica saved herself and took matters calmly until the Nile scene; but in the third and fourth acts she sang with overwhelming breadth and dignity. She did not rest her reliance on screaming or shrieking, "more germanico"; she sang with all the wealth of her voice and with sure vocal art. Mrs. Homer was a handsome Princess, and she removed the impression made by her Siebel. Her voice was rich, sympathetic and often alive with dramatic intensity. There were one or two instances when she fell a little below the true pitch, notably at an exit; but for the most part she sang accurately, as well as dramatically. Experience will give her greater ease and abandon, and then she may go far with such gifts of voice and temperament. Mr. Saléza was in excellent vocal condition and he sang heroically. His tones were unusually free, and in lyric moments as well as in stormy declamation and passionate outbursts he proved amply his right to be considered as a dramatic tenor of the very first rank. Campanari and Plancon sang superbly, and Mr. Journet, who made his first appearance, revealed himself as a bass of firm quality and an actor of experience. Seldom, if ever, have the third and fourth acts been sung here with such spirit and intelligence. The chorus and orchestra were ably led by Mr. Flon. Applause was frequent and hearty. After the third act there was a recess after recall, and Mrs. Homer in the fourth act was justly applauded without stint.

The operas last evening were as follows:

PAGLIACCI.
Nedda Fritz Scheff
Canio Salignac
Silvio Muehlmann
Beppe Maslerio
Tonio Scotti

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.
Santuzza Galski
Lola Bauermeister
Alfin Carrie Bridewell
Turiddu Pini-Corsi
Sparafucile Cremonini

They say that Verdi smiled and said nothing when there was talk about Mascagni and Leoncavallo, and they also say that he believed Puccini to be the coming man. But how far these composers are from the last of the great Italian who is still mourned and will long be mourned. Take Leoncavallo and Mascagni as represented by the operas given last night. Each was fortunate in the libretto, for the story in either case is effective without music, as we have seen here when Duse played "Cavalleria Rusticana," and as they found out in Paris when Mendès's play of Tabarin's wife was brought out. But already much of this music is old, and I said the other day it seems older than the music of "Faust" or "Les Huguenots." Leoncavallo's opera is the fresher; it is saved by the soliloquy of Canio at the end of the first act and by the charming play-music in the second. Furthermore Leoncavallo is the better schooled musician. Each of them is brutal to the brass. It is hard to tell which is worse: the debauch of brass in the first act of "Pagliacci" or the abominable use of the trombones in Mascagni's opera. Each composer helps himself freely and considers Verdi, Ponchielli, Massenet, Gounod fair game. Yet in Mascagni's opera there is occasionally an honest direct appeal that goes swiftly and inevitably to the heart, and the opening chorus has a peculiar charm, characteristic, individual, piquant.

The performance of these operas gave much pleasure. In "Pagliacci" Mr. Salignac played with true tragic force, and he sang the moving soliloquy with poignant expression. Mr. Scotti was an admirable Tonio. He delivered the prologue effectively, but it is only kindness to assure him that it is not necessary for him, with his full, sonorous voice, to force tone. Miss Scheff, who made her first appearance here, was pleasant to the eye and agreeable to the ear, but her impersonation of the vain and selfish wanton was tame. The singing of the chorus was a feature of the performance, as it was in "Cavalleria Rusticana." In this opera Galski played Santuzza along conventional lines and sang with feeling. Miss Bridewell, a newcomer, made an excellent impression as Lola. Cremonini gave a strong impersonation of Turiddu, the village cock-of-the-walk. Pini-Corsi acted with spirit, and warbled in song. Mr. Flon conducted both operas with much spirit.

Puccini's "Tosca" will be performed tonight for the first time in Boston. Ternina will be the heroine, and the other singers will be Cremonini, Scotti, Gilbert, Dufliche, Bars, Viviani, Cernusco.

Two strangers from opposing poles
Meet in the torrid zone of Love,
And their desire seems vast, above
The limitation of their souls.

This is the trap, this is the snare,
This is the false enchanting light;
And, when Time whirls it into night,
How can each know the other there?

They own no bond of common speech,
Each, from far shores by whirlwinds
brought,

Gropes for some common chord of thought
To draw the other within reach.

Each, when the dark tide drowns their star,
Cries out, "Thou art not here with me!
In starlight, one we seemed to be,
But now, how far thou art, how far!"

Each calling "Come! Be mine, be wise!"
Stands obstinately in his place;
How can these two come face to face
Till light spring from their meeting eyes?

Could both, but once, cry "Far thou art
But I am coming!" How the heat
Of seas that part them would retreat,
Resurge, and find them heart to heart!

"Opera-goer" writes: "I approve heartily your remarks about the inexperienced youth who find difficulty in popping explosively their opera-hats in the aisle. Might it not be well for them to begin with something easier—say, percussion caps?"

We were not surprised to hear of an accident at an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show, but we had supposed the cause would be blood hounds, not horses.

Mr. Frederic Gebhard, "the New York clubman," is always the same; like the old gentleman in the tear-stained sheet-music song. Whether with Mrs. Langtry in a private car or at Slout Falls, he is "accompanied by his valet and 11 trunks." Eleven to him is a sacred number, as seven to so many nations. An agreeable game could be played by guessing the contents of the trunks, whether Mr. Gebhard's cravats are dispersed or fill one trunk, whether he has a pair of rubber boots in one of them, etc., etc. No doubt Mr. Gebhard could be easily persuaded to give a prize to the closest guesser.

Cléo de Mérode was in Antwerp the other day and her manager made an extraordinary effort to boom her. He addressed the audience and expatiated on the extraordinary beauty and ability of the dancer; he went on to speak of certain gossip, and in connection with this he mentioned the name of the King of the Belgians, who had taken an affectionate, fatherly interest in Cléo. The audience rewarded the manager by getting up and shouting at him, and then it threw "empty bottles"—as though any Antwerpian would waste a full bottle—and other missiles at his low and retreating brow. "Children cried"—what were they doing there?—women screamed, Cléo danced—all in all, a delightful entertainment, well worth the price of admission.

It is easy to see by Miss Lucienne Bréval's gowns that she is a Parisian.

They that loosely call Thomas Hardy "a pessimist," without full knowledge of the meaning of the term, should read his own explanation of his position to Mr. William Archer, who in turn tells it to the Critic. Mr. Hardy says: "People call me a pessimist; and if it is pessimism to think, with Sophocles, that 'not to have been born is best,' then I do not reject the designation. I never could understand why the word 'pessimism' should be such a red rag to many worthy people, and I believe, indeed, that a good deal of the robustness, swaggering optimism of recent literature is at bottom cowardly and insincere. I do not see that we are likely to improve the world by asseverating, however loudly, that black is white, or at least that black is but a necessary contrast and foil, without which white would be white no longer. That is mere juggling with a metaphor. But my pessimism, if pessimism it be, does not involve the assumption that the world is going to the dogs, and that Ahirman is winning all along the line. On the contrary, my practical philosophy is distinctly meliorist. What are my books but one plea against 'man's inhumanity to man'—to woman—and to the lower animals? (By the way, my opposition to 'sport' is the one point on which I am at all in conflict with my neighbors herabout.) Whatever may be the inherent good or evil of life, it is certain that men make it much worse than it need be. When we have got rid of a thousand remediable ills, it will be time enough to determine whether the ill that is irremediable outweighs the good."

No wonder yesterday was a dismal, disconsolate day. It was the anniversary of a sad event in England. "Feverton in Devonshire (whose remembrance makes my heart bleed) was oftentimes admonished by her godly preachers that God would bring some heavier judgment on the towns for their horrible profanation of the Lord's day, occasioned chiefly by their Market on the day following. On the third of April, Anno Dom. 1598, God in lesse than halfe an houre consumed with a sudden and fearful fire the whole towne, except only the Church, the Court-house, and the Almshouses, or a few poore peoples dwellings: where a man might have scene four hundred dwelling houses all at once on fire; and above fiftie persons consumed with the flame."

And we learn from the same chapter that "a certain noble man (prophane) the Sabbath usually in hunting) had a childe by his wife with a head like a dog and with ears and chaps crying like a hound."

Mr. John D. Barry and others are "defending" and apologizing for Mr. Stephen Crane's "Black Riders," and they resent the fact that he is some-

times "grouped with the Symbolists of France." These defenders put themselves to unnecessary heat and trouble. The Symbolists of France are not seriously disturbed, and it is not unlikely that "The Black Riders" and "Maggie" will preserve Crane's memory long after his hysterical prose is forgotten.

The spring hat and the spring color

have been launched in Paris. The color is pea green. "The hat resembles nothing so much as a pancake, caught up at two opposite extremities, folded once and sprinkled with flowers instead of sugar."

Here is a story apropos of Manchuria. Once there was a Russian Admiral who was once for adding to the Tsar's dominions a piece of territory which another country thought it owned. This latter country was not slow to convey this impression. The Admiral was of course disavowed and reduced to the rating of A. B. for his presumption. Then the Tsar sent for him and scolded him. The more severe the scolding the higher the offender rose. "He was bullied as Lieutenant, abused as Captain, and fairly got the 'boot' as Admiral." And then the Tsar embraced him and told him never to do it again—never, no never.

April 5, 1901
"Tosca," a melodrama in three acts, libretto by Sardou, Illica and Giacosa; music by Giacomo Puccini, was performed last night for the first time in Boston by the Grau Grand Opera Company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Floria Tosca Ternina
Mario Cavaradossi Cremonini
Il Barone Scarpia Scotti
Cesare Angelotti Dufliche
Il Sagrestano Gilbert
Spoletta Bars
Sgarone Viviani
Un Carceriere Cernusco
Un Pastore Bridewell

This opera was first performed at Rome, Jan. 14, 1900. The chief singers were Darclee, De Marchi, and Giral-doni. The first performance in this country was at New York, Feb. 5 of this year.

The drama of Sardou is well-known to theatre-goers. It gave full opportunity to Sarah Bernhardt whose genius blazed in cruel and lurid scenes; and by her genius she breathed the breath of life into a play which had only one purpose: to please the multitude that would fain sup full with horrors. It is not the scene in which Scarpia makes his brutal and treacherous proposal to Tosca that causes revolt; it is the indescribably painful and unnecessary scene where Mario is put to the torture; a scene that excites disgust and repulsion because, as Jules Lemaitre puts it, physical torture, cruelty, despair are united, and each in monstrous degree. Pain may be an aesthetic joy, and there is a philosophy of pain; but the expression of pain must contain, for high dramatic purposes, the element of beauty or grandeur.

It is a commonplace of criticism that when a play or an opera is founded on a romance or a poem the critic should not be concerned with points of resemblance or divergence. In the present instance the Italian librettists have followed on the whole so carefully the drama of Sardou that any objection made against the drama itself may be urged rightfully against the libretto. The episodes of Sardou's third and fourth acts are condensed into the librettists' second act. But there is no vital change. The horrors are all there, as in a well-appointed Museum of Wax Works; and, indeed, I can well imagine a room reserved for the Tosca group and the guide saying: "This is Mario; he was tortured in the hope that he would betray the hiding place of his friend see how bloody he is. You would think it were real blood, the figure is so natural. The woman is Tosca—who was a-m-m-m-attached to him. She was a fascinating g-g-u-u-r-r-l who murdered Scarpia because he was very rude to her—in fact, he behaved in a most ungentlemanly manner. Yes, that's Scarpia—the smooth old gentleman with the sinister smile looking straight at Tosca. The one behind him is Mario's friend. He was the one that caused all the trouble and he didn't amount to much anyway."

The first two acts of the play itself are in the nature of a scenario and it was an easy task to arrange the rest of the libretto. However much one may dislike the nature of the plot and protest against the maneuvers of puppets set in motion merely to shock, to fret the nerves, he must admit that the play is artfully put together. The characters are purely theatrical inventions. I doubt whether anyone was ever moved to pity either Tosca or her lover or the patriot. The characters might be labeled; as Scarpia with "The Villain." There is no attempt at character drawing; there is no possible psychological study of any impersonation. Tosca is your ordinary, inflammable, jealous woman raised to a high power. Scarpia is a villainous monster, without subtlety, a raw-head-and-bloody-bones to scare the ladies and excite old men.

Puccini frankly calls his work a melodrama, not an opera, not a music drama. He wrote music to italicize the scenes and situations of the play. Now during the performance of this opera—let us keep the conventional term—is the hearer swayed more by the play or by the music? Does the music ever make him indifferent to the action on the stage? Is the play more powerful on account of the music?

The performance last night was of such a brilliant nature dramatically and vocally that it would seem as though these questions might be answered easily, but the opera was so admirably acted that the questions are the more baffling. Suppose, for instance, that Ternina and Scarpia had acted throughout the second act with only orchestral music, or that the very last scene in the opera had been without song?

Puccini in this opera relies on stage effects, rhythms, unusual harmonic devices, violent orchestral contrasts, and surprising groupings of instruments, rather than on any charm of long and well defined melody, or power of ensemble. He uses the chorus with supreme effect at the end of the first act, but this finale is heightened with out doubt by the sight of the interior of the church, the worshippers, the pomp, the cause of the Te Deum, and the plotting Scarpia. Another instance is where the music of the chorus comes through the window in Scarpia's room, and the effect it gained not so much by the music itself as by the dramatic contrast. At first the music is episodic and almost scrappy. That given to the Sacristan is in Puccini's comic vein known to us by "La Bohème." The air of Mario is one of the best examples of sustained aria in the opera.

Tosca's music is not of high distinction, although her entrance is sensuously accompanied. The entrance of Scarpia is a masterpiece of sinister bodement. There are charming passages in the duet between Tosca and Mario, but the charm is seldom melodic; it lies in the harmonic and orchestral treatment. The finale, as I have said, is immensely effective.

The music of the second act is of more sustained interest. That which accompanies the torture scene seems too long drawn out, but here Puccini follows the librettists. The vocal music that is given to Scarpia and Tosca until the murder does not raise melodrama to the height of tragedy. It is excellent melodramatic music; it abounds in cunning devices; it is at times enormously clever—and when is Puccini not clever?—but it does not lift up the dramatic scene and enable us to glorify in it. At times it was disturbing, and I felt like saying to the singers, "Go ahead with the play; don't stop to sing; talk." Puccini surely had good cause to name his opera a melodrama. Even at his best in this act the music is subordinate to the action.

So in the third act what are the two features? The long and beautiful prelude that is most ingeniously orchestrated and establishes a mood, and the final heavily accented species of march to which the soldiers enter and shoot Mario; but Mario's aria is of no interest whatsoever, and the duet that follows is of conventional pattern.

Puccini is most successful in this work when he attempts to accentuate with his orchestra a dramatic moment or episode or scene into which element. Sarah Bernhardt once said that the future form of dramatic entertainment would be a play with continuous and expressive music. "Tosca" is certainly a step in that direction.

Do not think for a moment that I undervalue the dramatic force and intensity, the rare musical skill and audacity, the authoritative individuality and the amazing cleverness displayed by Puccini in this melodrama. At times his music is irresistible; at other times it merely provokes curiosity as to how he gained his effects. When he succeeds he sweeps everything before him; when he fails it is because his music, I may say music, itself cannot rise superior to or rival the cruel horror of certain scenes. Thus one of the most effective scenes, one of the most tragic, is after the murder of Scarpia, when the orchestra plays the long andante in F minor and Tosca goes about her stage business, searches for Scarpia's written order, and places the candles and the crucifix.

Mr. Grau is to be most heartily thanked for giving us the opportunity of hearing this remarkable work. It is a pity that the theatre was not crowded, for such operatic performances are seldom seen here or in foreign cities. Nevertheless a representative audience, to use a term which is often misapplied, one that included many musicians, was loud in expressions of admiration and delight. The work was handsomely and effectively mounted. The orchestra, under the skillful, intelligent and sympathetic leadership of Mr. Mancinelli; and the singers, from Ternina to the chorus, united in an ensemble of uncommon brilliance.

Ternina sang superbly. She was equally effective in lyric and dramatic moments, in scenes of coquetry, jealousy, despair, horror. She was as a great tragedian to whom the power of refined comedy was not denied. Seldom are such various and widely contrasted gifts of play actress and singer found in the possession of one and the same woman.

Mr. Scotti was the embodiment of the malignant, treacherous Scarpia. As singer and actor he gave a performance of thrilling power. Indulgence was asked for Mr. Cremonini who, by the way, did not sing Wednesday night as Turiddu, although he was named by the program; but his place was filled by Mr. Salignac. Little indulgence was necessary, however, for he sang his music delightfully and acted with grace the part that was well suited to him. Mr. Gilbert played the Sacristan with genuine humor; Mr. Dufliche acted the escaped prisoner capably; and in short all of the minor parts were capably taken.

The opera this evening will be "Lo-hengrin" with Nordica, Schumann-Helke, Dippel, Bertram, Muehlmann, Ed. de Reszke. Mr. Damrosch will conduct.

Philip Hale.

NOTE.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He played Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in E minor, op. 35; Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques; his own Melodie Meditative, and Capriccio in C minor; his four studies on the Chopin Etude, op. 10, No. 5 (G flat, black keys); A major, mixed keys; A minor, Tarantelle, white keys; op. 10, No. 5, and op. 25, No. 9, combined; Scherzo Etude, G flat, F sharp; Chopin's Sonata in B minor. Mr. Godowsky again excited the liveliest admiration by his sure and elegant technique, which has reached the highest stage of development.

HINC ILLE LACRIMAE.

My lady's skates are put away,
Ah! well-a-way!
Relentless thaw works her dismay,
She may not skim—O cruel spite!—
Across the mere with swallow flight,
A fairy vision of delight
And sweetest theme for roundelay,
For, direful day!
My lady's skates are put away.
My lady's skates are put away,
Yes, well away!
And all my hopes droop in decay,
Lost are the pleasures I had planned—
To skate with her, each darling hand
In mine (tight-clasped, you understand)
No mother near to say me nay,
But, doleful day!
My lady's skates are put away.
My lady's skates are put away,
Ah! well-a-way!
And she is in—but rather say
That she is self-contained—a pet,
But oh! so full of wild regret
That no one speaks with her as yet,
For well I wot that no one may;
Woe worth the day!
My lady's skates are put away.

The New York newspapers give full accounts of the progress of the game called "pigeon-shooting" at a shooting-grounds on Long Island. More than 300 men are engaged in the slaughter of pigeons. They kill to see how many they can kill. The average bird has no chance for its life, unless it is a remarkably active specimen. Women watch the men and also the fluttering and agony of sorely wounded birds. "It is calmly announced that 20,000 pigeons will be killed or maimed this week, under the guise of sport, but chiefly to glorify special makes of guns or special brands of powder."

It is true that these sportsmen might be engaged in perhaps more objectionable business: boating their wives or doxies, or kidnapping young girls.

Pigeon shooting was for years a glorious British institution. You will find in the Old Sporting Magazine of 1793 this paragraph: "The great celebrity of this sport in which some of the first shots in England are so frequently engaged, encourage us to communicate an account of its fashionable influence, and increasing prevalence as a subject applicable entitled to a place in our sporting receptacle." The sport was long fashionable. Pierce Egan gave us of "prominent persons present" at the matches and added "a military band may be found here, at times, to enliven the scene." And he published verse about the Tournament of Doves. Here is a stanza:

Pigeons swift as wind abounding,
Denoting guns resounding,
See the tow'ring victims fall,
With Apollo science vying
Vow the heaps of dead and dying
For'd to pay the debt of nature,
Matters it—soon or later?
Fill the crystal goblet up.

Not that there were no laws in England against this fashionable amusement. In the time of James I. shooting or destroying pigeons by other means was punishable on the evidence of two witnesses, by a fine of 20 shillings for every bird killed or taken; and by a law of George III. the offence might be proved by one witness, and the fine was 20 shillings payable to the prosecutor.

In 1883 a bill brought by Mr. Anderson for the prohibition of pigeon shooting as sport was thrown out by a large majority in the House of Lords. The rejection was acclaimed in fashionable circles as a rebuke to "humanitarians," "faddists," "crochet-mongers." Sporting peers came up to town to vote against the measure.

Mr. Sala, to whom we are indebted for many of these facts, gave a list of 21 English "national" customs, sports and pastimes which the "humanitarians" were enabled to put down: the pillory, the whipping of female offenders, bull and bear baiting, prize-fighting, dog-fighting, dog and duck hunting, badger-baiting, ratting, cock-fighting, the cropping of the ears and tails of dogs, public executions, the employment of dogs as beasts of draught, the slavery of German "buy-a-broom"

girls, and juvenile Italian organ-grinders, the torture of "climbing-boys" or young chimney-sweeps, the employment of children in coal mines, the performances of dancing bears, unreasonably long hours in factories, the truck system, flogging in the army and navy, and negro slavery in the West Indies. Mr. Sala added: "Pelions, upon Ossas of insult, contumely, and calumny have been heaped high on the 'humanitarians,' 'faddists,' and 'crochet-mongers' who helped to abrogate these atrocities and these scandals; and they can well afford to be insulted, despised, and calumniated as of aforetime. He laughs best who laughs last; and the anti-pigeon-shooters will get the best of it some day."

Read Boulton's "Amusements of Old London" to appreciate the cruelty of the fine English ladies and gentlemen of the picturesque days. Sometimes the enraged and tormented bull would toss a dog into a lady's lap. When the bull would not fight he was urged to it with red-hot irons, "a practice which remained in vogue almost to within living memory." Read this announcement: "At the request of several persons of quality a leopard 12 feet in length to be halted to death and gentlemen who choose to risk their dogs are allowed to assist. Also an African tiger on a stage four feet high to be baited to death by six bull and six bear dogs for a hundred pounds." Horses were baited to death by hounds. What wonder that the torture chamber was also fashionable and that crowds hurried to see ears and noses cut off and witches burned.

Some one may say: "Mr. Sala was nothing but a newspaper man, and Mr. Boulton only a literary fellow."

Hear the opinion on pigeon shooting expressed by Sir Richard F. Burton, who saw many cities and many men, and was hardly a Miss Nancy: "Most popular sports are cruel, but we must not confound, as is often done, cruelty with brutality. The former may accompany greatness of intellect, the latter is the characteristic of debasement. Every nation is disposed to 'fief' its neighbor's favorite diversion. The English fox-hunter and pigeon-shooter are severe upon bull-fighting and cock-fighting—the classical and Oriental pastime preserved in Spain and in Spanish South America. The boxer, who imitates, at a humble distance, the Cestus-play of the Greeks and Romans, looks scandalized at 'la boxe Francaise,' with its garb of savate, and at the Brazilian 'capoeira,' who butts with his woolly head. And so vice versa. Absence or presence of fair play should, methinks, condemn or justify all the various forms of sport which are not mere or pure barbarities." And in a note he adds about pigeon-shooting: "It is regrettable to see this unmanly and ignoble 'sport' spreading abroad. . . . All honor to the English Princes who are discountenancing the butchery at home."

"LOHENGRIN."

A Fair Performance of Wagner's
Tuneful Opera in the Presence of
a Large Audience—Hints Toward
a Revision of the Work to
Awaken More Lively Interest.

"Lohengrin" was the opera performed last night at the Boston Theatre by the Grau Grand Opera Company. There was a large audience. Mr. Walter Damrosch was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Elsa Nordica
Ortrud Schumann-Helink
Lohengrin Dippel
Telramund Bertram
The King De Reszke
The Herald Muehlmann

The performance was by no means an ideal one. There were the earnestness and the honesty in endeavor that characterize performances in which German and Germanized singers take part, but after the performance of "Tosca" the night before the singing and acting in "Lohengrin" seemed dull and labored. Nordica's Elsa is not one of her best parts, although it has gained in elasticity and authority with the years. She managed her voice with care during the first two acts, as though she were not in condition, but even when she is not fully herself, her singing in German opera is a delight, for she remembers the sound traditions in which she was first trained, and she does not screech even in bursts of passion accompanied by orchestral fury. Mrs. Schumann-Helink is a woman of a naturally beautiful voice who at times shows that she is not wholly unacquainted with the art of song. It is therefore the more to be regretted that she is so addicted to vulgarization of song and action. When she obeys the tempo for the sake of applause, she becomes almost grotesque, and it is impossible for her by awkward posturing or screaming to produce any effect. She is simply a woman who is forgetting to sing and trying to act. Mr. Dippel is always the same: correct, earnest, indefatigable, and unromantic.

Now an unromantic Lohengrin—Mr. Bertram was a Telramund of the honest, hard-working species seen in any respectable German opera house, and a little above his kind, for he does not habitually sing false, only occasionally. Mr. Muehlmann was an excellent herald. Mr. De Reszke was not in voice. The chorus was effectively in robust fashion. Mr. Damrosch must be a favorite with the members of the orchestra, and a very brother to the players on instruments of brass, for he lets them play as they please. It is true that he makes all sorts of curious motions with his hands, indicates a trerolo by wiggling his left hand wildly, and expresses various desires by the right and piteous entreaties or stern demands with the two together, but the players know that he is good-natured and they play as the spirit, that is to say the wind, moves them.

And after "Tosca" this opera by Wagner seemed a thing of long ago. It is incredible to us of 1901 that "Lohengrin" should ever have been considered a revolutionary work. The real Wagner is the composer of the long scene between Ortrud and Telramund. The rest of the music, conventional, pompous, or truly sweet and agreeable to the ear, with an enormous number of perfect cadences that play havoc with continuous dramatic action, is not with the man of "The Ring" and "Tristan," and if we must have Wagner, let us have him in his wildest and most ferocious and most dismal mood. I do not mean to say that "Lohengrin" is passing; on the contrary, it will eventually take the place of "The Bohemian Girl."

And then when it begins to lose in popularity, a revision of the conventionalities of performance may save it for another 10 or 15 years. Thus a sentimental Herald might weep when no Knight answers his first summons and swoon just as the fight begins, lest Elsa's champion be defeated. Elsa should be for once between 16 and 20, a slight, willowy girl, neurotic, capricious, of appetite, and given to night sweats and visions. Ortrud should be a luscious creature who rules an uxorious, not a hen-pecked husband. Lohengrin should certainly wear side whiskers, if not a monocle. And the end he should be exposed; a detective should enter and reveal the supposed knight's real name. Then Lohengrin would see that the game was up and go back to Elsa.

The opera this afternoon will be Puccini's "La Bohème" with Melba, Scheff, Cremonini, Campanari, Giliher, Jourmet, Dufriehe, Masiero. This will be followed by the "Mad Scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia" sung by Melba. The opera this evening will be "Tannhauser" with Ternina, Susan Strong, Olitzka, Dippel, Bertram, Vlass.

Philip Hale.

While the anthropologist claims him (the scoundrel) for a savage, whose civilization has been arrested at brotherhood with the Solomon Islanders, the politician might pronounce him a true communist, in that he has preserved a wholesome contempt of property and civic life. The prig, again, would feel his bumps, prescribe a gentle course of bromide, and hope to cure all the sins of the world by a municipal Turkish bath. But the wise man, respecting his superstitions, is content to take him as he finds him, and to deduce his character from his very candid history, which is unaffected by prig or politician.

This reminds us—remotely of course—of a passage in Cornelius Agrippa's "Vanity of Arts and Sciences," which shows us that four centuries or more bring about slight changes in the character of man, the social and economic least.

"These are they who in Guilds and Companies, contrary to Right and Law, set up Monopolies, trying, endeavouring, searching out all ways and devices to rake to themselves the wealth of the People; by virtue of their large Stocks, out-buying others, preventing others, deterring others, by holding up or enhancing Prizes, they themselves engrossing all, which they retail again at their own Rates and Pleasures: many times having borrow'd great Sums of Money, they break Faith and Promises, flye their Country, and seldom or never returning, undo their Creditors, who oft-times thereupon despair and hang themselves."

The movement in New York against expectoration in street cars, on women's gowns and on other men's boots has brought out the interesting meteorological proposition that "people don't spit as much on rainy days."

Mr. Adrian Ross lectured lately to the members of the Playgoers' Club in London. (Is there any city where there is not or rather has not been a Playgoers' Club?) Marie Tempest "occupied the chair"—a vile phrase, for Marie when she was here was dainty, trim and clipper-built. She told Mr. Sims that the words she had to sing in musical comedy were an insult to her intellect. Mr. Sims replied: "There are people in the world, however, who have no intellect, and they want to be amused. Of this sort were the theatre-goers who applauded the opening lines of a musical comedy that ran for hundreds of nights in Shaftesbury Avenue. They read like this:

When a man is twenty-one
He should drink hot rum.

Here, as I remarked in the beginning, you had neither rhyme nor reason nor good morals."

The question of morals is in this instance a question of hutter. Hot buttered rum is consumed freely by the most orthodox New Englanders. And it is recommended by physicians.

At a meeting of the Eastbourne (England) Y. M. C. A. Literary and Debating Society a Mr. Taylor insisted that "an actor who had no settled abode led an unreal life." Mr. Taylor evidently is unacquainted with the first of Mr. F. E. Chase's Maxims for the Heart and Home: "Home is where the hat is."

Commend us to Mr. Arthur Goodson. He visited his wife so roughly that she left him, and when he saw a woman who found favor in his eyes and whom he would fain lead to the altar, he had funeral cards printed in anticipation of the death of his wife: "In loving memory of Agnes Goodson, aged twenty-six. Interred in 'Footling Cemetery': Grave No. 1423.

A light is from our household gone,
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled."

Mr. Goodson richly deserves punishment—especially for trying to make "home" rhyme with "gone."

We quote from the New York Evening Post the report of a judicial decision that is of interest to all:

"The rights of the man who boards an open trolley-car, pays his fare, and then rides on the side step because there is no room for him either inside the car or upon the platform, are asserted by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court in the case of Bumbear v. United Traction Company. This car, which Mr. Bumbear boarded on his way to work in the morning, was full, as it usually was, and there was no standing-room either in the car or upon the platform. Consequently he stood, as usual, on the side step, which was also filled with passengers. The conductor took his fare and made no objection to his standing there. At a place where the street curved the tracks were so near one side of the street as barely to leave room for a wagon between the tracks and a hotel, and in this narrow space ice-wagons were generally standing in the morning. On this particular morning an ice-wagon was so near the tracks as to project over the side step of the car. The motorman could have seen the wagon a block distant, and he was signaled by the ice man to stop. But the motorman went on without slackening speed, and the hub of the wheel struck Mr. Bumbear. When the case came up in court, the Court said the general rule was that the side step was not a proper or safe place for a passenger to stand, but that when, as in this case, the passenger, by invitation of the conductor, or with his knowledge and assent, and from necessity, because of the want of sitting or standing room inside the car, rides on the side steps, he is entitled to the same degree of diligence to protect him from dangers which are known and may readily be guarded against as other passengers." Consequently the Court left it to the jury to say whether the motorman was negligent."

It was on April 6, 1654, that Mr. James Howell remarked: "The first part of Wisdom is to give good Coun-

sel, the second to take it, and the third to follow it."

At Gibraltar the women gave the Duchess of Cornwall and York a mantilla—the aboriginal headgear of Iberia. This particular veil is of the black lace variety, but we learn from high authority that a Spanish woman has three varieties of mantillas—the white lace for high days and holidays; the black, typically made of satin, edged with velvet and finished off with deep lace; and the mantilla de tira, for everyday wear, "fashioned of black silk with a broad band of velvet and without the usual trimmings."

The opera given yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre by the Grau Opera Company was Puccini's "La Bohème." Mr. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

Rodolfo Cremonini
Schaunard Giliher
Benoit Dufriehe
Mimi Melba
L'arpignol Masiero
Narcello Campanari
Colline Jourmet
Alcindoro Dufriehe
Musetta Fritz Scheff

When Puccini's "La Bohème" was first produced here two years ago by the Ellis Opera Company with Melba as the heroine, the character of the libretto and the music was discussed at length in the Journal. The success of the opera, it will be remembered, was immediate and the opera was re-

peated in the course of the engagement. Excellent as those performances were, the presentation yesterday was still more brilliant, and it is a pleasure to add that first impressions of this work were abundantly strengthened and confirmed.

It was especially interesting to hear "La Bohème" so soon after the same composer's "Tosca." The former seems to be by far the more spontaneous and successful work. Puccini is not chiefly a creator of melodies of long line and sustained emotion. He is first of all a writer for the stage, a musician of dramatic moments, contrasts, effects. No one has surpassed him in his knowledge of theatrical devices. In "Tosca," the play's the thing. His first aim was to italicize the cruel drama invented by Sardou, and in his endeavor to do this he turned his back on "La Bohème," and marched boldly toward the future.

But in "La Bohème" he uses melody, well-defined melody, in comic as well as tragic situations. In this opera he reveals himself as a master of comedy as well as of refined, delicate pathos. The very theme of the Bohemians is a master-stroke. The recklessness, the comradeship, the snapping of fingers at fate—the theme is all this and more. The second act is admirable from beginning to end. The bustle of the street—the chatter at the restaurant—Musetta, with her foolish old man and her tight shoes—are painted marvelously in music. The cleverness of Puccini in contrasting widely separated emotions is more than cleverness in the third act. As for the fourth act, with the death of Mimi—I do not care to write about it at length; to me it is one of the few truly affecting scenes on the operatic stage. And how delightful, how original the music of the Bohemians that precedes the entrance of Musetta, who changes mad gaiety to sorrow by her news.

This refined and delicate pathos of Puccini reaches the heart, for it has the element of sincerity. Puccini has known poverty and suffering, as those men and women knew it. Here he was not dealing with the melodramatic creations of Sardou. Costumes change, but Mimi and Rodolfo, Schanard and the rest of them are eternal types.

And here we find melody—set air, duet, quartet—springing inevitably from the action; while the orchestra explains, reminds, foretells.

Do you say there is no plot; only episodes from Murger's book? There is the meeting of lovers; there is sad parting; there is the appointed end, the end of every woman's desire. Is that no story? Or perhaps you would prefer characters at court, in high society, a hero in armor and with a sword, or a one-eyed god half-hidden in real steam? It is indeed possible that sleek and eminently respectable hearers who have never crossed the frontier of Bohemia can find little or nothing in this libretto or in Puccini's joyous, pathetic, haunting music.

The performance was brilliant in all respects. Mimi is Melba's most effective part. In no other opera does she act with such spontaneity and sincerity, and her golden voice is the very voice of Mimi. Miss Scheff was wholly admirable as Musetta. And so we might go through the cast and find nothing but words of eulogy. Cremonini's delightful voice and graceful hearing were suited to the part of the poet, so that henceforth it will be hard to accept an impersonation by another. Campanari played as though he had never strayed outside of comedy and sang with all the wealth of his glorious voice. Glibert again showed himself the accomplished comedian; Dufliche was exceedingly funny in two parts; and Journet's song of farewell to his coat, the pride of his heart, was moving on account of artistic simplicity. The orchestra under Mr. Mancinelli should share fully in this general praise, that will seem hysterical only to him who was not present.

And then there was the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia." It was a pity that the impression made by that tragic last act of Puccini should have been disturbed by coloratura and a final trill and a high note. And Lucia did not even have straw in her hair.

The program of the 20th Symphony concert given in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
"Sylvan Suite".....Brockway
(First time.)

Symphonic Poem No. 4, "The Youth of Hercules".....Saint-Saëns
Symphony No. 4.....Bethoven

The sketch of Mr. Brockway's Suite that appeared in the program book was taken from Mr. Rupert Hughes's "Contemporary American Composers," an entertaining volume, which assures us that the United States is full of musical geniuses indigenous to the soil who are frowned upon and crushed under the iron heels of imported conductors. Thus Mr. Hughes in his sketch of Mr. Brockway speaks of the neglect of the latter's symphony in this country as "a vivid example of the difficulties in the way of American composers" securing an orchestral hearing." Mr. Brockway and his friends should be thankful to Mr. Gericke for allowing the "Sylvan Suite" to be played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; for if this work had been written by a composer of any other nationality I doubt whether it would ever have been put in rehearsal. Mr. Hughes says, "The work is programmatic in psychology only," which, of course, is a help to the hearer. The movements are "Midsummer Idyl," "Will o' the Wisps," "Dance of the Sylphs," "Evening Song," "Midnight," "At Daybreak." Mr. Hughes tells us that "Midnight" is "a parade that reminds one strongly of Gottschalk's 'Marche de Nuit'"; yes, and there are other reminiscences, as of Berlioz in "Will o' the Wisps." But it is not the reminiscences to which one may take the strongest exception. The chief trouble with this suite is that commonplace ideas are treated in an unskillful manner and orchestrated cruelly.

The other pieces gave much pleasure. The overture to "Sakuntala" still fascinates even in these days when "local color" is splashed over music until it has almost lost distinction and is without excuse. And it is still the most individual piece of Goldmark in spite of its age. Saint-Saëns's "Youth of Hercules," on the other hand, is the least characteristic of his four symphonic poems. Of course, it is well made, for Saint-Saëns is always the accomplished workman, but the character-drawing, if the term may be used in speaking of instrumental music, is not so marked as in the other three. Hercules, for instance, does not stand out in such bold relief as Phaethon or as himself subject to Omphale; nor is there the forcible presentation of a mead as in the "Danse Macabre." The Bacchanale is not one of irresistible seduction, and the reward of virtue offered to Hercules seems to be proficiency in counterpoint.

Philip Hale.

"TANNHAUSER."

"Tannhauser" was performed by the Grau Grand Opera Company at the Boston Theatre last night. Mr. Damrosch conducted. There was a fairly large and very enthusiastic audience. This was the cast:

ElizabethTernina
Ella HirtOltzka
VenusStrong
TannhauserDippel
HermanBlass
WaltherBars
HeinrichHubbert
BerolfMuhlmann
ReinmarViviani
WolframBertram

The management assumed a glad countenance, for, remarkable to relate, there was no variation from the cast as advertised.

The feature of the performance was Ternina's entrancing impersonation of Elizabeth. There was no statuesque melodrama, but a flesh-and-blood creature expressive in action as well as in voice. What an artist Ternina is! No effort wasted; none overdone; none out of place. There is that thrilling effect in her impassive moments, even, which proclaims the true artist. The captivated audience applauded her performance heartily.

Generally speaking, the whole performance was exceptionally praiseworthy. The principals, aside from Dippel, were in grand form. As for Dippel, the spirit was willing, but the voice was weak. He acted the part of the hero fervently; and, considering the circumstance that this was his second fatiguing performance in two consecutive nights, much more could not reasonably have been expected of him.

Blass made his debut as the Landgrave. He has a rich, sonorous, but not especially flexible voice. Bertram was happily placed in the lyrical role of Wolfram. His singing was sweetness itself, and spirited was his manner.

Miss Strong did excellently as Venus, and Miss Oltzka made the most of her small part.

The chorus in the Landgrave's ball was thrilling, overpowering as the orchestra tried to be. Mr. Damrosch worked up a staggering finale to the overture, which excited long applause.

MR. BLACKBURN thus analyzes the art of Emil Sauer: "M. Sauer is, without doubt, from a melodramatic point of view, the most effective player that we know. What Byron was to Shelley that is M. Sauer to, let us say, Paderewski. He is the rhetorician incarnate of the piano. It is certain that his effects are at times positively dazzling; his strength is prodigious, and all his external manifestations of force exist upon a thunderous scale. To sit through one of his recitals is certainly to enjoy a broad, ample musical sentiment; and it is not until afterward that you become aware that something was lacking to your enjoyment; there is not much delicacy in all this muscularity, nor in all this brilliant light do you find any relief of shadow. He played Schubert's Sonata in B major with so singular a determination that you might almost have fancied him to be laying commands upon the music. In the Brahms 'Intermezzo' Op. 117, No. 1) he was no less demonstrative and imperious. His Chopin playing, which we must own was a good deal better, was, nevertheless, somewhat lacking in what one may call Chopin's individual bloom. In a word, we should be inclined to sum up M. Sauer's characteristics as a pianist by describing him briefly as a Trojan player. So strong and massive are the physical fortifications behind which he intrenches himself that, verily, we can conceive him capable of enduring, like Troy, a ten years' siege, before he would dream of a musical capitulation."

Mr. Blackburn wrote about Mr. Sauer's concerto for piano and orchestra, played for the first time in London, March 13, at a Philharmonic concert. "We begin with a consideration of M. Sauer's interpretative work. Nothing could well have been better. His command over his instrument seemed so superb that, in the event, his playing appeared to be accomplished without the smallest effort. One had the feeling that every test had been tried and had been successfully encountered; that there was an artist merely expressing himself; that he was confronted by no technical terrors, by no manual difficulty; that he was so

complete a master of himself that he had but to play, and his playing would necessarily unfold his temperament, his musical sentiment, his complete and

definite verdict upon the music which lay to his hands. When, however, we turn to the composition itself, our praise is not so emphatic. The inspiration can scarcely be ranked upon the higher levels of music. Indeed, at times, so akin to the commonplace did it seem to range that we were reminded of certain music hall ditties that sounded strangely enough amid these extremely severe and classic surroundings. There were even moments when visions of Mr. Herbert Campbell seemed to be not very distant; and once, amid a confused orchestral murmur, we heard the solemn announcement, 'Up I came with my little lot,' so distinctly that the Queen's Hall seemed to change, in the twinkling of an eye, into quite another sort of hall. Still, it is not to be denied that M. Sauer played extremely well."

But why should Mr. Blackburn speak of this pianist as "M. Sauer"? Mr. Sauer is not a Frenchman.

Mr. Robert Newman has now practically settled the outline of the forthcoming London Musical Festival, the six performances of which will extend over from April 29 to May 4 inclusive. It is to be arranged on an elaborate scale; no fewer than five conductors have been engaged—namely, Colonne, Ysaye, and Saint-Saëns, Weingartner and Henry Wood. The orchestra will consist of 110 performers.

Tschaikowsky's fourth Symphony: "Once more one was feelingly persuaded of the curious contrasts that seemed to lie in waiting to capture this artist's spirit, now to rouse him to exuberant gaiety, and now to the profoundest depths of despair. Barbarian he was, of course, in all his ulterior tastes. He loved the rhythm of the hammer; he rejoiced in the pitter-patter of mailed feet striding at a quick march. But, united to his barbarism he embraced the last emotions of modern feeling, and therewith he proceeded to compose these amazing symphonies."

The Pall Mall Gazette says of Borodine's Quartet in D, played March 16 by the Ysaye Quartet: "The work is one of extraordinary spirit and brightness. It is amazing to think that one who practically stood outside the professional duties of a musician (he was, of course, a Professor of medicine and chemistry at St. Petersburg) should

have accomplished the composition of so fine a piece of pure musicianship as this is. It was played most admirably. The Scherzo, with its brilliant ingenuity of form, went exceedingly well, but it is not until we reach the 'Notturmo' that the real spirit of the man is shown to absolute perfection. That graceful and most peaceful movement, the sentiment of which is so curiously akin to that of 'Parsifal,' was most beautifully interpreted, and the final movement was no less excellently given. The thing is so really alive with what one may call momentary musical discoveries rather than with persistent and elaborated development of thematic material that under the influence of this playing Borodine was indeed seen to be a pastmaster in the humorous sides of music. Its charm is altogether grasping, and its humor, while being easily intelligible, is also deliciously sportive."

A London journal thus speaks of the coming opera season at Covent Garden, which will begin May 13. The subscription is already liberal: The list of operas contains, of course, "Faust," "Carmen," "Romeo et Juliette," "Les Huguenots," "Aida," "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro." Mention is made of "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan" and "Siegfried." It is intended to revive Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel." Two novelties will be Lalo's "Roi d'Ys." In which Madame Suzanne Adams, Miss Brevai, Mr. Saléza, and Mr. Plancon will appear, and Dr. Stanford's new opera "Much Ado About Nothing," the libretto of which is from the pen of Mr. Julian Sturgis. The opera will be sung in English, Mr. Plancon appearing as the Friar, and the Dogberry being Mr. Blass, an American. The brothers De Reszké are not coming to Covent Garden this year, and Madame Melba's accession is, to say the least, undecided. Among the sopranos is Madame Calvé, who will appear as Carmen, Marguerite, and also as Messaline, the chief character in Mr. De Lara's opera. After an absence of two years, Madame Eames will return to sing Aida for the first time at Covent Garden. Other sopranos on the list are Miss Ternina, Madame Suzanne Adams, Miss Lucienne Brevai, Madame Gasky, Miss Strakosch, Madame Sobrino, and Miss Bauermelster. The

contraltos and mezzo-sopranos include Miss Marie Bruma, who will create the part of Beatrice in Dr. Stanford's opera, and appear in some of Wagner's works. Other singers in this section are Miss Oltzka, Miss Georgina Delmar, Miss Aldridge, and Miss Maubourg. At the head of the tenors stands Mr. Tamagno, who will appear in a revival of Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Anselmi, a young Italian tenor, who has done well at the Naples San Carlo, will be a debutant; as also will be Mr. Mercier, a French Canadian. Mr. Knote, of Munich, will sing such roles as Siegfried, Lohengrin, and Walther, and Mr. Rless that of Mime. Mr. Forgueur, from the Brussels Monnaie, will be another foreign acquisition. Mr. Van Dyck will appear as Tristan for the first time in London, and Mr. Saléza and Mr. John Coates will also be among the tenors. In the bass and baritone section will be Mr. Van Rooy, Mr. Plancon, Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Scotti, Mr. Blass, Mr. Declery, Mr. Glibert, Mr. Journet, and Mr. Isnardon. For Dr. Stanford's new opera, Mr. Ivon Foster has been engaged, and Mr. Hamilton Earle is also in the company. The conductors will be Mr. Mancinelli, Mr. Flon, and Mr. Lohse, the last-named of whom directed the orchestra in certain performances of German opera at Drury Lane, under Sir Augustus Harris.

Tamagno has been engaged at the Paris Opéra for a series of performances of "Otello" in May. Aekté will be the Desdemona and Delmas the Iago.

Mr. Raymond Roze, the son of Marie Roze and composer of incidental music—he now conducts at the Globe, London—won a first piano prize at Brussels. He spoke as follows in an interview: "Harmony? Counterpoint? I never studied either in the orthodox way. Practice has taken the place of theory with me. The best way to gain a knowledge of orchestral effects is to take the score of any masterpiece and study that. Eat it, if I may so speak; go to a big concert and take the score with you and watch, and note, and listen while the band plays. That is the way to learn how to write for the orchestra and how to gain and produce your best effects. It is an education of itself. Theory is a most excellent thing, but give me practice, and since I have been associated with the profession of conducting and the composing of incidental music for dramas I have learned more than I can tell you. It is the finest school in the world for the young musician to graduate in."

Sunday, 8 P. M., Boston Theatre—Verdi's Requiem mass by the entire chorus and orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Mr. Mancinelli conductor. The quartet is made up of Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Sallgnac, Plancon.

Sunday, Symphony Hall, 7.30 P. M.—Gounod's "Redemption," by the Handel and Haydn. Solo singers, Miss Sara Anderson, soprano; Miss Grace Preston, contralto; Mr. Glen Hall, tenor; Mr. Gwilym Mills, bass; Mr. Ericsson Bushnell, bass. Mr. Mollenhauer will be conductor and Mr. Tucker organist. The players will be from the Symphony Orchestra.

Wednesday, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—Cecilia Society, Mr. Lang conductor. Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah." Solo singers, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, Messrs. Rieger, Beresford, Darrel, Greene, Waterman. Orchestra of Symphony players.

Wednesday, Chickering Hall, 8.15 P. M.—Fourth and last of Miss Terry's chamber concerts. Mr. Eliot Hubbard, tenor; Mr. Schroeder, cellist; Mr. Perabo, pianist. Rubinstein's sonata in D for piano and 'cello, cello solos by Bach, Schubert, Popper, Bach's Partita in B flat major, and songs by Tschaikowsky, Chadwick, Leoncavallo, Fontanaillies, Johns. Mr. Goodrich, accompanist.

Friday, 2.30 P. M., and Saturday, 8 P. M.—Twentieth Symphony Concert. Weingartner's Symphony in G (first time); Tschaikowsky's concerto for violin (Miss Maud Powell, violinist), d'Indy's symphonic variations "Istar," Wagner's overture to "Rienzi."

Friday, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—Sousa and his band. Pieces by Suppe, Meyer-Helmond, Giordano, Weber, Johann Strauss, and Sousa's march "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty," composed for the dedication of the Lafayette Monument and first played by Sousa's band at Paris, July 4, 1900. Solos by Miss Blanche Duffield, soprano; Miss Bertha Bucklin, violinist, and Mr. Arthur Pryor, trombone.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The concert tour which Sousa and his band are just now completing makes the fifth transcontinental trip of this American musical organization under Sousa's direction and the eighteenth semi-annual series of concerts given in this country by this band. During the present trip the band has traveled over 25,000 miles and given concerts in 150 different cities. Contracts have been signed for an engagement of the band for a month at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, and a tour of Great Britain and Ireland will probably follow. The twelve months ending in July will show a record of 450 concerts given by Sousa and his band in 45 cities of Europe and America. It is said that Sousa will try the power of his music upon the Cubans and Mexicans before the end of the present year.

Organ concerts will be given at the Union Congregational Church, West Newton Street and Columbus Avenue, on Mondays, April 8, 15, 22, at 8 P. M. The organists will be Mr. F. A. Dunster, assisted by Mr. C. E. Hay and Mr. L. Van Vliet; Mr. E. E. Truette, assisted by Mrs. Walker and Miss Goodwin; Mr. J. H. Loud, assisted by Mrs. Ruggles.

The second annual concert of the Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra Society, Mr. A. W. Thayer conductor, will be given in Copley Hall, April 16. Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, will assist. The orchestral pieces will be the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Massenet's "Meditation," MacDowell's "In October," and four movements from Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie."

April 5, 1901
The Sphinx is representative of the grave and monumental genius of Egypt, the Faun of the gracious genius of Rome, the Pierrot of the fantastic genius of the Renaissance. And in this one creation, I am not sure that the seventeenth does not take the palm from the earlier centuries. Pierrot!—there is music, there is poetry in the name. The soul of an epoch lives in that name, evocative as it is of shadowy trees, lawny spaces, brocade, pointed bodices, high heels and garters. And in expression how much more perfect is he than his ancestor, the Faun! His animality is indicated without coarse or awkward symbolism, without cloven feet or hirsute ears—only a white face, a long white dress, with large white buttons, and a black skull-cap; and yet, somehow, the effect is achieved. The great, white creature is not quite human—hereditary sin has not descended upon him; he is not quite responsible for his acts.

We read the other day that a woman under the influence of chloroform and on the operating table whistled the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore." She whistled it "distinctly and without a flaw" while the surgeon was carving her to the admiration of the bystanders, his own satisfaction, and, we trust, the future health of the patient.

It is not necessary to inquire too particularly into the matter. The "Miserere" is a complex scene; it includes the chorus that sings the Miserere, the tune of Manrico in the tower, and Leonora's hysterical remarks induced by the gloomy situation. The woman probably whistled Manrico's tune, and it is a good one; in fact it is so good that it reminds us of the motto of a certain brand of smoking tobacco:

Or seek no further,
Better can't be found.

We speak of this instance of the memory exerting itself when consciousness was supposed to be dead, because the opera is here, and also because the story shows the indelible impression made by a good Italian tune. You cannot imagine this woman under the influence of chloroform whistling any one of the alleged tunes from "Siegfried" or "Die Walkure." The Earnest Student of Sociology, who is interested in the case, said that he should not go to any one of the operas of the Trilogy or to "Tristan and Isolde" unless he were chloroformed and thus without power of resistance, but he is fond of "Martha" and "The Bohemian Girl."

The tendency, even in Italy, which was once the fountain head of melody, is toward the abolition of singing in opera. It is the orchestra that now does all the work, and explains or italicizes the action of the characters. Opera is not so much developed as transformed, and it is not unlikely that the young generation may live to see tragedies played in pantomime, and the chief tragedian will be in Pierrot's costume, than which there is none more tragic or capable of intensifying that which is sinister and terrible.

What sort of persons are the "wealthy residents" of Great Neck? They object to Minnie Ashley as a neighbor! They tried to give it to her on the Neck, but she has rented a cottage there and proposes to occupy it. Would you, Mr. Smithers, or you, Mr. Jollicum, object to Miss Ashley in the house next yours? "Certainly not," and your loud answer does credit to your sex.

Mr. Sienkiewicz was interviewed in Paris. He said "Sultonius's gossip was useful" in the preparation of "Quo Vadis;" but he said nothing of Petronius's famous romance, satire, what-you-will, although it was a book that helped him.

"Guinevere" of the Referee has made this appalling discovery: "When I was a small child I remember vividly the impression made upon my youthful mind by the attitude, in walking, which was adopted by grown-up ladies in the streets. The upper part of the body was thrown forward in a way that was almost ludicrous. And, seeing that fashions are like that particular kind of declivity which insists on ever recurring, a variant of the same mode is with us now. The modern corset is fitted with airbags in front, which, fastened to the stockings, throws the body into a position almost identical with that which (rising as a replica of the Venus of Milo) made the 'Grecian Bend.' But there are dangers and disadvantages in the practice. One I must only mention in a whisper. It leads to an exaggeration of the hips. And, as an American lady once said to me, 'Every woman would be perfectly happy if she could only control the size of her hips.'"

Mr. Frazer, in the last edition of "The Golden Bough," attempts to give a new explanation of the fondness of most Eastern nations for the riddle. Among primitive people the ordinary names of things are at certain times taboo, and

Mr. Frazer thinks that enigmas may have been originally "circumlocutions adopted at times when the speaker was forbidden the use of direct terms." He gives instances of peoples among whom riddles may never be asked except when there is a dead body about. The reason of this is possibly that if the spirit of the dead knew the real names of things it might use them for witchcraft.

Last month in the New York Evening Post Mr. Lewis E. Gates of Cambridge asked if anyone could enlighten him as to the sources of three quotations. We have not seen any answer. Can any of our readers give him the information?

Among all the sons of Adam ever on this earthball, he is the one who has shown himself most adept in the art of mysteriously apologizing for a friend's peccadillo till it looms in the half-light like a spectral deadly sin.

"For nine years, the people had made him their butt; then they dubbed him traitor because he refused to yield his private palace to be the perpetual home of comic opera."

"A most lamentable spectacle is it—the sight of a great people cringing before its criminals and deliberately rallying its forces for the torture of the appointed victim when thieves and thugs ply the lash and give the word of command."

THE REDEMPTION.

The Handel and Haydn Society closed its 86th season last evening with a performance of Gounod's "The Redemption." Mr. Mollenhauer was the conductor, and the soloists were Miss Sara Anderson, Mrs. Marie Weale-Dow, Miss Grace Preston, Mr. Glenn Hall, Mr. Gwilym Miles and Mr. Ericsson Bushnell. Mr. Tucker was the organist, and the orchestra was made up of Synphony players, Mr. Otto Roth, principal.

When "The Redemption" was performed in '83 by the Philharmonic Society, under Theodore Thomas, certain portions of the work came under the hammer of severe criticism, nor did Boston's musical judges find it without blemishes. Such expressions as "salt of an opera rather than of oratorio" were conspicuous in the general review of its first Boston performance, and there were other things of this sort said, although all agreed that Gounod was "profoundly impressed with the magnitude of its subject." The opinion remains unchanged, for many of the fine effects of the oratorio impress one more and more with each repetition of the work as being purely theatrical, and overwhelming as they occasionally are, they do not thrill, nor even after a while amaze. Then there are suggestions of "Faust," and the recitatives grow monotonous.

The performance of the work was most finished. The chorus work was the feature of the evening. This is not vain repetition of what has previously been said in these columns, but honest, worthy praise of Mr. Mollenhauer's fine results. It has been a season of hard, conscientious work on his part, and the chorus has attained an excellence of performance placing them in the front rank of Boston's like societies. The performance of "Unfold ye portals," together with its orchestral ending, was positively great in effect last evening.

The soloists were adequate. Mr. Hall has a most youthful appearance, and a pleasing, light tenor voice. There was a large and appreciative audience.

VERDI'S REQUIEM.

Verdi's Requiem was sung at the Boston Theatre last night by members of the Grau Grand Opera Company, Mr. Mancinelli conducting. The quartet was made up of Mme. Nordica, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, Mr. Salignac and Mr. Plancon. The full orchestra of the opera company assisted. A larger audience probably never entered the theatre. Not only was every seat taken, but the corridors and doorways were fairly stuffed with humanity. An extraordinary tribute, truly, not only to the singers but also to the magical name of Verdi! There was no sort of printed program; and this shortcoming must have detracted from the pleasure of the majority.

To say that the audience was enthusiastic throughout the evening is a cold expression. It would be fitter to say that the audience was volcanic. It could hardly have been otherwise! The artists in the quartet challenged one another in skill and in spirit. Mrs. Nordica in the "Libera me," Mrs. Schumann-Heink in the "Ingenio, Scipio," Mr. Salignac in the "Confutatio," and Mr. Plancon in the "Sanctus" were all equally delightful and impressive; and what has been said of all the numbers. Grand, thrilling, profoundly touching, absolutely enrapturing—all these epithets might judiciously be grouped in a reference to any one of the numbers.

The unavoidably poor situation of the chorus at the back of the stage marred the singing of the opening "Requiem aeternam," but in the difficult "Sanctus" and in the "Libera me" the chorus shone brilliantly; in fact, the "Sanctus" was demanded over again.

Mr. Mancinelli conducted spiritedly.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

A Large and Applaudive Audience Listens to Gounod's Tuneful and Sentimental Opera at the Boston Theatre.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was the opera given last night by the Grau Grand Opera Company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

JulietteMelba
StephanoBridwell
GertrudeBauermeister
RomeoSaléza
Frère LaurentEd. de Reszke
CapuletPlancon
TybalBars
MercutioSizra
Le Duc de VeroneGulbert
GregorioDufrech
BenvoglioMasiero

There was a large and applaudive audience, and after a favorite solo or concerted number, applause after the respective falls of the curtain. The performance unmistakably gave pleasure, and yet the opera has been better sung here by Mr. Grau's companies. Not that there was any shirking, not that the singers were mediocre or incompetent. On the contrary, the cast was an excellent one, and there was an evident desire to do the best that was possible. But Mr. Saléza, whose Romeo has been justly admired here on former occasions and who was a brilliant Radamès only last Wednesday, was not in voice. He caught cold Saturday and had every reason last night to beg the indulgence of the audience by public announcement of his condition. He bravely undertook the appointed task, and although it was easily observed that he was under physical disadvantage, he nevertheless often charmed by beauty of phrasing and tenderness of sentiment.

And in the exile scene he showed a spirit and a breadth of delivery that won him deserved recalls. Melba's Juliet is familiar. She is not passionate, she is hardly emotional in mild degree, but there is that golden voice. There is no other voice of precisely that quality, rich but not sombre, clear but with full body, suggestive at once of colorature and yet satisfying and exquisite in a simple legibility. The waltz in "Romeo and Juliet" is a vile thing, vile as music and vile as a setting of the words, and the scene would not suffer if it were pitched overboard. But Melba would still triumph if this were done, for her voice is of indescribable beauty in the music of the balcony scene and in her chamber. The voice itself has qualities of emotion that she as Juliet lacks, and thus there is an illusion, and the tender, the feminine sentiment of Gounod makes its way to the heart of the hearer. Perhaps Melba was not as brilliant as usual last evening, for there were tones that seemed tired or weather-distressed, but there were many moments when the voice was unveiled as a rare thing of perfect splendor.

Mr. Edouard de Reszke celebrated last night his 25th anniversary of appearance in the theatre, and flowers in the foyer showed the appreciation and the affection of his many friends. He, too, is still suffering from the effects of the gripe, as was evident; yet his performance was appropriately pontifical, and also compassionate, human. Mr. Plancon's Capulet is so authoritative that it is hard to imagine another father for Juliet. Mr. Sizra, who was a chivalrous Nevers, acted the part of Mercutio with spirit, but he, too, had left his vibrant voice on the mantle-piece or the piano, nor was he as faithful to the true pitch as to Romeo. That admirable actor, Mr. Gilbert, made the small part of Duke imposing, nor did he in so doing step outside of the cap and he sang the music with force and dignity. The other parts were well taken. Even Stephano, the interpolated page, who is so often an affliction to the eye and a plague to the ear, was a welcome apparition. Miss Carrie Bridwell, who made her first appearance here, is a woman of shapely figure, pleasing, intelligent face, with a voice of agreeable quality. For one who has had such slight experience she did uncommonly well. There was no trace of the amateur—or, which is the same thing—the church choir singer who is pushed on the boards through the advice of unkind friends. The orchestra and chorus were excellent.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn, a sensitive and discriminative critic, prefers this opera to "Faust." Why, I cannot tell. Nor does he give a really satisfactory reason. Surely there is something in "Romeo and Juliet" as powerful as the Church scene or the death of Valentin. And if the question is one purely of the sentiment, the amatory tenderness peculiar to Gounod, there is no scene of sustained beauty like the Garden scene. It is true that the melody "Non, non, ce n'est pas le jour" is perhaps of a higher, more exalted flight than any song that comes from the lips of Faust or Marguerite, and "Love to sleep" is of indisputable beauty. But nothing could be worse than the Ball scene, the Verona Patrol and the Exile scene, with the vulgar tune for Romeo. How could the man who wrote the Potion music and some of the recitatives in the Tomb scene have conceived this and other music—which is the abomination of desolation?

The opera tonight will be "Die Walkure" with Tetina as Sieglinde. Bréval as Bruennhilde (she will sing the part for the first time in German). Dippel as Siegmund, Blass as Hunding, Bertram as Wotan, Schumann-Heink as Fricka. Mr. Damrosch will conduct.

Philip Hale.

Modernity of form and modernity of subject matter are entirely and absolutely wrong. We have mistaken the common livery of the age for the vesture of the Muses, and spend our days in the sordid streets and hideous suburbs of our vile cities, when we should be out on the hillside with Apollo. Certainly we are a degraded race, and have sold our birthright for a mess of facts.

This reminds us that J. W. asks "When did coffee come into European use?" There has been much discussion over this apparently simple question. Some say coffee was first publicly used at Aden in Arabia Felix by a judge who had seen it drunk at Zayla on the African coast, and this judge died in 1470. Others claim that banished and hungry devils found the berries in the mountains of Yemen. According to Phillips's "History of Cultivated Vegetables," coffee was first publicly sold in London in 1652, and John Evelyn wrote in 1656 about a Nathaniel Conopios, "He was the first I ever saw drink coffee; which custom came not into England till thirty years after." Travelers tell of the Turks drinking it in 1598. Peignot in a note to Sparschuch's "Potus Coffeae" says that coffee was introduced into Europe about 1645, that the first public place called a café was opened at Marseilles in 1671, and that the shrub was seen in European gardens in 1710. There was a coffee house at Oxford about 1650. There are strict Mohammedans who will not drink this beverage, and the Bedouins consider it a decisive mark of insanity to take sugar with it.

We heard a story the other day that shows man as the creature and sport of habit. We may as well say that our friend the Earnest Student of Sociology has been put on a strict diet by a learned leech; not that the distinguished Sociologist is suffering from a severe disease, but his incessant labors on his great work have sapped his vitality and superinduced tendencies, so that care is necessary for some months. We met him last week and inquired tenderly after his health. "I sleep better, my eyes are brighter, and I work with less effort. And here is a curious thing. You know I used to be fond of beer, and coffee, especially of beer, and when the doctor shut down on them and tobacco, I did not see how I should pull through. At night my work was cheered by the thought of three or four bottles of beer on the lee waiting for me. The drier the subject, the greater the inexpensive reward. Do you know, I now look forward to my foaming glass of alkalithia with the same zest and eagerness. It is my fourth for the day. Punctually at 10 P. M., I uncork the bottle, shake out a heaping teaspoonful—I am afraid I take more than that, for I have grown to be passionately fond of it—stir it in the water, and drain it as Eccles poured down his cool, refreshing gin. The thought of beer is now distasteful to me. I fear that the taste for the white, granulated compound will soon be beyond control; that I shall be an alkalithia drunkard. Do you know whether there is any sanitarium for such victims?"

A traveler says that he asked a workman in Rotterdam how far it was to Schiedam, and that the answer was "About two pipes of tobacco," which meant as long as it took to smoke two small clay pipes filled with Sumatra tobacco—about 15 minutes to the pipe.

We were once at Munich—for the thorough inspection of the breweries—and a carpenter did a small job for us. When he was asked his price, he answered "Drei Mass"—the cost of three litres of beer.

Who said Maude Adams was merely Sarah Bernhardt's libretto?

The recent death of the French play-actress Croizette, whose death scene in "The Sphinx" made her famous, has started a discussion concerning stage death scenes in general, and old stories are taken down from the shelf, dusted and put in the newspaper shop windows.

Thus Coppée said in reply to questions asked by Dr. Cabanès: "My taste is not very realistic in this matter. I remember perfectly the way the beautiful Croizette used to disfigure herself in 'The Sphinx.' I don't know whether or not the thing was interesting to the medical students, but to me it was hideous. . . . I prefer the death that we find in the tragedies in a noble and graceful pose, and with an Alexandrine verse on the lips, instead of a sigh."

A writer in the *Courrier des Etats* Unis quoted by the New York Sun tells of several replies made to the inquiring doctor. Sarcey began with an anecdote told him by Legouvé. The latter in one of his pieces introduced Ristori in an act from "Romeo and Juliet." Ribes played Romeo and after swallowing the poison, began to make frightful contortions. "Oh, my dear friend," said Ristori, "you are not poisoned, you seem merely to have colic."

"On the stage," continued Sarcey, "a man has no right to have colic and to hold his sides, even if that is precisely what people who take arsenic do. There are a hundred ways of dying on the stage. The essential is to select a method of dying that will be dignified, graceful and touching. Who cares if in the eyes of a doctor it appears to be out of joint? Am I a doctor?"

Even Sardou, the Calligula of the drama, as Jules Lemaitre calls him, believes in mild-flavored death: "The public wants it quick and decent. Of course it is well to conform to the character of the malady. But that is a matter of measurement. It should not be prolonged; neither should it be revolting. A death scene that would occupy on the stage the length of time that it takes in reality would be unbearable. A correct representation of death by poisoning is impossible on the stage."

The most ghastly stage-death we remember was that of Salvini in "Civil Death," a masterpiece of realism and horror. Mr. Barry Sullivan's passing as Richard III. was not without a sort of acrobatic interest. Years ago the newshoys in New York asked to be awakened from sleep when Kirby died. Alas, we never saw Jo Kirby or Jack Scott, deep-lunged dramatic heroes of the East Side.

We have read somewhere that Mr. Irving, Sir Henry, when he was young Mr. Brodribb consulted a physician who told him that in nine cases out of ten a man mortally wounded would fall face forward and die face downward.

"Die Walkure" was performed last night by the Grau Grand Opera Company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

SiegmondDippel
HundingBlass
WotanBertram
SieglindeTernina
BrünnhildeBréval
FrickaOltzka

Miss Lucienne Bréval sang last night the part of Brünnhilde for the first time in German. It was she that created the part at the Opéra in Paris, May 12, 1893, and since then she has sung it over a hundred times. Her experiment last night was adventurous, as any singer well knows. The constant thought of a word that is not immediately and naturally full of meaning, the exercise of memory in a foreign language, the anxiety concerning precise pronunciation, the adaptation of tone to other syllables than those which are so familiar—all this is enough to stiffen spontaneity of action and throttle liberty of song. Miss Bréval proved by her performance of Valentine last week that she is a dramatic soprano of the very first rank, and that her reputation in Paris is not merely an instance of parochial pride. It therefore seemed unwise for her to hazard her reputation in a foreign town, for the sake of singing in German. Why could she not have sung her part in French? Is the Wagner opera so sacred that there can be no polyglot liberties? Of course, in New York such things would not be tolerated, for New York is a German city so far as music is concerned. Wagner is to the inhabitants of that city a great philosopher, and they are still discussing the question whether Wotan should wear his hat in "Siegfried," and whether his right or his left eye was the game one. But in Boston we do not take our pleasures so seriously. It would have been a delight to hear Brünnhilde singing in French, especially when the song was accompanied by such grace of movement and such sculptural repose for there was enough hat was German on the stage.

Miss Bréval, however, is brave and ambitious—perhaps she is looking toward Bayreuth. Her first performance in a handicapped condition was more than promising; it abounded in fine and impressive moments. What is the one great scene in this opera that is full of wonderful pages? It is the announcement by Brünnhilde to Siegmond of his death. I know of no music more supernaturally solemn and beautiful. And in this scene Miss Bréval rose to the situation. The gradations between the impassiveness of Fate and the sympathy that at last wells in her maiden heart were admirably marked. The voice itself changed constantly in color, as the daughter of Wotan began to know pity for the woman so soon to be left alone, for the man whom she would rain assist in the combat. Her performance of this one scene was a masterpiece of action and song. Some who are accustomed to German-born shrieking and perspiring Brünnhildes would not like Miss Bréval's impersonation any more than they would like Ternina's. Brünnhilde is to them a fat, red-faced person, who waddles about and relieves her feelings by violent vocal bursts. Miss Bréval, so far as personal appearance is concerned, is an ideal Brünnhilde. Remember that the Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre" is a young virgin, who knows little or nothing of human love, sorrow, joy, repentance, longing. The farewell kiss that Siegmond gave Sieglinde first touched her heart, and how exquisite was Miss Bréval's facial expression at that moment! A rare apparition of untrammelled grace and maidenly purity and strength was this Brünnhilde.

Like a new convert, Miss Bréval was inclined to extravagance in her profession of German faith. Her final comments were exaggerated, and she

often put the atrocities of the German language in too clear a light.

Ternina's Sieglinde has been praised here before this, but it seemed last night as though she had never played and sung the part with such glorious art. Her conception seemed larger, her performance more intense, her voice more thrilling and sonorous. This great artist is the strongest contradiction to the belief that a singer must be vocally vulgar in an opera by Wagner. Let the orchestra roar as it will, she does not yield to temptation, and yet her voice is heard through the orchestral fury. How beautiful her phrasing! How full of meaning her declamation! And the action constantly accompanies the song, not merely at stated and set intervals, as though a stage hand had given a signal.

There is little to be said about the other singers. Mr. Dippel's Siegmond is the same. This earnest singer has yet to learn differentiation in impersonation. Mr. Blass was an excellent Hunding, and he was sufficiently gloomy. I should like to see a Hunding who occasionally smiled. The conventional one is like Mr. Haller in "The Stranger." And yet why should Hunding smile? Is he not the most abused man in the Trilogy? He comes home to supper and finds a strange man in the house, who insists on talking so he cannot eat. His wife drugs his drink and runs off with the quarrelsome stranger. When Hunding meets the said stranger in fair fight, Wotan kills him. Yes, he has a right to be gloomy. Mr. Bertram was not an imposing Wotan, who is a cheap, shabby, lying, fraudulent, one-eyed scoundrel and deserved his affliction of a wife. Miss Oltzka acted the part of Fricka with shrewish spirit.

There was a good sized and applause audience.

The opera this afternoon will be "Faust" with Melba Homer, Jean de Reszke, Campanari, Plancon. The opera tonight will be "Don Giovanni," with Nordica, Macintyre, Scheff, Scotti as the Don, Salignac, Pincorsi, Journet and Leporello.

Philip Hale.

The man whose income is sixpence a minute will not be persuaded that the man whose income is sixpence an hour is very like himself, and depends for his social position on a cheap social machinery of treats at public houses as much as a millionaire does on a dear social machinery of dinner and shooting parties. And just as a legislative attack on the dinner parties would be unanimously resisted by the world of fashion, so an attempt to suppress public houses will be resisted by the huge class which has no other organ of sociability, quite apart from its opinion of temperance as a rule of conduct.

This is the anniversary of the death of Prince Eugene, the great commander, of whom it is naively recorded: "He was so popular in England that a maiden lady bequeathed to him £2500."

Mr. Harper, the author of two large volumes on the old high road to York and from York to Edinburgh, is one of those disagreeable persons who may be called expliers. Which are worse, the expliers or the whitewashers? One proves that William Tell and his steel-nerved boy never existed; the other proves that Lucrezia Borgia was an estimable, prudish lady who would now put sugar in tea, but never passed poisoned wine with a seductive smile to a borsome husband or embarrassing lover. Mr. Harper assures us that Dick Turpin never rode to York, never had a mare called Black Bess. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth deceived us boys. There was a man, John Nevilson, who rode from Chatham to York, for the sake of an alibi, about 230 miles in 15 hours, not on one horse, but in relays. A brave ride, but the rider was hanged eight years later—hanging was then fashionable. Mr. Harper also tells us that Stilton is another deceit, that the cheeses so-called were made near Melton Mowbray. And some one may arise to tell us that Gildroy was never hanged so high that he deserved to be immortal in a proverb. Gildroy, who confessed to 37 murders; that Sixteen-String Jack never wore a scarlet coat, a tambour waistcoat, and white silk stockings, white strings streamed from the knees of his breeches; that Deacon Brodie on the scaffold offered this prayer of his own composing: "O Lord, I lament that I know so little of Thee." They are taking away our heroes and heroines of grand proportions, and the great that are now held up as examples for the young are indeed a little breed.

There is a society in England known as the Brunswick Black Association. "Every member pledges himself to carry in his knapsack when touring a small pot of this useful compound and to efface with it all obnoxious advertisements he may meet with in his travels."

A writer in the Era makes a statement that may account in some measure for the present condition of the drama: "The successful playwright has to represent individuals and classes on the stage, not as they are, but as the bulk of his patrons believe them to be. There are certain conventions which

are like the laws of the Medes and Persians—unalterable. To take a trivial instance at random—tailors are always supposed to be (a) timorous and contemptible in character, (b) bad horsemen. This tradition has come down to us from the times when the tailor was the needle-driver who made the clothes with his own hands; but it is none the less powerful for all that. As a matter of fact, the modern thriving tailor is usually a keen sportsman, and almost invariably sends his eldest son into a cavalry regiment. But what dramatist would dare to make the hero of his play a tailor? George Meredith in "Evan Harrington" did it in a novel; but at the theatre the thing is impossible."

Another belief "shared by all except those who mix in high society is that its denizens converse almost exclusively in epigrams;" whereas, as a matter of fact, the more aristocratic the circle is, the more dull and colorless the chatter.

The writer might have inquired why stage people, theatrical or operatic, are as a rule so tiresome in conversation. One reason is that they are self-centred and without interest in anything except their own glory and advancement.

"Harlem" in a letter to the New York Sun makes these remarks, which may well fill the breasts of citizens of Boston with astonishment: "Boston, that puritanical city, which the funny paragraphers take delight in satirizing, is the model for the country in the respect and deference shown to women, and the very reverse of New York in all that pertains to street car travel. For the last 15 years, my time has been spent almost entirely in this city, with now and then a trip to Boston and some of the other cities on the Atlantic seaboard, and I aver that I never saw a woman standing for the distance of two blocks in a Boston car while there was a man seated; it is the universal custom for men of all grades, from the banker to the laborer, to rise and offer a seat at once upon a female entering a full car and standing opposite to them. Such courtesy is tendered as a matter of course, and a man would as soon think of avoiding payment of his fare as of failing in this act of politeness."

There runs through nature, art, life a beautiful law known as the law of compensation. Here is one instance out of a thousand. Travelers have complained this year that Naples, now a clean and healthy city, has lost romantic charm, that it is no longer picturesque. On the other hand, brigands infest the streets and rob sight-seers in the picture-galleries of palaces.

Have you not seen this variety of traveler described by a correspondent? "I was at a table d'hôte in the North of France. Two Englishmen, respectively dressed and, to all appearance, educated men, sat near me. They examined the menu, and then sent for the head waiter, who understood English. Of him they demanded—at 8.30 P. M.: tea and bread-and-butter, and were extremely dissatisfied because he could not supply them with—marmalade. They consumed their extraordinary meal in stolid silence, and left the table, as they sat down to it, without taking any notice of their messmates. I confess it comforted me to think that they probably paid more for their frugal meal than if they had partaken of the very varied and appetizing fare provided for them."

The opera yesterday afternoon was "Faust." Mr. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

MargueriteMelba
SiebelHomer
MartaBauermeister
FaustJean de Reszke
ValentinCampanari
WagnerDufriehe
MephistophelesPlancon

The theatre was crowded in every part, and the great audience was in holiday mood. Mr. de Reszke sang with consummate art. It is true that he exercised the greatest care in the production of tone and seldom gave way to any burst of passionate emotion, but the quality of his voice was delightful, even when his breath was short, and he displayed the exquisite taste that distinguishes him in sentimental parts. His composition of the character of Faust is well known here and it were idle to dwell upon it. The Faust of Gounod is a sentimentalist, not a heroic person. He is pushed into seduction and murder by his friend, and everybody's friend, Mephistopheles, and at the last he is rescued by a purely operatic device. A reasonably good-looking man, graceful in action, and with a voice that goes straight to the heart, is more to the purpose than one of your roaring fellows who electrifies in the trio of the duel. There were excellent points in Mr. de Reszke's impersonation yesterday, especially in the first scene, which is so often slurred over by less conscientious tenors, as his attack of the first phrase of the duet, when he declares his longing to be young again. This phrase as sung by Mr. de Reszke was the very voice of

age regretting past joys; but we have all heard this same phrase bawled as though the singer had the lungs and the virility of twenty years.

I spoke only last week of Mrs. Homer's Siebel and Plancon's Mephistopheles. The former part is one in which excellent singers and actresses often appear to disadvantage. Nobody who saw Mrs. Homer only as Siebel could form any idea of the excellence of her Amenities. Why is it that so many women make little or nothing of Siebel, stray from the pitch, produce throaty tones? The mystery of Siebel! Plancon was in excellent vocal condition and he sang as only he can sing now on the stage can sing. Campanari's Valentin has long been known to our opera-goers and praised by them for the full and vibrant quality of tone. Melba's Marguerite is like the laws of the Medes and Persians. She is satisfactory as an actress because she never startles by a surprise in stage business. Her conception of Marguerite is that of the young lady of the librettists and the Paris Opéra, a genteel person who must not allow any emotion to disturb the perfect emission of song. (It is a wonder that they allow her to sing in a garden after sun-down or by an open window.) And so the Marguerite of Melba is emotional chiefly by means of vocal charm. She had sung the music here with greater brilliance, and the jewel song yesterday was not as that of other days, but there were many moments when her tones were of incomparable beauty.

"Don Giovanni" was performed last night by the Grau Grand Opera Company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Plancon conducted. The cast was as follows:

Don GiovanniScotti
Donna AnnaNordica
Donna ElviraMacintyre
Don OttavioSalignac
LeporelloEd. de Reszke
Il CommendatoreJournet
MasettoPini-Corsi
ZerlinaBauermeister

Some may dispute the statement that "Tristan und Isolde" is the greatest music-drama, for they may place "Die Walkure" before it; but the great majority of musicians and writers about music will agree to the proposition that "Don Giovanni" is the greatest of operas. And yet "Don Giovanni" as it is sung in this country or in London or in the great opera houses of the Continent, is a prodigious bore. Why is this?

It is not a matter of singers or actors. Whether they be of the first rank or the members of a company in a German town, the boredom is the same.

In the first place many loose sight of the fact that "Don Giovanni" is not a grand opera in the modern meaning of the term. It is a "drama giocoso" and should be acted and sung as such. Mozart introduced the tragic element in an amazing manner when the Don hears the step of his guest in the corridor; but his music to this scene was as foreign to the general scheme of the opera as his idealization of Cherubino was to the libretto and the intention of da Ponte.

Then the whole thing is swollen enormously to the ruin of true and lively interest beyond the footlights. The opera should be performed in a small theatre, one that is certainly no larger than the Park. As we now hear it, character sings a song, and down goes the curtain, until the many waits delay action, incite yawning, and there is the conviction that the opera is chiefly a string of tunes, a concert-opera. The orchestra is of conventionally modern size, and this is all wrong, although it goes with the large theatre. The orchestra that played at the first performance in Prague was made up of 4 first violins, 4 second violins, 2 violas, 1 cello, 2 double-basses, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 horns, 2 trumpets, 1 drummer. Mark the proportion between strings and wood-wind and brass. In the modern opera orchestra the strings too often predominate, but, of course, the small orchestra would be absurdly thin in a large theatre. If one says that Mozart would have gladly used a larger

orchestra, but was obliged to accept what was at hand, the answer is that his noble and musical friends at Prague had many players under their control and at his bidding.

No, "Don Giovanni" is an "intimate" opera that should be performed in such a manner that the hearer is in close communion with the characters on the stage and so near to singers and small orchestra that the atmosphere is charged with the musical fluid. This opera and other operas of Mozart are thus performed at the Residenz Theatre in Munich.

And now a word about the performance of last night.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn in his brilliant study of "Il Don Giovanni" pictures the hero as tall and of an attractive slenderness, with a face a little melancholy, black hair, gray eyes "that seem to hint no danger to the timid and approaching virgin," a chin that falls clear in a longish curve "from the underlip that, in the gentlest degree, stands defectively prominent," and a black moustache and a pointed black beard. This is a fancy sketch. No doubt the original Don Juan was slightly bald and with eyes like plover's eggs; and this seems the more probable after hearing the song by Leporello. But however the Don looks he should have at least two qualities, authoritative presence and indisputable charm. Mr. Scotti did not display these qualities. I cannot understand how the actor who played Scarpia with such distinction and intensity can imagine a Don of inherently common place nature. Mr. Scotti sang the music agreeably, but the drinking song nearly came to grief from the extravagant speed and the unearthen accompaniment.

Nordica's Donna Anna is familiar. The sombre heroine strides with dignity in the grooves of tradition, and when the singer is in full command

of her voice the impersonation is impressive. Last night Nordica's voice was often without brilliance, as though she, too, were suffering slightly from the prevailing epidemic. Miss MacIntyre made her first appearance in Boston as Elvira, the one woman who clung to Don Giovanni to the bitter end, and for that reason was so heartily disliked by him. She has an attractive face and a seductive figure, and for once the desertion of her by the Don seemed inexcusable as well as ungentlemanly. She sang with skill and freedom, but the voice itself is without body or sensuous charm. Miss Bauermeister took at short notice the part of Zerlina, for Miss Scheff had fallen victim to influenza. This useful member of Mr. Grau's company sang as though she were in the habit of playing the part at least once a fortnight and she was loudly applauded. Mr. Salligne was recalled after his solo. Mr. Journet was a sonorous Commandatore, and Mr. Pini-Corsi was a low comedy Masetto. Mr. Edouard de Reszke's Leporello is far from the real thing. I admit that it is hard for a man of his size to be Leporello, but it is not necessary for him to turn the servant into a farce-comedy character. The ball-room scene is an excellent instance of his lack of true appreciation of the intentions of librettist and composer. He took and kept the centre of the stage so that neither his master nor the dancers nor the maskers were noticeable. His performance of the catalogue song was without finesse in mockery; it was as though he had attacked Donna Elvira with a bludgeon.

As a whole the performance was lousy. "Don Giovanni" is evidently not Mr. Flou's opera. I have never heard the overture so badly played by a fine band as it was last night. Through the performance Mr. Flou's eyes were fixed on the score, and the players were left to shift for themselves.

The opera this evening will be "Siegfried" with Ternina as Bruennhilde, Schumann-Helk as Erda, Fritz Scheff as the Forest Bird, Dippel as Siegfried, Ed. de Reszke as the Wanderer, and Hubbenet as Mime.

Philip Hale.

THE CECILIA CONCERT.

The Cecilia Society completed its 25th year of existence last evening with a performance of Saint Saens's opera "Samson and Delilah." Mr. Lang conducted, and the three principal solo singers were Mrs. Schumann-Helk, Mr. William Kieger and Mr. Arthur Borensfort. The other soloists were Mr. Tom Daniel, who we understand, made his first important appearance since his return from abroad, Mr. Charles Waterman and Dr. Crosby Greene. The orchestra was made up of Symphony players.

The performance of the work was, on the whole, disappointing for the conditions were right for the expectations to be aroused to a more than ordinary point. We do not allude to the unfortunate slip at the end of the well known duet in the second act, but principally to the unevenness of the performance of the orchestra, for there was little attention given to nuances, and the solo singers were often overpowered. The chorus showed that it was familiar with the work, and sang often with splendid effect.

Mrs. Schumann-Helk sang with fine style and with telling effect the music of Delilah. Her powerful voice was in good form, and her singing was authoritative at all times. Mr. Kieger sang with accustomed good style, and baring occasional forcing of tone, with commendable effectiveness. The remaining soloists were adequate.

There was a large and applause audience.

LOVE'S GARDEN.

I live in a walled garden, strangely fair
With purple-clustered fruit and shining
flowers;
Many bright lawns, many gray glades are
there,
And bird and brook sing out the drowsy
hours,
And the rich air smells sweetly; and say I:
Good is my world—O, but its wall is high.
Its wall is high, and higher seems to me
Sometimes when surfeited with pleasant
days
I mind me of the old nobility
Of freedom, and its gracious, spacious
ways;
Then climb I up some daisy-dimpled rise,
And peep abroad with unaccustomed eyes.
But when I see how past my garden-pale
Miles upon miles the desert rolls and runs,
Fed of no stream, unfanned of any gale,
Lonely and leafless to the smiting suns,
Backward I sink into my fragrant shade,
Still discontented, but still more dismayed.

We learn from a London dramatic journal that Mrs. Langtry has not set aside in the Imperial Theatre any "mourning boxes." This is a contradiction of the report that several of the compartments in the house were especially to be set apart, "secluded," we believe, is the word, so that "persons suffering from bereavement" could be consoled in a measure by seeing the play without at the same time shocking Mrs. Grundy. We are painfully explicit lest some reader might think that the "mourning box" were designed for the playwright, or the husband of the leading woman. The *Lira* says: "Mrs. Langtry's nature is so straightforward, and she has such a contempt

for sham and pretence of any sort, that we can quite understand her annoyance at having been accused of such an invention." H—h—h—m! likewise "Ahem!"

And yet hypocrite is too hard a word to apply to a weak sister or brother who is obliged by absurd social custom to wear black and a long face when in the heart there is not the slightest grief. The mourning is indeed superficial that can be put aside at a set day with a hat band or a hideous veil. We saw Tuesday a stable-boy exercising a dock-tailed horse. He was inciting the nag to prance and show in other ways that he belonged to a high-blooded and wealthy family. This stable-boy had a deep mourning band on his left arm, but his face was one of intense enjoyment of his situation. His hypocrisy is paid for at so much a week. It is a part of his livery. No doubt he guys his grief at reunions of his colleagues, but he is much more honest in his cynicism than Mr. X, who hangs about a foreign book store, dips into this novel and that in hope of finding something lucrative to carry home, and, nevertheless, advises Saurin at meetings of the Public Library Committee against the admission of any book that mentions the word "sex," even in a purely rhetorical way.

Our old friend Victor Maurel, whose *Jago*, Don Giovanni, Falstaff, are famous as brilliant operatic performances, tried a little over a fortnight ago in Paris to play a straight comedy part. The critics agree that his failure was complete. The accounts of his fall recall that good old phrase which ends with the words "dull, sickening thud," a phrase that is now taboo, though we prefer it to "willing hands lifted her tenderly." One critic writes: "Of M. Maurel I can only say that he looked like a fish out of water, playing heavily and exaggerating the 'points' of an essentially indifferent part in a pretentious style. With scarcely an exception the critics told him he had made a blunder, and M. Maurel writes to one of the papers today (March 28) acknowledging it. He announces that he will not prolong his experiment in comedy but, as he has thus derived valuable observations regarding the art of the comedian compared with the art of a singer, he promises to embody his impressions in a book on vocal art, which he is writing." This is the book that he talked so much about when he was last here, with the word "Psychologie" forever on his lips. It has often been asserted that a singer however admirable as actor or actress in opera would cut an indifferent figure in drama without music. When Maurel played Falstaff in Verdi's opera, he was pronounced by good judges in New York and Boston as far superior to any actor that had been seen in the part for many years, and Mr. Tree's Falstaff which, as we remember, was seen the same season, was called a much inferior impersonation. The *Jago* of Maurel is of international fame on account of the intellectual subtlety, suggestion of evil, malignant intensity. You would suppose that such a graceful and accomplished actor in opera could not fall utterly in a slight comedy part. But Calvé said not long ago, in contradiction of a rumor that she would appear as a comedian, that she knew too well the impossibility of her making a success in a foreign field. Wherein does the distinction lie? Perhaps Mr. Maurel will explain in his forthcoming book?

Here is a strange story, worthy of the wildest melodrama. A Russian Jew named Taubin died in Vienna a year ago. He was miserly and a drunkard. He kept no servant, had no regular meals, but there was always a store of brandy in his wretched lodgings. Taubin knew a certain Vogl, proprietor of a large exchange office, and when one night Taubin was brought home drunk and bloody, Vogl was sent for, and he in turn sent for his own lawyer and lawyer's clerk. The sick man was said to speak these words: "All I have is to go to Vogl." He died almost immediately afterward. Such words spoken in the presence of witnesses have the force of a will, and Vogl was put in possession of the dead man's effects—about \$20,000. But last month Vogl was arrested; for Russian relatives of Taubin appeared in Vienna, claimed that Vogl had poisoned his benefactor, that Vogl is a ventriloquist, and that Taubin was already dead when the important words were spoken.

April 12 1901

Old saws and gimlets
His appetite whets
Like the world famous
Bark of Peru.

Shed the tear of sensibility over the fate of Mr. John Fasel as narrated by a callous reporter.

Mr. Fasel was addicted in happier years to nails and chains as others are to pie or strong drink, and his natural tastes and accomplishments brought him in money from the curious. He was celebrated as the human ostrich and mothers brought their little ones

to the museums that he regaled with his presence. About a year ago Mr. Fasel from some metallic imprudence fell sick and he was opened in a hospital; and they took from him more than 70 nails, besides watch chains, screw drivers, small saws and other articles of hardware; they took them from him, and, oh! they did not put them back. This depressed Mr. Fasel and he fell lower and lower until at last he became a singer. Like other singers he wished to be heard, and he went about from saloon to saloon. One day some men tried to force him to swallow a nail. He remembered his former glory, the cruelty of the surgeon and the attendants who broke into his store-house and robbed him of his treasures, and he tried to kill himself.

Six months later Mr. Fasel met a young girl at a ball. He wooed her, ran away with her, married her. Her father was at first angry, but when he learned of the illustrious career of his son-in-law he took him to his heart and table. But Mr. Fasel after the honeymoon showed no inclination to work at his own glorious trade or at a more humble calling. He was ordered away, but he returned, and when his father-in-law tried to throw him out, Mr. Fasel beat him full sore. Whereupon a policeman arrested the human ostrich, and the magistrate said "Five days."

We are inclined to think that Mr. Fasel is a victim of the prejudice that has for years been entertained toward the bird whose name he proudly assumed. Take the English poets, for instance: Quarles with his "steale-digesting" bird is not severe, but Spenser characterized it as greedy; Cowper alludes to it as the "sildest of the feathered kind, and formed of God without a parent's mind;" Moore refers to its hiding its head in self-illusion. But it was reserved for Lovelace, says Mr. Phil Robinson, "to condense all poetical animadversions into one quatrain of errors!"

Ostrich! thou feathered fool, and easy prey,
That larger sails to thy broad vessel need'st;
Snakes through thy gutter-neck hiss all the day,
Then on thy iron mess at supper feed'st!

Mr. Robinson points out that the ostrich next to the goose is one of the wisest of birds and most careful of parents. "It seems almost a pity that the poets did not also know of the tradition that the ostrich hatches her eggs simply by staring at them. What openings they would have found in it for imagination and metaphor! Only think of it—the steadfast fondness of a mother's gaze hatching her chickens!" They might have referred to the Arabian superstition that the bird throws stones at the hunter; that amongst the old Egyptians the feather was the symbol of truth and amongst the Somal of victory; that the bird is blind at night. Sir Richard F. Burton contradicts Mr. Robinson for he says, "The birds are at once wild and stupid, timid and headstrong." Several verses in the Bible show the low opinion of the bird entertained by them that were well acquainted if not on intimate terms with it.

In the Middle Ages they spoke with a certain timorous respect of this bird. Brunetto Latini insisted that it had the feet of camel. Read this account of its performance of a sacred duty: "In the month of June when the time comes for her to lay, she looks steadily at the star Julzile, deposits her eggs in the sand and then goes about her business." In certain towns, as at Angers, an ostrich egg was put on the altar Easter day as a symbol of the sepulchre of the Saviour.

One might naturally think that the ostrich, on account of its bracing diet, might not be palatable food, and Galen condemned the flesh as hard and indigestible. But Hellogabalus served 600 ostrich's heads at supper simply for the brains. Leo Africanus ate young birds among the Numidians with enjoyment, and Sir Thomas Browne in a paper drawn up for a lecture to be delivered by his son Edward says: "Perhaps boiled and well cooked, after the art of Apicius, with peppermint, dates and other good things, they might go down with some stomachs."

Meanwhile Mr. Fasel is in jail. Let us hope that his keeper will not confine him to a low diet of bread and meat and vegetables. A paper of tacks for dessert or between meals would at least keep up the prisoner's spirits.

A man was arrested this week in New York for hugging and kissing a 12-year-old girl in the street. We do not propose to comment on the cause of his arrest, although we may here remark that we prefer girls who are a few years older. But the reporter adds, "He is known as the 'Geezer.'" So this picturesque word is in use in New York. The question is, did it come over with Chevalier's cockney song? What is a "geezer?" Let us quote from "Slang and Its Analogues": "An appellation, sometimes, but not necessar-

ly, of derision and contempt; applied to both sexes, but generally to women. Usually 'Old Geezer.'" Perhaps the finest use of the word in literature is in Chevalier's "Wot cher! or knock'd 'em in the old Kent Road."

Last week down our alley comes a toff
Nice old geezer with a nasty cough.

It is announced that Sarah Bernhardt has arranged with Sienkiewicz for a dramatization of his "With Fire and Sword." She can play Fire all right, but who'll play sword?

"TOSCA."

Repetition of Puccini's Melodrama on Account of the Indisposition of Mr. Dippel, Who Was to Have Appeared as Siegfried in Wagner's Opera of Like Name.

"Siegfried" was not performed last night by the Grau Company on account of the indisposition of the tenor, Mr. Dippel, who was to have impersonated the youth that knew not fear until he found out that Bruennhilde was a woman. Puccini's "Tosca" was substituted, and thus another opportunity was given for studying this dramatic work. Puccini did well to call it a melodrama, for his music, when strongest and most intense, is incidental to the play. The performance, led by Mr. Mancinelli, was admirable in all respects. The cast was as before, with Ternina, Crmonini, Scotti, Gilbert, Dufliche. Seldom is an opera acted as well as sung with such thrilling power. The performance of the three leading parts would be worthy of the greatest dramatic artists. "Tristan und Isolde" will be the opera tonight, with Nordica, Schumann-Helk, the two de Reszkes and Bertram in the cast.

April 13 1901

"Tristan und Isolde" was performed last night by the Grau Grand Opera Company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducting. The theatre was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. The cast was as follows:

Tristan.....	Jean de Reszke
Koenig Marke.....	Ed. de Reszke
Isolde.....	Nordica
Kurwenal.....	Bertram
Melot.....	Muehlmann
Brazeane.....	Schumann-Helk
Eln Hirt.....	Hubbenet
Eln Steuermann.....	Hubbenet
Stimme des Seemanns.....	Bars

It is not necessary to study Wagner's pseudo-philosophy to enjoy his great music-drama. The assertion that Tristan utters thoughts that were in anticipation of sentences by Schopenhauer does not add to the beauty of the music in which these thoughts are clothed as in a sumptuous garment. Nor should we take seriously those who insist that the libretto itself is a masterpiece of poetry. Mr. Flink says—that "Tristan" is "a poem for poets" * * * full of exquisite imagery which alone would put him in the front rank of German poets." But much of this verse is the most commonplace rhythm, often prose twisted arbitrarily into rhyme. Good words for music—that is another thing; but as poetry, the libretto, to use the words of Lichtenberger, shocks the taste "by the obscurity of a most elliptical form of speech, which exaggerates in general both philologists and men of letters, and in which it is almost impossible, indeed, to discover the least charm as soon as the poetical expression is separated from the musical."

Nor is Wagner's libretto free from blemishes and absurdities. There is no need of discussing the potion and its effect, but why should Tristan, a very mirror of chivalry, allow Kurwenal to heap insults on Isolde, who was under their protection? Why should King Marke give way to a long lamentation interspersed with highly moral remarks when he finds Isolde and Tristan in a mad embrace, and show not even the slightest resentment when Tristan, by way of apology, invites Isolde to go away with him? Why should the squire at the end mistake friends for enemies when Brangane could have explained? The true Wagnerian insists that the words in these music-dramas are of the utmost importance, but even Mr. Chamberlain, a ferocious Wagnerian, admits that in the warning of Brangane in the second act, the words are "necessarily indistinguishable, by reason mainly of the long-drawn notes to which they are set, the turmoil of the orchestral accompaniment, and the fact that the singer is not, properly speaking, on the stage at all."

But what has all this to do with the music? It is by the music, not by symbolism, not by pseudo-philosophy, not even by the words that an audience in the opera house is moved or thrilled. And never did the genius of Wagner gush forth so spontaneously and richly as in the second act and much of the third act of this passionate music drama. The finale of the first act is also a masterpiece, but much of that which comes before it is ineffective and tiresome. This same act contains one of the most grotesque scenes in all opera—the one in which Tristan and Isolde, after drinking the poison, stand for some moments—the moments seem minutes, the minutes half hours in Wagner's operas—wondering how and where they will first feel the touch of death. As a rule the facial expression and the gesticulation of the two suggest a sharp attack of colic, and last night there was no

exception to the rule. Absolute repose seems the only refuge for the actors, but how much better it would have been had Wagner cut this scene short. When we are at the beginning of the second act there comes the keenest musical and sensuous enjoyment until the appearance of Marke with Melot. (Why Melot hated Tristan is not explained clearly by Wagner to the hearer.) Marke's sermon under several heads is objectionable not so much on account of the character of the music as because it interferes with the action and turns the finale into an anticlimax. Death immediately after the sight of the rapturous enarming would be a most effective ending. But Wagner must needs philosophize through Marke as a mouthpiece, and the wondrously beautiful music in which the lovers talk of death does not save the finale. Melot wounds Tristan, but Marke kills the climax. The third act contains marvelous music. Witness, for instance, how Wagner uses the melancholy theme that first appears in the introduction to the act. The moods established, the contrasts between hope and despair, poignant expressions of love-longing, and the final scene are unrivaled in opera or would be had not Wagner yielded to his prevailing fault, crime, sin—prolixity.

The performance was in many ways one of marked interest. I prefer to think of works rather than performers, but just as the old-fashioned novelist was obliged to dispose of all his characters, great or small, so it is today expected of a reporter to speak of Tom, Dick and Harry. And yet the singers last night are familiar to the opera goers, and a few words will suffice. Nordica sang the music of Isolde with rare taste and judgment. She did not try to conquer the orchestra, she did not shrink for the sake of an approaching climax, and when she reached her climax she suggested reserve power. Her performance was a fine example of legitimate singing in a Wagnerian part. Schumann-Heink was an excellent Brangaene, and she sang and acted with greater discretion than is her wont. Her delivery of the watch-song in the second act was beautiful, both in quality of tone, and breadth of phrase. Mr. Jean de Reszke was evidently indisposed. He chopped his phrases into little bits, and he saved himself to such an extent that he was often inaudible. Still he had a few fine moments. His brother was also indisposed, but he accepted his fate like a dignified and royal philosopher. Mr. Bertram was not a distinguished Kurwenal. The orchestra was unnecessarily boisterous, and Mr. Damrosch often lost sight of the beauties of the score.

The opera this afternoon will be "Les Huguenots" with Bréval, Melba, Homer, Saléza, Scotti, Plancon and Ed. de Reszke. The opera this evening will be "Die Meistersinger" with Scheff, Schumann-Heink, Bertram as Sachs, Dippel, Bispham, Blass.

Rankin: The natives are verra dangerous. Lady Cicely: Why? Has any explorer been shooting them?

Rankin: No. But every man of them believes he will go to heaven if he kills an unbeliever.

Lady Cicely: Bless you, dear Mr. Rankin, the people in England believe that they will go to heaven if they give all their property to the poor. But they don't do it.

We have received the following letter:

Providence, R. I., April 8.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

Sir: The Earnest Student of Sociology won my renewed admiration when he said that he should not go to any one of the operas of the "Trilogy" or to "Tristan und Isolde" unless he were chloroformed, and thus without power of resistance. How I wish he might be engaged as music critic of a Boston paper! Then poor fools who make grand opera possible by paying exorbitant prices, although they prefer "Martha" or even "The Rounders," would read criticisms after their own heart. It was a loss to them when death removed Mr. Billy Baxter, that scathing critic of "true lovers' seats" and "bum rocks."

I once went to Boston (having traveled through Europe, Arope, Irope and Orope) to complete my musical education. It was in the days when the trains from Providence took us to Park Square instead of down among the wharves and freight yards, where street cars do not run. I sought music. There was a prize fight that night in Music Hall, but for four dollars I obtained a seat to hear "Tristan." The stars were all there, big, brawny women and greasy, fat men. I stood the ordeal remarkably well, varying the monotony with frequent visits to a German saloon, where I was told men as famous as the Talker of the Day had lipped the steins. I loitered over my drink with the hope that he might perchance enter there—it was in some such place that Boswell first met Johnson. But I had no such good fortune, and I bravely went back to "Tristan."

Everyone said it was a magnificent performance, but only its length, its noise, its monotony remain with me in fancy now. Yet, I can remember minutely how Madge Lessing was dressed when I saw her first five years ago; how Rosie Boote kicked her heels into the air when I first saw her dance; how Amelia Glover whirled herself into my favor; how Julia Marlowe appeared in her first Shakespearian play;

how—but it is time to get my clam-rake and set to work. If the Earnest Student of Sociology shares my weaknesses I should be glad to talk over our various Potheringsays at the above-mentioned saloon as soon as the railroads announce excursion rates to Boston. Woonsocket remains the great music centre here. Sousa and the American Bell Ringers go there every year.

Yours for Art.

ROGER WILLIAMS PARK.

Our distinguished correspondent is in error in one respect. Mr. Boswell did not meet Dr. Johnson in a gin palace or a boozing ken. Let us quote Boswell's account of this momentous event:

"At last, on Monday, the 16th of May (1763), when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's hack-parlour, after having

drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies, having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my Lord, it comes.'"

Mr. Park's views concerning opera admit of discussion. He speaks of "exorbitant" prices. Opera is a luxury, not a necessity, and a manager supplies the public with what the public wants. There are many persons who wish to show publicly that they can afford what others are unable to purchase, and these are they who are the chief supporters of grand opera. If the best seats were at \$2, opera would not interest them. Certain singers know this characteristic of American social life, and although they cannot command high salaries in Europe, they will not cross the Atlantic unless the manager falls on his knees and presents his bankbook. The fault, as we have often said, is with the public.

Mr. Park should see "Tristan und Isolde" as it is given today. The entrance of American singers into the Wagnerian music-drama has had a salutary and sanitary effect. Even the most abandoned gods and demigods now look comparatively clean, and Tristan and Isolde would be admitted into the most exclusive circles of Boston, so far as their attention to the toilet is concerned, although of course the behavior of Wagner's characters is still regarded as deplorable by possessors of New England consciences. (They are extirpating spleens and removing the vermiform appendix, would it not be well if this conscience could be removed by a slight operation?)

The failure of the *Sicle* newspaper which defended Dreyfus and had a large circulation up to the time of his release, and then insisted on the punishment of all concerned in the plot is an ironical commentary on these words by Mr. George Bernard Shaw: "He (Mimi) is like many a poor newspaper editor, who dares not print the truth, however simple, even when it is obvious to himself and all his readers. Not that anything unpleasant would happen to him if he did—not, indeed, that he could fail to become a distinguished and influential leader of opinion by fearlessly pursuing such a course, but solely because he lives in a world of imaginary terrors, rooted in a modest and gentlemanly mistrust of his own strength and worth, and consequently of the value of his opinion." It is only fair to add that the *Sicle* lost popularity by advocating the cause of England in the South African war.

April 14, 1901

The Grau Grand Opera Company brought the season of two weeks at the Boston Theatre to a close yesterday by a performance of "Les Huguenots" in the afternoon and of "Die Meistersinger" in the evening.

There was a very large audience at the matinee. Mr. Flon conducted. The cast was as follows:

Marguerite de Valois.....Melba
Saint Bris.....Plancon
Valentine.....Bréval
De Nevers.....Scotti
Raoul.....Saléza
Marcel.....Ed. de Reszke
Urbain.....Homer

As the performance was in large measure a repetition, there is no need of extended comment. Melba was enthusiastically applauded during and at the end of the second act, but her performance did not deserve the honor. She was short-breathed in sustained phrases, her florid passages were often slovenly, her intonation was not always pure, and she was inclined to undue and unmusical haste. Mrs. Homer was a comely page, and she sang with spirit. She should look to her tone-production, for certain tones at present are throaty; and her dramatic instinct and ambition will play havoc with her voice unless these tones are correctly placed. She is a singer from whom much may reasonably be expected. No doubt a season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York tempts a singer with an expressive voice to explosions for the sake

of applause. Mr. Scotti, for instance, the De Nevers of yesterday, is now given to forcing tone, but when he first sang here he was more self-restrained. The fate of other singers, whose voices became thin and worn, or coarse and rasping, or wabbling and beyond control, does not seem to act as a warning to the young and ambitious. They exult in their youth and strength; they see the expectant audience; they foresee the applause that will reward shouting; and they do not stop to reflect that applause falls on the unjust as well as on the just. They yield to the temptation, and suddenly they wonder why they no longer can sing sustained passages in tune, why a true legato is impossible; and, alarmed, they make the round of the voice-builders and the throat-tinkers. But it is then too late. Mr. Scotti, who gave a wonderfully good impersonation of Scarpio and Tonio, is honorably ambitious as well as capable. It would be a pity if he were to deliberately hissonorous and vibrant voice. Plancon was recalled imperatively after his impressive performance in the "Blessing of the Daguers." No bass that visits us compares with him in beauty and majesty of voice or in vocal art. Miss Bréval and Mr. Saléza acted the famous scene in the fourth act with great intensity. Although the latter was not fully in voice, he sang with passion and often with irresistible effect, and throughout the opera he was gallant and chivalric. Miss Bréval's middle tones were hollow, and she at times was afflicted with a tremolo, but there were tones and phrases of unusual beauty, tones that went straight to the heart; and in the last scene she showed herself a consummate tragedienne, a worthy successor of the Falcon who first played the part.

The program of the 21st symphony concert given last night in Symphony Hall was as follows:

Symphony in G.....Weingartner
(First time here.)
Concerto for violin.....Tschalkowsky
Miss Maud Powell.
Symphonic variations, "Istar".....D'Indy
Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner

Miss Powell played Tschalkowsky's romantic concerto with amazing authority and with true romantic feeling, and there was a hint at the grand style which would become her performance of works of another nature. The concerto itself is not among the composer's great achievements; it is not to the violin what Tschalkowsky's concerto in B flat minor is to the piano. The first movement has many measures that are dry and of interest only to a violinist enamored with technic. There is little appeal to the musician, and the music does not sound so as to please the ear of the average hearer. But Miss Powell succeeded even in these measures in keeping the attention fastened on her operations, such was her command of technic and authority of performance. The other movements are more characteristic and grateful. Miss Powell played the canzonetta with exquisite taste and feeling and the finale with uncommon rhythmic force; indeed, few violinists have shown here a keener sense—I may say as keen a sense—of the value of rhythm as was shown by Miss Powell last night. The performance proved that the eulogies pronounced on her in foreign capitals were not hysterical, and that she must be ranked among the leading violinists, irrespective of sex or nationality.

Weingartner's symphony was first performed at Cologne, Nov. 22, 1893. The first performance in America was at Cincinnati, Nov. 17, 18, 1899.

Mr. Weingartner is not only a composer and a conductor; he has lectured on symphony-making, since Beethoven and published his lecture in a neat and attractive pamphlet. This symphony of his own make is more of a suite than a symphony, and it might sound better in summer. The Pastorale is conventionally rustic and naive—in its disregard of development. Mr. Gerike took the second movement, a species of funeral march, at a slower pace, I think, than the composer would approve, probably to give it a substance that it inherently lacks. The third movement is a scherzo in which at first a theme is worked almost to death; and this theme has its fingers spread with thumb at nose. The trio has a long cantilena, and melodically and harmonically it is the best part of the work. The finale is commonplace, when it is not vulgar, and the forte passages are scored in a harsh and dry manner. The symphony as a whole is almost trivial. There is little attempt at true thematic development. Cheap themes are repeated endlessly and tossed from one instrument to another. There are a few clever effects of orchestration, but the cleverness is that of other men. The trio of the scherzo recalls Liszt. Berlioz smiles and claims this passage and this. But there is no heroic plagiarism, with a masterly use of the filched material. Yes, this symphony would sound better in summer, out of doors, with the accompaniment of laughter, tobacco smoke, and clinking of glasses.

When "Istar" was first performed here in 1899 Lady Hallé played the violin. Last night at the repetition of D'Indy's Variations, Miss Powell appeared. This set of variations is surely among the very best works of the ultra-modern French school. The experiment was a daring one. There is no other like it that I know of in the history of music. To hint vaguely at a theme, to speak more plainly through a set of orchestral variations, and then to reveal this theme with overpowering effect—this is indeed a task that demands imagination as well as a mastery of technical resources. That D'Indy has been eminently successful no one can deny, however much he may question the possibility of expressing in music the gradual stripping of Istar by the warders of the seven gates. The music is gorgeous in both harmonic and orchestral dress; and the very nudity of the theme is as the nudity of Istar, the splendid nudity of a perfect woman that knows not shame.

It was a pity that Wagner's circus overture should follow D'Indy's "Istar."

Philip Hale.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER."

The Grau Opera Company closed its season here last evening with a performance of "Die Meistersinger." The cast was as follows:

Eva.....Fritz Scheff
Magdalene.....Schumann-Heink
Walther von Stolzing.....Dippel
Beckmesser.....Bispham
Pogner.....Blass
Fritz Kothner.....Muhlen
David.....Hübner
Hans Sachs.....Bertram

The performance was a spirited one, and the singers, barring Mr. Dippel, were all in good voice. Miss Scheff made her first appearance as Eva. She was fair to look upon, and sang the music of the part with fine effect. The scene with Sachs in the second act showed Miss Scheff to be an actress of not only keen appreciation of the situation, but of versatile power of expression. She may be credited with a successful début in this role. Although he was not in good voice, Mr. Dippel was pleasing as Walther. Mr. Bertram's Sachs was especially good, and both Mrs. Schumann-Heink and Mr. Bispham were amusing. The serenade scene was simply hilarious. The audience was good sized and applaudive. Mr. Damrosch conducted.

BLANCHE MARCHESI told a reporter of the *Pall Mall Gazette* how she happened to appear at Prague this season. It was her first operatic performance in public, and the part was Brünnhilde.

"Last winter I was singing at the Philharmonic Concert in Manchester," she told me. "Richter was conducting, and he came to me and said, 'Madame, what are you doing on the concert platform? You are born for operatic work; you represent to perfection Wagner's types.' I explained to him that to sing in opera had always been my heart's desire, but everything seemed against it. However, with the idea that some time in the future fate might be kind to me, I had just then been studying several Italian operas with Benigni, who wished to bring me out in Naples. I was all indecision over it. German opera, or Italian, which was it to be? My heart cried out for German, and Dr. Richter said, 'For you, Wagner.' This decided me, and then, last June, Angelo Neumann came to London. I sang to him, and he told me, 'Madame, you are a born Wagner singer. You must make your début in my opera at Prague.' He manages the German opera over there. We had a long talk, and so it was arranged. I was to sing first at the Philharmonic Concert there, and if it proved successful he would offer me Brünnhilde in 'Die Walküre,' which was to be produced directly afterwards. For, you see, there had to be some reason given for a stranger to step so unexpectedly into the place of his two leading sopranis; therefore was it to depend on my success. Ah! and after my first song Neumann came to me. 'I embrace the feelings with which I went on to the platform again. The ambition of my life was about to be accomplished. There was no time to waste, and we arranged for the rehearsals to begin at once. It was absolutely my first appearance on the public stage, and the difficulties of the part were infinite. The first rehearsal I merely went straight through the music with Kapellmeister Blech, the excellent conductor. Next came the gestures, which must have satisfied, for I was soon stopped. The third rehearsal was a general one. Herr Neumann then came to me and said, 'My dear lady, you must have been on the stage a thousand years.' Nervous, was I? You ask; why, I was happy, dominating. I felt life was but a comedy, this was the real thing, and I was so note perfect I could prompt each of the others."

"Only one complete rehearsal for such a tremendous work seems incredible. But Marchesi's faculty for acting had its drawbacks. The manager took it quite too much for granted that she was au fait with every detail of stage business, and only by a narrow chance was a tragedy averted. Had Madame made the ascent of the mountain? Well, Madame had not, and it was considered imperative that one attempt in private should be made, and so, Marchesi had to rapidly go up the mountain side, and she found that the green cloth that represented a grassy path concealed many a trap for an unwary step in innumerable ledges of wood that could not have failed to trip her up, if taken unawares.

"And this was not the worst," said Madame, "for conceive my sensations at that moment in the second act when Siegmund is discovered fighting up in the clouds, and it dawned on me that in an instant I was to be there with him. But how? I had really no conception of the way in which I was transported from earth to sky. I rushed to the back of the stage, for not a minute had I to lose. I found four workmen waiting for me. 'Stand here at once, Madame,' they called to

me, and I stepped on a small elevator that was nothing but a square board, just large enough to stand upon, and with one iron support at the back. It rose immediately, but horror! what had I to do when it should stop? I knew nothing of the business. Happily at that moment Wotan appeared, and hastened on to another elevator.

"Wotan, Wotan!" I screamed, for I did not know his name, "tell me what it is I do when I reach the top. Do I get off this board and go to Sigmund's side?"

"For heaven's sake, Madame," he shouted back, "do not move a step from where you stand. If you do, you must fall to the bottom and be crushed to death. Hold on with one arm tight to the iron rod." By that time we had reached the top, and as I sang I looked down and shuddered as I saw the fall I might have had. Never shall I forget the last scene. As I lay on my couch, with the fire blazing all around me, the exquisite music dying away, I felt that everything was finished. The happiness was too great, and I only wished to rest. The curtain rose three times again, but still I could not move.

"How Director Neumann judged her performance is determined by the fact that in the event of his producing Wagner opera in London, which is more than probable, he has secured her for the leading part. His inscription in Marchesi's album is very gratifying, being the assurance that she had at once surpassed all other Brünnhildes."

"But you won't give up your other work?" I asked her.

"Give it up?" she answered with vehemence. "No, no. Why should I? For everything I shall find time—opera, concert and oratorio work, and teaching."

"A vast scheme, truly, but her vitality and artistic temperament combine to defy all ordinary limitations."

From all of which it may be justly inferred that Madame Blanche is not a shrinking person, not one that undervalues her abilities.

A male quartet sang lately in this city a piece entitled "Jenks's Compound." The words are as follows:

Use Jenks's Compound, the great vegetable remedy. It cures others, it will cure you. Try it, try it! Read the testimonials from reliable sources, voluntary every one of them. John Smith fell from the roof of a five-story building, and broke every blessed bone in his body. The doctors gave him up. Everybody gave him up, except his wife. She made up her mind. And when a woman makes her mind up, she sticks to it. She bought a bottle of the Great Vegetable Compound. To be well shaken, before taken, and kept in a very cool place well corked. See directions on the bottle, and read the testimonials, very carefully.

He took the contents of five bottles, dollar size, one bottle for each flight that he fell, and experienced a very great change. Was relieved! Of his money!

Children cry for it, mothers sigh for it.

Not a family should be without it. Jones was a total wreck.

He couldn't lie down, he couldn't sit up, ate nothing for three long years.

Till at last he was persuaded by a highly respectable neighbor across the way to procure a bottle of Jenks's Vegetable Compound, and now he eats four meals a day, and sometimes five.

Get the genuine, take no other, while there's life there is hope! Sold everywhere, all the druggists keep it, be sure to get the genuine, beware of imitations. Sold everywhere and so was Jones.

Jenks's Compound good for man or beast.

Now these words are not a masterpiece of humor, but they serve and they certainly would not bring the traditional blush to the traditional cheek. Professor John K. Paine in his younger days set to music words of a like nature and "Railway's Ready Relief" was sung by male chorists the length and the breadth of the land and no one made objection.

But the manager of the aforesaid club received the following anonymous letter:

Dear Sir: Last Monday night I went to the entertainment given to the "Vegetable Compound." I was not a church member, but I "admit" that which is evil and I leave to that which is good. I ask you to the name of God, and all that is good and pure, to see that no more such things with a bad meaning are permitted.

When a person goes to a theatre such things are to be expected (and that is why I do not go), but when I go to an entertainment given in a house built for the worship of God, it is not too much to ask that it be clean. A person that can enjoy such things in the presence of pure women, and is below the moral standard to which I aspire, I can imagine I see you smile and give me a kiss into the bargain. I ask you, if I see you in the future, to tell me where I can find you. I have the pure in heart."

The murder of Adolph Gunkel, the talented Saxonic musician and first violinist of the orchestra at the Dresden Court Theatre, at the end of a love affair that had interfered with his artistic career for several years, was in its way typical of many similar experiences. He was shot and instantly killed in a tramway

when he was hit long before him with her attention, and who was undoubtedly driven to insanity by his attitude toward her after her

husband had secured a divorce. He was returning from the first performance of Hungen's "Nausikaa," and found the woman, formerly the wife of a wealthy Dresden man of affairs, seated opposite to him. She carried in her hand two beautiful bouquets. Gunkel was accompanied by a young woman companion, and paid no attention to his former friend. Suddenly she drew a pistol from one of the bouquets and shot him. He fell forward, dead. She then fired two shots at herself. Neither took effect. It was found later that a second pistol was concealed among the flowers of the other bouquet. Frau Jahnel, who committed the murder, is an Austrian, and for the past four years her attentions to the young musician have been well known in Dresden. She took a house near that in which he lived with his parents, always followed him to the cities in which he went to play with the quartet of which he was a member, and in the opera house had a box near the stage, where she kept her glasses always fixed on the young violinist. He was compelled at times to call upon the police to protect himself from her threats. He was 34, and the composer of an opera called "Attila," which has been performed in Dresden. He composed songs that had gained some popularity. He was handsome and had been made the recipient of royal favor at the Saxon Court.—New York Sun.

Ellie Sprauka, a native of Bohemia, who gained a first piano prize at the Vienna Conservatory, and studied later with Dannreuther in London, made her first appearance in England at the Crystal Palace, March 16.—The Drury Grand Opera Company, composed exclusively of negroes, will give its second public performance on May 6, at Carnegie Lyceum, New York. Gomoz's "Il Guarany" will be sung. Principals, chorus and orchestra are to be negroes. Last season the company gave "Carmen" at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. Theodore Drury and Mme. Plato will again be the leading singers.

Francis Thomé, whose songs and piano pieces are well known in this country, composed the incidental music for the French version of "Quo Vadis" produced at the Port St. Martin, Paris, March 17.

The critic of the Referee heard Mr. Hugo Becker's cello concerto played in England for the first time at a Crystal Palace concert, March 9: "It comprises four sections, but the music is continuous, and the development of each section is commendably brief. The themes, although lacking in freshness, are melodious, and are cleverly treated, especially with regard to the writing for the orchestra, which adds greatly to the interest of the work. The solo part is, as will be surmised, effectively laid out, and affords the violinist many opportunities for the legitimate display of technical skill. The announcement of the theme of what is virtually the slow movement also affords the soloist the means for showing command of expression." Mr. Bertie Withers was the cellist.

Donizetti's "Don Sebastien" was revived at Carlruhe March 10, with considerable success.—Louis Lacombe's opera, "Die Königin der Quelle" was produced at Solothurn March 14 for the first time, although the composer died in 1881.

A Munich correspondent writes: "Full details are now published here of the dispute between Mme. Cosima Wagner and her son, Siegfried Wagner, on the one side, and the Munich Court Theatre on the other. The Wagners have enforced their rights, but the contest has cost Siegfried, for the present, at all events, the patent of nobility, which everybody in this city is convinced it had been under contemplation to confer upon him during the recent celebrations of the Prince Regent's eightieth birthday. The history of the quarrel is shortly this. In accordance with an agreement by which, during five years, all Siegfried Wagner's works are to be first produced at the Munich Court Theatre, 'Herzog Wildfang,' his second piece, was put into rehearsal last November, but the production, after being fixed for the beginning of January, was postponed twice during February, and had been again set down for March 19. When Siegfried Wagner heard that even this date could not be kept, he declared all his agreements with the theatre cancelled, and authorized the Leipzig Municipal Theatre, which had the right of putting on the piece immediately after the premiere at Munich, to set it down for March 20. This has proved effective, though Leipzig may wait until March 27. As for the patent of nobility, there are hopes

that it may still be granted in connection with the opening of the Prinz-Regent Theatre."

Amie 5. 9. 01
We have received the following strange communication:

Boston, April 12.
To the Editor of Talk of the Day:
Sir—Epic-Titus, in his book of Wisdom, relates that one Lysimachus, at a feast given by the city authorities to Meander, a poet-aster, who, by a ringing satire, had caused the impeachment in an uproar of a corrupt tetrarch when a spectator threw a stale ovarite at the guest of honor, exclaiming against all minor bards, rebuked him promptly to the great admiration of all present. For, said he, "It is only by the alloy that we may distinguish the true metal." A friend of mine, knowing a certain modern Lysimachus who, being a publisher, hath not only encouraged the rhymester, but done a profitable stroke of business thereby, hath commemorated him in true metre as follows:

I am,
Faithfully yours,
JOHN FARLEY.

*THE BALLAD OF THE BOUNDING BOY.

Hard by the Elm in old Boston town,
Deep in a network of mart and fane,
Here in the centre of stark renown
Flaith a flag of the Spanish main!
Up two flights, and turn again,
Prenex garde! yet let naught annoy,
Smile though you feel the impending chain,
This is the lair of the Bounding Boy!

Poet! you of the fig-leaf crown,
Dreamer of days of doubt and hane,
Here may you lay life's burden down,
And find your summer fulfilled again.
Here for two hundred "plunks" you reign
On Smithfield heights in bindings coy.
'Tis the price that soothes your pain,
This is the lair of the Bounding Boy!

Asters all, from lyrlist to clown,
Robinson, Herford, Roche or Crane,
Fear ye no more the publisher's frown,
Nor a callow pulh's cold disdain.
Long in wait hath this pirate lair,
Enter here and ye leave all joy,
An ye have no purse he will steal your brain,
This is the lair of the Bounding Boy!

Envoiy—
"Prince! this cave is strewn amain
With the bones of us who are Time's alloy.
Cry we ever to thee in vain,
Behold! The lair of the Bounding Boy!

*Anglice: Bounder—A truth-stretcher.
Bounce—A fib.
†The mighty mother and her son who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of Kings.
—Dunciad.
*Admirals all," etc.
§All hope abandon ye, etc.—Inf., Canto 1.
¶Of Darkness.

We read that Mr. Patrick, who is mixed up unpleasantly with the Rice case, "has a most disagreeable falsetto laugh." On the stage a man in Mr. Patrick's position has a staccato laugh, which sounds like a barkeeper cracking ice. In dime novels he used to have a harsh, grating laugh. Only the comedian has a low, rumbling laugh, and this follows a long pull at a tankard.

"My Autobiography," by the late Max Müller, contains some good stories. The author says that when he went to London he was ignorant of the simplest rules of the kind of society to which Bunsen introduced him. "Nor did I know that in England to cut fish with a knife, or to help yourself to potatoes from the dish with a fork, was as fatal as to drop or put in an h. Nor did I understand why to cut fresh pastry on your plate with a knife was worse manners than to divide it with a fork, often scattering it over your plate, and possibly over the table cloth. I must confess that fish knives always seemed to me more civilized than forks in dividing fish, but fish knives did not exist when I first came to England."

And here is an anecdote about Dr. Bull, canon of Christ Church. "It seems that a well-known London banker had been for years the banker of Christ Church. Dr. Bull, who was the college bursar, had to transact all the financial business with him. No one suspected the soundness of the banking house which he represented. Dr. Bull, however, the last time he invited him to dinner, was struck by his very unctious orthodox remarks, and, by a change of tone in his conversation, such as might suit a canon of Christ Church, but not a luxurious banker from London. Without saying a word, Dr. Bull went to London next day, drew out all the money of the college and took all his papers from the bank. The day after, when, to the dismay of London, the bank failed and the depositors lost their money, Christ Church was unhurt."

Here is advice for certain unfortunate ones:
"Of necessity the female Slickly Person must dress with extreme care. The shade that makes her paler must be avoided, the laces and flumeries that make her appear plumper (should she

be of the 'skeleton class') must be adopted, and all unbecoming fashions must be left to her more robust sisters. "The female Slickly Person, if she have no definite occupation, must find a hobby. She must never allow her mind any idle speculation concerning herself; she must banish the word 'regret' entirely from her vocabulary."

"Visiting the sick is by no means a bad antidote for the female Slickly Person, provided she does not dwell on the time-worn moral, or miss the humor of the situation."

"Let her be out in the air as much as possible—not for the croaking reason that the air is the best medicine for bad nerves, but because the imaginative life gathers its best supplies from country lanes or breezy commons, or even from crowded slums, or shop parades."

Perhaps you read of Lizzie Anderson, aged 37, who was married three times,

and yet was not legally separated from any one of her husbands. Death was her fourth, and the other three, although sworn enemies, clasped hands over her grave. A subject for a short tale by Thomas Hardy.

They say that the automobile will bring back the old-fashioned yellow linen duster. What has become of them all? There was a time when a yellow duster, a stove pipe hat and a carpet bag were the pride of an American citizen on his travels.

The late Lord Derby used to say that he was born in the prescientific epoch. Miss Yonge may be said to have been born in the prehistoric epoch, so far as the modern school of history is concerned, and to have flourished in a book-making epoch. It cannot be said that her work was always conscientious. It was often exceedingly slipshod, and she seems to have thought that the more or less pious objects with which she wrote justified a good deal of carelessness in writing. Whosoever consulted her as an authority on matters of fact trusted in a blind guide and leaned upon a bruised reed. The real end which Miss Yonge served was to provide a certain order of minds with food as strong as they were capable of digesting. Her books imposed no strain upon the intellect, and yet it could not be denied that reading them was an intellectual process. Her own mind was sober and methodical, absorbed in her profession and in the ordinary details of life. She once wrote four pages to a distinguished woman of letters who had paid her a visit, the express and sole purpose of the letter being to inquire whether the visitor had dropped a button from her glove.—Daily News, London.

Amie 10. 9. 01
Among their multitudinous agencies for beneficent purposes, the English had a "Naval and Military Bible Society"—a society for distributing copies of their sacred book among their professional fighters on sea and land; and this society was subscribed to, and chiefly managed by, leaders among those fighters. It is, indeed, suggested by the reporter, that for these classes of men they had an expurgated edition of their sacred book, from which the injunctions to "return good for evil" and to "turn the cheek to the smiter" were omitted. It may have been so; but, even if so, we have a remarkable instance of the extent to which conviction and conduct may be diametrically opposed, without any apparent perception that they are opposed. We habitually assume that a distinctive trait of humanity is rationality, and that rationality involves consistency; yet here we find an extinct race (questionably human and regarding itself as rational) in which the inconsistency of conduct and professed belief was as great as can well be imagined.

The first section of Vol. VI. of the Oxford English Dictionary is published and we confess to bitter disappointment. Nearly four pages are devoted to consideration of the word "lady" and words compounded with it, but there is one unaccountable omission: there is no definition of "perfect lady."

There is, however, much information in the article. Thus the editor says: "As the traditional association of 'lady' with 'lord' still survives, the former is a title of ostensibly higher dignity than 'gentleman.' Hence, and not directly as the result of the sentiment of gallantry, the customary order of words in 'ladies and gentlemen.'"

The editor includes certain compounds without a word of protest: "lady-help," a woman engaged to perform domestic service on the understanding that she is to be considered and treated by her employers as a lady." Never hire one.

Many protest today against combinations, in which "lady" is prefixed with the sense of female, as lady-superintendent, lady-singer. Alas and lack-a-day "lady-friend," the term so dear to the shop-girl, and the counter-jumper, is in Shelley's "Rosalind and Helen;" and "lady-president" was applied to Miss Martineau by Blackwood over 50 years ago.

"In modern use," says the editor,

"lady" is the recognized feminine analogue of "gentleman," and is applied to all women above a loosely-defined and variable, but usually not very elevated standard of social position. Often used (especially in 'this lady') as a more courteous synonym for 'woman,' without reference to the status of the person spoken of." But why should "lady" be a more courteous term than "woman"? In England snobbish tradition may prevail in daily life; but it should not enter into an authoritative dictionary.

The defalcation covered a period of 14 years—the method of the cashier was "a very clever one—many express a charitable feeling toward the defaulter. The old, old story—from the 'cleverness' of the defaulter to the 'sympathy' of his fellow townsmen. We should not be surprised to learn that the cashier is mortified—because he was found out.

Magistrate Cornell of New York remarked the other day: "I read and understand French perfectly, but I don't care to speak it." This will be the attitude assumed by many eminent and representative Bostonians during the Bernhardt-Coquelin engagement.

This is the anniversary of the death (177) of Mr. Richard Guinnet, who was in love with Elizabeth Thomas, "but their union was suspended from prudential motives." He waited for 16 years, and when his physician told him he was not long for this earth and its supposed joys, he urged Elizabeth to reward his patience. She said that she would be his in six months. Then he sighed and said: "Ah! madam, six months now are as much as 16 years have been; you put it off, now, and God will do it forever." Mr. Guinnet went back to his retreat in the country, made his will, left the woman £600 and died within the six months, for he was one that kept engagements. The biographer, Noble, adds that Mr. Guinnet was the author of a little piece, "An Essay on the Mischief of Giving Fortunes with Women in Marriage," and that Elizabeth's sorrow was her food ever after; (his last statement is mild, for Elizabeth endured for several years, besides pecuniary distress, great personal misery from a chicken bone swallowed inadvertently). The brother of Mr. Guinnet suppressed the will and blackened her reputation; she compromised for £400, which she was a long time getting. She wrote verses, and died in wretched lodgings.

Dr. John Moore traveled through France, Switzerland and Germany about 1778. His account of what he saw and heard is entertaining, and his reflections are shrewd and often bitter. We found this paragraph of contemporaneous interest in a letter dated Presburg:

"What politician in 1741 could have thought that in the course of a few years the Empress would be in strict alliance with France, and one of her daughters seated on the throne of that kingdom? Should a soothsayer of Boston prophesy that John Hancock or his son will, sometime hence, demand in marriage a daughter of England—pray do not lay an uncommon odds that the thing will not happen."

WOMEN'S SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Women's Symphony Orchestral Society, Mr. Arthur Thayer, conductor, gave a concert last night in Copley Hall. The program included Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," a "Meditation" by Massenet from his opera "Thais," unless we are mistaken—in which Miss Lillian Chandler played the violin solo; "In October" from MacDowell's beautiful suite No. 1; and Charpentier's suite "Impressions d'Italie," with the exception of the final movement. It is a curious fact that both Mr. Thayer and Mr. Longy, who is the conductor of the Orchestral Club, had put Charpentier's suite in rehearsal before Mr. Gericke had decided to produce it at a Symphony concert. The Orchestral Society was assisted last night by Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, who sang "Dio Possente" with orchestral accompaniment, his own "Wake Not" and Billard's "Nottingham Hunt."

The performance of the orchestra showed commendable progress. The attack was frank and decided. The overture was well read and commendably played, and the piece by Massenet was so well liked that it was repeated. In MacDowell's piece the brass and wood-wind showed signs of nervousness and the quality of tone was not always that which was desired. Mr. Townsend phrased admirably and sang with marked musical intelligence, although he was not in excellent vocal condition. There was a good-sized audience which applauded heartily.

Many write Histories, not so much for Truth's sake, as to delight the Reader, and to set forth some Idea of a King which they have framed to themselves. Whom if anyone convince of falsehood, they cry they did not aim at the Truth of Transaction, so much as the profit of Posterity, and propagating the fame of their own Ingenuity; therefore they do not relate how things were done, but how they ought to have been done; it

not being their business, ultimately to defend the Truth, but to reign and falsify where it seems profitable, calling Fabius to witness, that a lie is not to be discredited which persuades to honesty; and furthermore affirming that when they write to posterity, it matters not under whose name, or in what order of time the example of a good Prince be exposed to public view.

"When I get to heaven," said a woman to her Baconian husband, "I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote those plays."

"Maybe he won't be there," was the reply.

"Then you ask him," said the wife.

To J. C. Sarah Bernhardt is not "over 60"; for she was born Oct. 22, 1844. Her first appearance on the stage was at the Comédie Française in 1862 as Iphigenie.

Your other question cannot easily be answered in this column. Rostand did not depend wholly on his imagination in writing the drama, although some of his characters are purely fictitious, as Flambeau, as the Tailor. The unfortunate Duc de Reichstadt never made the remark, "I am not prisoner, but —," on which the dramatist builds the famous speech which Bernhardt delivers with such marked effect. Barthélemy once went to Vienna expressly to present his poem, "Napoléon en Egypte," to the Duke. After many endeavors he succeeded in obtaining an interview with Dietrichstein, the governor of the Duke. There was much talk, and finally Barthélemy said: "It appears, then, that the son of Napoleon is far from being as free as we believe in France." The answer was: "The Duke is not a prisoner, but—he is in a very peculiar position."

Little is known about the Duke's life from 1816 to 1832. Wertheimer is now at work on a biography founded on papers that have not been published, and he is also preparing for publication the letters written by the Duke to Neipperg, the lover of Marie Louise. Neipperg, a truly Satanic person, had a son whose employment was to steer the Duke into the dressing-rooms of playactresses. And thus, as Masson claims, was the Duke murdered as surely as though he had been shot or poisoned. Neipperg was dead in 1830, so Rostand was unable to use him, but Sardou put him in an imaginary scene in his "Madame Sans-Gêne."

If you are shocked at the character given Marie-Louise by the dramatist, read Masson's picturesque analysis of her character and that of her father.

And Fanny Elssler, the Duke's mistress. She danced here in 1840. Boots and bread were named after her, and men left their business to stand before the Tremont House in the hope to see her at a window. She was more than a dancer; according to the testimony of the critical of several countries she was a great dramatic actress. Henry Bauer tells us that she killed a thief on an ocean steamer by one kick on his chest. Her hair was coal-black—but some say it was chestnut. Chorley says that her "dignified and triumphant beauty of face and form would have made her remarked whatever dress she wore. There was more of the Circe than of the Diana in her smile. * * * She had gone through every species of exercise which can give firmness and suppleness, and the completest concord among all parts of the body—whether the same was in rapid motion, or slung into those unnaturally graceful and conventional postures, which in dancing astonish rather than allure the uninitiated. The exquisite management of her body and arms (one of the hardest things to acquire for the dancing) set her apart from everyone." She was born only a few months before the Duke, and in the play she is about 19 years old, a young thing, but—old enough to know better. She died in 1884. Did the fall of Napoleon III. recall any memory of her lover, Napoleon II.? She was not heartless—but there were so many.

Oratory is now found chiefly on commons and vacant lots, for Senators and men of lower houses read their more elaborate speeches, jury-lawyers are afraid of the charge of "gush" or "hifalutin," and set orations are set as carefully as milk or a hen. The English are more liberal in the matter of license of out-door speech than we are, we the sons and daughters of Freedom. Here is an extract from a speech made early this month in Hyde Park by a peripatetic preacher: "At the appointed time the Divine goodness will deliver our beloved country from the five cursed Ps—Popery, Priestcraft, Polygamy—" "Polly who?" shouted an irreverent bystander, "I don't know

the girl." To which Boanerges answered: "Her shorter name is Lust, her mother is Sin, and her father is the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain!" Perhaps the careless Bostonian crossing the Common smiles at the hoarse voice of a Sunday orator, and passes by with the thankfulness of one

who is not obliged to listen and could not easily be persuaded. If one of the Apostles were to return, yea if Paul were to preach on Beacon Hill, would he receive any more courteous treatment than one of those earnest souls now among us? And how many pulpits would welcome Paul with a sermon on the religious and spiritual condition of the Boston (Brookline included) of today?

April 18 1901

No Englishman is too low to have scruples; no Englishman is high enough to be free from their tyranny. But every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing, he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. Then he becomes irresistible. Like the aristocrat, he does what pleases him and grabs what he wants: like the shopkeeper, he pursues his purpose with the industry and steadfastness that come from strong religious conviction and deep sense of moral responsibility. He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As the great champion of freedom and national independence, he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it Colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary; he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it; and takes the market as a reward from heaven.

We like to think of the family life of the barkeeper; how at breakfast he insists that his children shall eat health foods; how he forbids them the use of even the weakest tea or coffee; how he is vexed because his wife, thinking to please him, had poured rum on his grape-fruit. He cannot bear the slightest allusion to the shop, unlike the Human Ostrich, who, if the maid is slow in service, breaks his plate and swallows the fragments to stay his stomach. The trite statement that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives is a painful commentary on modern humanitarianism. But there will be no excuse for such ignorance after the appearance of the colossal work on which the Earnest Student of Sociology is at work. Now that the alcohol is gradually leaving his system, he applies himself with incredible vigor, and yesterday he told us that the first of the 19 volumes (elephant folio, superbly illustrated, sold only by subscription) would probably appear in 1910.

We have respected Mr. G. R. Sims and his page "Mustard and Cress," which is called by certain low persons "Custard and Mess." But he published early this month these—what should they be called?

"Why did the Sausage Roll? Because it saw the Apple Turnover."

"Why was Daniel Deaf O? Because Robinson Crew so."

Yes, "Custard and Mess" is the better title.

So the Marquis of Headfort has gone and done it, married Rosie Boote, and slapped English society in the face. Our sympathies are wholly with Rosie. There is a long list of Jukes and Earls and other aristocrats of title who married stage women, from the Duke of Bolton with his Lavinia Fenton to the Earl of Orkney and his Conny Gilchrist. The peerage, by the way, does not record any issue of this last marriage. The Era claims that almost all such marriages have turned out well. "The explanation, of course, is that the same cleverness and good sense which enabled the popular actress to make her way to the front of her profession were employed to advantage in her conduct of life when retired from a public position. These weddings, too, were marriages of inclination, and were not arranged for the 'principals' by worldly and scheming relatives." The Era also thinks that the infusion of new blood "has done a great deal to preserve the British peerage from the decay which has undermined the noblesse of other nations."

Siegfried Wagner is anxiously seeking a "von" that he may put it between his two names. His father will be known for some years as Wagner, just plain Wagner. Nor did the inventor of the Wagner car—who met a fiery and ironical death—go about in quest of this little honor.

This reminds us that Dvorák has been made a peer in the Czechic division of the Austrian House of Lords, or whatever corresponds to that body. This is the same Dvorák who was known in New York when he lived there as "Old Borax."

The New York Evening Post says: "Mory's, as the little chop-house on a back street of New Haven has always been called, was originally kept, tradition says, by one Mrs. Moriarty."

Oh no, Mrs. Moriarty did not keep it until after the death of her husband,

Frank Moriarty, in 1875 or '76. Furthermore the ale was served in pewter, not in tibles.

We have received the following communication from a correspondent who is, alas, too chary of his favors:

"How seraphic to turn from opera and French actresses to volume 29 of the Boston Records, just given out by Mr. McGlenen. Only an alien will deny a tear to the '2 pr Trowzers, £1 10s,' lost in the fire of 1760 (p. 55), and to the 'pickled cucumbers & pepers' (p. 61), not to mention the black silk hat on p. 19. Read the Homeric list and sigh. On p. 270 one learns that the good ship 'Blizzard' arrived on September 26, 1765, which goes to show that

blizzards are ancient enough, begging pardon of all dictionaries, and that some learning is both modern and perilous. One need not study philology to know why sailors call it a thundering gale, or what Dunder and Blitzen means. The volume abounds in humor, of course. When King George sent his warriors here to conquer the continent from sea to sea, he sent their wives and babies as well (309-312), and they all reported in good order to the Massachusetts Impost Office, as did the customs commissioners of historic fame, Hulton, Burch, Paxton & Co. (p. 239), who came with their wives and babies to vindicate His Majesty's trade and navigation laws, and probably did not know who was the King's collector of customs. So they were meekly entered at the Impost Office, not aware that the said Impost Office was started by cute Yankees to fool the crown, which objected to a Province custom house, but approved with ponderous condescension the same thing when called an Impost Office. Paxton should have called it an Impost'd Office; but Paxton never knew when this cold world was imposing."

For the benefit of those who protest against the "Ibsen fad" and say that his plays are produced only by cranks for cranks, we publish a statement made by the compiler of theatre statistics in Germany. During the past year in that country plays by Ibsen were performed 387 times. Schiller's were performed 128, Molière's 132, Sardou's 325, Shakespeare's 571, Bisson's 405, and the "Dame de Chez Maxime" 516!

The London Daily News tells us that the late D'Oyly Carte declared with pride that during his whole term of management at the Savoy he never asked a woman in his company to wear a dress that she could not have worn at a fancy dress ball. But did not this give her latitude enough? Or was the Savoy audience more exacting than the guests at any "full dress" dinner in society?

Here is an extract from the circular of an advertising dentist: "In some parts of Norway may be found in cottages, as well as in houses belonging to rich peasants, wooden chairs with teeth plugged in the seats. For generations it was a custom (now abandoned) to plug teeth of the first dentition into the seats of chairs. There are several rows of teeth in some chairs."

These teeth were probably thus employed to bring good luck or as a protection against witchcraft. The first tooth that was shed by a child was known to the ancient Romans as an amulet. Among the gypsies the first tooth when it falls is thrown into a hollow tree. "Those which come out in the seventh year are carefully kept, and whenever the child suffers from toothache, one is thrown into a stream." Teeth are still used in the Southern States in voodoo ceremonies, and there is an old-time belief that the tooth of a dead person may make the wearer invisible.

THE DUSTMAN.

Child's Song.

The Dustman comes with a cart by day,
And carries the bins on his back;
But at night he goes in a hood of gray
And a mantle of misty black.
Slow, slow, you may hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw,
With a soft little bell, whose sleepy chime
Tinkles drowsily all the time—
"Ding-a-ding!"

In the dusky street, in the dewy grass,
He solemnly steps on his way;
But you never, never can see him pass,
For he keeps in the shadows gray.
Slow, slow, you can hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw;
And his wheels are hushed, and his horses
pace
Very softly from place to place—
"Ding-a-ding!"

He calls to the dear little sleepy-heads,
"It's getting exceedingly late!
You must creep upstairs to your wee white
beds—
Did you know it was half-past eight?"
Slow, slow, you will hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw;
When he mounts the stair, when he opens
the door,
Sleeping sound, you will hear once more—
"Ding-a-ding!"

One of the few advantages of childhood is that a boy is not obliged to shave. A considerate father, however, will teach him at an early age the proper care of the razor; for it is not too much to say that half the petty annoyances and vexations of life come from a dull razor and consequent fuzzy cheeks and chin. A clean shave gives a man the assurance of his moral worth, commercial integrity, dignity as a citizen. You may buy strap after strap, all manner of hone-stones—Norway ragstone, water-of-Ayre, blue-stone, or German-hone—but of what profit are they if you do not know how to use them? Or of what avail are ingenious contrivances for sharpening? Macaulay—where the Essays came from—had every sharpener that was known and whole galleries of razors, and yet his face was smooth only in portraits; in actual life it was hacked as though he were a German student of high degree. You were not taught as a boy to care for a razor, and what is the result? You rub the blade with the desperation of ignorance up and down the strap. The more you rub it the duller it is. You spend at least 10 minutes on a little patch on your lower lip. The hairs are of iron, screwed in, fastened on the other side. Or you think you have been reasonably successful; but when you wash your face you pass your hands complacently; they feel as though they were reversing a cat's fur. You remember with a grim smile that your wife in the days of courtship used to say, "What a smooth skin you have, a skin like a baby's!" Now she says at breakfast: "Can't you sharpen your razor? Are you going to the office like that? You're a sight!" And you are tempted to answer, "I'll buy you a safety razor, dear. Your upper lip needs shaving, not trimming. You are past the help of scissors." But such a tu quoque would be ungenerous, and you promised to take her for better or for worse, so you should accept your fate like a true sport. You take your razors to a barber, "I want these put in order." The barber looks at them contemptuously. (The man in the chair glares at you.) When you get them back you approach the altar of sacrifice with hope as well as soap. But the razor is as dull as a hoe; it seems as though the edge were turned over. You had no idea that any barber could do so much harm for 25 cents. You try another, and still another. Then you try them in turn on each particular patch. After breakfast you buy another razor, "ready for use," price \$2. For three or four days you are happy and respectable. Then comes the old familiar laziness of the steel. Sir Richard P. Burton once said that Englishmen had the finest women in the world and did not know what to do with them. Your new razor is an excellent one—there is none better—but it is conscious that you do not know how to treat it. Why should it work for you?

One may say, "But why should any one shave? Think of the famous men that have preferred beards." Yes—but this question of beards has been discussed at length by Leigh Hunt and Southey, and really we do not care to dwell upon it at this late day.

You read lately about a shower of red dust. One hundred and forty years ago at Bordeaux, about noon, a shower of yellow powder which resembled the flour of brimstone, but was of a little deeper color, fell a quarter of an inch deep in the city. Many of the inhabitants thought the Day of Judgment was at hand, and some were tempted to pay their debts, others made up with their wives. But some sharp investigator found out that the dust was the stamina of flower of pine blown from the southwest, and the citizens went back joyfully to their accustomed pursuits and threw repentance far from them—and all this relief came from a knowledge of botany. Thus we see that botany, etc.

The New York Sun says: "Mmes. Eames, Norda, Strong and Adams live as Europeans because they know that permanent residence in their own country would cause their salaries to be reduced by one-third or more. Yet they rarely sing anywhere else. Mme. Eames, with the exception of a few appearances at the Covent Garden, sings only with the Maurice Grau Opera Company, and the same is true of Mmes. Norda and Adams. But they must all leave as soon as possible after the last performance, unless their countrymen forget that they are a part of the distinguished group, which is in the main of foreign birth."

Emma Eames-Story sang in Paris a few days ago at a charitable entertainment, and a correspondent wrote: "The audience, largely of American ladies, was curiously undemonstrative." "Curiously?" But it was the same old story

Max O'Rell says: "Fancy a humorist married to a woman who cannot see a joke." But you see this couple every day, and such marriages are often the happiest. The wife thinks her husband the funniest man in the world and laughs uproariously at his weakest jest. The husband is flattered enormously, says that his wife is the one that knows him best and appreciates him at his true worth, and he is never jealous of her mental nimbleness.

We have received this letter:
Boston, April 17.

Editor Talk of the Day:
I see that an Englishman has declared the mail facilities of New York to be inadequate. It seems to me that our own service is not so good as it should be. I mailed a letter the other night between 9 P. M. and 10 P. M. at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Boylston Street, and it did not arrive at its destination in Stanhope Street until the second delivery.
H. T.

The age of chivalry is gone—in New York. Rope ladders are now used there by thieves, not lovers.

April 20, 1901

THE VITAL CHOICE.

Or shall we run with Artemis,
Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?
Both are mighty;
Both give bliss!
Each can torture if decided,
Each claims worship undivided;
In her wake would have us wallow.
Youth must render on bent knees
Homage unto one or other;
Earth, the Mother,
This decrees:
And unto the pallid Scyther,
Either points us, shun we either;
Shun or too devoutly follow.

We publish this poem—pome is here the better word—for the pleasure of admirers of Mr. George Meredith. It appeared originally, we believe, in the Critic.

Milk-punch was first introduced into England by Mrs. Aphra Behn.

Mr. J. A. Salva, a teacher of Spanish, but whose walk is perpendicular, said lately when his spirit had been sorely tried: "I shall always try to act the part of a Christian. If a horse kicks me, for me to kick him would but make me a horse, too." The eminent professor is Corinthian in rhetoric rather than sternly logical. We commend him for breaking away from the theory accepted by the Latin races that the lower animals were created solely for the kicks and blows of the supreme two-legged animal, but we cannot agree to his proposition any more than Dr. Johnson could to the line: "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." The man that kicks a horse is always lower in the scale than the sorriest plug despised by herdie-driver or refused at a brick-yard.

You go into a strange hair-dresser's. The chairs are full. The busy hair-cutters pay no attention to you, after the boss has waved a condescending hand toward a seat covered by a soiled Puck and half of a morning newspaper. Occasionally you catch in a looking-glass a face that is intently studying itself. And you begin to feel lonely, and as though you had intruded for a favor. Puck does not cheer you, for you remember the good old days when Kepler's central cartoon was waited for eagerly, when Bunner was writing model editorial articles. Suddenly a high-pitched voice cries: "Ah there, old man! What are you doing here?" You trace the voice to its source—Whittlebeck in the chair farthest from you. You never cared for him—in fact, you have been in the habit of describing him as a "smart Aleck." But now that he has recognized you, the boss and his assistants regard you with interest; occupants of the chairs twist their necks to see Whittlebeck's friend; the room is lighter and brighter; and you hear the word, "Next." You are tempted to fall effusively on Whittlebeck's neck.

Readers of the Journal of yesterday learned that Mrs. Zimmerman of Chicago left her husband for several reasons; one, because he persisted in wearing red underclothes. We admit that the color is trying, and not even the Apollo Belvidere would look well in red drawers, but the underwear chosen by Mr. Zimmerman is at least a step. Mrs. Zimmerman, who came from Rome, the eternal city—of New York—should remember that not many years ago the male inhabitants of Chicago considered underclothes to be a luxury, not a necessity.

A Mr. Truman, who is defending a suit brought by his wife for divorce, remarked in his answer: "When I succumbed to her maidenly charms and fascinating art I was a widower with two children, and my home was in a New York boarding house, the coldest habitation of man." Has Mr. Truman

ever tried a boarding house in Brooklyn, say on the Heights? It is colder. Experto crede. We have been in both.

We learn with regret that Mr. Stephen Brodie, Jr., is held for theft, and we hope that he will explain satisfactorily the nimbleness of his hands. But why, oh, why, did he not reverence the memory of his illustrious father and take to the honorable profession of bridge-jumping?

Incubators were known in Tunis at least as early as 1600. An oven was spread over with camel's dung, and then the eggs were put upon it and the oven closed. Behind the oven there was a daily conveyance of heat, which vented through a passage beneath the dung, "just answerable to the natural warmth of the hen's belly;" upon which moderation, within 20 days, they came to natural perfection. The oven produced at one time 300 or 400 living chickens; where there was defection, each sharer bore a part of the loss; the hatcher was recompensed only according to the living numbers he delivered.

A newspaper of Aalesund, Norway, published lately this critical review:

"The traveling theatrical company at present visiting this town gave last night a representation of a play styled 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' by a person called Shakespeare. The play is said to be a comedy, but is terribly monotonous in its effect, especially the two first acts. An uncouth and besotted cavalier who flirts and spoons with a bevy of demi-mondaines, but who becomes a victim to their absurd intrigues—such is the sum total of the plot. We can only say that such a play is poor fare to invite an educated public to. It was a relief when the curtain dropped, and we had an opportunity of listening to a selection of humorous songs."

But this article is no more condemnatory than some that were published in leading journals of London this season when the play was revived. Yet how could they have written in this vein with the thought of sweet Anne Page, the simple slender, Ford in disguise sounding Falstaff, good Sir Hugh Evans and his immortal examination of William Page, with Mrs. Quickly's denunciation of Jenny's case? And there is young Master Fenton: "He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May."

It is not given to every one to be a parodist. Here comes Mr. Barry Pain with an elaborate and long drawn out burlesque of an Englishwoman's Love Letters. We give an extract, which is chosen at random.

"Into what a starry happiness you have brought me! The awe of it is too much for me. I swoon into your arms, Catch, please!"

"Here are kisses. There are our cheap line, and are offered on terms that defy competition. I cannot see to write any more. My hair has come down, my heart is broken, and I've lost my pocket-handkerchief. I yelp and yelp. Does that not attract you at all? Oh, write to your cast-off adorer that keeps on adoring."

"I am your special cut-price article that must be cleared."

"But I am not grumbling, and, as a reward for my present submission, I hope that some day, some day, Love, I know not when or how, your mother will spruik her ankle in my company (just a very little bit, for an excuse) and let me have the nursing of it! What larks! Ever your own home-cured one."

Now is this enough to make you laugh, all alone, in the woods, by yourself? And yet these pages of awash found easily a publisher, which proves that the publisher of today is not stony-hearted; in fact, he is an easy mark.

June 21, 1901

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

First Performance of Gustav Straube's Rhapsody Led by the Composer—Mr. Gebhart's Playing of Saint-Saens's G Minor Piano Concerto.

The program of the 22d Symphony Concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "King Stephen".....Beethoven
Concerto in G minor for piano.....Saint-Saens
Rhapsody for orchestra.....Straube
Symphony No. 3.....Brahms

Suppose that a man of sensitive nature and of a certain technical knowledge of music had by some curious train of circumstances never heard one of the statements that Beethoven was though he had long accepted the truth of the statement that Beethoven was a great composer. Suppose that he was in Symphony Hall last night and heard the overture to "King Stephen," which was first performed the year of the seventh symphony. Would this over-

shook him since he was a boy and took his first piano lessons?

The overture might be called a sketch for a Hungarian rhapsody, for there are continual hints at such music as it might be played by a street band. Let us not forget that it was theatre music, written for Budapest, for a special occasion, and that the audience was hugely delighted. The music is surely more Hungarian than some of Beethoven's Scotch songs are Scotch. Every now and then there are simple effects that are pure and undiluted Beethoven, and toward the end there is the thought of a mighty rejoicing, after the manner of the finale of the "Egmont" overture.

Mr. Gebhard chose for his appearance the piano concerto in G minor by the accomplished and versatile Saint-Saens. It might be well to discuss the question whether there is a reasonable excuse for the existence of any piano concerto; whether the piano is not inherently at war with the orchestra; but this discussion would take several days and might lead us from due consideration of Mr. Gebhard. This particular concerto is skillfully made, and the art of the composer has softened the aggressiveness of the inevitable strife. When you stop to think that the work is dated 1863, you wonder at the freshness of the material and the taste and unerring workmanship of the maker. You might ask what a chorale has to do with a prelude, but chorales are introduced into everything—even into operetta and extremely modern orchestras, as well as into Bach's organ fugues arranged for orchestra. The orchestration of this concerto is masterly, and our young musicians would do well to abandon the study of scores of Wagner and Richard Strauss and study scores of Saint-Saens, in which they would find object lessons of effect gained by sobriety, discretion, and a keen sense of color.

This concerto makes several demands on a player, and Mr. Gebhard responded to some, not all of them. He has a smooth, clean technique, and his runs were as pleasant as the purring brook of the poets. The mechanical difficulties did not vex him, and he made no physical exhibition of a pianist tramping on difficulties. His performance was honest and modest, and in a mechanical way, correct. Thus did it do him credit. But perhaps the supreme demand made by the concerto is elastic, supple—elegance, the elegance of an old-time Parisian salon, raised to the nth power. This is true especially of the scherzo and the finale. In the scherzo this elegance is arm-in-arm with rhythm. And I found that in the scherzo neither the orchestra under Mr. Gericke nor Mr. Gebhard caught the spirit. There was not the lightness, the delicate but well-determined accentuation. Nor did Mr. Gebhard declaim with sufficient pomp the few measures that introduce the theme sung first by the cellos. There was not the announcement that should set curiosity agog; the ushering promise of something rich and beautiful. Furthermore Mr. Gebhard too often suggested a lack of strength when strength was called for; and then he would prove that the suspicion was unjust by expending strength when it was unnecessary and ineffective.

Mr. Strube did well to write a symphony some years ago. Otherwise they that are enamored of form for the sake of form would point derisive thumbs at him this week, for they are of the many who insist on rigidity of form even in a Rhapsody, and would prefer any piece so-named to end with a fugue with a formidable pedal, or to contain, at least, a canon per augmentationem, or better yet a canon canonicus. And how many Rhapsodies there are in which the Rhapsodist is seen sitting on ice. Now a Rhapsodie in modern use is a fantastic piece of an episodic nature, in which the themes are Hungarian, Swedish, Spanish, etc., etc. Mr. Strube accepted the meaning and gave his fancy free rein. I do not know whether his themes are all his own; I do know that some of them are beautiful without alloy of commonplace or male part song. There are one or two themes, on the other hand, that are barbaric; but they may be home-made, and disguised as for a masquerade. There was a glimpse of the composer of "Die Meistersinger," but he quickly vanished when he saw the approach of—who of all men in the world but—Johannes Brahms. The reminiscences, however, are few. Mr. Strube has made daring experiments

in this work with harmonic progressions and instrumental combinations. An audacious young man, who insists on the biggest kind of an orchestra, and furthermore is not in terror of it when it is assembled before him. It is enough to say after one hearing that this Rhapsodie is interesting throughout; that many pages are of a fascinating originality; that the composer thinks for himself, writes as he feels without the regard for the conventionalities; nor does his fancy outstrip his technical ability; nor does his individuality lead him into that which is merely bizarre. The days of smug music are over. Music is now something more than a means to awaken general amiability. It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Strube realizes the tendency of the art to which he has devoted himself.

Philip Hale.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER is determined to be an opera maker, even if he cannot persuade the world that he is a musician. His second opera, "Herzog Wildfang" (Munich, March 23), is said to be weak in text and music. There is a kind of Beckmesser, a Mathias Blank, who depresses the audience, and it appears that the humorous opera is without humor. There was a mighty effort made for popular success. Royal and aristocratic persons sat in boxes, and at one time it looked as though the troops might

be called in to excite the audience to applause. Poor Siegfried! I knew him slightly when he was a boy at Dresden. He was visiting there an American dentist to whose care the Emperor of Austria and many crowned and decorated persons confided their teeth in various stages of decay and preservation. Siegfried at that time cared nothing for music, and he was in accord with his father, who wished him to be an architect. The boy studied this calling and, if I am not mistaken, he designed a mausoleum for Liszt. But neither father nor son reckoned on the ambition of Cosima. A male Wagner as musician was necessary to the success of her Bavreuth show. So Siegfried was put to music, and Humperdinck and others did their best to turn him out prepared to make a symphony or an opera. A wise mother would have said, one musician Wagner is enough, and let the boy build post offices, railway stations and breweries. But Cosima is more and more grasping, more greedy of fame as she grows older, and her Siegfried must be an opera-maker. Thus did friends of Leopold Damrosch insist that Walter Damrosch should be a conductor, and as Siegfried has about him injurious flatterers, so Walter Damrosch is surrounded by adoring women in New York who use methods in securing his advancement that would excite the admiration of Tammany.

This article appeared in the New York Sun last week, and it should make for musical righteousness:

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel said farewell to New York yesterday afternoon in Mendelssohn Hall. There was not as large a gathering as at their previous "farewell" concert, for the musical public soon becomes wary in matters of this sort. Yet there was enough of the old guard present to check any demonstration of youthful cynicism when Mr. Henschel said words rapidly in French, Italian and English with his magnificent guttural Teutonic accent. The Henschel cult is a matter of curiosity to the younger generation, for in America we have not yet reached the stage of generous retrospective criticism described by Mark Twain and embodied in a single phrase: "You should have heard him 25 years ago!"

Candor compels the earnest recorder of musical events to state that Georg Henschel never had an agreeable voice. He made all the motions, spoke all the words, the more the better, and accompanied at the piano deftly, though with a hard staccato tone. But the music was ever lacking, is still lacking. There is doubtless something of fascination in seeing a man act a song and play the piano at the same time, but as Mr. Kipling would ask—is it art? To Mrs. Henschel the rhythms of life have been more kindly. She has a pretty way of singing old English, Scotch and Irish melodies that is very taking. There it ends. The Henschel duets, whether in German, Italian, English or Serbian, are things to be forgotten as soon as heard—if such a feat is possible.

In addition to the regulation program Mr. Henschel's commonplace "Serbische Lieder" was sung by the concert givers with the assistance of Mrs. Elizabeth Leonard, contralto, and Mr. Barclay Dunham, tenor. The music is a mellifluous blending of Rubinstein

and Mendelssohn at their mellifluous worst. There was plenty of applause.

Boston is the only city today where the Henschels are taken seriously. Even little Miss Henschel was talked about this season as though she were a richly endowed and thoroughly equipped singer.

Emil Pauer wrote a wedding march expressly for a wedding in New York, Pell-Thompson, April 17.—Arthur Sullivan's "The Beauty Stone" will be played at the Central Theatre, Berlin, as a serious opera to an adapted German libretto.—As soon as Puccini has finished "Mme. Butterfly" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," he proposes to set "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" to music. (I have always wondered about the life and character of the first). Puccini's "Cyrano" will be produced next winter at Naples. The hero is a tenor and de Lucia will take the part.—It seems incredible that Boito's "Nero" will be sung next year at La Scala, for the production has been a movable feast of some years.—Bonaparte-Bau, whose Aida is most pleasantly remembered here, has been singing at Monte Carlo with Tamagno, while Darclée has been the dramatic soprano at Madrid.—Beatrice in Villiers Stanford's "Much Ado About Nothing" was intended for Emma Eames, but she said she would not try her luck in a new opera, so Brema will take the part.—Birkenkoven, tenor, was thrown from his horse during a performance of "Rienzi" at Hamburg and will not be able to sing for a long time.—Mr. Blackburn was obliged to listen to Schubert's cyclus "Die Schoene Muellerin."—The songs were sung by Van Rooy, and Mr. Blackburn spoke of the performance as follows: "These songs were sung by Herr Van Rooy with evident intention

in pressing himself upon his audience that we are bound to say that he fulfilled the task of making himself aware of a singular quality in his vocalization, and even

a more singular monotony in his dramatic deportment. He who is certainly, so far as we know, the finest Wotan who ever essayed the part in the 'Ring' finds himself clearly unable to be more than a wondering Wotan in the world of song. For this reason his songs, interpreted very beautifully, become at, say, their eleventh period somewhat monotonous; nevertheless, his voice is so fine that we forgive him the monotony, always remembering that he must ever still remain a great artist despite that drawback." Mr. Blackburn had the courage to say concerning the songs themselves: "Such interminable sets of songs written by one composer are not always among the best examples of art." I remember Van Rooy well—one of the most over-praised singers that ever came to Boston via New York.—It was Mr. Blackburn, by the way, who described Emil Sauer as "the Rider Haggard of the piano." Sauer lacks delicacy, he is scarcely a fine rhetorician, but he is extremely inelo-dramatic, and has a singular sense of contrast. "His pertinacity is the most extraordinary of all the qualities which he possesses. He played, among other things, Schumann's 'Carnaval'—a work which, when it is half finished, seems interminable."—Although Planquette's "Le Capitaine Thérèse" was produced in London in 1890, it was not performed in Paris until the first of this month. A reason given for this neglect is the resemblance of the subject of the story with that of "Les 28 Jours de Clairette" by Roger (1892). Produced this month at the Gaité, the music was found antiquated. Any operetta soon has weak hams and rheumy eyes. The librettist is Bisson.

So many Taverns, so many Ale-houses, so many Victualling-houses among us, where men are destroyed by Gluttony, Drunkenness and Luxury, that many times, to the detriment of the Commonwealth, they consume whole Patrimonies; so many varieties of Sauces, so many Rules, Observations, and Table-ceremonies, that the splendid Banquets of the Asiots, Milesians, Sybarites, Tarentines, of Sardanapalus, Xerxes, Claudius, Vitellius, Hellogabalus, Gallienus and the rest of those ancient Gluttons, whom history records to have exceeded all other Nations and persons in the pleasures of the Kitchen, are but meer sordid, rude and rustick Junketings, compar'd with the sumptuous Feasts of Great persons nowadays. A neat and handsome entertainment will not serve turn, unless there be an abundance, even to create Loathing, and to fuddle Hercules himself, who was wont to drink out of the same Vessel that carried him.

You may have read that a young man and a young woman whose betrothal was announced at a "Venetian Carnival" in New York were "guests of honor" at a "progressive dinner" at a tavern in the same city. The Sun was good enough to explain that a "progressive" dinner is one "at which the men change seats with one another in rotation at the end of each course. The waiters carry along the wine glasses. The object of the change, of course, is to provide new sets of partners as often as possible."

But does not the Sun know that the "progressive dinner" was a feature of the social life in Atlanta, Ga., during the winter of 1887-88? The Constitution then published a full account of the "agreeable and unique" affair. The host gave the signal just before each course, after the soup was served, and "he arose from his seat, as did every other gentleman at the table, while all the ladies remained seated. Each gentleman moved to the next gentleman's seat to his right. * * * The entire setting of the course was so harmoniously arranged that at the close of the dinner each gentleman had visited for a short space of time every lady at the table, and had at last returned to her whom he had escorted into dinner." This account impressed us so deeply that we cut it out for a scrap-book. We are not trusting now to treacherous memory.

There are advantages in a "progressive" dinner, so long as a list of those invited and the menu are not sent with the card of invitation. There once was a Bostonian—we regret to say he has joined the majority and no longer needs earthly food—who when he was once asked to dinner called a few hours before the appointed time, saw the butler, from whom he learned the names of the guests, and then left with his compliments and regrets to the host and hostess. Few have this courage even when braced with alcohol. Yet nearly every one wishes to escape the woman who is consigned to him, and all are anxious to avoid as much as possible the host. At the progressive dinner, each man would have at least a few minutes with the woman of his choice, and the woman bored by Mr. Auger with his flood of information and strident, pompous voice, could be sure of the approach of a favorite clergyman or the son of a multi-millionaire.

This reminds us of Mr. Dagin, a French entomologist, who has been

proclaiming the excellence of certain insects as articles of food. He has eaten several hundreds of species of insects raw and cooked in every conceivable manner. Many are exceedingly palatable to him, but a dish that is far superior to bisque in his estimation is cockroach soup. Here is the recipe: "Pound your cockroaches in a mortar, put in a sieve and pour in boiling water or beef stock." This will not be an expensive soup either on Beacon Hill or in the Back Bay, and the children the night before can easily catch enough for a dinner of from eight to twelve persons. The Blatta orientalis on account of its rich brown color is to be preferred to the Blatta occidentalis, which is larger but of a lighter shade.

Do not be disgusted. Gastronomy, like morality, is largely a matter of geography. You eat offensive bits of flesh and pay a high price for them; you eat oysters, oyster-crabs, lobsters, shrimps, eels, frogs' legs, and yet you cry out against snails!

Anton Filz was a distinguished cellist at the court of Mannheim, and he hastened his death (1768) by immoderate indulgence in spiders, which tasted to him like strawberries. De Lalande, the great astronomer, who died in 1807, used to run after spiders. He would catch them gently, and then in spite of the wiggling of their legs he would put them to his mouth, and, as Peignot tells us, "he would suck them, enjoy them, and swallow them with delicious sensuality." Dr. Thomas Mouffet in his "Theatre of Insects" (London, 1658), mentions several eaters of spiders, and adds: "And we in England have a great Lady yet living who will not leave off eating of them."

Meat and fruits are now so dear in Boston that living is a serious problem. Let us hope that Mr. Dagin's experiments will be tried in various cooking schools and at home. Cockroaches are so abundant that they should be utilized in other ways, just as locusts are grounds and pounded and made into cakes, salted, smoked, boiled, roasted, stewed, or fried in butter.

And again are we indebted to a friend of untiring research and unusual accuracy:

"One schooner. When did the first schooner arrive in Boston? Macaulay's schoolboy knows, after he has bothered the librarians, that Andrew Robinson built the first schooner, somewhere about 1714, at Gloucester, Mass. Robinson was a direct descendant of John Robinson, who preached to the Pilgrims at Leyden. It was natural for him to call his first schooner Mayflower. Well, the schooner Mayflower, James Manson, captain, arrived from North Carolina at Boston on May 4, 1716, as vol. 29 of the Boston Records tells us on page 231. Mr. McGlenen has just issued this volume so rich in historical and romantic nuggets, and for the present all historians, club men, word hunters may rest assured that the first of all schooners has turned up again. Very properly this original tub is spelt 'Skooner,' which is better than the conventional spelling. The schooner known to members of the bar was named from the prairie schooner, which was capacious and had a big white top. In fact, vol. 29 of the Boston Records is a treasure. Had Dr. Murray seen it, his article on the L of a house would not begin with 1879, but with 1708, when Boston was thrifty and relegated kitchens to the L, which looks like a Boston invention."

When I take up a work that I have read before (the oftener the better) I know what I have to expect. The satisfaction is not lessened by being anticipated. When the entertainment is altogether new, I sit down to it as I should to a strange dish—turn and pick out a bit here and there, and am in doubt what to think of the composition. There is a want of confidence and security to second appetites. New-fangled books are also like made-dishes in this respect, that they are generally little else than hashes and rifacimentos of what has been served up entire and in a more natural state at other times. Besides, in thus turning to a well-known author, there is not only an assurance that my time will not be thrown away, or my palate nauseated with the most insipid or vilest trash—but I shake hands with and look an old, tried and valued friend in the face—compare notes, and chat the hours away. * * * The dust and smoke and noise of modern literature have nothing in common with the pure, silent air of immortality.

The auction sale of the library which belonged to the late Frederick W. French will begin in Boston today. The sale will, no doubt, be a memorable one on account of the character of the books and the sumptuousness of their dress.

Mr. French apparently collected at random. There is no evidence of dogged resolution in any one direction. There is an incredible copy of Poe's "Al Aaraaf" with an inscription "Presented to E. * * * by her friend Rose M. Poe"—and how many lovers of

Poe ever thought that he might have had a sister or a brother? That dark and melancholy apparition seemed always hopelessly alone! There is a complete set of the Kelmescott Press publications; there is a store of books illustrated by Cruikshank; there is a nearly complete set of first editions of Swinburne's works in "half orange-colored crushed levant morocco;" there are many first editions of exceeding rarity and value. There are bindings by Zaehnsdorf, Lortie, Samblanc-Weckesser, Cobden-Sanderson that are a marvel to three senses.

Mr. French's catholicity in taste was delightful. His library shows that he was not a mere routine collector. He bought as the spirit moved him. He saw a book that tempted him; it was valuable, interesting, beautiful; he bought it; he did not say to himself, "With that money I could buy 50 books that illustrate a subject or a period."

One man buys all books about New Hampshire; another collects books about the Civil War; another searches for accounts of travels published in the 17th century; another slaves and scrapes for books concerning witchcraft. Collecting is a disease; a mania; it is often harmful; it may easily divide the household and bring poverty as a persistent guest.

The highest joy of collecting is not known to the rich, who can with a wave of a hand and the flourish of a pen give heart and munitions to the warring agent at the sale. The long pursuit, the infrequent appearances of the wished-for book in catalogues, the suspense of waiting after the order has been filed, the shock from the news that the book was sold a week before the order was received, the renewed determination to have that book, the knowledge that the price will be a little beyond the buyer's means, the mute thanksgiving when at last the volume appears with the smell of the shelves and dust and former owners and long voyaging, the furtive introduction of it into the library, the deprecatory answer to the resentful wife who stumbles upon it through the husband's carelessness—"When did you get this, sir?"—"What? Oh, that little book? Why, I have had it for two or three years; it doesn't amount to much"—all these are joys that must be foreign to the collector who buys books as he would bonds or legislators.

No lover of books is wholly satisfied with the library of another, however large or extravagantly dressed the library may be. There are always a few books that he would gladly steal, but there are hundreds that do not interest him. He echoes the remark of Lamb and would fain strip rich bindings from unworthy backs and sides to cover some of his own darlings. One or two Kelmescotts would satisfy him. He does not wish complete sets; for there should always be something to be desired. He sees that Mr. French had Hazlitt's "Dramatic Scorpion," but not a first edition of "The Plain Speaker," or of that most delightful book "Conversations With Northcote." He would not swap first editions of Marcel Schwob for all the proud copies of 18th century French vignette books in the world. He, himself, has several first editions of Hazlitt; they are shabby in their every day boards; but he could not read them with any enjoyment if they were in blue morocco extra, with gilt edges; such binding would not go comfortably with the style of Hazlitt. For there are collectors who read—even the books that are to them a wanton extravagance.

Someone writes to the Sketch that American women do not like to put their shoes outside their doors at hotels, "for fear that their neighbors passing along the corridor should make remarks on the size of their foot-gear. So they keep a pair of shoes several sizes too small for them, and, after carefully putting a few specks of mud or a little dust on them, leave them outside the door for other women to envy their small size. The shoes which they have been wearing they clean themselves, and never trust to the hotel porter." We must remember that the Sketch is an English weekly and panders, of course, to the vanity of English women. But such an atrocious libel might well be made an international affair.

Very peaceful are the dead,
The young birds sing
And they waken not, nor heed
The wind's whispering.

Very silent are the dead,
The summer rain
Weeps above them. If they hear
They answer not again.

Very still they lie the dead,
The year dies
And the leaves fall brown and red
Over their closed eyes.

Very quiet are the dead,
The winter snow
Falls, and there is none may tread
Where he was wont to go.

Very patient are the dead,
Whom we have wept.
Wait they knowing what shall come?
Or is the secret kept?

The apartment house rests on piles driven into made soil. After it is sold with the families which live therein in tumultuous proximity—nor are onions and cabbage to be prepared secretly for the table—the floors begin to run down hill; book cases begin to pitch as though they resent the taste of the reader; doors laugh at the pretensions of bolts. At midnight when everything is still except the man with the rasping cough across the court, the house trembles and shivers and shakes, whenever a train or a trolley car or a cart goes by, and the lonely sinner sees visions of a wall giving way, upper stories being thrown into the court or into the opposite apartments, a family suddenly exposed to the night air and the jests of neighbors; grandmother without her front, clad in a flannel night-gown, and with a hot water bottle in her hand; the eldest daughter with her pompadour down, still keeping her society smile; the male and bread winner with suspenders twisted; excited wife and assorted children; all grotesque in calamity and ruin. He puts his head out of the window that opens on the court. Six stories to the brick pavement. He imagines the crash of wall and timber and furniture and human beings. It might even wake the servant girl below. And as he sits down to pursue a story of adventure, another cart goes by, and the great house shakes as though it were a ship in a November storm. He feels the shock and swears that he, too, is a hero.

There is still gossip about Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire;" how the one he exhibited in 1778 did not satisfy him; how he exclaimed, "She is too hard for me;" how he "drew his brush across the mouth," just as he was in despair over Mrs. Siddons's nose and declared, as he flung down his brush, "There is no end to it." Another "Duchess" was exhibited in 1783; the third is the one that is now famous. But the hat that she wore was never known to her as a "Gainsborough" or a "Devonshire." It was invented by Nell Gwynne.

Our readers may remember that two of our correspondents discussed some time ago in this column the respective characters of Moses and Aaron, and it seemed that Aaron suffered thereby. We would not willingly do any man injustice, so we were delighted to learn from that colossal work, "The Jewish Encyclopedia," now publishing, that the rabbis are emphatic in their praise of Aaron's virtue. We quote from Rabbi Kohler's article: "While Moses was stern and uncompromising, brooking no wrong, Aaron went about as a peacemaker, reconciling man and wife when he saw them estranged, or a man with his neighbor when they quarreled, and winning evil-doers back into the right way by his friendly intercourse. The mourning of the people at Aaron's death was greater, therefore, than at that of Moses."

A London journal received recently this ingratiating letter:

Gentlemen,
I send today by the post of my town some interesting writhing at my paper in Paris, and ask your correspondent to look after it. I writhing in the subject the depression commerciale in Scotland and the North of the England. I believe you will satisfied with my writhing, few weeks more I will send you directly after I have taken some measure to my traduction.

I am a divorce and my money work I will buy a home to her in her country. In hoping you will given to me a answer favourably and you will giving to me a title to correspond with you.

Next week I will send to Paris some funny story and several others more interesting than to day adressed checks to my home.

Mr Blackburn in his review of "The Fortune Teller" for the Pall Mall Gazette describes the voice of Mr. Eugene Cowles as "magnificent." "We are quite serious in comparing it for quality with that of Edouard de Reszke and in placing it even above that standard in its ripeness and power."

We have received a copy of the first number of Climat, a new semi-monthly journal published at St. Petersburg. There are 14 pages of text and each page contains parallel columns of Russian, French, English and German. There are six pages of charts. We learn these vital facts: The greatest altitude attained by a kite (16,900 feet) was noted by Telsseer de Bort at Trappes in August, 1900. The influence of even small electric tramways upon the records of magnetic instruments is very sensible at a distance of five miles and vanishes only at 9 miles.

The temperature at great heights does not depend on the geographical situation of the spot. And now with these facts firmly riveted in our minds let us go forth to the business, the cheating and the pleasure of the day.

The tearing down of the Olympia Theatre in London brought forth an entertaining letter from Mr. John Hollingshead about the various houses that stood on the same site for the best part of the last century. He refers to Ellston as "a curious mixture of Turveydrop and Micawber," and says that the career of that actor-manager is "fully set forth in many theatrical memoirs—books that in dealing with many amusing people generally make the dullest volumes in any library of supposed light reading." It was Mme. Vestris who first improved the neglected art of stage production: "For the first time, when a drawing room in a comedy had to be represented, the playgoer saw real carpets, real and elegant furniture, and, above all, real fireplaces, real fires, and real fire-irons." The production of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" shows that even a shrewd and experienced manager finds it difficult to forecast a popular success. "A few hours before the rising of the curtain Mr. Emden appealed to a few critical friends on the press to let the piece down as lightly as possible. 'It seems to me,' he said, 'to be a Victoria drama of the usual violent type, and not the class of piece for the Olympia.' And yet the play was a great success from start to finish; it ran for more than a year without a break; and it is still a stock drama."

Where is my faultless forehead's white,
The lifted eyebrows, soft gold hair,
Eyes wide apart and keen of sight,
With subtle skill in the amorous air;
The straight nose, great not small, but fair,
The small carved ears of shapeliest growth,
Chin dimpling, color good to wear,
And sweet red splendid kissing mouth?

A writhed forehead, hair grown gray,
Fallen eyebrows, eyes grown blind and red,
Their laughs and looks all fled away,
Yea, all that smote men's hearts are fled;
The bowed nose, fallen from goodli head;
Foul flapping ears like water flags;
Peaked chin, and cheeks all waste and dead,
And lips that are two skinny rags.

The old woman jostles you rudely as she rushes toward a door of the shop. For some time she has been devouring with her eyes things in the window that are associated with women redolent of youth and beauty; intimate or indiscreet garments. These have excited the old woman, as the sight and the smell of whisky rob stealthily the drunkard of his will. She must have this, she must have that, although her body is shriveled where it should be sumptuously curved, flaccid where it should be provokingly firm, eczematous where it should be clear and pink and white. Do you know the bronze statue of Rodin, the "Vieille Femme"? It is called by some repulsive, by others cynical. It is neither; it is indescribably pathetic; it is the end of desire. Dress this statue in the daintiest underclothes, adorn the poor head with a triumph of the milliner's art, and then the statue would be hideous, then would it, indeed, be cynical. For the nudity of the "Vieille Femme" is holy. The woman has lived her life; she has known the fervor of youth, the pride of maturity; she has sounded joy and sorrow; at last the body is as a worn-out, battered instrument; there is no suspicion of horrible coquetry. But this old woman, even now feverish at the counter, buying as for a wedding outfit, provokes the people in the sky to inextinguishable laughter. Coarse, few hairs straggle over the collar of her cloak; her eyes like doubtful blueprints swim behind astigmatic glasses; her discolored and knotted claws pick at soft garments that shrink at the clutch; she coughs, and the girl behind the counter throws back her head until it hits a shelf. And then the shopper asks for the very latest thing in corsets: "The last that I bought here do not do full justice to my figure."

Richard Grant White, or whoever wrote "The New Gospel of Peace," said of Fernando Wood that his walk was "slantitudinal." There are various kinds of men who could be characterized by their walks. Two were conspicuous yesterday on Washington Street. One was walking briskly, aggressively, chest out, shoulders thrown back, with a plausible appearance of robust health. His umbrella was not open, although there was a drizzle that occasionally became a shower. He was walking to his office at a much faster pace than was necessary. And why? Because his physician had told him that he should be careful, temperate; that he should not give himself any undue exertion. And the patient heard the other day one of his clerks saying to another: "Old Gullicorn is getting stiff; he'll be coming

here in a jao pretty soon."

The other man was directly in front of somebody, no matter how this one twisted and turned to get by him. There were many on the sidewalk, but there was no need of his crawling. The rim of his hat was bent and dirty. His trouser-ends were frayed, but his collar that rose above a tightly buttoned coat was scrupulously clean. His umbrella was useless save as a despairing cry to public consideration. The man was crushed; his shoulders were bent under the load of failure. The face was hopeless, not unduly weak, not dissipated. The man walked slowly because he was not expected at any office or shop. He was not even expected at home—if his damp room could be called a home. When he met one of his kind, there was momentary mute recognition and then avoidance and even dislike, as though one feared the other might get something that the world owed him.

This weather prediction may be of comfort to some. As long before St. Mark's Day as the frogs are heard croaking, so long will they keep quiet afterwards.

St. Mark's Day was once a day of strict fasting. Mr. Vaughan tells a sad story of what happened through neglect of this custom. "In the year of our Lord 1589, I being as then but a boy, do remember that an ale wife, making no exception of days, would needs brue upon Saint Marke's days; but, loe, the marvellous worke of God! whilles she was thus laboring, the top of the chimney tooke fire; and before it could bee quenched, her house was quite burnt. Surely, a gentle warning to them that violate and prophane forbidden daies!"

Did any maidens last night make the dumb cake, eat a portion, at the stroke of 12, then walk silently and backward to bed? Did any of them see the likeness of a sweetheart hurrying after her? And did they that were not so fortunate dream of new-made graves, winding-sheets, churchyards, rings that will fit no finger, or if they do, crumble into dust as soon as they are put on?

Or did any sit on the church-porch and see the awful procession of the ghosts of all those who are to die the next year pass by and into the church?

Mr. Michael Sadler, we are told, on April 25, 1825, mentioned in a lecture at the Leeds Philosophical Hall, as "a strange instance of perverted taste," the case of a respectable gentleman in the County of Derby who collected halters in which malefactors were executed and kept them "with the names of their former tenants attached to each," in a museum in his house.

There was one halter that we should have liked to see. The wife of the hero of the occasion mounted the cart on its way to Tyburn, embraced her husband and whispered in his ear: "My dear, is it the Sheriff or we who are to find the rope which is to hang you?" He answered that the Sheriff must provide his own tools. "I faith, sweetheart," said the affectionate wife; "had I known that, I should not have spent two pence on this excellent new rope which I have brought with me." "Keep it for your next husband, my dear," was the answer of the philosopher who was about to enter into wider fields of observation.

I find that all things are now as they were in the days of our buried ancestors—all things sordid in their elements, trite by long usage, and yet ephemeral. How ridiculous, then, how like a countryman in town, is he who wonders at aught. Both the sameness, the repetition of the public shows, weary thee? Even so doth that likeness of events make the spectacle of the world a vapid one. And so must it be with thee to the end. For the wheel of the world hath ever the same motion, upward and downward, from generation to generation. When, when, shalt time give place to eternity?

A merciful man is merciful to his kidneys.

Some time ago we spoke affectionately, aye, with fervor, as Plato tells of the death of Socrates, concerning the high antiquity and repute of beer. Mr. William L. Welch of Salem writes: "Perhaps it is too late to add to the beer topic, so eloquently discussed, but some years ago I read the orderly book of a company of colonial soldiers at Fort 'Beau se Jour,' near the head of the Bay of Fundy, perhaps about 1760; the fort was occupied by a company raised about Roxbury, and one of the orders transcribed was a fault-finding one, complaining that some of the men had used molasses with their bread to the detriment of their health, instead of using it with spruce to brew beer, which was much better for them."

Here is a case for the consideration of all those interested in the human

machine. An eminent citizen went home to dress for a party. From force of habit he wound up his watch before he took off his clothes. Automatic actions followed in order, and the eminent citizen went to bed instead of going to the party.

The English say they must be "educated up" to American fun as revealed by "The Fortune Teller" at the Shaftesbury Theatre. "Such wheezes as 'I am no rag baby,' 'You concertina-faced goose, whose marriage is not failure, but temporary embarrassment,' 'You tell me what I mean, and I will say it for you,' were quietly received on Tuesday; but, no doubt, in a few weeks' time, any visitor to the Shaftesbury will find the audience there thoroughly delighted with these gems of American wit." Can anyone tell us the origin of the term "wheeze"?

Mr. William Lithgow in 1609 stopped at the Island of Zante, an "obscure place" inhabited by "a base beggarly people." And he wrote that the islanders could never afford the custom they paid: "If it were not for some liquorish lips here in England of late, who forsooth can hardly digest bread, pasties, broth and (verbi gratia) bag-puddings, without these currants. And as these rascal Greeks becoming proud of late with this lavish expense, condemn justly this sensual prodigality, I have heard them often demand the English, in a filthy derision, what they did with such liquorish stuff, and if they carried them home to feed their swine and hogs withal. A question indeed worthy of such a female traffic; the inference of which I suspend: there is no other nation, save this, thus addicted to that miserable isle." Thus was the humble grocer's currant regarded as a luxury early in the 17th century; just as there are some today who look skew-eyed at rice pudding with raisins in it as an essentially vulgar dish. We have homely tastes and we could eat this pudding for hours; but there must be plenty of raisins, for ploughing through the rice is weary work and should be constantly rewarded. These same fastidious persons would probably find no enjoyment in the village grocery store, even though they sat near both the cracker barrel and the raisin box. But Lithgow, whose account of personal sufferings and horrid persecutions is entertaining in these days of selfish ease, was "violent" in language as this sentence shows: "Let venom-thundering critics contumeliously carp, infernal fire-brand Cerberus bark, and the hell-prepared offscourings of true religion gnashing grudge, I have a heart can smile at their backbiting malice, a judgment to discern such wormish wasps." How they loved Frenchmen in that day: "If a Frenchman is admitted into your family, and distinguished by repeated marks of your friendship and regard, the first return he makes for your evilwills is to make love to your wife, if she is handsome; if not, your sister, or daughter, or your niece; he will rather than not play the traitor with his gallantry make his addresses to your grandmother. If there were 500 dishes at table, a Frenchman will eat of all of them, and then complain he has no appetite. A Frenchman will sooner part with his religion than with his hair."

Lithgow is often quaint and not vituperative: "Where instantly we swallowed down such jovial and deep carouses of Leatic wine, that both he and I were almost fastened in the last plunge of understanding." And yet he condemned unlearned pastors in the North of Ireland whom he met: "The alehouse is their church, the Irish priests their consorts; their auditors be, fill and fetch more; their text Spanish sack, their prayers carousing, their singing of psalms whiffing of tobacco, their last blessing aqua vitae, and all their doctrine sound drunkenness." Nor did the Scotch escape for prodigal posting from Scotland to court (1628): "So do our ignoble gallants, though nobly born, swallow up the honor of their famous predecessors, with posting foolery, boy winding horns, gormandizing gluttony, lust, and vain apparel; making a transmigration of perpetuity to their present belly and back!"

The London Daily News tells this story of a farce-comedy gamekeeper. His old employer's shooting had long been getting a little wild, and when the two were lately out after rabbits, a most unfortunate thing occurred. The squire "loosed off" suddenly, and the gamekeeper received the greater part of the charge in his corduroys. His only remark was, "Lord! Who'd be a rabbit!"

You may be ever so old now; but you remember. It may be all dead and buried; but in a moment up it springs out of its grave, and looks, and smiles, and whispers as of yore, when it clung to your arm, and dropped fresh tears on your heart. I, I, here, and alive, did I say? O, far, far away! O lonely hearth and cold air, cast!

Here is the case, but the trees are gone, here is the shore, and yonder the ship was moored; but the anchors are up, and it has sailed away forever.

A STUDY IN SENTIMENT.

Although she had shirked the responsibilities of matrimony, with its attendant duties of a housewifely nature, Sybilla was too genuine a woman to resist that particular quality in the spring air which calls for an orderly rearrangement of one's worldly goods.

"I must clean out my trunks today," she announced, with considerable animation in her manner. "There's any amount of old rubbish in them which I mean to get rid of. Things do pile up so on one whose space accommodations are limited to one room and a few trunks."

From the promptings of a companionable spirit merely—Sybilla and I had established our friendship on a basis which excluded curiosity—I offered to accompany her attic-wards, intending to put at her service my judgment in regard to which of her accumulated treasures were fittest for survival. Her appreciation of my motive was apparent in her ready acceptance of my company.

With a hat that had been the pride of several seasons ago placed on her head at an angle calculated to discourage the encroachment of dust, and wearing a jacket which had been, perhaps, an esteemed contemporary of the hat's predecessor, as a precaution against the evil influences of the attic atmosphere, still slightly reminiscent of winter, Sybilla, surrounded by tumbled trunks and boxes, was not a person from whom one would have expected the exhibition of sentiment which followed. In spite of her half-serious treatment of life, she had betrayed to me before, in little ways, the possession of this characteristic, but never had I suspected the extent of her weakness.

"Where shall I begin?" she wondered, applying a dusty finger to her cheek in a meditative rub.

"With the nearest," I suggested.

A pile of old magazines lay on top. "Now why—" began Sybilla, as her eye ran down the table of contents. "Oh, yes, some one sent me the magazine because of that article. It was when we were—" her voice trailed off into silence. She was already seeking a plausible reason for the preservation of the next.

"Well," she said at last, "I don't believe I want to keep these any longer," but she paused a perceptible second before she dropped them on the floor.

An old school book was reverently dusted and placed on the side reserved for the sheep of this judgment. An annual report of the doings of a certain Board of Supervisors fully ten years ago was reluctantly added to the goats. "What on earth made you keep that thing, Sybilla?" I hazarded.

"It was given to me," said Sybilla, acknowledging in a laugh her own foolishness.

Returning to her foraging she brought out an oblong box of Chinese manufacture and held it up for my admiration.

"Gift of a Sunday School scholar?" was the triumphant announcement.

"Sybilla, Sybilla, when was this?" I murmured, but she blandly overlooked the implication of incredulity in my remark.

The assortment went steadily on, the pile to the left ever increasing, while the heap of magazines received only now and then a stray castaway. Sometimes, too, a reconsideration prompted a stealthy transfer of something from right to left. An abuse of color in the way of a small easel picture, which had been handed to me for inspection, I inadvertently dropped into the wrong pile. Sybilla effected its rescue in a displeased silence.

She straightway recovered her gaiety, however, issuing bulletins of her discoveries in tones that proclaimed a recognition of her frailty as well as her inability to rise superior to it.

"Valentine from an old lover," heralded an arrangement of white satin puffs surrounding an illustrated and felicitously phrased declaration of love.

"I'll keep it," was Sybilla's determination. "I may never get another."

Sand from Nantucket, an assortment of Christmas and Easter booklets, a broken rose jar and souvenirs of every species had all been duly tried and returned to their places when Sybilla came upon the letters. She took a bunch of them in her hand, visibly wavering.

"The keeping of old letters is a dangerous and unprofitable business," I volunteered.

We considered at some length the possibility of sudden death and the prevalence of that type of people whose interpretation of the last offices to the dead is a conscientious perusal of every scrap of paper found in their possession. Shuddering at the thought of this

common intrusion on the privacy of the dead, Sybilla raised her hand to tear across the letters. Something in the familiar handwriting softened the intended violence into a slow removal of the folded sheets from the envelope on top. Dropping the others into her lap she fell into an attitude of absorbed attention.

"She who reads is lost," I paraphrased sentimentously, but with well-meaning.

Sybilla never stirred.

With a last look at the pathetically small pile of abandoned keepsakes, which I now knew would grow no larger, I left her to brush away the dust from old memories which she knew as well as I it was folly to uncover.

Much later she came to me, yet a little tremulous, with the shadows of recalled emotions on her face.

"In case of sudden death," she said, with her inimitable tragicomic smile, "will you undertake their cremation? I couldn't do it, you know."

"Of course you couldn't," I agreed. ERMENGARDE.

The murderous doings of the elephant, Big Charley, at Peru, Ind., remind us of an old description of the sagacious beast: "It is a reflecting, contemplative animal, with strongly developed tastes for solitude and peace." Why should he not therefore be irritated beyond measure by the chatter of the crowd, by grinning two-legged beings that poke things—nuts, apples, tobacco, Jackson balls—into his trunk, by the music of the band? Many of us who have enjoyed a higher education are morose and show a tendency to bite when we are led by our wives to receptions, teas, formal dinners. Perhaps even the whitest elephant is as black as Charles Reade painted him, but think of the fables that have been told about him for centuries—about his knees, about his intimate domestic habits, etc. No wonder his nervous system is rasped until he is impelled to do to death all that come in his way, from the elephanteer to the Sunday School teacher who prods him with her parasol.

Sir Henry Thompson declares that the foundation of all turtle soup at its best is couger cel.

"It is bacteria that produce the changes in the carbo-hydrates and vegetable acids or the plant to which the aroma and flavor of tobacco are due. German bacteriologists have inoculated the native weed with *Havana microbes*." This possibly accounts for the peculiar stench of a burning German cigar, a stench not unlike that of burning rags, or, when the grade is a little cheaper, burning rubber. The microbes cannot stand the tobacco.

April 28, 1901

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

First Performance in Boston of Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" Symphony, in Four Scenes, After the Dramatic Poem by Byron.

The program of the 23d Symphony concert given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

"Manfred" Symphony.....Tchaikowsky
Overture, scherzo, and Wedding March from "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn

Tchaikowsky began to write his "Manfred" symphony toward the latter half of 1884. The subject was suggested to him by Balakireff, and the story is that Tchaikowsky did not care for it, that the labor was by no means that of love. He himself declared that the work cost him a year of his life. The first record that I can find of a performance was that at Moscow in March, 1886. The first performance in America was at a Philharmonic concert in New York, Dec. 4, 1886, when Mr. Thomas was the conductor. He has led it four times in Chicago, twice in 1900.

Tchaikowsky himself did not catalogue this work among his symphonies, and "Manfred" is, indeed, program rather than absolute music. The first movement represents the remorseful and despairing Manfred wandering about in the Alps. The memory of Astarte haunts him. In the second movement the Witch of the Alps appears to him beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent. The third movement is a pastorate that tells of the

simple, free and peaceful life of the mountaineers. The finale describes Manfred appearing in the midst of a bacchanal in the underground palace of Arimanes. The shade of Astarte is invoked. She foretells the end of his earthly misery. Manfred dies.

These explanatory notes are in the score, but Dr. Riemann prepared an elaborate analysis which might well have been published in the program-book of last week; for, however fantastic some of his explanations may be the article would have been a help to many by at least putting them in a sensitive and receptive mood.

The music, however, needs no long explanation to them that are familiar

with the spirit of Byron's poem. The music is a translation of the despair and anguish of the Byronic hero who is to some no other than Byron himself; and some declare that Tchaikowsky in this music thought of himself rather than of Manfred. These are idle speculations. We know well that the physical or mental condition of a creator is often not reflected in the creation itself; that men in most cheerful mood have written poems or dramas or novels or music that are steeped in indigo.

It seems strange that the subject should not be congenial to Tchaikowsky, who had known intense suffering, who regarded himself as a failure, who had a mystery in his life that caused him extreme anguish and which has never been explained. The story does not seem probable; at any rate, the music itself is a confutation of the charge. No doubt the symphony cost him an immense amount of labor; a glance at the score shows this; but there is little or no evidence of straining after ideas, of wild pursuit of effects. The symphony is crowded with suggestions of moods, with passages of unearthly beauty, with overwhelming effects—which are mainly sinister. The very opening presents a theme which is the key to the intent of the composer, the Manfred theme, if you please. Tchaikowsky does not use the whole orchestra to thunder out Manfred's woe; he uses lugubrious instruments of the wood wind, bassoons and bass clarinet, as I remember—I have not the score with me—and when they are accompanied he employs abrupt, grating chords of the lower strings. Other themes that follow are of infinite yearning, questions without the hope of answer. There is page after page that provokes a shudder, as those measures in which the trombones snarl over the dismal roll of the big drum. The piteous appeal to "Astarte" is answered by one of the most beautiful pages in all the music of Tchaikowsky, the passage given to muted strings. And then there is a return to the agony of despair. The finale is irresistible in its expression of horror.

The second movement is a beautiful tone picture and at the same time an exhibition of marvelous orchestral technique and imagination. The song of the Witch is simple, most melodious and is a strong contrast to the spectacular music that precedes and follows. The Pastoral is the most conventional of the four movements and might easily be spared, were it not for the sudden entrance of stormy passion, the return of the "despair theme" and the threat of death and annihilation.

Nor is the music of the orgy with which the finale begins as strongly original and exciting as we might wish. There is noise, there is mad rhythm, but the hearer is not excited. Nor is he moved when Manfred and the rest of the crew start a fugue with the apparent permission of Arimanes. But this fugato passage ends in a supreme dramatic stroke. The appearance of Astarte with her announcement of Manfred's approaching death is of incredible effect. I know of few things in opera with the advantages of action and song that are worthy to be named with it. And then the music to the close is worthy of the genius of him that wrote the fifth and the sixth symphonies and certain chamber music.

In this last scene a harmonium (or organ) is introduced. German commentators say that this is to indicate the abbot's vain appeal to Manfred to reconcile himself with the Church. But others say that Tchaikowsky intended that Manfred should be saved at the end. This is immaterial. The more important question is: Should the or-

gan, where it is used in the place of the harmonium, be used fortissimo at the opening chords, or should it be used as though it were the less powerful instrument? It seemed last night as though the effect would have been greater if there had been fuller registration with foundation stops.

The work itself which was warmly applauded—for Mr. Gericke was obliged to bow his acknowledgments three or four times—should be heard again next season. After one performance, the chief impression made is that described by the adjective "sinister." The beauty of Astarte's music is of unearthly sadness. The music of the Alp Witch is beautiful and it is without emotion. But Manfred lives in this music, raging, despondent, whipped with remorse, defiant, as in the poem of Byron. Nor is he merely a bogey-man, with raw head and bloody bones. His music frets and chills the hearer, who knows that he, too, must sometime answer a question that Manfred could not solve.

Philip Hale.

THE Orchestral Club, Mr. Georges Longy conductor, gave the second concert of the second season

April 23 in Chickering Hall. The concert began with a performance of Ellenberg's "Life a Dream." I do not know whether this Ellenberg is Richard Ellenberg, who now lives at Berlin and is 53 years old; but I do know that the music was not worth the trouble of rehearsal and performance, for it is of a cheapness that approaches vulgarity, and its general character recalls the bee garden with the foot stools for old ladies armed with knitting needles, and with real water turned on for the evening to run over sham rocks. The excellence and spirit of the performance only brought into clearer relief the worthlessness of the music. Bach's suite in B minor—Polonaise, Bourrée, Rondeau, Badinerie—flute solo by Miss A. M. McLaughlin, is delightful music and it was delightfully played. It was followed by Luigini's "Voix des Cloches," a sonorous commonplace, not as characteristic as the ballet music by the same composer which was played at

the first concert this season. Margaret Murkland sang two songs. Mrs. Beach and Charninade's "L'Etoile" in an unsatisfactory manner. Mr. Longy gave an interesting reading of the first four movements of Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie," which was actually in rehearsal before Mr. Gericke determined to give it at a Symphony concert. Mr. Longy's reading was especially interesting because he was a member of Colonne's orchestra, by which this suite as a whole was first performed, and therefore his reading may be said to carry authority. Furthermore it is true that no German ever feels an allegro by a French composer as quickly as does a Frenchman; nor do I refer simply to the craze for the "slow allegro" that possesses German conductors. "A la Fontaine" and "A Mules" gained as heard under Mr. Longy, and the climaxes in "Sur les Cimes" were far more effective than in Symphony Hall. The general tempo of this last movement might have been questioned, but the summits of Charpentier were at last summits of imposing mountains, not little hills. In the third movement the mules showed signs of life; they trotted briskly, and the character of the movement was more sharply drawn. All in all, an admirable performance as well as reading, and Miss Nina Fletcher, who played the viola solo with broad, warm tone, contributed materially to the success. "Panis Angelicus," a tenor solo from César Franck's Mass, was arranged for saxophone 'cello obbligato, harp and quartet, and the saxophone was played by Mrs. R. J. Hall and the 'cello by Mr. Alexander Blaess. Mrs. Hall displayed a beautiful quality

of tone and technical mastery. It is a pity that the literature of this peculiarly impressive instrument is not larger, and it is also a pity that such an artist is not heard in Symphony Hall when compositions that demand the use of the saxophone are on the program. For this instrument is something more than the idle plaything of a clarinetist, and it should be nobly, not flippantly played. Neither in "L'Arlésienne" nor in "Impressions d'Italie" as performed by the Symphony Orchestra was full justice done to the saxophone or to the music written for it. Mr. Blaess has made marked progress during the last few years. Tuesday night he played with breadth of phrase, richness of tone, and true authority. The concert closed with Berlioz's "Marche Triennale."

Mr. Longy and the Orchestral Club may well be congratulated on the results of work this season. He is an excellent conductor, one that may well be tempted to devote himself exclusively to this branch of the art. For he has natural qualities that are never acquired even by patience and bitter experience. He is passionate, yet a master of himself. He is a drill master, yet full of poetic feeling. He is as a centurion, yet is he affectionately obeyed. And the players under him catch his enthusiasm as well as profit technically by his instruction. It is true that about a dozen Symphony men assisted; but this fact does not contradict the praise that may justly be awarded the amateurs, who were in such large majority.

It may be permitted to ask why the programs are printed in French; as "Avec le concours de," etc., and "Membres Absents." Boston is still a city in New England, and English is the common medium of oral communication. The Orchestral Club is honest in its musical undertakings; and it surely does not wish to be charged with affectation in a little matter.

They say that Mascagni is negotiating for a tour of eight weeks in this country with an Italian orchestra. He should first have a heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Hans Winderstein.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus reasons concerning Mr. Victor Herbert and his "Fortune Teller":

"We have come to believe that there is a very definite art involved in a mere desire to please. The 'tickling of the ears of the groundlings' is a phrase which both sounds and means well; yet its significance is, in realization, a matter which should command both sympathy and respect. To amuse the multitude is no mean accomplishment; and that is assured by the achievement of Mr. Victor Herbert, the extremely talented composer of the music of this latest American success. Mr. Herbert

knows the art of making the man in the street hum. His sense of tone is as keen as can be, and his industry is prodigious. The result is quite extraordinary. You have a wonderfully complete sense of orchestration combined with a sharp outlook, in the mere matter of melody, upon the needs of the public. Here one may indeed be permitted to pause and consider seriously the meaning of that much-abused word art. If art means, in the Mozart reading of the term, writing for yourself and a few friends, then indeed Mr. Herbert does not touch that standard; his thoughts are altogether abroad. His desire is to please the casual listener; and, seeing that he is so eminently successful in his endeavor, we

are bound to acknowledge that he is a musician very worthy of consideration. The subject is altogether an attractive one; and for the moment we may take it into consideration. Music has a double popularity—the popularity which depends upon the artist and that which depends upon the man in the street. It will usually be found that the first kind, unless under very exceptional conditions, is the production of a mind which is well ahead of the ordinary music-loving public. The consequence is that the author of such music usually starves and dies in abject poverty. A few will appreciate the enormous results of his thankless labors; the many will be almost proud to neglect them. But when a composer frankly sets out to please the general public, and not the very few, he needs only to be a tradesman with a knowledge of his tools and with an ability to work; and therewith a Mr. Herbert springs upon the scene, ready-made from the brain of some disillusionized Jupiter. From Mozart to such a one is really quite a simple matter of tracing; and we scarcely know, in these cynical times, to whom we would award the palm. It is here, in our discussion, not so much a matter of accomplishment as a matter of success. It is not likely that in the course of a century so many people have heard "Don Giovanni" as will hear "The Fortunate Teller" in the course of a few hundred days. But therein lies the whole essence of the problem which we have been considering. And we leave the answer to the minds of the thoughtful.

Geo. Grossmith, Jr., is writing a new comic opera.—The London County Council has appointed Carl Armbruster musical adviser. The Pelican tells us that his claims were presented by "his devoted Scotch wife."—Yvette Guilbert will make her appearance in London next month.—Sigrid Arnoldson—a pretty woman—had a remunerative benefit in "La Traviata" at St. Petersburg. The receipts were about \$3000, and the value of the presents given to her amounted at least to \$5000.—Rostand declares that Puccini has no right to set his "Cyrano" to music without his permission and payment for the privilege, and a lawsuit has been started.—There was a great row at La Scala April 8 over de Lara's "Messaline." There was a claque, which was resented by the rest of the audience, and the composer's repeated attempts to take to himself applause which was intended for Tamagno, aroused indignation.—They say that Capoul wishes to be manager of the Opéra-Comique, Paris.—Verdi left instructions that

two large chests, which were supposed to contain manuscript works, should be burned after his death. His orders were obeyed early this month.—Sir Arthur Mackenzie proposes to give a series of lectures on "The Genius of Arthur Sullivan."—De Pachmann will play in London in May and June. He will spend next winter in Great Britain, and in 1903-4 give a few recitals in the United States.—The New York Sun says that Lucienne Bréval received \$700 whenever she appeared; that Miss Scheff, who is now scarcely more than a name to the audiences at the Metropolitan, received \$1500 a month.—It is said that she had never before in her career received as much as that in four months; that Miss MacIntyre got \$12,500 for her meagre participation in the season.—Melba's Australian tour has been abandoned. It would be well for her to get into condition before she visits the home of her ancestors.—A 20-year-old son of the opera singer, Katherine Klafsky, recently disappeared from Hamburg after having committed various forgeries in the name of a young nobleman. This was a son of the late prima donna by her first husband, whose name was Liebermann. His father lived in Brooklyn a few years ago.—The operas to be sung most frequently on the road next season by the Grau Company will be "Carmen," "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Roméo and Juliet," and "Il Trovatore." If Tamagno will accept Mr. Grau's terms, we have heard some of these operas in Boston.—Mendels' play, "A Helme Flamme," will be made into an opera for the Opéra-Comique, and Xavier Leroux will write the music. Julia Marlowe once thought of appearing in this play.

The new symphonic poem of William Wallace produced in London at a Philharmonic Concert, March 27, bore no title. The composer said in his analytical notes: "There is no program attached to the music, and the listener is free to put his own interpretation upon musical ideas which have no concrete or verbal equivalent in the composer's mind." Some say the poem might justly bear the title "Tristan."—The Bach Festival at Berlin was evidently a disappointment—for it was likened unto a country fair.—A Miss Henriette Renée played at a lamoureux concert, March 24, her own concerto for harp and orchestra. It was highly praised.—There have been concerts lately in Paris of Czech music. D'Officié wisely says that from what he has heard, this music is distinguished by constant repetition of folk themes, and when there is any brilliance, it is at the expense of sentiment and depth. He puts Smetana above Dvorák, and finds his orchestration more homogeneous. Furthermore, Jnhert finds that the Bohemian Quartet has a thin tone, as though the instruments were steadily muted.—Ticket speculators have become an intolerable nuisance at Milan, and the manager of La Scala and the bureau of the theatre as well as the philanthropists.—A concert was given lately at Venice, in which the program was devoted entirely to pieces by Brahms. This was the first of this kind in Italy.

These are the songs I have made,
In the sorrowful days of my youth;
These are the prayers I have prayed
To a God that was not of the truth.

These are the loves I have known,
Pitiful gains I have won;
These are the seeds I have sown
In the days that are over and done.

When you arrive at man's estate all doors are open to you. You may pass through and go as far as it pleases you and pluck all manner of fruits, and disport yourself in many ways, and even listen to the sirens. But after you have passed forty years one by one these doors are shut upon you. The physician smiles and says, "Yes, that is the alcohol door. You can open it if you are so inclined; it is not locked and bolted; but if you persist and open and enter, the door will be like the forbidden firth, the door which was plated with red gold and entered by the Third Kalandar; and you remember his fate."

There is the tobacco door, the late supper door, the door of over-exertion, the door of fine print, and there are many doors which in turn are viewed by the prudent as sealed and bolted. There is one door, however, that is always open, and yet you would not pass through it.

The sick man is in this quandary: There is the general practitioner who may not possess the wisdom of the specialist; on the other hand, the specialist, narrow, one-sided, may twist the general into the special and neglect—neglect is the same as injury—that which is important to prove a theory or a hobby.

Boston, April 26, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

We have received the following letter:

Why should the one who wishes fresh air or cannot endure an overheated room always be obliged to give way to those who enjoy foul air and prefer to be roasted? I am in a street car. The air therein is so foul that it is noticeable on the back platform. I ask that a ventilator be opened. As soon as the conductor opens it, a stout, ruddy-faced man scowls at me and then shuts the ventilator with his umbrella. I am only a woman, so I sit still and wonder whether it will be small-pox, diphtheria, grippe, or just a plain, ordinary cold. I am playing whist at the house of a friend. Not a window or door is open. The gas is working with might and main for the company; you can hear the metre creak. The furnace shoots up hot, fierce waves. I pluck up courage and say: "Cannot we have a little fresh air? Really, I am suffocating." My companions look at each other. I hear them thinking "Poor woman; we must humor her for a minute. You know they say—" The host looks at the thermometer: "Why, Mrs. —, it is only 78, but, of course, if you insist." After a desperate struggle with the window, he succeeds in raising it about two inches. The women begin to shiver. One calls for her cloak. "It must be all right now," says the host, and down the window goes. And so it is everywhere. Why, I repeat, should I and others like me always be obliged to defer to those who prefer foul and pestilential air?

M. M. W.

Was it of Mrs. Humphry Ward or Sarah Grand that some one said in a complaining way: "Life is short and her art is so long"? It might well be said of either, if Sarah Grand, through courtesy, is allowed an art. It appears that the latter, incensed by a review of one of her books, wrote a letter to the editor of the offending journal, the Liverpool Post. The critic stated in his notice that he had read only 11 pages of the book—an unnecessary admission—and from this number he gave extracts and added that they recalled to him the literary methods of Sir Walter Scott, Ruskin, and the Dean of Canterbury. Sarah did not take this as a compliment; she suspected him of gulling her, and thus did she begin her reply: "When criticism is written by a gentleman, it should receive the respectful attention of every intelligent author. Even though his insight be befogged and his judgment incompetent, a man must not be condemned for his destiny." And so on. A journalist, like any other man who undertakes a duty, is bound to fulfill his bond "to the best of his abilities, however small." "Journalism ought to be the profession with the highest code of honor at all." Then she lashes the reviewer for "the flippant cynicism of his public utterance that he has not the time nor the leisure to read the books he reviews," and finds that he "who has the effrontery to boast that he has no inclination to earn honestly the bread he wins from his employers is guilty of a gross impertinence."

Sarah should come to Boston. Here the reviewers are picked men from the

universities. They are chosen for their knowledge of rhetoric, catholic taste, and staying powers. Each reviewer has a padded room and a princely salary. He is not expected to read more than one volume a day, and he must always spend 48 hours on his review of that volume. A book is read from title to colophon, and we know one reviewer who spends three or four hours over an index. They read one week, write the next week, and then are allowed three days to forget all that they have read and written, so that they can attack the next batch of books without prejudice.

A correspondent writes: "Yes, it is true that Mrs. Aphra Behn did what you said she did, but you did not quote the whole line: 'She introduced milk-punch into England and was buried in Westminster Abbey.'"

And here is a strange story of the death of a priest, Father Souillard, who had been holding a special mission in Nantes. He had been preaching in the cathedral on eternity and death. Father Souillard assured his audience with much solemnity that in the course of twenty years' experience of special missions he had always observed that the mission sermon was followed in a short interval of time by a sudden death in the parish, and he expressed his trust that should this lot be in store for a member of the congregation he would be prepared to meet his end. After uttering these words Father Souillard left the pulpit and went into the sacristy to rest. In a few minutes he re-entered the church, but as he walked towards the choir he fell to the ground stricken down by an attack of apoplexy, from which he died.

April 30, 90.

CORINNA SOWS.

O tiny seed, she gave to you
Small thought while winter months dragged
by;

But now, when joyous spring is due,
Within her darling hand you lie.
Oh! gladly I'd be you indeed;
Then, swifter far than can be told,
I'd burst to seedling from a seed,
Straightway my leaves should be unrolled,
My buds for very joy expand—
To lie within Corinna's hand.

When comes your time for burgeoning,
And when your tender buds make way,
She'll keep from you each harmful thing,
And tend and feed you day by day.
Oh! I'd be you this Spring's gay prime,
And only know to bud and bloom,
Content to die in winter time,
And glad to know no other doom,
If I—oh! let divine and rare!—
Might grow beneath Corinna's care.

And when you come to perfect flower,
All other joys shall know eclipse,
For you will, plucked in your last hour,
Be raised to touch—O heaven!—her lips.
Oh! I'd be buried deep in mould,
With slugs, snails, grubs, and noisome
things.

Nor move for months, but welcome cold,
And all the ills each season brings,
And count all else well lost for this—
To die upon Corinna's kiss.

Several correspondents have written letters to us about the late Bernhardt-Coquelin-Sumichrast affair, and two of the letters were distinctly passionate, but we do not feel it our duty to take an active part in the shindy. We sympathize with Sarah in whatever she does, for she is one of the few truly remarkable women of the world, and if she should declaim: "Etre ou ne pas être," standing on her head and waving a Danish flag, we should applaud her in the face of Prof. Rolfe, Mr. H. A. Clapp and all the other eminent Shakespearean critics. When there is talk about "L'Alliance Française" and "Cercle Français de l'Alliance," we are silent although we might repeat the celebrated remark of Moreau. An unprejudiced observer would no doubt declare that he heard queer French at either gathering, and if he were a rude person he might go so far as to characterize the French as quibsy. Nor is the thought of the learned Harvard professor from the region of the Blue Noses and the superb Sarah slanging each other a pleasant one to us who quietly cultivate the arts. Sarah said—at least so she is reported: "It is true that I am angry with M. de Sumichrast, who is, I am informed, a Polish-Greek-Armenian-Hungarian, naturalized as an Englishman." And thus did she wound him to the heart—not by reflecting on his mixed blood, but by referring to him as "M. de Sumichrast." Now the erudite professor always signs himself "Sumichrast." Would Sarah speak of "M. Napoleon"?

A correspondent, who believes that a woman should sit a horse man fashion, asks us when side-saddles were first used. We do not know. And who knows when the saddle itself was invented? The first mention of it in history is in the story of a fight between Constans and Constantine. The use of it in Ireland is comparatively recent. A law of Henry VII. of Eng-

land insisted that noblemen should use saddles. Englishwomen rode either on pillions or side-saddles at the beginning of the 17th century. When Catherine of Arragon was married to Prince

Arthur in the 17th year of Henry VII., a contemporary spoke of "her saddle after the manner of the other ladies' saddles of Spain covered with black, and sat up on the wrong side of the mule as the other ladies of Spain did."

Brantome says of Catherine de Medici, who was fond of hunting: "She was a graceful and daring rider, and she was the first who put her leg on the bow of the saddle, because the beauty of her leg was there far greater and more apparent than in the stirrup." (Now Catherine was famous for beauty of skin, neck, legs and hands, and her mania of honor were eager to draw tight her hose.) Was it in consequence of this position that she was often thrown, that her leg was broken, that her head was injured so that she was trampled?

The de Goncourts have given us much information of an intimate nature concerning the life of the French women of the 18th century. The mane of the horse was knotted with ribbons, the tail was ornamented with a rosette—which streamed in the breeze. The woman wore an Amazon jacket of green satin with gold trimming, and a pink petticoat braided with silver lace. But nothing is said as to how the woman sat.

Perhaps you read of the hanging of Mr. Thomas E. Ketchum, popularly known as "Black Jack," and how his head was pulled from his body when he dropped, for he was a heavy man. Only a few days before, we saw an article signed "Merlin" and published in a London journal. The writer insisted that when a man is hanged in the modern fashion his pains are entirely mental—that all other methods of putting a condemned man to death are barbarous. "The Americans have experimented, with a view to mercy, in a very horrible form of death, which, with their characteristic disregard of the proprieties of language, they describe as electrocution." Merlin discusses the lethal chamber, shooting, etc., but he believes that hanging is practically instantaneous and painless.

The electric chair must seem more terrible to a criminal than the halter. The mystery that surrounds the operation—the thought of applied science—the absence of romance and legend—these made the execution doubly terrible. And how often is a man killed instantaneously? There is the examination, the hurried consultation, the signal as that of a conductor to a motorman, and the wretch can finally resist no more. A bungled hanging must be an awful sight; but electricity "scientifically" applied to an human being is a sorry commentary on advanced civilization.

Verdi consulted Morelli about the costumes for "Otello." A letter was published lately in a Berlin newspaper, and we quote from it an interesting opinion of Verdi concerning the physical appearance of Iago: "You would like to have a small figure, undeveloped limbs, one of those figures in which we see at once cunning and malice. Well, if you think so, so be it. But if I were an actor impersonating Iago, I should prefer a thin, tall figure, a face with thin lips, small ape-like eyes, close together, a high retreating forehead. I should make him a kind of careless, indifferent fellow, saying things good and bad and acting as though he did not take heed of what he said. I should make him a man who, if anyone should remark, 'What you say is infamous!' would quickly reply: 'Indeed! I did not mean it. Say no more about it.' Such a figure can deceive everybody, even a woman—to a certain extent. A little, malicious figure excites general suspicion and deceives no one."

Mr. Commissioner Kerr wisely and sadly remarked, in the City of London Court yesterday, that it was astonishing to note the quantity of verbiage to be met with in the world. It is not astonishing only because we are so accustomed to it. The occasion of the remark was a silk hat into which a waiter had negligently spilled a pint of beer. The owner of the hat demanded a guinea for a new one. The defence was that the waiter was careless but not negligent. Had he been negligent, damages would not have been refused; but being only careless the owner of the hat had no claim. On the other hand, it was maintained that the plaintiff was negligent in leaving his hat in a place where a careless waiter could, without being negligent, empty a pint of beer into it. The jury found for the plaintiff that he had not been negligent, but that the waiter had. Commissioner Kerr demurred. On the whole, we demur, too.—Pall Mall Gazette.

May 1, 1901

DEATH AND LIFE

"Puir Wulley is dead!—'O, is he?"
"Ay, can't he be in his coffin he's been!"
"Jist noo A em muckle tae busy
Tae trouble me heed about deen";
"There's han's tae be got for the reapin';
We're gaun tae the wark in the morn;
An' A'm thinkin' the rain 'll come dreepin',
The night, an' destroyin' the corn."

We know a man who at night in bed does not dare to let his hand hang over the side, although he would fain do so. He is afraid. Of what? Of the unknown, the mysterious, the terrible. Some ghostly arm without a body may chill his hand. Something moist, flabby, as the paw of a nocturnal crawling beast, may press it. A slimy mouth of something in the air may swallow it. Some scaly horror, some head like liver, with ill-defined, rudimentary features, may rub against it. The man occasionally forgets himself. He stretches. The coolness is refreshing. He starts and hurriedly puts the arm under the pillow where it is safe. Yet he was once a cadet and he was reckoned among the bravest, a man to defend Paneul Hall against a foreign or domestic foe, to lead a forlorn hope in such a heroic fashion that photographers would rejoice and future sculptors have an easy task. Even now his family sleeps securely, because it knows that he is in the house.

Baltimore claims proudly the possession of a set of false teeth which were worn by General George Washington. This was the General's first set. A second set was made by the same dentist and buried with the illustrious owner. And now Baltimore struts with pride, and on festival occasions puts the teeth of the mighty dead in her riant mouth.

But should not artificial charms be buried with the owner? Mrs. Boudier had a glass eye which was a striking imitation of the real thing. We are told that Boudier left it with her in the coffin and he thus acted as a truly loving spouse. Would you have had him wear it on his watch chain, or give it to his young Augustus to play with, or put it on the mantelpiece as a souvenir? He did not wish to be reminded of the physical infirmity of an admirable wife and mother. Teeth should be buried in like manner. To insist that the teeth of the departed should be mounted, displayed on velvet, and surrounded by glass is mistaken, vulgar devotion. It is a perpetual announcement that the mourned was shy of a substantial convenience and adornment. Or suppose that your wife has a game leg? Do you propose to send her limping to the grave or the funeral pyre? If you should use a wooden leg as an Indian club, you might bang it against something in the fervor of your exercise, and it would be as though you had bruised your wife. A cork leg would be too tempting a plaything, for the children and the neighbors would make uncharitable remarks. The poet has left us no account of the burial of Miss Kilmansegg. When she was found in the morning, stiff and bloody, her Golden Leg was gone, the leg for which she was married, and for which and by which she was murdered. Did they not equip her with some cheaper but substantial leg that she might stand steadily in the Last Day as an accuser?

On April 28 men and women attended a church in the West End of London in evening dress. The rector has instituted "special late services for fashionable persons." "Many women attended in décolleté dress with theatre wraps."

Church-going may now become fashionable in Boston, New York, Newport, Tuxedo. There are certain persons who would go even to church if they thought that worship imperatively demanded full evening dress. There would be the same opportunity of display as at the opera, and the sum expected for the contribution-box would be less than that asked at the box-office or the speculator's. We may see next season "swagger church parties" duly reported by the Sassy editors. "Mr. and Mrs. Cabotin gave a select and delightful church party last Sunday night. After a dinner in exquisite taste, the party drove to St. Winifred's, where the Rev. Mr. Spoonbill conducted the service with infinite tact. Four pews were reserved for the party, which included the following well-known leaders in society: Mrs. etc., etc."

In former days priests and preachers did not look kindly on women in low-cut gowns before the altar. Michel Meunot did not hesitate to preach openly from the pulpit: "When you go to a ball, dinner, or the bath, dress yourself as you please; but when you go to church, I beg you, make some difference between the house of God and the house of the Devil." And see that extraordinary book by the Abbé Boileau, "De l'Abus des Nudités de Gorge." The third paragraph is one of the few

that may be quoted in this squeamish age.

"Not only in private houses, at balls, in the streets, a-walking, do women appear with breast displayed; some, frightfully rash, go to insult the Saviour at the foot of the altar, and as though Satan wished to use them in profaning the sanctity of the church and in destroying safety; they go there to wound the eyes of the most innocent and just and to destroy those who are still weak and tottering in virtue. Men go into the temple as into an asylum where Satan hardly dares to attack them, and where very often he cannot conquer them; but that which he himself cannot do, he does by the women whom he leads thither, who by the shameful nakedness of their breast, arms, shoulders, attack, wound, vanquish those who believe themselves to be in a sure place, and thus these women cause the Demon to triumph in the very places determined for the triumph of the Saviour."

No time is lost in Paris over the booming of first editions. A translation of "Quo Vadis" was published by the Revue Blanche in 1900. The first edition is now advertised in catalogues as rare, and 40 francs are asked for it.

The late D'Oyly Carte left £240,817. The thoughtless might say that operetta is more profitable than grand opera; but Mr. Carte was a man of schemes and interests outside the Savoy Theatre. He left £1000 to Rosina Brandam. When "The Scrooge" was revived she took Mrs. Howard Paul's part of Lady Sangazure, but her first creation at the Savoy was Lady Blanche in "Princess Ida" (1884). Then followed Katisha, Dame Hannah, Dame Carruthers, the Duchess of Plaza-Toro, Miss Sims (in "Jane Annie," with Conna Doyle as one of the librettists), the Lady Sophy. She studied singing with Nava at Milan, who was the teacher of Santley.

The earliest quotation in allusion to the phrase "the ghost walks" is dated 1853 in the slang dictionaries. But we found yesterday a story about the ghost walking at a country theatre in one of Oxberry's books dated 1826.

May 2, 1901

The ideal wife is one who does everything that the ideal husband likes, and nothing else.

The navel or seedless orange was obtained by patient grafting. Could not patient breeding produce a boneless shad?

We were delighted when we read the prospectus of the Atlantic Union, which seeks "by mutual entertaining to make the personal domestic life and ideas and points of view of each country known to the other." It is true that visitors from the United States visit London, travel about the country, "and go away without having made the acquaintance of a single English family and without having entered a single English home." The wretched Americans stay at inns and "go away without any knowledge of English life except that which can be gained from the outside"—as in the music halls, and on the streets near the Haymarket. Several English members of the Union have already announced their desire to entertain Americans at their country houses during the coming season.

But Americans should be discreet in acceptance. A wealthy brewer might be an agreeable host, but he should be made to say whether he puts arsenic in his beer. We should not care to visit Marlborough, for there are too many Americans at his various houses. The Egremont mansion at Silverton, near Exeter, should be cool in summer, for the Earl insisted on about 200 marble mantelpieces, door knobs of amber and baths cut out of solid pieces of marble. We understand that he never finished the mansion, which will soon be sold as building material, but we should not mind roughing it a little. The English hosts would add to the pleasure and comfort of visitors if they were to put in each room a schedule of fees expected by the various servants. Then a leave-taking would be dignified, and not like running-the-gauntlet.

A new "and entirely original" dragon is preparing for the production of "Siegfried" at the Grand Opéra, Paris, next winter. It will be designed on a Chinese model, and "it is to have working joints that will enable it to move, or be moved, about the stage with great rapidity." We have been accustomed to a stationary dragon, rheumatic, obese. A real spry monster would be a greater attraction than old man de Reszke himself.

Some of the School Committee exult in the fact that certain school rooms have been carpeted. There is only one carpet that is tolerable and to be endured—the carpet of Solomon, which will transport through the air even the army of the Tsar. Carpet in English meant originally a table-cloth, and the carpet as known to us is of recent use. Some poor, mistaken housekeep-

ers have thought that a Brussels carpet and a silver-plated ice-pitcher give enviable distinction. How many women have shortened their lives by the putting-down and taking-up of these dust-gathering, pestilential rags! How many husbands have lost favor in the eyes of their wives by awkwardness in the use of stretchers and tack-hammers! A carpet in a school-room or teacher's room? Go to! Hardwood floors that may be kept clean and sweet are the thing. Or if there is a room that must be ornamented, a handsome rug will be a proof of taste and true civilization. The rug can be beaten easily—say, by the teacher who has little time for physical exercise. Rug-beating will harden the muscles of the arms, develop the chest and loins, give good color to the face, brighten the eyes. Teachers, both male and female, will be improved thereby; their digestion will be quickened, their mind will be refreshed and equilibrated.

Stable-boys—for all stable-men were stable-boys—as firemen are fire-laddies—have preserved for years the characteristics of a type, or characteristics that are practically racial. Look at the pictures in English sporting books for a century; you will find the same faces, the same attitudes in the region bounded by Boylston Street, Massachusetts Avenue, Commonwealth Avenue, and Hereford Street. Wash-leather cheeks, eyes that are alternately fatigued and shrewdly bright, mouths that betray a living contempt for all owners of horses and especially for owners who pretend to drive, stooping shoulders, legs that are itching to curve amorously about a horse, a general air of rough neatness—these are here in Boston as they are in a picture by Leech. No doubt Jehu's boy would be at home if he were brought to life and dropped in upper Newbury Street today. Nor does birth-place matter. These men are the true cosmopolites. Their club is at a certain stable or at a certain saloon. They have a rigid code of etiquette, which no one dreams of disputing. Do they shave themselves? Is Xenophon for his book about horsemanship in good repute among them? Dr. Holmes spoke of "stable-boys smoking long-lines." Perhaps they did in 1857-'58; but now they are addicted to pipes, and we are confident that a pipe has for a century at least been their preferred choice. Who was the one great progenitor? Was it not a centaur who fell in love with a wandering gypsy?

Not long ago a poorly-clad man begged for shelter at the cottage of a lonely woman in a village of Hungary. She was moved by his appearance and she took him in. The tramp handed her a small package for safe-keeping and then went to bed. As soon as he was asleep she opened the package and found bank notes of large denominations. She began to covet, and at last she killed the owner with a hatchet. The dead body annoyed her. As she bent over it to lift it and hide it somewhere, she recognized for the first time the features of her husband, who had left her some years before to seek his fortune in America.

We were pained to find Mr. Kipling in a letter which accompanied his "Recessional" using the phrase: "Please drop me a wire." To "drop a note" means to send a note in a casual or informal way—but "drop a wire!" As though "wire" were not a vile term in itself, whether it be used most vulgarly as noun or verb. But "drop a wire!" From where? and how far down?

May 3, 1901

He was a gentleman fond of his bed and also of his Madeiran wicker-work arm chair. He read a little; but, when excited, which was rare, he would declaim loudly against the practice of "lecture" as worthless, touching the main enjoyments of human life—eating, drinking, visiting friends, and attending the theatre. According to him the summum bonum of human life was to lie upon his back smoking cigarettes and looking at the moon or at all the stars. He once, but only once, gathered energy to sermon me upon the subject of over-curiosity. I had remarked that the thermometer stood unusually high. "To me," quoth Don—"it is hot when I am hot; it is cold when my body feels cold. What do I want to know more?" Perhaps that Don was not so far wrong.

No observing traveler is surprised at the report of a suicide in any hotel of Nova Scotia.

They have just found out in London that Sir Henry Irving mouths and gargarizes so that one half of what he says cannot be understood even by those who sit in the best seats. He is not only a mummer; he is a mumbler. When Sir Henry was last here—with his "dear friend Miss Terry"—his enunciation was positively shocking. It suggested that of a toothless old man

with a hot potato in his mouth trying to give an imitation of an eminent tragedian, as Lear cursing his daughters. We first heard Irving in 1878 at the Lyceum, London, in "The Bells," and as Alfred Jingle. His enunciation was then hoarse and guttural, and he was given to whinnying, whining and shrieking, nevertheless the hearer by giving close attention could understand nearly all that was said. Now we read that "a frank protest will probably lead England's favorite player to make some concession to his admirers." It is too late; this mannerism is like a malignant cancerous growth. If these same admirers had protested 20 years ago, if hearers had hissed or cried "We don't hear you," if critics had not driled and slobbered in slavering admiration, Sir Henry might now be intelligible in speech.

The tenor Ernst Krauss of the Berlin Opera has been obliged to go to Ems for the sake of his vocal chords, which he will not be able to use for a long time. This is not surprising news, for when Mr. Krauss was here he shouted so heroically in Wagnerian operas that hearers of discrimination and naturally compassionate nature wondered how long his throat and lungs and diaphragm and other vocal clock-work would stand the strain. Mr. Krauss began life as a waiter in a Munich restaurant, where he passed beer and sausages with a step that was in time to tunes running in his head. His early training made him fastidious in his views of taverns, inns and restaurants, and it will be remembered that here in Boston he was removed from the dining room of a leading inn, in fact, he was borne aloft, as Siegfried for burial, because he insisted on smoking while other guests, male and female, were eating.

A play was produced in Berlin a few weeks ago. The playwright was young and talented, poor and unhappy. He received on his death-bed, only an hour before the ending, a letter from the theatre-manager who told him that his play had been accepted. The title of the play was "Happiness."

On May 3, 1758, a young woman laid a wager at Newmarket that she would ride 1000 miles in 1000 hours. She accomplished this in little more than a third of the time.

A Coroner's jury in Norfolk County, England, recently found a verdict of "willful murder" against a boy of twelve, who shot a girl of nine. Was not the age of possible discretion fixed at 12 years by the old Saxon law? "There was an instance where a boy of eight years old was tried in the 17th century at Abington for firing two barns (an offence at that time capital), and it appearing that he had malice, cunning and revenge, he was found guilty, condemned, and hanged accordingly." In a later case, a boy of ten, who had murdered his bed-fellow, was executed with the consent of all the Judges. In the early sixties, at Corisco Winwood Reade saw a little boy of seven years, who was accused of witchcraft. The boy was stoical even when a big brute held an axe below his eyes. The chief, who had been bewitched, died. The boy was burned alive, and bags of gunpowder were tied to his legs, which made him "jump like a dog," as a native eyewitness of the punishment told Reade. In the matter of judicial punishment how did the civilization of Merry England surpass that of Equatorial Africa?

The death of a man was recorded this week at some length. He was not conspicuous for learning, invention, discovery, benevolence. He was not even distinguished for bravery in battle, which is a species of drunkenness. No doubt he was an excellent average man. But his death demanded more newspaper space than will be given to nine-tenths of us. And why? Because he was a faithful, indefatigable rooter for a base ball club. Some have admired a singer, a theatrical person, or a pianist to such a degree that they followed him or her from town to town. They have been few in number, and some have been suspected of madness. But our lately departed brother rooted for a ball nine. His voice on the field was as Roland's horn. Umpires trembled when they learned of his presence; they called strikes with ill-disguised timidity. Yet are we not all of us rooters for something or somebody? The Wagner rooter is a much more offensive animal than the base ball rooter, and what shall be said of him that is constantly shouting for some politician? Montaigne rooted for Plutarch; Mr. Henley roots for Byron; Mr. Howells—let us see, for whom is Mr. Howells rooting at present? He has rooted for so many that have been as gourds and mushrooms and rushlights. There is still the Kipling rooter; but what has

become of Mr. R. H. Davis? (Is the truffle found immediately by the rooting snout? And truffles are to some as caviare. Give us the caviare of Russia and we care not who make the laws of that country. To think that natural things should be so dear; sweetbreads, truffles, grape-fruit, caviare, terrapin—these should be within reach of the humblest; and then the rich would no longer value them or find them palatable.) The rooster is a delightful fellow, most companionable, not-to-be-fooled, indeed of a high order of intellect as long as he roots with us. When he is on the other side, he is tiresome, silly, and if he is especially noisy, dangerous to the best interests of society. And then, too, he has the stronger lungs.

Our example for the young today is Dionysius Petavius, a Jesuit, who taught divinity with wonderful capacity and was of an extensive and deep learning. When engaged in his erudite work "Dogmata Theologica," he used to twirl his chair for five minutes at the end of every second hour.

THE WHARF RAT.

The wharf is silent and black, and motionless
lie the ships;
The ebb-tide sucks at the piles with its cold
and slimy lips
And down through the tortuous lane a sailor
comes singing along,
And a girl in the Gallipagos Isles is the burden
of his song.
Behind the white cotton bales a figure is
crouching low,
It listens with eager ears as the straggling
footsteps go,
It follows the singing sailor, stealing upon
his track,
And when he reaches the river-side, the
wharf rat's at his back.

A man is missing next day, and a paragraph
tells the fact;
But the way he went, or the road he took,
will never, never be tracked.
For the lips of the tide are dumb, and it
keeps such secrets well,
And the fate of the singing sailor boy the
wharf rat alone can tell.

Today these isles are spelled "Galápagos," from "galápagos," which is Spanish for tortoise, likewise for snail and periwinkle. And it is today that the English are accusing the United States of wishing one of these isles for a coaling-station, the island Charles, known in Ecuador, to whom the Galápagos belong, as Floreana, after President Flores. What the Germans call a "Welt-Politik" depends on coal distributed for ready use.

We have quoted the poem of Fitz James O'Brien for two or three reasons—because we have always had a romantic fondness for his memory—because we like the grimness of the lines—because it fills a certain amount of space—but chiefly on account of the one line: "And a girl in the Gallipagos Isles is the burden of his song." It is a haunting line, odorless, suggestive. It might reconcile one to an appointment to the coaling station.

Now these islands were first named by the Spaniards the Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles. For the Buccaneers, who were among the first visitors, believed through difference of reckonings produced by currents and light and variable winds that there were two clusters of isles on the parallel of the Encantadas about a hundred leagues apart. The charts of 1750 were in agreement with this delusion of changing and unreal locality.

Herman Melville once described in sinister, cynical, yet appreciative fashion life on these islands. You will find this description in the first series of Putnam's Magazine, and also in a collection of stories and sketches made by Melville, entitled "Plaza Tales."

"Take five-and-twenty heaps of cluders dumped here and there in an outside city lot; imagine some of them magnified into mountains, and the vacant lot the sea, and you will have a fit idea of the general aspect of the Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles. A group rather of extinct volcanoes than of isles; looking much as the world at large might after a penal conflagration."

The desolateness surpasses that of the Dead Sea; the solitariness of the ice-fields of Greenland is not so terrible; and the special curse of the Encantadas is that to them change never comes. "Neither the change of seasons nor of scroows." The islands are uninhabitable. Even the outcasts of beasts are not found. Reptiles alone endure the desolate scene. "No voice, no low, no howl is heard, the chief sound of life here is a hiss."

The tortoises are believed by seamen to be wicked sea-officers, more especially Commodores and Captains, at death, and in some cases before death, transformed, to dwell forever on those hot aridities.

The islands were discovered about

1670, according to Melville, by some daring man like Juan Fernandez, who stood out boldly to sea for favorable winds. "Though I know of no account as to whether any of them were found inhabited or no, it may be reasonably concluded that they have been immemorial solitudes."

They were colonized in 1832, we are told, by a nervous Englishman, when Ecuador annexed them. But Melville in the Fifties of the last century gave the population of Albemarle as follows. Men, none; lizards, 500,000; snakes, 500,000; spiders, 10,000,000; fiends, salamanders, ant-eaters, man-haters, unknown and incomputable.

Off the Rodondo rock the United States frigate Essex, Capt. David Porter, came near leaving her bones in 1813, and met an enchanted craft, which was American in the morning and English in the evening and was with sails full of wind in a calm.

Barrington Isle was the resort of that wing of the West Indian Buccaneers who waylaid the royal treasure ships from Manila to Acapulco. "After the toils of piratic war, here they came to say their prayers, enjoy their free-and-easies, count their crackers from the cask, their doubloons from the keg, and measure their silks of Asia with long Toledos for their yardsticks."

Charles, to which we have referred, is used by Ecuador as a place of deportation for political undesirables. Long ago it was granted to a Creole soldier-of-fortune from Cuba, who had fought in behalf of Peru against Old Spain. Eighty men and women cast their lot with him, who was absolute dictator. After months of trouble and revolt, he was banished by his subjects. The island became the asylum of the oppressed of all navies—"the unassailed lurking place of all sorts of desperadoes."

There are wild legends about these islands—as the story of Oberlus, the terrible hermit of Hood's; the pathetic tale of Hunilla, the Chola widow, who was rescued from Norfolk Island. But what of the girl sung by the sailor, in O'Brien's poem? "Gallipagos," like "Mesopotamia," sounds delectably; the women from far off isles must be beautiful to the poet's vision; and even in this material year the thought is surely more romantic than that of a coaling station.

Let us remember today the death (1733) of Mr. John Underwood of Whittesey, in Cambridgeshire. Six men followed him to the grave and sang the last stanza of the 20th ode of the second book of Horace. There was no tolling of bell, there was no disfigured or hypocritical face of relative. The coffin was painted a joyous green. Mr. Underwood was put into it with all his clothes on. Senador's Horace was placed under his head, Bentley's Milton at his feet, a Greek Testament in his right hand, a small edition of Horace in his left, and Bentley's Horace served as a Peter Cooper. The sister provided thoughtfully a cold supper for the six gentlemen. When the cloth was removed they sang the 31st ode of the first book of Horace, and went home decently about eight. To the sister he left about 6000 on condition that she should observe this his will: he ordered her to give each of the six 10 guineas and desired they would not come in black clothes. "Which done," ends the will. "I would have them take a cheerful glass, and think no more of John Underwood."

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Program of the Last Concert of the Twentieth Season Devoted to Selections From Operas by Wagner—Ternina and Dippel the Singers.

The program of the 24th and last concert of the Symphony Orchestra (20th series), Mr. Gerike conductor, at Symphony Hall, last night, was made up of these pieces from operas of Wagner: Overture, Bacchanale, and Duet (Venus and Tannhauser) from the first act of "Tannhauser"; Paris version; Siegmund's Love Song from "Die Walkure"; Duet of Siegfried and Brunnhilde, Siegfried's Death, Funeral march, and finale from "Die Gotterdammerung."

It was the custom some 20 years ago for conductors in Berlin to present programs devoted each to the works of one composer—Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Haydn—and I believe there were actually "Spohr evenings." Of late years French conductors have tried "Saint-Saëns concerts" and "Massenet concerts" as well as concerts exclusively for the music of Wagner or Beethoven. Mr. Thomas in Chicago this season gave a "Beethoven Cycle."

The composers who bore an audience

the least at such entertainments are undoubtedly Beethoven, Tschalkowsky and Wagner. No doubt the faithful Brahmsites, the initiated, the full-fledged mahatmas of the cult would enjoy—but "enjoy" is here a too frivolous word—would appreciate and ponder a concert to the sole glory of Johannes, the son of the double-bass player. Indeed I remember a Symphony concert here in April, 1897, when the program was composed of some especially dismal pieces by Brahms—among them the "Vier ernste Gesänge." But that concert was in memory of the composer, and the courteous obligation of thus paying him respect enlarged the regret caused by the news of his death. Mozart and Haydn and Schumann and Schubert—their names are thrice honorable, but an evening of nothing but Mozart? Wild horses could not drag me to "An Evening with Mendelssohn," although the overture to "Fingal's Cave" is one of the most beautiful things in this sadly commercial world. A fascinating Tschalkowsky program might easily be arranged. That a concert was not thus planned after his death may be regarded as incredible by the future historian of music in this city. But would a Richard Strauss concert or a César Franck concert be wholly endurable? I doubt it, although these names are as stars in the firmament.

There was a time when the devout American Wagnerite protested against concert performances of selections from the music-dramas of "the Master." He claimed that gross injustice was thus done; that these music-dramas were not like other operas, from which pieces could be cut out for general use and at pleasure; that the music-dramas should be given as a whole, without cuts, and with scenery, costumes and action; and he talked, and he often screamed against the "outrage." He did not remember that Wagner writing in touching language about ideal performances and Wagner itching to hear even a portion of an act in any manner whatsoever were two very different persons. This interesting Wagnerite forgot the early concerts in Paris, the grand "Musik-aufführung" at Vienna in 1862 when excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" and "The Ring" were performed to the keen distress of Papa Hanslick. Wagner had insisted so earnestly on the necessity of complete performances on the stage, that he was naturally an easy mark for the shafts of all that had been provoked by his arrogance and reckless speech.

It is a curious fact that within a few years Vincent d'Indy was reproached because he allowed certain portions of his opera "Pervaal" to be performed in concerts at Paris before the work was produced as a whole. The objectors said that a performance of fragments was unworthy of the musician who wrote in accordance with the high ideas expressed by Wagner. d'Indy answered that Wagner allowed concert performances of fragments long before the operas were heard on the stage, and he also said: "If I have given a fragment to the Opéra for concert use it is because—how shall I explain it?—because I have no feeling of coquetry about the performance of my work in public. I have thought the chief and true part to be played by an artist is to create the work; and once this is done, completely done, whether the work be a picture, a statue or an engraving, in a word, from the moment that a work exists, the artist has a right to free himself absolutely from concern as to what may happen afterward. If the work is good and beautiful, it will live as a whole, in spite of the mutilations and outrages of traffickers in art. If it is a bad work no absurd pains in the performance, no rich clothing, will save it from forgetfulness."

The discriminative lover of Wagner may well rejoice in well arranged Wagner concerts. And it is not an extreme statement to say that a better understanding of portions of Wagner's operas will follow certain concert performances than in the opera houses of Boston, New York, or London. For where—except in a few German cities where the singers are inviolably German—is a music-drama of Wagner adequately produced? The stage management, and the mounting in the performances of the Grand company last month were always indifferent and at times shamelessly bad. Mr. Walter Damrosch sat as conductor simply because a fashionable clique in New York had demanded his elevation to the dangerous position. The music-dramas were literally pitched upon the stage after they had been hacked and hewn. In a good concert performance there is at least nothing to disturb and annoy; the imagination can supply what is lacking to the eye; the mind of the hearer is not jaded by long stretches of musical dullness; and the singers have no excuse for staleness when they should be most dramatic and passionate.

Why should not there be other excerpts in familiar concert use? Why should not the finale of "Siegfried" be heard, with the great duet, to which in the opera the tenor comes after hours of song and chatter and explosions and listening to Mime.

These thoughts are suggested by the concert of last night. The pieces themselves are familiar and it would be impertinent to discuss seriously their character. It is enough to say that the honors were borne away by Mr. Gerike and the orchestra. There might have been greater elasticity of fury and wilder delirium in the Bacchanale, but the orchestral performance as a whole was one of extreme beauty, brilliance, impressiveness. Mr. Gerike was applauded loudly, and after the Funeral March he was called out imperiously two or three times, but Mr. Dippel, who had sung in the earlier selections, heard this loud

clear call as for him. He acknowledged it punctiliously each time, and Mr. Gerike, with characteristic modesty, stood quietly by consenting.

The two singers came to us at the end of a long and exhausting operatic season. Mr. Dippel showed unmis-

takably the wear and tear, and in conventional concert-dress and without the liberty and the license of action he also showed that he had forgotten some of the elementary principles of vocal art. Seldom if ever did he sustain a tone; seldom was a tone properly placed; too often his singing was mere jiggitation, and his phrasing was of the collar and elbow kind. He is a useful, obliging tenor with a large repertory, and it is a pity that he has not yet thought it worth while to learn thoroughly the art of tone production. At present his vocal sentiment and his vocal passion are almost grotesque.

Nor was Ternina at her best, although she was always artistic in phrasing, emotional with genuine emotion, and not inclined toward exaggeration of tone or sentiment. But the quality of the voice of last night showed, and naturally, the severe work of a season which was for her a succession of triumphs which she richly deserved.

Philip Hale.

THE musical season of 1900-'01 was distinguished first of all by the dedication and use of Symphony Hall. This hall is convenient in many ways; it is, no doubt, safe; it serves to display handsomely an audience, and it is a fact that the audience at Symphony concerts has paid more than ordinary attention to dress; but either the system of ventilation is not yet in working order, or the system is not thoroughly understood by those who run it, and the acoustical properties, in spite of Mr. Sabine's brave pamphlet illustrated with diagrams and figures, are by no means satisfactory to either musicians or hearers.

The dedication of Symphony Hall was attended with pomp and ceremony—original poem—and who remembers one line of it?—address—presence of foreign music critics—and a remarkably good performance of Beethoven's great mass under Mr. Gerike, who had drilled the chorus until it made the nicest dynamic distinctions. Nor will the exquisite singing of Clementine de Vere-Sapio soon be forgotten.

Now that the 24 concerts are over, it may be seen that Mr. Gerike was reasonably liberal in the selection of novelties. The chief of the works new to us were Taneieff's "Orestea" overture, Converse's "Festival of Pan," Van der Stucken's "William Ratcliff," Loeffler's revised "Death of Tintagiles," d'Albert's cello concerto, Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy," Strube's Rhapsody, Tschalkowsky's "Manfred." Handel's concerto in D minor for organ concerto might have given way to a work for organ and orchestra by Böllmann, Guilman, or even Rheinberger. Unfamiliar pieces by Dvorák, Goldmark, Brüll, Bruckner, did not enlarge the good opinion previously entertained.

The performance of Mr. Brockway's suite was a sop to those who wish something by an American at each concert—or at least once a fortnight. Röntgen's gloomy Ballad has been played in other cities, although it is not new. Mr. Dohnanyi's piano concerto took a prize at Vienna. What could the others have been like? Cowen's "Idyllic" symphony tested the sincerity of the Anglomaniacs in the audience, and at the same time made converts to the Boer cause. Brüll's "Macbeth" turned the hero into an advertisement for Scotch snuff introduced pleasantly into operetta. Weingartner's symphony was a disappointment to those who had read the eulogies pronounced on it in foreign cities. Is his second symphony any better? And surely the third symphony of Saint-Saëns was worth doing if only for the sake of the workmanship, although the musical thought itself is not distinguished. But any season that knew the production of the pieces by Taneieff, Loeffler, d'Albert (cello concerto), Charpentier, Strube and Tschalkowsky cannot justly be called uneventful. And remember that there were many excellent performances of familiar pieces.

Among the soloists were these singers: Ternina, Melba, Schumann-Heink, Dippel, Campanari; violinists, Maud Powell, Kreisler, Kneisel, T. Adamowski—Mr. Loeffler proved his generosity as man and artist by giving his place to Mr. Kreisler; cellists, Schroeder, Becker; pianists, Bauer, Dohnanyi, Aus Der Ohe, Godowsky, Gebhard, Whitting; organist, J. W. Goodrich. This list is one of high average. Gabrieliwitsch might have been added to the pianists, especially as his only performance with orchestra in this city was handicapped by an incompetent conductor. Ternina at her first appearance unwisely chose a moth-eaten aria by Lachner, and Melba's star shone with diminished brilliance, as also later in opera; nor was Aus Der Ohe at her best.

The orchestra itself, on the whole, maintained its reputation, although in certain respects, as in the bassoons and tuba, the personnel might be improved.

The Handel and Haydn gave an unusually good performance of Verdi's "Requiem"—one, in fact, that it would be hard to equal. Mr. Mollenhauer has

been a tower of strength. It is to be hoped that the solo singers next season will be more competent than those engaged last season for "The Messiah." But in these days thoroughly competent singers are not always to be obtained.

The Cecilia performed several interesting works, and produced "Hiawatha's Departure," which made a deep impression. The most ambitious attempt of the society was Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" with Schumann-Heink as the heroine.

César Franck's "Beatitudes" and H. W. Parker's "Wanderer's Psalm" were produced for the first time here at Mr. Tucker's concerts, and the orchestral concert in this series, led by Mr. Paur, was one of the chief events of the season.

Among the works performed at the Kneisel concerts were Strauss's sonata for cello and piano, a mild and amiable quartet by Duvernoy, d'Indy's string quartet, a sonata for violin and piano by Ruben Goldmark, and César Franck's supremely beautiful and moving piano quintet, played marvelously

by Mr. Harold Bauer and the quartet.

To the Adamowski Quartet praise is due for the production here of Saint-Saëns's string quartet, a work of his artistic old age, and Chadwick's new string quartet.

The new Chickering Hall was dedicated by a concert that began at a fashionably late and inconvenient hour, but Plancon by his voice and art made amends for any inconvenience and even dispelled the boredom thrown like a pall upon the audience by one Beethoven with his Kreutzer sonata.

The Longy Club, which is devoted to music written for wind instruments, gave three concerts. The club was unfortunate in choice of dates, for there were conflicting concerts. The finish of the ensemble under Mr. Longy's leadership gave delight to those who were fortunate enough to be present. D'Indy's "Chanson et Danses" were played for the first time, as were some other works of less intrinsic interest.

Mr. Schroeder, the cellist, celebrated the 25th year of his musical activity.

The Lelaps Quartet for Church Song sang here for the first time. Hans Winderstein, with his Lelaps Orchestra, gave three concerts here.

The Bendix String Quartet of New York made a first appearance. Carl Armbruster gave many lectures on Wagner, and on Song-Composers—with the help of Miss Cramer.

There were recitals given by Sembrich, Carreno, Maud Powell, Becker, Hofmann, Godowsky, Gabrilowitsch, and others, but the recitals that were attended most persistently were those given by Harold Bauer, pianist, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist. It may be truly said that few recitals have given

such legitimate pleasure and deserved such success as those by these two extraordinarily endowed musicians.

Other givers of recitals were Wallace Goodrich, Jackson-Fisk-Eddy, Klahre, Dohnányi, Fox, Gebhard, M. W. Whitney, Jr., Miss Levy, Decca, J. F. Thomson, Coiman, "Little Valberta," Devoll-Isham, Hawkins-Townsend, Lucile Tucker, Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Julia Heinrich, Gladys Fogg, Buonamicci, Hattie Schodder, Mrs. Baldwin. Then there were the concerts of Miss Terry in Chickering Hall, and certain concerts of a mixed nature in Mr. Tucker's series, and the series of the Music Students' Chamber concerts that went under on account of lack of support. Nor must concerts led by Eduard Strauss and Sousa be forgotten. Nor should the reappearance of Mme. Juliette Corden-Pond be passed over in silence.

Then there were the Henschels—Georg, Mrs. Henschel and Miss Henschel. Were their concerts farewell appearances of the parents? Only a few years more, and three generations can say, "We heard the Henschels." Then will these singers rival the Ravels or the Hanlons—so far as the name as a trade-mark is concerned. No one who heard Mr. Henschel's "Stabat Mater" will forget that it was performed in Symphony Hall in 1901—March 31.

The Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy conductor, performed these pieces for the first time in Boston: Prelude to act III, "Elsa," Lefebvre; suite "Le Roi s'amuse," Delibes; Divertissement for saxophone and orchestra, Loeffler; Luigi's "Ballet Egyptian" and "Voix des Cloches," suite by Bach in B minor with flute, Bach; an arrangement of Franck's "Pavane Angelicus" for saxophone, cello, harp, quartet. The saxophone solos were played by Mrs. R. J. Hall.

The Boston Women's Symphony Orchestral Society, Mr. Arthur Thayer conductor, gave a concert, and the program included pieces by Gluck, Massenet ("Meditation" with violin solo), MacDowell, Charpentier.

The Sembrich Opera company received for our delight "Don Pasquale." Sembrich sang in this opera, "La Traviata," "The Barber of Seville" with dazzling brilliance and then, tired out, was a conventional Marguerite in a poor performance of "Faust." We made the acquaintance of a buffo of the first rank in the person of Rossi, and Lara proved to be an agreeable and musical tenor.

The deeds of the Grau Opera company are of too recent date to require extended notice. The new singers were Lucienne Bréval, Margaret Macintyre, Fritz Scheff, Louise Homer, Carrie Bridewell, and Sizes, Gilbert, Blass and Journet. The three memorable performances were those of "Aida," "Tosca," "La Bohème." The only new opera was "Tosca."

No, the season cannot be called uninteresting or fruitless.

I add to the list of works performed for the first time at the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra at Chicago during the last season of 22 (44) concerts:

Symphonies: Bruckner's in D minor, No. 3; Glazounoff's in C minor, No. 6; Svendsen's in D major, No. 1.

Overtures: Berlioz, "Rob' Roy," Lucas, "Macbeth;" Schillings symphonic prologue to "King Oedipus;" Thuille, Romantic overture.

Suites, symphonic poems, etc.: Burmeister, concerto in D minor for piano; Fibich, "Idyl;" Gleason, symphonic poem, "The Song of Life;" Haydn, concerto for cello; D'Indy, Wallenstein Trilogie; Lalo, violin concerto in F minor, No. 1; Lalo, Norwegian Rhapsody;

Lindner, concerto for cello; Liszt, piano concerto No. 2; Liszt, Fantasia and Fugue for organ; Paine, Moorish Dances from "Azara;" Rameau-Mottl, suite; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Capriccio Espagnol; Saint-Saëns, symphony No. 2; Schumann (Georg), symphonic variations; Slinding, violin concerto in A major; Spohr, concerto for clarinet, No. 2, E flat; Tschalkowsky, Suite du Ballet "La Belle au Bois Dormant;" Wagner, selections from Act III of "Tannhäuser;" Beethoven, andante and variations from "The Kreutzer Sonata;" Weber, scene and aria of Lysivit from "Euryanthe."

The soloists were: Piano, Burmeister,

Dohnányi, Gabrilowitsch, Godowsky, Mrs. Zeisler; organ, Middelschulte; violin, Baré (2), Kramer (3), Kreisler, Marx, Maud Powell; cello, Becker, Steindel, Bruckner; clarinet, Schreurs; singers, C. W. Clark, Mrs. Furbeck, Hamlin, Mrs. Wilson.

We three went out together—
Margery, Maud and I,
In April's last soft weather,
Ere the May dawn drew nigh.
We washed our faces in May-dew,
And saw the moon fade in the blue
Waste highlands of the sky.

We maids went out a-Maying,
To seek what we could find,
And fairy pipes were playing
Before us and behind.
We could not see the Pixy-folk,
Nor hear the mocking words they spoke,
For blowing of the wind.

Maud found a black lamb straying,
And took the sheep-fold way,
Margery went a-Maying
Sullen, but came back gay.
Because she found an amber comb
She took a fairy treasure home;
I only brought home may.

When in her yellow tresses
The amber comb we see,
Wives curse, and no man blesses
This maid called Margery.
Her beauty is a strangling snare,
Men's souls are netted in her hair
And cannot come forth free.

We three heard pixies blowing
Their pipes; two of the three
Can hear the long grass growing,
The winter wind can see.
Maud's in her grave, nor cares nor knows
Whether the stray lamb comes or goes,
And I am as a folded rose
Till a Pixy gather me.

Mr. Sims told us a good ghost story the other day—not one of those stories that chill to the marrow when they are remembered suddenly in a lonely house—not one of those stories that are wildly improbable or steeped in melodramatic horror. The tale is a reasonable one, and a similar adventure might happen to any one of us, not necessarily in London but here, or in Lowell, or in Chicopee.

Last summer a female painter hired a studio and bedroom in a street that runs off Tottenham Court-road. In the early hours of the night of Oct. 21 she woke with a start and saw a man standing at the foot of her bed and apparently washing his hands. She screamed; he took no notice of her and went on washing his hands. Thoroughly frightened, but fascinated as by a spell, unable to move, she sat up and stared at the intruder. As soon as there was a trace of daylight the man melted away.

Her courage came back and she dressed and told the landlady what she had seen. "Well," said the landlady, "I have heard people as have had the room before talk about such a thing, but I haven't paid much attention." The painter said she should leave at once. The landlady insisted on the rent for the whole term. A lawyer was consulted by the painter; he said that one could not plead ghosts, but he examined the landlady about the story of the ghost. "I don't know what the story is, all I know is that everybody as has had that room has always given me notice on the morning of October 22."

Mr. Sims assures us that he knows the painter well. She is not a nervous person—on the contrary, she is exceedingly sensible, of great personal courage and strong will-power." The landlady bears witness that the apparition has been seen by every tenant of the room on the same date, and she has been in the house for 20 years. The man is supposed to be washing blood from his hands. And now Mr. Sims is trying to ascertain whether during the last 25 years the house was the scene of a murder, or whether one of the tenants was suspected or accused of bloodshed.

Now was the shock to the "lady artist," as Mr. Sims calls her, composite, or was it due to the mere vision of an unexpected man, or to some physical and repulsive feature, or to an indefinable but overmastering suggestion of the grave, or to the persistent washing of hands that told of bloody crime? Bulwer Lytton once wrote a story, "The Haunted and the Haunters," which we should not like to read even in the Union Station at 6 P. M. Wilkie Collins shortly before his death wrote a grisly tale of ghosts in a Venetian hotel—we may be mistaken as to the city, but we remember distinctly a head that had an unpleasant habit of appearing at unseemly hours. And there are key-cold tales in various collections as in J. H. Ingram's "Haunted Homes and Family Traditions of Great Britain." But still more frightful are stories in which the apparition is malignant but not visible, as in O'Brien's "What Was It?" in that incredible story of an incubus published, of all places in the world, in Macmillan's. In the quintessence of horror there must be something indefinite. Realism is grotesque in Ghostland, and might lead the watcher with chattering teeth to doubt the existence of nocturnal visitors. Suppose that in an old and wind-swept mansion inhabited only in summer months, you awoke with a start to see a thin, gaunt, old woman, in her night gown, brushing toothless gums. In this instance there would be no inevitable conclusion of murder and a victim with staring eyes and rigidly entreating hands.

Prof. John K. Paine has written music for the performance by the Classical Club this evening of scenes from "The Birds" of Aristophanes at the Fogg Art Museum. He is a versatile musician that can go easily in spirit from the tragedy of Oedipus to the satire of the graceless Athenian. And yet Wagner wrote "Die Meistersinger" as well as "Tristan." "The Birds" was performed at Cambridge (England) in 1883, and the music was then composed for it by C. H. H. Parry.

There was pleasant talk at the last dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce. "John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard) spoke of women's sphere in journalism. Whenever we hear a woman talking about woman's sphere we remember the experience of Artemus Ward in a railway train near Ann Arbor. A "he-lookin' female" addressed him and the other passengers. "She sed every woman should have a Spear. * * * What is my Spear? Is it to stay at home & darn stockings, & be the ser-lave of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear? Sayin' which the eccentric female whirled her umbrella round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it. 'I hav no objections to your goin into the Spear, b'zacs,' sez I, 'but you'll please remember I ain't a pickarel. Don't Spear me agin, if you please.'" But Mrs. Stannard was not of this species. "A woman's ideal should be to have a regular income, and to be a wife and mother, and nothing else." In other words, a newspaper woman should marry her publisher. Mr. Andrew Lang, the leading writer of prefaces, snarled—this time at the newspapers. "There is too much newspaper reading. Providence did not allow the early Greeks to discover the Press, and they were thus saved from intellectual destitution." Ungrateful Mr. Lang! Do not newspapers pay him a substantial sum? Was

he not for a long time an editorial writer? Did he not even contribute a little while ago an article to the New York Sun, a journal supported by Americans and printed in their language, which is so distasteful to him?

May 7, 1901

The 16th season of the concerts known as the "Pops," began last night, with Mr. Max Zach as orchestral conductor.

Symphony Hall has now been thoroughly dedicated. First there was the elaborate performance of express dedication; the hall was dedicated to oratorio; there was a dedicatory organ recital; there was dedicatory first symphony concert; and now the first "Pop" has been given, and the walls, ceiling and statues are acquainted with the smell of burning tobacco. Let us hope that thorough saturation with the smoke of this plant may improve the acoustical properties.

The floor was well filled last night, and some sat in the galleries, which might well be called the seats of the scornful; for the sight of elaborate dress, and a sea of white shirt front might well provoke a smile from the philosopher who is informed that the men and women at the tables are indulging themselves in Bohemian amusement. He might reply that there are several Bohemians; one without a seaport; one with a seaport; a Bohemia known to artists and jolly men and women who are not too anxious about their dress or social position; and Bohemia in Boston, a province in which some of the inhabitants wonder when others will begin to be joyous, and some are uneasy, for they are not sure that their own respectability is fully appreciated by their neighbors of the evening.

"Pop," I am told, is an abbreviation of "Popular." The abbreviation suggests merriment; the pop of champagne ordered by some ostentatious person who would never dream of ordering the wine if it sneaked out of the bottle; the pop of other corks, descending humbly to ginger-beer, and there is a pop even to alkalithia, if the corkscrew be deftly handled.

The "Pops" are supposed to be popular entertainments, light and gay and pretty music; light refreshments and pleasing drinks; permission to smoke; and genuine informality. Liberty—but not license, except for the beverages that are served.

Is it not true that of late years the

"Pop" has become a "function," rather than a careless entertainment?

Mr. Comee, surely, does not wish that the frequenters of these concerts should consider them as formal occasions. I know that this is furthest from his thought.

The old feeling and the old enjoyment might return if there were two or three improvements carried out this season. The rails of the pen might be taken down and all tables considered as unreserved. First come, first seated, should be the motto. Any distinction on the floor kills democratic and contagious pleasure. If anybody wishes to show the public that he has a beautiful dress suit, he should be allowed to exhibit it, although the dress suit habit—especially when a black cravat is worn with a tailed coat—is almost as destructive to soul and body as the hack-habit. And should not the prices of admission be lowered? I am aware that Messrs. Ellis and Comee are able to run their own business, and I remember how the Ferguson family of Philadelphia made a large fortune, but I like the managers of these concerts, and I would fain see the hall crowded with men and women, young and old, gossiping, flirting, laughing, wounding, if not killing, care, and incidentally listening to the music, which should never be too loud to interfere with the long-winded story of the venerable Mr. Borax, or to drown the amorous whispers of the youth who sits under the shade of a miraculous hat. It would be a pleasure to see visiting from table to table whenever the spirit moved a visitor. The word "Pop," as here applied, should regain its true meaning; it should not be used to characterize a concert attended solemnly by men and women who dress slowly for it and look skew-eyed at rakish youths and pretty girls and wonder where "those persons" live.

The program last night was as follows:

March, "Szechenyi".....Fahrbauch
Waltz, "Vienna Ron-Dons".....Strauss
Overture, "Le Domino Noir".....Auber
Selection, "Viceroy".....Herbert
(First time.)
Suite, from "Jocelyn".....Godard
Waltz, "Les Patineurs".....Waldteufel
Habanera.....Chabrier
Two Hungarian Dances.....Brahms
Overture, "Hansel and Gretel".....Humperdinck
Waltz, "Harlequin's Journey".....Zach
Polka, "Tie-Tac".....Strobel
March, "Wien, Bleibt Wien".....Schrammel

Philip Hale.

When two people of totally different natures are conversing, almost everything said by the one will, in a greater or less degree, displease the other, and in many cases produce positive annoyance; even though the conversation turn upon the most out-of-the-way subject, or one in which neither of the parties has any real interest.

He is a happy man who can once for all avoid having to do with a great many of his fellow creatures.

The art of putting up with people may be learned by practising patience on inanimate objects, which, in virtue of some mechanical or general physical necessity, oppose a stubborn resistance to our freedom of action—a

form of garden, which is required every day.

To H. N. L.: Old Chimes and Miss Fastack are in Virginia. They are visiting in the Green Spring region. A letter addressed Waldrop, Louisa County, will find them.

In the good old days of English sport various animals as bulls, bears, badgers, leopards, tigers, horses were baited to the intense delight of crowds drawn from all ranks. We are told—and the informant is an eminently serious man—that the dullness of May will be relieved by bore-baiting on the Common every Saturday afternoon. The first hatch of bores will be chosen from these clubs: the Puritan, the St. Rotolph, the Somerset, the Union, which are conveniently established. Five or six men in each club will be chosen by their fellow-members and by the Australian ballot. The bores will be chained, although a fat one may be allowed to run, if the sun is sufficiently oppressive. A proposition to tie a cat around the neck or in the trousers—sent of one of the bores was rejected, for some thought that true sport might thus degenerate into cruelty; but the final entertainment will be at night, when the most aggressive bore of the hatch will be encased in fireworks and the dogs will be encouraged by firecrackers fastened to their tails. There will be no admission fee. The expenses will be met cheerfully by the other members of the clubs.

We saw last Saturday at the foot of School Street, about 1 o'clock, a pretty girl returning to her work. Her prettiness was of the cocky type that approaches impudence, but her complexion was fresh and clear, her eyes were honest, she did not exhibit assorted jewelry; even her ungloved hands were rugged. A good girl but a bit fresh. Why, O why did she carry defiantly a wooden toothpick in her mouth? To prove that she had lunched? But a toothpick is not indisputable proof. There are men who flourish this dental ornament in front of a luxuriously appointed inn and have not tasted food that day. This girl had undoubtedly eaten. She was merely the victim of a common, vile, disfiguring habit. The Portuguese women of high station carry a cigarette behind one ear and a toothpick behind the other. (We suppose that the coiffure must be arranged with a view to this convenience.) Surely a toothpick behind the ear is better than three in the mouth. The sweetest mouth be-toothpicked suggests slivers between the teeth and discourages the embrace of even the most enthusiastic and reckless employer.

The petrified cat in Brooklyn will attract the attention of strangers in Greater New York. On our infrequent and timorous visits to the Metropolis we have seen a few cats that were apparently paralyzed, but never one that was absolutely petrified.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, May 4, 1901.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:
It is my business, or as I prefer to say, my art, to design men's clothes, and it has been to me a lucrative employment. Because I have seen in your column occasional references to correct dress, I venture to submit to your distinguished consideration the following:

It is said that clothes make the man. For years I have known that this statement is untrue, and I feel that I can now afford to say so and express regret for keeping silent so long on this important matter. The fact is that man makes the clothes, or in other words, the expression is not in the clothes, but in the wearer. It is impossible for anybody but a gentleman to wear perfect clothing with the correct expression. It is likewise impossible for a gentleman to fail to give a gentlemanly expression even to clothing of imperfect design and fabric. Now you will observe as a natural inference that a gentleman needs to wear perfect clothing only as desire to show a perfect outward expression coincides with financial ability. As for the rogue, it is useless for him to procure perfect clothes, they must prove to be misfits in the highest sense, for his character is lower than the character of his habiliments. And thus much money has been wasted both by gentlemen and rogues who have believed that clothes make the man. I shall not undertake to discuss the element of vanity which plays an important part in bolstering up such a belief.

Yours truly,

A TAILOR.

Balardo, in Marston's "Antonio and Melinda" says, "If you see one in a yellow taffeta doublet, cut upon carnation velure, a green hat, a blue pair of velvet hose, a gilt rapier, and an orange-tawny pair of worsted silk

stockings, that I, that's I." Now Balardo was a rich gull. But would General George Washington himself have kept his dignity in such a costume?

A member of the Bar died a short time ago. At the time of his death he was employed as a crossing-sweeper. "He had, it seems, gradually sunk to this condition not through any fault of his own," and his story is cited as "an eloquent plea for the support of the Barrister's Benevolent Fund." But there have been crossing-sweepers who earned more than barristers. There was Mr. Frederic Altamont, for instance, who married Miss Shum and in disguise swept the crossing from the Bank to Cornhill. When he was discovered by the dreadful mother-in-law, he sold his place for £3000, and he had saved £2500. Mr. C. J. Yellowplush, after the catastrophe, met him at Baden-Baden, "where he and Mrs. A. were much respected, and pass for pipples of property." The profession has its amenities, and it is far healthier to exercise in the open air than to be cooped in an office or a foul court-room. The crossing-sweeper is a student of human nature. There is opportunity for the observation of faces and dispositions. Nor is the mud of the street fouler than that in which the lawyer must often grope and grovel to secure his fee—and costs.

GAVE GREEK PLAY.

Scenes From Aristophanes's "Birds"

Presented by the Classical Club of Harvard.

Last night the classical club of Harvard University produced a Greek play for the first time since the famous production of the Oedipus Tyrannus, the tragedy of Eschylus, in 1881. The play last night was scenes from the "Birds" of Aristophanes. The music for the lyric and choral passages was written by Prof. J. K. Paine of the department of music. The staging and costuming was under the supervision of the Greek department, especially Prof. I. C. Wright and Messrs. Gulic and Harris.

The classic costumes, over which great pains had been taken to obtain as near as possible an accurate reproduction of the Athenian attire of 2400 years ago, made a very striking stage picture. The music was to some extent modern and operatic in character, as almost nothing is known of the character of ancient Greek music. One of the musical numbers was a tenor solo by Mr. E. M. Waterhouse, which was rendered in his usual brilliant and sympathetic style.

The acting parts were given in especially satisfactory manner, the Greek lines being spoken without a single error, and the stage business was highly entertaining, even to those of the audience who understood nothing of the dialogue.

The play is a burlesque upon the imperialistic tendencies of Athenian politics at the time of the Sicilian Expedition.

May 5.

RETHOUGHTS.

Songs are sung, and the people hear.
And the Lord knows what they think of it all
But the name of the lady you hold most dear
You would not breathe though the sky should fall.

It's sad—oh, sad! to have broken your heart;
To pine, and wish you were spent and old.
But, bless you, had, though you've told a part.

There still are secrets you've left untold.

We have received the prospectus of the Bedrock Band and Foot Laundry Company. We note the fact that mineral water will be used exclusively in order to secure a metallic gloss.

At the same time we regret that these stiff and unmeaning shirt-fronts are in fashion. The French have the literally correct word for this rigid expanse that suggests the whitened sepulchre—"plastron," which also and primarily is defined as breast-plate—a word that comes from the Italian and means "that which protects." As a matter of fact, the most stiffly starched shirt-front does not protect against pneumonia of the assailing eye of the beauty, who is making calculations founded on vulgar diamond studs and collar button.

We prefer the good old-fashioned bulging, billowy shirt that went with curiously cut suit of broad loth. There was dust of snuff on the top wave; the shirt collar suggested in some curious way a shark; but there was individuality in each bulge; the bulges were not machine-made. Perhaps an ivory jawed wench with arms of satin had done up that shirt for the Judge; perhaps Mrs. Magrath had smoked her pipe over the bundle of the day; the shirt was, in either case, the result of particular thought and application, and there was indeed a dash of personal admiration, for the Judge was brisk and affable toward all women.

We spoke the other day of an attempt to split the hair between carelessness and negligence. A more adequate account of the trial has now reached us, and we discuss it for a moment. Mr. Potter of London, not Texas—went into a restaurant to eat. He sat down and put his hat topdown on the adjoining seat. This hat was a stovepipe or silker, or cylinder or plug. A waiter managed to put the greater part of the contents of a bottle of beer into this hat. Mr. Potter, to avenge the insult, sued the restaurant keeper, and his lawyer admitted that Mr. Potter could not recover if someone had sat on the hat, but he claimed that a "silk hat was not a receptacle for spilt beer." And yet strange things have been kept in plug hats; handanna handkerchiefs, conjurers' rabbits, vegetables, and in the late fifties of 1900 politicians wandering from stump to stump of the great West were accused of thus wearing gingerbread and other articles of food, among them plug-tobacco. The lawyer for the restaurant keeper insisted that Mr. Potter should have put his hat on a peg; that a chair was not contrived and fashioned to hold a hat. The jury found for Mr. Potter—one guinea with costs.

"The population of the Isle of Man is decreasing." Has this anything to do with Mr. Hall Calne?

The Berlin Times quotes the long advertisement of a shopkeeper in Munich. The last lines of the advertisement are as follows:

Leather and fancy goods and other articles like portmanteaus, cigarette cases, lettercases, memorandumbooks, paperweights, broches, walking sticks essentially, gentlemen & lady pocketknives in the grandest selection, with turtles, mother of pearls, ivory, horn, wood, dearshorn from 50 Pf. till 14 Marks.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, May 6, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I told a friend of mine the other day that I was upset; that my new cook was going to leave me because Mr. Gunnison and I could not endure her cooking; that she was wasteful, slovenly, and had only one virtue, which was good nature; and that this virtue was perhaps her worst fault, for her smile when she produced soggy bread or meat done to chips inspired me with desire to murder her, right in the kitchen, the scene of her misdeeds.

My friend Mrs. Nye consoled with me and said: "If I hear of a good cook I'll let you know. I am sorry yours is so unsatisfactory. How much do you pay her?" I answered: "Six dollars, but she isn't worth \$3."

This was as we came out of Symphony Hall last Friday. Monday the cook said to me: "I've got a good place, Mum. She's a mighty fine lady, Mum. And she's going to pay me seven dollars and a half, Mum, and put out my own washing." I thought it was none of my business, but I said, "Who is she?" "A Mrs. Nye, Mum. She wrote to me this morning."

After this I shall not contradict any cynic commenting on friendship between women. But I no longer consider Mrs. Nye a friend; she is only an acquaintance.

Yours cordially,
LUCIE GUNNISON.

We hear that golfers this summer will chalk their clubs before driving. This is important if true.

The meaning of the word "humph" was discussed lately in the Irish Court of Appeal. Two Justices held that "humph" was an expression of dissent, and two inclined to the conclusion that it was used to express only a "dissatisfied condition of the mind." The final decision was: "An expression of doubt or dissatisfaction." But what was the nature of the case in which this point arose? Judge Bridgeman should have presided when this buzz-ass decision was handed down.

G. R. H. says that the intelligent New Zealander who scanned the studio regularly would come to the belief that "art consisted of a series of strange experiences and surprises; of adventures and nightmares in countries outside the habitable globe where the prismatic scale was permitted a scandalous liberty. Even Mr. J. M. Swan, realist as he is, is credited in the current number with a tiger in a landscape, which must have been painted after a close study of Colman's mustard."

May 9. 2:
If he went out walking and saw a man with his hat sideways on his head, or a woman dressed in discordant colors, he fell into a fit of nervous irritation, which lasted an hour, or even the whole day. He especially detested the harking of a dog and the whistling of a boy. Some voices affected

him so disagreeably that he would turn frantically from them. He could not bear to look upon ivy or other creeping plants, which he declared to be the reptiles of the vegetable kingdom. He gave up his club because, like all other clubs, it was habitually frequented by an old gentleman with a purple nose. His life was in a great measure occupied in flying from his aversions.

The women of Boston have been reproached by foreigners—distinguished visitors from Paris, Chicago, New York, and villages along the Sauguis branch—for their "rudeness" in entering or leaving shop, theatre, church, street car. Perhaps they do crowd a little; their elbows may be classed scientifically among weapons of offence; and when they tread on your exquisitely shaped feet you realize at once that these women are not canary birds. But there is a certain refreshing heartiness in their behavior, and a self-centred woman provokes admiration except when she establishes the centre of her interest on your foot and glares at you if you wince. She then despises your effeminacy and, if there were only some one present to introduce you to her, she would tell you the anecdote of the Spartan boy and the fox. We learn from an English writer that women in London are almost as formidable, and that lately in the struggle in the vestibule of a theatre after the performance an old Indian Colonel exclaimed, with the hoot of a stout Duchess on his foot: "Why can't women try to be more gentlemanly?" Yet we may do some of these women injustice; perhaps they are trying to see if the theatre can be emptied in two minutes in case of fire.

A comic opera, "Nell Gwyn," was produced at Koster & Bial's, May 6, and the New York Sun said: "It had been advertised as new, and the program credited it to Robert Planquette, but memory does not recall any work of his by that name. * * * 'Nell Gwyn' obviously is some one of the famous composer's numerous operettas, rechristened in order to catch any interest that may have been excited in the character by Ada Rehan, Henrietta Crossman, Marie Tempest, Julia Neilson and its several other recent interpreters of the notorious actress."

H—m—m—m! "Nell Gwynne," libretto by H. B. Farnie and music by Planquette, was produced in London, Feb. 7, 1884, and at the Casino, New York, in November of that same year. A French version entitled "La Princesse Colombine" was produced in Paris in 1885. This is not the only operetta of Planquette that was first performed in London—witness "Le Capitaine Thérèse," which was not performed in Paris until this year, but was produced in London in 1890.

Prof. A. R. Crook of Northwestern University denies indignantly the charge that he has never kissed a woman. He points to "numerous relatives." But the family kiss, the kiss of duty, is not to be counted in discussions of this nature. Prof. Crook may have pecked respectfully the cheek of his estimable grandmother or maiden aunt for the last dozen years, and yet never known the full meaning of a kiss. He should have kissed the younger female relatives of a colleague or of the President of the college; he should have kissed secretly but not hurriedly, for the hurried kiss is like any botched job, unsatisfactory. After a course of say six months in applied excitation, Prof. Crook would be in a position to study at least, if not to solve the great problem: "Was the discovery of kissing proved an affliction or a blessing to mankind?"

Mr. Osmond Tearle was the "guest of the evening" at the annual Shakespearean banquet at Dudley. About 100 "assembled to dine together and toast the revered memory of the immortal Bard." Shakespeare is still the "immortal Bard" in England, in spite of Mr. G. R. Shaw and the efforts of eminent Baconians of New England and Detroit. Mr. Tearle believes that the drama will teach "good and wholesome lessons to humanity as long as this world lasts." He gave several reasons for this touching confidence.

"That it can do good I myself have had several proofs, notably one connected with a visit to Darlington several years ago. At that time among the plays I presented was 'The Gamester,' and three years or so after this particular visit a woman called upon me and asked me to accept a silk neckerchief for the happiness I had given her in reforming her son. He had been an inveterate gambler, but had, after witnessing the performance referred to, given up the habit entirely, and become a different man."

After this delicate reference to his histrionic skill, Mr. Tearle asked: "Were the dramas so wicked would such great and exalted personages, noted for their goodness, the purity of their lives, their love of true religion and every good quality possible to conceive, have

"Seen such loyal patrons of the drama?" And then Mr. Tearle named "his present Majesty King Edward, who has probably witnessed more performances than any other living Englishman." Yes, Edward never missed an opportunity of seeing Schucler in an Offenbachian operetta, and Emily Soldene never mentions his name in her Memoirs without shedding appreciative tears into the ink. Mr. Tearle closed in a blaze of glory and assured his hearers that he had presented Shakespearean plays to the public ever since he was a boy with satisfaction to the audience and credit to himself. There are playactors who do not talk chiefly about themselves and what they have done; but their names are not Jefferson, Mansfield, Tearle.

May 10 1901
TO A MANUSCRIPT.

First you were good, then later
I saw your author stand,
An embryonic Pater
Or a budding Sarah Grand.

And spite of many a warning
And many a gentle hint,
I thought you'd greet the morning
In the very largest print.

Yet, looking at your pages
Today, I'm bound to face
The fact that future ages
Would call you commonplace.

Go! and return in glory,
Wild bird that no man nets;
Bring back the old, old story,
"The Editor regrets."

Over a year ago a Mr. Parmalee, a prosperous farmer of Wallingford, Conn., chased Miss Ethel Bartholomew. He was 46 and she was 16. To vary the pleasure of the chase he took a short cut and hid behind a tree. Then when Miss Ethel drew near he jumped up in front of her as though impelled by a spring and shouted "Boo." He explained afterward in his hearty, open-mouthed manner that it was all a joke. Unfortunately Miss Ethel had little appreciation of first-class humor, and she has been hysterical ever since. She and her father sued the humorist for \$10,000, and a Judge of the Superior Court on last Monday awarded her \$700 and her father \$300.

Unfortunately we have not seen the evidence, and therefore do not know whether Mr. Parmalee, when he jumped from behind the tree, attempted to imitate the howling of oxen, or to express contempt or aversion, as when the name of an unpopular politician or play is "booed" in England. Let us hope that through mistaken pride he intended to charm the maiden by mimetic display.

This story is another instance of the scarcity of amusement in village life. A man of 46 years, well-to-do, who had gone through a monotonous day, was eager for diversion. But what was there for him to do? There was probably no lecture in the chapel; he had heard all the jokes and stories of the loungers at the store, the institution that answers to a city club; possibly some of his wife's relatives had driven over to pass the evening; in any event, he felt imperiously the need of air, exercise and shouting. Even if he had lived in South Orange, N. J., he could not have taken part in the social pleasure of that village—screening water tanks and putting a thin layer of crude oil in cess-pools, to exterminate mosquitoes—for the month was February. The charms of a winter evening as described by Cowper left him untouched; he was not interested in needle and growing pattern; the instrument that took the place of "sprightly lyre" was generally out of gear; the supper—"spare feast! a radish and an egg"—would have given him the collywobblers; it would have been hard for him to find discourse that was "not trivial, yet not dull," and he never did care for the "bubbling and loud hissing urn."

Now murder is a favorite recreation of the confirmed villager. When his spirits are depressed, as after a spell of rain, or in consequence of bad luck with his cows, he often uses an ax on some old woman or draws a bead on Deacon Jeesucks, when the deacon is seated by a window reading the Banner of Hope through be-thumbed spectacles. Sometimes he poisons somebody; but there is little exercise in poisoning, and even in gunnery there is not the excitement that comes from close contact with the victim who jumps and screams at sight of the ax.

Mr. Parmalee should not have chosen a shy young maiden for his playmate. He himself was evidently in fine condition. The poet might have drawn inspiration from him:

He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,
And riots in the sweets of every breeze.

But the maiden was not in sympathetic mood. If Mr. Parmalee had said "Poo!" to the Constable or frightened the Superintendent of the Sunday School so that he forgot to give out

the notices the following Sunday, his conduct might have been subject to criticism, but there would have been no sult, with tedious delay and unpleasant final judgment.

We are sorry for Mr. Parmalee. He is an athletic humorist who is like the prophet in his own country. If he had been brought up in the city, he would have been a popular and athletic comedian in farce-comedy and his brow would now be decked with the laurels of DeWolf Hopper or Francis Wilson. Indeed, all that he now needs for his trionic fame is a little experience.

A lawyer in the Earl of Yarmouth case intimates that the Earl is a man of degenerate habits, who has associated with degenerates, and to prove this he brings up the fact that the Earl has been selling bull pups for a living. But degenerates are not fond of bull dogs nor do they have dealings with them. Nor was the lawyer logical when he said that the Earl has lived expensively on nothing and his gas bills have "in a single month been more than would support a family of the East Side." Is it not possible that the Earl has been living on this gas? Hence the activity of the meter.

The London News says that a "paradise" is the "technical term for a preserve in which attempts are made with more or less success to acclimatize foreign birds and animals;" and the journal names the three most successful paradises in England, one of which, Leonardlee, "provides the nearest approach to perfectly wild conditions and the innumerable foreign species"—Kangaroos, wallabies, the mouflon, patagonian cavies, and no doubt killikill birds, which eat the dilsen berries that grow on the pamela-bush.

Now this is a singular use of the word "paradise," and it is not found in the old dictionaries which contain meanings perhaps as strange: thus from Britton's "Dictionary of the Architecture of the Middle Ages" we learn that "paradise" meant a study, or library, as well as garden. It was also used as a noun of multitude. A wide park, inclosed, with forest trees, well-watered and stocked with animals and birds—this was the paradise described so often by Xenophon and others, and this word, with this definition accepted by the English, was in some districts no doubt transferred to the collection of animals of the same kind. The French call the cheapest and highest part of the theatre "paradise," and some say for this reason: "Paradiso" becomes in some Italian dialects "Paraviso," whence the French "parvis," the west porch of a church or the open space in front of it, which was occupied by the lower classes of the people, and this space was known as the Paradiso. The word was transferred to the theatre. But others are simpler and say the application of the word is due to the extreme height of the gallery, where sit the gods. Is there any truth, by the way, in the statement that Garrick first gave this name to the terrible judges next the sky-lighted ceiling? Garrick in theatrical lore is as the early Egyptian to the scientist, the ethnologist, and the anthropologist.

May 11 1901

Consider how kindly and heartily a girl who is passably pretty will welcome one who is downright ugly. Physical advantages are not thought so much of in the case of a man, though I suppose you would rather a little man sat next to you than one who was bigger than yourself. This is why, amongst men, it is the dull and ignorant, and amongst women, the ugly, who are always popular and in request. It is likely to be said of such people that they are extremely good-natured, because everyone wants to find a pretext for caring about them—a pretext which will blind both himself and other people to the real reason why he likes them. This is also why mental superiority of any sort always tends to isolate its possessor; people run away from him out of pure hatred, and say all manner of bad things about him by way of justifying their action.

You are struck by the haughty face of the white-haired woman who sits in the street car as though she dreaded contamination. She will not move up or down, however seductive or imperious the voice of the conductor. She has the face of a Marquise during the Reign of Terror, who, under the shadow of the scaffold, disdained the rabble. And you say to yourself, "Truly a noble dame of lofty lineage. A true-born aristocrat." And you assign to her a great-grandfather consulted by Gen. Washington, an entertainer of Lafayette. Truly his house was rich in luxurious plate, and her grandfather and father preserved the stately traditions. As a matter of fact her great-grandfather was a farmer in a little village of New Hampshire; her grandfather lived and died in the same village and was known as "Lazy Bill;" and her father came to Boston, clerked it, owned a store, failed, and died. Her

husband is a respectable grocer in the South End.

And what a sinister face is that of the man opposite her. Thick-necked, bull-headed, broad-chested, with a stiff blue-black beard, with enormous, mottled, hairy hands, he glowers and glooms. He might have been with Morgan's men at Panama; he might have stood by a plank rigged under the Jolly Roger on the Spanish Main; or a dealer in black ivory off the Congo region, putting in order his shackles and handcuffs, water casks, hatchets with open gratings, wooden clappers used instead of bells, and long tin suckers for the slaves, that water might not be wasted by struggling and pushing for iron cups. This fierce man whose teeth would hold a cutlass is a drummer for a new malted milk and other like preparations. He is thinking about his little daughter, for he promised her that he would be at home on her birthday.

A circular of a local coal company informs us that the present prices of coal will be advanced during the next four months. The reasons for this advance on prices that are already high are (1) "The amicable settlement of labor troubles in a way which guarantees the miners an increase in wages," and (2) a uniform freight rate. Everybody, therefore, will be joyous except the consumer, who is expected to pay the piper that others may dance. Surely, as Dr. Pangloss observed, this is the best possible world.

Here is an instance of misdirected affection. A man in St. Louis, a Mr. Baare, went home drunk. He abused his wife and beat her, after which he hid him to bed well pleased with the adventures of the day. His daughter owned a notion shop next door. Her mother called to her for help. The girl took a revolver—somehow or other there are houses in which revolvers are always at hand, as magazines, ash-receivers, match-safes in more prosaic homes—went to her father's bedroom and shot and killed him. Then she killed herself. And pray how did the poor girl mend matters. She deprived her mother of a daughter—and a husband, for, no doubt, the woman still loved him, even though he beat her, and if the daughter had brought him into court, would not the wife have refused to testify against him?

If you go to Paris this summer you will not see the Rat-eating man who for some time was exhibited in a booth at the fair at La Villette. He used to drink a glass of raw petroleum and then catch a rat placed in his cage and kill it and eat it raw. Special articles appeared in the newspapers to prove that the rat was a health-food, for this man had eaten 84 in one month and was strong and well. The manager of the show said that the marvel was a West African King who had been dethroned, but it appeared that the rat-eater was an escaped lunatic, and then the police stepped in.

Yesterday was an anniversary that surely deserved thoughtful if silent commemoration. We quote from the Rev. Mr. Thomas Beard's "Theatre of God's Judgments," in the hope that the example may be a lantern to the feet of some brother ready to stumble:

"On the 10th day of May, 1629, one John Bone of Ely, coachman unto one Master Baluam of Beenharn, fellow verie vicious, and exceeding in those two evils of prophane swearing and drunkenness, on the Sabbath day in the Sermon time, drank himselfe drunke; so that when he was to sit in the coach-box to drive the coach, hee fell out thereof under the horses feet, where hee was troden to death, or so hurt at least that hee dyed shortly."

This affecting tale also shows the advantage of a firm seat on the ice wagon, which does not whirl gaily through a charming and colored landscape, nor are there banners waving and horns blowing, but the ice wagon passes at length the gaudy chariot, the band, and the joyous men and women.

May 12

THE news of the death of Franz Rummel (Berlin, May 3) will sadden many who were fond of the man and respected the pianist. Mr. Huneke, in a characteristically brilliant article in the Musical Courier of last week, says that Rummel was filled by piano playing. "He was the most desperate student of the keyboard that I ever met. I think that his secret ideal was to achieve the technic of Tausig, the intellectuality of von Bülow, and the emotionality of Rubinstein."

Rummel was only 43 years old when he died, but he had been before the public for nearly 30 years. Born in London, he won the first prize as a pupil of Brassin at the Brussels Conservatory in 1872. He made a concert tour with Ole Bull and Minnie Hauk. He made Berlin his home and taught there; he lived at Cassel; he was made a Professor by the Duke of Anhalt; he again went to Berlin, where finally he broke down; he was taken to a

sanitarium, and then was brought home to be nursed by his wife and to die.

His playing was never stronger, never more authoritative than in 1891. In February of that year he gave two recitals in Boston that excited the warmest admiration and praise. His last appearances here were pathetic. His nimosity, which had been remarkable, was then treacherous, his sense of proportion was imperfect, and his phrasing was not worthy of his better musical nature. It was too apparent that the man was mentally tired, and the report of his mental exhaustion was therefore not wholly unexpected. For a year or two before this trip he had subjected himself to a severe strain by preparing a series of concerts which were remarkable for scope and length of programs.

He was a musician of high aim and broad view who loved his art honestly, not merely for what it could do for him. Far from him were back-biting, intrigue, fawning. He had strong likes and dislikes, but he did not knife an enemy in the back. As a pianist he was, when he was at his best, a strong, vigorous, manly, healthy player; a man of simple contrasts rather than a cunning mixer of colors—a juggler with nuances. He was never sensational. Fiery, he was inclined to pound; but there were so many admirable features in his performance that this could generally be forgiven. He had seen and observed men and cities; he had read and he had reflected. He told well stories that were inherently good. He was kindly and sincere—a delightful companion who will be sorely missed.

He married a daughter of S. F. B. Morse, the so-called inventor of the telegraph. She was Rummel's pupil, and she married him in spite of protestations and threats and the awful

assurance from Mrs. Grundy that she would thereby lose her social position. She loved him to the end, and in her devotion she had the courage to watch a dying mind.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler sails for Europe this week. This distinguished violinist seems happiest when he is sojourning in Boston, where he has given many delight by recitals and personal association. He proposes to return to this country next January.

It is said commonly that musicians are more irritable than the poets thus characterized by the old Roman; but Mr. Kreisler is warm in his appreciation of the violinists Ysaye, Marteau, Thibaud, Gregorowitsch, and the cellist G rardy, who had such an unfortunate experience in America this season.

The opera season at Covent Garden will begin tomorrow evening with "Romeo and Juliet" with Eames and Sal za; "H nsel and Gretel" will be sung Tuesday night.

Mascagni is writing the life of Verdi. "It is anticipated that therein he will embody his own ideas of music and melody." And incidentally he will speak of Verdi.

What is the meaning of these conflicting reports concerning Paderewski's opera? Some say that the composer is now conducting rehearsals at Lemberg, where it will be produced for the first time June 5. Others say that it will be produced at Dresden the middle of this month. Meanwhile a Mr. Schelling, "the only pupil of Paderewski," was heard last month in Paris. But did not Mrs. Josef Adamowski and Harold Bauer study with Paderewski?

Mr. Grau was delighted just before he stepped on the steamer for England. The treasurer reported that "there had been a profit on the season, although no dividend was declared." Mr. Grau said to a Sun reporter: "I am only giving opera next winter because I have to by my contract with the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company. We will open in Montreal on Oct. 7 and travel to San Francisco, giving performances for 11 weeks on the road before the season begins here on Dec. 23. There will be 11 weeks of opera at the Metropolitan. The only artist positively engaged other than those already under contract is Mme. Calv . I shall select the others after I go to Paris. I have so far engaged none of the other principal singers, nor have I even approached them. If I should now mention the names of those I want every one of them would increase their terms and it would be more difficult than ever for me to engage them."

The London critics are just beginning to find out that Joachim plays out of tune. Mr. Blackburn describes this failing of the eminent violinist as his "decided passion for playing out of tune," and he adds: "It would be absurd on the part of any critic to deny that in spite of Joachim's accomplishments and taste, his ways have, in these days, declined upon mistune." But Joachim will be 70 next June, and youth is the time for the virtuoso. This tendency toward false intonation was noticeable in the eighties.

If you look in the books you will find that Pauline Lucca was born in 1841, April 25, others say April 26. Her birthday was celebrated in Vienna last month, but lo and behold she claims that she was born in 1844; and that she gave the earlier date to gain admittance to the Kärnthnertheater as a chorus girl.

Mrs. Alina Powell gave a song recital in Steinhilf Hall, Feb. 20, 1899. She had sung a minor part or two in the Dainrosch Opera Company and she had studied at the Columbia Law School. (She was afterward admitted to the Bar.) She was a woman of glorious figure and pleasing, intelligent face. Her voice was one of unusual compass. Now on the 7th of last month she made her debut at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, as Rosina in "The Barber." The correspondent of the Era (London) wrote: She "created an excellent impression upon critics and public alike. Her voice is a particularly bell-like soprano, the coloratura natural and sweet, the upper register being unusually pleasing. In response to a burst of applause Mrs. Powell-Webster treated the audience to the 'minuet waltz' of Chopin, which delighted them."

The Paris correspondent of the Referee writes: "Saint-saëns counts as greater than all his works. 'Les Barbares,' which the Opéra will mount in the fall with Sardou's libretto. I was talking this morning with one of the most responsible members of the staff. 'Yes,' he said, 'and now for more trouble. You can be certain that at the very moment when we want Saint-saëns's advice he will disappear entirely, and he will be heard of in the Canary Islands or out in Corsica. Massenet is bad enough, but Saint-saëns is very, very difficult.' The Master's reply has always been the same: 'I sell my work to a theatre; and not my body and soul.'"

Schumann's statue at Zwickau will be dedicated June 8. "Paradise and Peril" will be performed. The ninth Schumann's piano quintet and string quartet in A minor will be performed; songs will be sung; and in the evening, the C major symphony, overture to "Genoveva," and piano concerto (Rosenthal, pianist) will be played. This is the way the incidents in the performance of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" appeared to the Referee reporter, who was present, but without a libretto, at the last meeting of the Purcell Operatic Society, London:

Act I. Scene 1.—A lady seated on black and red cushions in the middle of a violently green hedge against a violet sky, singing solos. Duets and choruses suggesting general uneasiness. Enter men with spears. One comes forward and kneels, and finally goes off with the lady of the cushions. Scene 2. A witches' orgie, fearsome and creepy. Act II. A picnic in a desert, interrupted by rain. Appearance to the gentleman who went off with the cushion lady of a figure clad in flowing black garments, holding a white mask. Subsequent mental disturbance of the said gentleman. Act III. Scene 1. Apparently a "mothers' meeting," or sewing party. Scene 2. A lovers' quarrel between the lady of the cushions and her swain. Departure of the latter, and subsequent death of the former on some cushions.

Patti sang at a charity concert in Paris at the Galté Theatre April 18. She had not sung there for 10 years. At this concert her pieces were an air from "Linda," an air from "The Marriage of Figaro," and Tosti's "The Serenade."

There is a new biography of Wagner; an authorized English version by W. M. Ashton Ellis of C. F. Glasenapp's "Das Leben Richard Wagner's." The Pall Mall Gazette says that it is merely a réchauffé of well known biographical material. "The interesting facts that Wagner was born, that he had parents, that he grew up, that he composed music, that he was a very great artist are well laid out in the volume which we are at present discussing; but no time is required for the enunciation of these things, and for our part we would prefer that, saving a second Boswell, no biography should be written of any great man, particularly by one who never saw his hero and never heard the tones of his voice."

Mr. Bernard Shaw once said of an actor's costume that even after seeing it he found it inconceivable; and we have very much the same feeling toward the plot of "The Fortune Teller." * * * Mr. William Archer himself could scarcely approach "The Fortune Teller" from that point of view.—Pall Mall Gazette.

FLOWING EASTWARD.

There runs a silent river,
Flowing eastward to the sea,
And the lilies in its shallows
Are a bond 'twixt me and thee.
For they hold each thought and sorrow,
Flowing east 'twixt thee and me.

God gathers all the lilies
In death's season of the year,
And our thoughts fall in His holding,
As the leaves fall in the weir.

So He judges our devotion,
Whilst the petals disappear.

Mr. Andreas Dippel, the tenor, who sang so badly at the last Symphony concert and yet was as pleased as Punch, made much money in Wall Street, and is reputed lucky because he sailed for his dear Fatherland before the crash. Plancon, Mr. Gadsdill (his maiden name was Tasseher) and Mr. Nordica, born Doeme, were also fortunate in their investments and speculations. So Mr. Dippel can afford to jugulate and breathe between syllables, and no wonder he smiles graciously even when the applause is intended for another.

A deep thinking German has invented a process by which smoking tobacco may be rendered harmless. The weed is treated with tannin and a decoction of origanum vulgare before it is made up into cigars, and the nicotine is thus transformed. But no lover of tobacco would be satisfied with this vain pleasure. Some years ago a desperate attempt was made to popularize a kind of pipe which could not possibly admit nicotine into the system. There were mechanical devices and we are inclined to think there were sponges, bobs and sliders. No true smoker was persuaded to use this machine, just as no coffee-drunkard will put up with any warm substitute that suggests the name but not the loved and pernicious fluid. For the true, confirmed smoker there is only one substitute—and that is total abstinence. As long as he smokes, he wishes to taste the moistened butt, to breathe in and smell the pungent smoke, to be in fear of cancer of the tongue, to acquire a tobacco-heart. The stronger the cigar, the more intense his joy, for he knows that he is injuring his health. A pipe that does not occasionally wheeze, that does not unexpectedly feed the mouth with nicotine, is only an ornament of doubtful taste, a plaything, like the toy-gun dear to a child.

"The King of Italy will compliment his wife by putting her portrait on postage stamps." She is the first Italian Queen Consort to whom the honor has been paid. But is it, after all, a compliment to vulgarize in such fashion the portrait of a wife—to put it between dirty fingers, or on tongues reeking with garlic?

The following "personal" paragraph, which was published originally in the Berlin Times, may interest some who still remember our old friend Arthur Nikisch—"Flos Regum Artihurus":

"There is a portrait of Prof. Arthur Nikisch—to give him his newly gained title, on the acquisition of which heartiest congratulations—in the Leipziger Strasse that does not gladden the hearts of the beholders or the numerous admirers of Nikisch. What it reminds me most of is a little song containing the jingling line of 'We won't go home till morning,' and I have heard of others expressing very much the like opinion."

A committee of the Zoological Gardens at Antwerp lately sold a number of animals and reptiles at auction. Among the prices were \$200 for a young lion, \$145 for a leopard, \$100 for a puma, \$22 for a hyena. That a hyena is now within the reach of the humblest is indeed welcome news. A python went as low as \$12. We hope a representative of Mr. Doogue was at the sale, and that he secured at least a hyena and a python for the Public Garden. The demoniac laughter of the first when prodded with a stick would amuse the children and nursery maids and their attendants. (Cinders were high—\$10 a pair—and there is so little carillon in the Garden that they would soon be homesick even if they should be taken for an outing to the Back Bay Fens. "The hyena, fellest of the fell," is just the animal for the city's money. Too many animals, among them man, are inclined toward assumed solemnity; but the hyena—we repeat, he must be prodded, and any healthy blue-eyed boy will gladly push the stick—has a laugh to be envied by the most bolstorous guffoon at a farce comedy. A female hyena is perhaps preferable to the male, for as Gesner assures us, the female can counterfeit a man's voice, vomit, cough and whistle. The sides of this entertaining animal should be speckled with blue spots, otherwise it is "one of the gloomiest touches in nature. Its shadowy mist-of-evening color, its laughter, broken by sobs and groans, are all horribly ghostly." Yes, the city must have at least two hyenas.

And we hope that Mr. Doogue is already preparing for the Gallorous Fourth. A Fang Jani, or self-burning tree, would be a grateful novelty, for it has the habit of exploding with a loud report and bursting into flames.

Any intelligent Mandingo could easily procure several and the cost of transportation would be inconsiderable.

To them that search eagerly for stories about animals, we tell this simple tale. There was a serious fire last month in an English colliery. Lord Roslyn's at Dysart. Several mice were lowered down one of the shafts in order to discover whether the air was pure enough to allow men to descend. The mice were drawn up alive, and miners then went down and began to build up the passages. Mice were lowered into the second shaft, but they were suffocated.

Many remember with pleasure Mr. J. H. Barnes, Englishman and play-actor. "Honest Jack Barnes," they called him. A year or so ago he was playing old men in London and the Provinces; but last month he appeared at a concert in London and recited two original poems. The first was "The Mission of Judas," in which the poet-declamer insisted that Judas was chosen as the instrument to carry out a special mission by the founder of Christianity. This idea is an old one, however, one that has been advocated in treatise, story, poem; and we remember that Mr. Barnes was surprised when he was in Boston some years ago to hear that others had anticipated him. While he recited his poem, Mr. Stanley Hawley played "an original piano accompaniment." The audience "applauded enthusiastically." How different the conduct of a citizen of Utica, N. Y., in 1856, who walked up to the cage which contained Artemus Ward's wax figures, dragged out Judas and began to pound him.

"Sez he, 'What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur? & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the head."

"Sez I, 'You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashum of the false 'Postle.'"

"Sez he, 'That's all very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utkiy with impunity by a darn site!' with which observashun he kaved in Judassels hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies of Utkiy. I sood him, and the joory brawt in a verdict of Arson in the 3d degree."

May 14 1899

I have often had reason to congratulate myself that I am of a timorous nature; for had I been brave I should probably have died long ago. Nothing is so common as for other people to praise those qualities in a man which are detrimental to himself. Hence a brutal insensibility to danger, an insane rashness, which is often absurdly employed for the advantage of others alone, is considered a virtue; while a refined feeling of self-respect, an exquisite sense of that which is injurious, is stigmatized as cowardice, poltroonery, and so forth. But if I had not been afraid of death, had not my stomach and my mind been equally sensitive of danger, I should not now be writing my life.

Dwellers in the vast desert of the Back Bay complain, and with good cause, of the discomfort and dangers from the clouds of dust and sand. But why do not these afflicted persons wear the lisam or mouth-veil of the African Tawarik or Tuarick? This cloth protects mouth and nostrils. Sometimes it hoods the eyes and then produces a sensation of coolness, or at least a difference of apparent temperature. Women need not fear lest it prejudice them; on the contrary, the anthropological Burton says that it is the most coquettish article of woman's attire. "It conceals coarse skins, fleshy noses, wide mouths, and vanishing chins, while it sets off to best advantage what in these lands is almost always lustrous and liquid—the eye." And the fact that constant wearers do not know one another when the cloth is removed will at once commend the practice to the fierce and exclusive dwellers in this modern and artificial desert.

We hear with pleasure that a new restaurant in town which will make a specialty of late suppers will be provided with deaf and dumb waiters in smooth, running order.

The cast at one of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's theatrical entertainments reminds one of the scientific corps organized by Professor John Phoenix for the military survey and reconnaissance of the route from San Francisco to the Mission of Dolores (which was two and a half miles from the City Hall of the former city); appropriation \$120,000. We quote from Professor Phoenix's report:

James Phoenix (my elder brother)...Treasurer
Joseph Phoenix, ditto.....Quartermaster
William Phoenix (younger brother).....
Commissary
Peter Phoenix, ditto.....Clerk
Paul Phoenix (my cousin).....Sutler
Reuben Phoenix, ditto.....Wagonmaster
Richard Phoenix (second cousin).....
Assistant ditto

The success of Mr. Henry Bisbing, the cattle painter, will not surprise those

who knew him and his struggles some years ago in Paris. We knew him from '85 to '87, when his studio was at Neuilly, not far from the pension that served as cage for Emma Eames. Bisbing was a man of the keenest sense of honor, and he would not borrow even when his francs could be counted on one hand. Nor were many of his associates able to lend, for they, too, were chronically at low tide. Now there was in the rue de Lafayette a humble restaurant kept by one Bignon, and Bisbing and others would often walk that long distance—brisk walking for over an hour each way—to eat a bowl of rice and milk for six cents, or a piece of beefsteak for 10 cents. These were the chief dishes, and they were nutritious and good. There were queer frequenters; painters, music students, decorated and gray-haired old gentlemen who would drop vinegar into the drinking water. Bignon made money. He lived a fast life, he listened to the voices of sirens, sailed out of his course to hear them, dined and wined them at extravagant restaurants, and then they and race horses ate him and his savings. In those days Bisbing was the most lovable of men. A Philadelphian by birth, he would not go into the boot and shoe business. He scraped together enough money to visit Munich, where he made his studies in bitumen, and then he struck out for himself. He studied in Holland, but his most valuable lessons were his own experiments in the open air. At Paris he enrolled himself as a pupil of Vuillefroy; but with each returning spring he would contrive to see his beloved Holland. Gradually his fame grew; the leading American artists at Paris recognized his ability and welcomed him as a colleague; for he was something more than a cattle painter, he was a poet in his conception and expression of the harmony which should exist between landscapes and animals. Finally, his pictures began to leave his studio. Perhaps his first marked triumph was the sale of a picture to a museum in Australia. Since then he has had orders and medals, and this year pictures by him are regarded by some of the chief critics as among the true features—none too many—of the salon. And no one grudges him this fame; for under most trying circumstances he has been cheerful, brave, kindly, loyal. But you should remember that he was born a genius for incredible industry.

May 14 is an unlucky day. No one should marry or begin any serious business on it.

The Count de Pierrecourt left the greater part of his fortune of 10,000,000 francs to the town of Rouen, "on condition that an annual prize of 100,000 francs be founded to form a settlement for the tallest man and woman who agree to marry each other." The Count's object is to regenerate the species.

The Count was a superficial observer and unacquainted with the wisdom of the ancients. Giants are usually amiable, sleepy, feather-headed, foolish. The Rev. Nathaniel Wanley expressed this conclusion in stately words: "Those human fabricks which Nature hath raised to a giant-like height, are observed not to have so happy a composition of the brain as other men; like the Pyramids of Egypt, they are rather for ostentation than use, and are remembered in history not for any accomplishment of mind, but only for the magnitude of their bodies." Nor do giants necessarily beget giants, even though they be as tall as Mr. Walter Parsons, who grew so "that a hole was made for him in the ground to stand therein up to the knees, so as to make him adequate with his fellow workmen."

"Merlin" in the Referee describes the inhabitants of the United States as "the most fantastic population in the world."

You undoubtedly eat too many potatoes. You probably eat them twice a day. Burton, the great Burton, who had tasted the food of innumerable tribes and nations and studied the effects of everything from fu fu to long-pla on the human system, spoke of the potato as "the vile tuber, which has potatoed at least one nation, and at which no man of taste ever looks, except in some such deep disguise as a maitre d'hôtel." Banish the potato; eat hominy, rice (but properly cooked, and not a pasty mess), mush, and you will be handsome and virtuous.

We saw lately photographs of rooms in the new Yale Club, New York. The pictures gave hope of comfort and cheer, but there was no trace in the dining room of a contrivance that surprised the late Max Müller when he went to dine in Common Room at a certain college in Oxford. It was the after-dinner railway. "There was a small railway fixed before the fireplace, and on it a wagon containing the bottles went backward and forward, halting before every guest till he had helped himself."

May 15 1901

You may also puzzle and bewilder your opponent by mere bombast; and the trick is possible, because a man generally supposes that there must be some meaning in words. If he is secretly conscious of his own weakness, and accustomed to hear much that he does not understand, and to make as though he did, you can easily impose upon him by some serious fooling that sounds very deep and learned, and deprives him of hearing, sight and thought; and by giving out that it is the most indisputable proof of what you assert. It is a well-known fact that in recent times some philosophers have practised this trick on the whole of the public with the most brilliant success.

The true and abiding benefit to be derived from books of travel is the contentment from the thought that the reader is not obliged to see the scenes and undergo the hardships. It is comparatively easy for a man in Waltham or Palmer to be an intrepid explorer without fatigue or danger; and he surely can talk about the results of exploration without undue prejudice which may arise from pique or prejudice. We have been reading books about West and Equatorial Africa. We feel on intimate terms with the Congo, the Niger, the people of Sierra Leone, the Amazons of Dahomey and several members of leading cannibal families. We should not be surprised if the faithful Margaret this very evening should serve in this Christian land our dinner in a basin; boiled fowl, plantains, maize, cassada, and for a final relish the hands of say the janitor or the ice man; for the inside of the human hand is the most delicate eating. We are haunted by Africa wherever we go. We put our head into a closed and crowded street car, and we are reminded of the air of a slave ship in the dark gulf down below, where the slaves were forced to squat on their hams with their heads beneath their knees, "and when one moved the mass moved; they were stiffened into a bent posture; and it often happened that those who survived were never able to straighten themselves again, and walked about with their heads bent down to their knees. What moans and groans and despairing cries arose!" Very like a street car.

After you have passed the age of restlessness and useless physical activity—for you were not unlike a squirrel in a cage—then your mind gladly makes pilgrimages. It sees the malarial coast, the monotonous interior, the cinder heaps of the Galapagos, the painted ladies of Valparaiso whose teeth are ruined by sucking hot matti through a long silver tube, the Siberians with their repulsive hospitality, the sports of the luxurious at Lakewood, N. J., the Christians plundering the wretched Chinese pagans, King Edward bored with his royal state, the Kaiser Wilhelm who is almost as amusing as Artemus Ward's Kangaroo, Yvette Guilbert complaining of her fat,—yes, the mind sees all these persons, things, places easily, during the smoking of a pipe. And the older the book the better. Did you ever read the "Journal of a Cruise made to the Pacific Ocean," by David Porter, Captain of the U. S. Frigate Essex? Before he attempted to double Cape Horn he addressed a note to his crew, which "diffused a general joy throughout the ship;" and the final sentence was as follows: "The unprotected British commerce on the coast of Chili, Peru and Mexico, will give you an abundant supply of wealth; and the girls of the Sandwich Islands shall reward you for your sufferings during the passage around Cape Horn." This order was signed in 1813. What officer in the navy would dare in 1901 to hold out such inducements for courage and fidelity?

Then there are dangers in the street as well as in the jungle, the forest, or on mountain peak. A man joins you and insists on walking with you. He is a gifted monologist; he is afraid that you will miss something; and he walks curved toward you, so that you constantly rub against him. You say, "Excuse me," and he says, "Excuse me," with the accent on the pronoun; for his highest ambition is to be described as a perfect gentleman. Or there is a woman just ahead of you whom you cannot pass. She is not abnormally large. She is not a cripple. She is not a walking tank of strong waters, but she has no certain goal. She is drifting. You make several passes. She blocks you. Others fall against her, but she recovers position directly ahead of you. Suddenly the awful thought comes: "It looks as though I were following her." You plunge into the street, dodge an automobile, which is steered by an impulsive youth accustomed to the sight of oroken limbs and bloody faces, knock down a small boy who makes disagreeable remarks, and leap to the sidewalk. There she is, directly in front of you. What is there left for you to do? To go into a doorway and wait, or to cross

the street. Then there is the man who always acts surprised when he meets you; as though he had heard that you were taking a gold cure, or doing some light work in jail. There is the man that carries a cane or an umbrella rigidly and horizontally under his arm. There is the man with a new story: "I've got a new one. Did you ever hear it? Sure?" And then he tells one that you heard from Lucius Davis in the district school 40 years ago. You remember it distinctly, for, when you went home, you told it with the innocence of childhood to your Aunt Ellen, and were thoroughly spanked for the display of memory. Yes, there are fierce wild animals, and there are monsters in the streets. It is not necessary to run the risk of Coast fever to see them.

We have received the following letter: Editor Talk of the Day:

As I am contemplating matrimony (some time in the late fall), and my circumstances (newspaper man) are such as to prevent my taking a house with an upstairs to it, I shall be obliged to flat it for a while. I am very fond of pets, and so is my wife-elect, but, as you have been heard to say, "a flat is no place for a cat, for it will get lost on the back stairs," I wish you might give me some further light on the advisability of keeping a duck as a plaything, especially as I remember an article written with unusual care and published in your column. I believe a drake would be more energetic and perhaps less noisy. Would it not catch water bugs, which infest so many flats in Boston? Perhaps the bird might be useful in catching vermin brought in unconsciously by well-meaning neighbors who frequent University Extension houses. I suggest a drake as the better qualified of the pair; for it would not be in the habit of laying an egg in the Morris chair or in an obscure corner and then becoming broody and desiring to sit among the cushions on the divan or on the spare bed. Any suggestions would be gladly received by yours truly,

MARMADUKE WALKER POTTS.

We wish Mr. and Mrs. Walker every joy, but we do not feel inclined to reopen the discussion. There is only one place for a drake. As our favorite poet, the Rev. James Hurdis, remarks: And, plausible and silver-tongued, below The drake his chattering seraglio leads. At the near pool to bathe.

Only with his seraglio does the drake appear to advantage. And a seraglio in a well-conducted apartment house would not be allowed by any God-fearing landlord or tenant. Besides, the drake, in obedience to nature, may lose his male plumage for three months and then be a sorry sight.

May 16 1901

When lovers go a-trysting May's heard and 's not seen,
She laughs among the lasses that romp upon the green,
She is the soul of laughter, she is the heart of tears,
She sows the seed of sorrow, she gathers fruit of fears,
She sets both bud and canker to ripen with the rose—
She has no mind to harvest, but endlessly she sows.

The old, old story! A Receiving Teller has been in the employ of bankers for 20 years, and as a mark of confidence and esteem he is given the salary of \$3000 a year, which goes further in New Jersey than in New York city. He now bursts into a passionate flood of tears and says that his accounts are short, and the employers are shocked. A wise employer becomes the father-in-law of his Cashier and Teller, and gives them a share in the business.

The story of parents in Styria who are accused of murdering and eating a child is one of genuine interest to the student of ethnology and anthropology. Cannibalism may arise from several desires: awful necessity, as in a boat at sea; purely gastronomical desire, which is not to be commended, and is indeed unfeeling and in bad taste; theological impulse, just as in New England mothers have killed children in obedience to a divine command heard by them alone; discipline, for some savage tribes advise the rising young warrior to kill an enemy and eat his heart that he himself may be strong; and revenge, which is said to be rare. Undoubtedly the first cannibalism was associated with worship, with sacrifice to the gods, and even the highly civilized Athenians made human offerings to deities at the time of Salamis. But there is a species of family, intimate cannibalism that is peculiarly touching. The story is told of a tribe in Asia. When a man reaches a certain age he calls together his relations, and then he climbs up a tree. His children shake the tree and chant solemnly: "The fruit is ripe and must be shaken down." The old

man descends, and after a short business with knife or club is transacted he is eaten by the family at a reverential supper. Bupial in the earth is disgraceful in their eyes, and refusal to eat the flesh of one of the family is held as the height of impleity.

W. P. E. writes: "Why can one (and by one I mean a man) never enjoy a shave when the barber doesn't wear a white coat?" This is a searching question, one that requires time for research. We do not believe that the white coat is of immemorial sanctity. The barbers of London toward the middle of the 17th century wore aprons spotted white and black, to which coxhs of New Guinea were likened. The famous Carrousel, the harbor of Meridian Street, whose tragic end was told by Aubrey Beardsley, was portrayed by that same great artist, never-to-be-mourned-sufficiently, and in the picture Carrousel's coat and apron are of spotless white. Gay, the poet, and Mercier, the Frenchman, left accounts of the barber shops of their day—and mighty unpleasant reading—but they said nothing about the costume of the barber. We have seen a French print of the 18th century, in which the barber appears to be clothed in white.

Did you ever observe how a man in the chair, eyes closed, prepared for the razor, looks like certain distinguished men as portrayed on the death bed? There are portraits of Beethoven, Rossini and Tschalkowsky after the struggle that look as though they were waiting to be shaved. And perhaps they had not then received the final shave, the toilet for the grave.

A barber in white has an appropriately sacrificial appearance and the vletin has perhaps no right to object to cut or slash. A barber in red, or red and black, would at once suggest an executioner. Nor should we accept fearlessly a drink prepared by a bar-keeper dressed in black and with fierce stubby beard. He might have a little of the wine of the Borgias in stock.

Here's a child's question in the new London play "Sweet and Twenty:" "Why were there two animals of every sort in the Ark?" And then the nurse answers—she must be a trained nurse: "In case one fell overboard and was lost."

Where are the sleuth-hounds of the untrammelled press? Since May 9 we have heard nothing about the baggage of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, "authoress" and at Metuchen—which sounds like the name of a farce-comedy village. The world was told May 9 that she arrived with "little personal baggage." A steamer trunk, a dress-suit case, borrowed from some publisher? A Gladstone? Or one of those vague, amorphous parcels which serve women as an omnium gatherum? The silence is inexcusable, criminal. Has her press-agent lost his cunning?

The Lord Chief Justice of England has a trained eye. He was present at what they call a "gymnastic display" at some Institute, and he made a long speech, in which he said he had often been struck by the great improvement in physique which had followed upon practical training. "The skipping exercises which he had just witnessed had been quite a revelation to him. If only more ladies could be taught in that fashion there would certainly be fewer bent-over ankles and turned-over feet. He was bound to confess that the ankles of the young ladies he had seen skipping that evening were very beautiful to look upon. He wished gymnastic teaching every possible success." And a good Judge, too!

It is a pleasure to find a citizen eager to assist us in our humble attempts at beautifying and reforming the city.

Boston, May 14, 1901.

To the Editor of the Talk of the Day:

Would not the phonograph say "Galloriorious Fourth" rather than "Galloriorious Fourth"? Or perhaps, having in mind the abounding nerve pertinent to the small boy on that occasion, you meant "Galloriorious Fourth"? Or, again, may I surmise that you were thinking of the patriotic conviviality so frequently indulged in by the small boy's older relatives, and, objecting to the excessive length of "Gallon-orious," wished to give us the abbreviated compound "Gal-loriorious"?

However, let us not quibble about mere phonetic niceties of this sort, but join, rather, in your eloquent plea to Mr. Doogue for some rare zoological and arboricultural specimens for the ennoblement of our beautiful Public Garden. But, before the purchase of a Fang Jani, let us insist upon the acquisition of those two rareties for which you have pleaded so long and earnestly—the dodo and the bulbul.

BOSTONIAN.

May 17 1901

Every happiness that a man enjoys, and almost every friendship that he cherishes, rest upon illusion; for, as a rule, with increase of knowledge they are bound to vanish. Nevertheless, here and elsewhere, a man should courageously pursue truth, and never weary of striving to settle accounts with himself and the world. No matter what happens to the right or to the left of him—be it a chimæra or fancy that makes him happy—let him take heart and go on, with no fear of the desert which widens to his view. Of one thing only must he be quite certain: that under no circumstances will he discover any lack of worth in himself when the veil is raised; the sight of it would be the Gorgon that would kill him. Therefore, if he wants to remain undecieved, let him in his inmost being feel his own worth.

General Robert Shaw Oliver, in command of the troops at Albany, is a Bostonian who married a daughter of the late General John F. Rathbone, and joined his father-in-law in the manufacture of stoves. He is, indeed, an intrepid officer, of gallant and imposing carriage, and we are pleased to learn that he has established his headquarters at the Camera Club where he can easily be perpetuated in various warlike attitudes for the benefit of generations to come.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, May 16, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I am an authoress, although I have not published very much, except a few pieces in the Portland Transcript and Golden Days. I have been spending the winter in Boston, and have derived great benefit from the Lowell Lectures, as I hope to do from your glorious Anniversary Week. I feel that I am now a true Bostonian, and as such am entitled to criticize the daily press. I cannot take up a paper without seeing "Mary E. Wilkins is not married." Sometimes it is: "Cloudy. Variable winds. Mary E. Wilkins is not married." Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to remonstrate against the injustice of this. Let an authoress be well known and everybody is ready to push and advertise her. "For he that hath, to him shall be given," Mary E. Wilkins is not married. I am not married. Does anybody mention it? No.

Yours indignantly,

NANCY BELL.

Here is a question to tax the ingenuity of any bright-eyed little girl or boy. What famous Englishman separated from his wife because he wished to dine at six, and she preferred half-past six?

It is pleasant to think of pigeons in

the Municipal Criminal Court; in a divorce court they would have been ironically out of place. Why were they not allowed to stay and punctuate and italicize the proceedings? Our Judges in this weather might follow the example of Judge Snagge of Oxfordshire County, who held court under a spreading tree when a question of ancient lights was involved. If court were held on the Common, the health of Judge, jury, witnesses and all concerned would be better, and the patriarchal sight would inspire confidence and respect. Then pigeons and other birds might even roost on the head of a learned Judge, as though they were whispering words of wisdom. We believe that it was a fashion in the hearty old days of civilization advancing toward the Pacific to try the accused under the tree on which he was subsequently hanged. Such summer trials would arouse keen interest and make for public morality. And why should school classes not be held under the labeled trees or near the Beacon Street steps? Only the other day Mr. Louis Auguste L'Oiseaux and Mr. Daniel Jordan, instructors at Columbia University, left West Hall and taught under the trees. A porch might be easily rigged for the purposes of some white-bearded philosopher of a regular chair. Sunday should not be the only day for out-of-door philosophical harangues.

We acknowledge with hearty thanks the receipt of Fiona Macleod's "The Sh Eater" from some unknown sender.

We sat in an open street car which was just leaving the station in the Suway. We rejoiced in the thought of room, air, speed, and the reflection on the discomfort of others who might come later was not wholly unpalatable. Suddenly an elderly man and his wife sprinted frantically, but they hesitated about mounting. The wife made a feeble attempt, put out a hand as though she would thereby stop the car. An energetic female, a stranger near her, pulled her arm away and spoke to her in no uncertain accents. Then the man and wife, instead of thanking her, joined harmoniously in what was undoubtedly abuse; but the car was on them, and with head turned back we could catch only an entertaining pantomime of distress and rage. The old

our sound and own business; not advise man and wife as to their mutual conduct, do not try to prevent a man from beating his wife, and if anyone deliberately runs a mortal risk, stand by calmly, or look the other way.

"Through the mummification of some American citizens," it is stated that a drama entitled "Mercedes," by the well-known American poet, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is to be given at a matinee in London shortly, with Miss Mercedes Leigh in the title role. — Era (London).

They say that Patti, who sang lately in Paris at a charity concert, is now a blonde. Her change of hair is undoubtedly a tribute to her new Swedish husband.

What Calverley called "some nation's temporary . . . half"—commercially, it seems, known as a "transformation"—was in evidence, not only legally, but physically, the other day, in a London county court. The defendant would have it that it did not fit or match, and that "she looked an awful fright in it." Rhoda Minthus, however, most courteous of judges below, was against her. She seems to have lost her temper with her case, and flung the disputed locks on the floor. But the judge declined to have his court turned into a trichological exhibition, and bade her keep her hair, if not on, with her. An usher, to whom it was offered, seemed at first impervious alike to her tresses and distresses, but it turned out that he was bald. Ultimately she took herself—all of it off.—Pall Mall Gazette.

What would have happened had Napoleon abstained from mutton just before the battle of Leipzig? What might not Magnum have achieved had he married L. E. L., and not the woman who was afterward jealous of her? These are sample questions for a prize which, with necessary conditions, will soon be announced.

"Listen to me," said the Demon, as he placed his hand upon my head.

DONE BY THE DEMON.

For seven days, in the time when the sun had gone, but had not yet taken all daylight with him; for the seven days before she died, the Dusk Demon came to me to instruct me what I should do when she was no more of this world. He told tales of a land where there is no light save that of candles—and the candles are made of the fat of dead men.

If I should repeat to you the things I heard—I listened to—men would come in a black wagon and take me to the place where the many of the earth, who are foolish, keep those who are the wise. Now well should I love to go to my kindred, but I am a missionary among men, striving little by little to lead them from their lunacy.

The seven days are over and she is dead. None but the Dusk Demon was with me when she went out—in the midst of a shriek—the last of many—a scream at me because I had tied her to the bed and would not bring the person she called "Doctor." As I laughed—not at her, but in joy with her for the joy that was to be hers when she had reached the land the Dusk Demon told me of—as each time I refused to help her body in its effort to retain her soul the Demon smiled—for he knew I was obeying him.

For her soul is precious to me. The Demon has said it is a white soul—white so that it will shine in the darkness that fills the purple trail which leads to Ghloivagna, the Demon's land. And as it shines I can follow it even in the blackness of the darkness, and come also to Ghloivagna.

Now in this land there are two million cities, but they are all alike, yea in each particular; and the people are round like spheres; for wishing nothing, being of contented mind, they have no need for arms to help them nor for legs to carry them anywhere, nor for heads, which are but watch towers against danger. The jelly fish is of the lowest type of life, and thinks not nor cares for anything—and like unto him are the people of Ghloivagna.

And now she is dead tonight—and the Dusk Demon and I are ready to send her soul along the way. The Demon wishes it as well as I, for he has lost his way and cannot find the dark trail; nor can he traverse it unguided, any more than I.

He has made me to lie down upon the bed—he that can bind or loose the souls of men—and because of his instructions I am willing to go through the process that is called death, to follow with him the white soul of the woman along the dark, purple trail.

Now I am dead, but why does he not let me free? He stands at the bed's foot smiling at me—and there is something in his smile I had not seen before. Now he is going toward the door

and the white soul seems to be before him gliding as a guide, for the dark trail begins at the door of the room.

Why does he not free me? Why am I still behind these bars of bone and fetters of flesh? I call to him in the language of Ghloivagna, but he answers not. There will be more light for him if he is alone the one guided by the white soul. He means to have all the light. He has left me here, and when I am free I must wander as he wandered, unguided, unknowing where to go. Oh, Yagna, Yagna!

SERGEANT BERTRAND.

It is well to chasten our vainglorious spirits by calling to mind the trials and tribulations of earlier dwellers in this Commonwealth. Not only were they exposed to the arrows and guns of earthly foes; not only were they sorely huffed by Satan and the Powers of Darkness; but their faith was tried even by Nature herself when they were engaged in godly conversation. We therefore feel it our solemn duty to commemorate this day by pondering the statement of an eminent divine.

"On the 18th of May (being the Lord's day) A. D. 1673, the people at Wenham (their worthy pastor, Mr. Antipas Newman, being lately dead) prevailed with the Reverend Mr. Higginson of Salem to spend that Sabbath amongst them. The afternoon sermon being ended, he, with several of the town, went to Mr. Newman's house. Whilst they were in discourse there about the word and works of God, a thunder-storm arose. After a while, a smart clap of thunder broke upon the house, and especially into the room where they were sitting and discoursing together; it did for the present deafen them all, filling the room with smoke, and a strong smell as of brimstone. With the thunder-clap came in a ball of fire as big as the bullet of a great gun, which suddenly went up the chimney, as also the smoke did. This ball of fire was seen at the feet of Richard Goldsmith, who sat on a leather chair next the chimney, at which instant he fell off the chair on the ground. As soon as the smoke was gone, some in the room endeavored to hold him up, but found him dead; also the dog that lay under the chair was found stone dead, but not the least hurt done to the chair. All that could be perceived by the man was that the hair of his head, near one of his eyes, was a little singed. There were seven or eight in that room, and more in the next, yet (through the merciful providence of God) none else had the least harm. This Richard Goldsmith, who was thus slain, was a shoemaker by trade, being reputed a good man for the main; but had blemished his Christian profession by frequent breaking of his promise; it being too common with him (as with too many professors amongst us) to be free and forward in engaging, but backward in performing; yet this must further be added, that half a year before his death, God gave him a deep sense of his evils, that he made it his business, not only that his peace might be made with God, but with men also, unto whom he had given just offence. He went up and down bewailing his great sin in promise-breaking; and was become a very conscientious and lively Christian, promoting holy and edifying discourses, as he had occasion. At that very time when he was struck dead, he was speaking of some passages in the sermon he had newly heard, and his last words were, 'Blessed be the Lord.'"

THERE is a never ending procession of new operas—but we do not hear them in this country. "Tosca" was the only novelty produced last year, and New Orleans and a few Western cities saw "Salammbô" before Mr. Grau brought it out at the Metropolitan for the advantage of Lucienne Bréval and Saffa.

From Copenhagen to Trieste, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, comes across the Atlantic news of operas and their fates. New operas are produced in Algiers as well as Zurich. Concerning the great majority of these operas we hear little. We learn the titles, the names of composer and librettist; occasionally we are told that the reception was favorable; but as a rule we learn nothing about the plot or the character of the music. Perhaps this is well for the life of these operas is generally pitifully short; after they like unto the insects of a day.

And yet it is interesting to study, when it is possible, the character of the librettos, to note the strivings after something new, the constant falling back into old, well-trodden paths.

At the beginning of opera the librettist, or poet as he called himself, chose a mythological subject. Then followed historical opera, romantic opera with or without a dash of the supernatural, the historical-romantic opera, the melodramatic, often founded on a play or romance, the legendary, the realistic.

Today there is much shouting: "The legend is no longer possible; the realistic is the only thing." Charpentier and his school shout with the Italians who believe in Verismo. But what do we see? Leoncavallo of "Pagliacci" has just finished a historical opera, "Roland of Berlin," commanded by William II. and founded on a novel by Alexis. Puccini proposes, it would seem, to turn modern plays, even Pi-nero's, into operas. And in spite of the enormous success of Charpentier's realistic "Louise" at Paris what do we find in that city?

Xavier Leroux wrote the music for "Astarté." The story is of Hercules, who, as the head of a Watch and Ward Society of his time, invaded Lydia with his men to convert Omphale, the chief worshiper of the unutterably lubricious Astarte, whose altar was at Lesbos. He and his men fell madly in love with the Queen and her wanton attendants. He abjures his own faith, grovels at her feet, and—of all things in the world—wishes to marry her. The celebrated shirt of Nessus, sent by the wife of Hercules to rekindle the flame of conjugal love, is brought into the court; Hercules dons it, and is at once destroyed as in the old legend. Omphale starts immediately for Lesbos and thoughtfully takes with her Iole, the maiden messenger from the home of

Hercules. Now this libretto is deliberately a poem of sensual pleasure. Hercules is here an ordinary strong man of the fair, whom high born dames, like the Duchess Josanne in Hugo's fantastic story, would wait on, and then through his various feats, and then invite by messenger, provided with handkerchief for blindfolding. There is scene after scene of seduction, and gorgeous scenery and daring groupings of scantily draped women dazzle the eye and disturb the understanding. Here we find the legendary enlisted frankly in the service of the great goddess of lubricity, who, as Matthew Arnold claimed some years ago, was the chief object of Parisian worship.

Gabriel Pierné wrote the music for "La Fille de Tabarin." His librettists have taken the story of the famous mountebank Tabarin of the Pont Neuf. Some say that like Canio in "Pagliacci," he died a violent death after killing his wife in a show where he was obliged to feign jealousy. Catulle Mendès wrote an extraordinarily powerful little play on this subject, and in fact accused Leoncavallo of plagiarism; to which the composer of "Pagliacci" replied by saying that his story was one of a tragedy that ended before his father as magistrate; and another showed that the same idea had been used long ago by a Spanish playwright. There is another story about Tabarin: He became rich and went into the country, and after four years of quiet life was killed while hunting by envious neighbors. In the opera Tabarin becomes a gentleman-farmer; his daughter, who does not know his former calling, is beloved by the son of a Count; mountebanks stroll in the neighborhood and at the show Tabarin betrays himself by correcting and reciting; and then in despair he kills himself on the way to the chase; the Count swears he will be a father to the orphaned girl. Here we have melodrama of the old-fashioned kind, the true Belphegor brand.

Georges Hùe, a musician of dreamy, romantic nature, accepted a libretto "Le Roi de Paris." This "King of Paris" was Henry, Duke of Guise who put himself at the head of the League, frightened Henry III. out of his wits, and was then assassinated at Blois by the command of that most amiable monarch. A return to the purely historical opera. The choice, they say, was unfortunate, for every one in the audience knew what the catastrophe must be. The story is of the baldest description. The Duke's mistress urges him to live contentedly with her, to lay aside his ambitious schemes. A follower of the King makes violent love, after the manner of Scapula, to the said mistress. In the third act there is dancing and then the Duke is killed. This libretto was unanimously condemned.

The latest libretto to excite discussion is one written by no less a man than Emile Zola. It is not his first offence; his "Messidor," written for Bruncau, was produced in 1897. "L'Ouragan"—"The Hurricane"—music by Bruncau, was produced the 29th of last month. The two librettos are in prose. Librettist and composer tell their purpose in a preface. The hurricane is not only the war of elements; it is the hurricane "of our passions, which suddenly and without cause blows into our blue sky, into the ordinary course of life, which turns everything upside down and sweeps everything away, until the return of the

joyous sun, and leaves us devastated, bleeding before existence which begins again. There is an island, God—you will not find it on the map, but it is inhabited by sailors and fishermen. There is a certain Landry among them, a toss-pot, a gambler, a rakehell person, who divides his time between getting drunk and beating his wife, Jeannine, a gentle and most wretched soul, who has an older sister, Marianne, avaricious, mean, malicious. Marianne queens it over the Isle, and instead of helping her sister, she excites the husband against her. Suddenly Richard, the brother of Landry, appears in a storm that ravaged the coast. His vessel contrives to make a landing, and he, as captain, brings with him a savage girl, Lulu, who longs to return to her own home. Now in former years the two sisters had loved Richard, and he had loved Jeannine, but he had sacrificed himself, for he knew Landry loved her also, and he had left the island with an oath never

to return. Hence the insane jealousy of Marianne. Richard, after his return, discovers the misery of Jeannine's life. He also finds out that he still loves her. They meet under "the tree of love" and tell of their passion. Marianne tells Landry of the affair. He surprises them and attempts to kill his brother. This Marianne does not wish; she is impatient to separate him from Jeannine. Again Landry raises his hand. Richard refuses to defend himself; but Marianne at last knifes Landry in the back while the hurricane rages without her house. The sea calms and so does the breast of Jeannine, who no longer wishes to run away with Richard. Marianne begs her to stay with her, and Richard does not give way to protest or entreaty. He re-embarks—with Lulu, who is as gay as the other women are mournful. And before he embarks he gives the sisters some excellent advice. The foreign newspapers tell us that the success of this gloomy piece was immediate and indisputable; that the audience during the long murder scene were spellbound. Mr. Arthur Pougin, who is very conservative and does not love either Mr. Zola or Mr. Bruncau, says of this same murder scene: "Then for a quarter of an hour, watch in hand, while Richard keeps himself from drowning himself, the other brother does not cease to repeat with howls that he is going to kill him without pity. I assure you this was long, in spite or on account of the orchestra, which all that time kept up a din to drive the most placid into madness. It is, perhaps, this din that finally exasperated Landry into rushing on his brother to knife him."

These are the librettos of the latest operas at the two leading opera houses of Paris. And are not the various schools still represented? It is a curious combination of the realistic and symbolical that appears to have made the deepest impression. But even the tritest, dullest libretto is sometimes of use—especially for the exasperating friends of the composer. "What could anyone do with such a libretto?" The librettist apparently has no friends.

May 20 1901

Across the quiet pastures of my soul
The invading army marched in brutal
might.
My few poor forces fled beyond control,
Scattered, defeated, hidden in the night.

My fields were green, their hedges white with
May,
With gold of buttercups my land was fair;
The invading army did not even stay.
To gather one of all the blossoms there;

Only, when it had passed, the fields were
brown,
The grass and blossom trampled in the
mud,
The flowering hedges broken and torn
down—
And no one richer by a single bud!

The name of the Mate who saw an
immense sea serpent in Penobscot Bay
is Drinkwater. The mere statement
should silence the scoffer and freeze
the stupid jest slipping from the lower
lip of the professional jester.

The Sultan played the hero during
the earthquake, but afterward he lost
his nerve. The court physician was
massaging the Sultan's ear and rubbed
too earnestly. The patient thought
that there was an attempt on his life;
he drew a pistol; he fired; the physician
let go the ear and fell, never to mas-
sage again. To prove that accuracy
of aim was not accidental or sporadic,
the Sultan plunked a chamberlain who
was foolish enough to run into the
room. This is good news, for Turkey
was fast becoming prosaic, and we
were obliged to think of the Sultan as
one with long tailed coat, silk hat and
white spats. If Turkey wishes to be
respected as picturesque and truly
Oriental, she must endure a ruler of
comic opera ferocity, a ruler something
like Mourzouk in make up, only with
a little more force.

On the other hand, we are pained be-
yond measure to hear of a hermit in
Pennsylvania stabbing three men who
teased him. A hermit is always mild
and gentle; he wears a long white
beard; he lives on roots, herbs, nuts,
and he drinks from a convenient spring.
Occasionally he is seen on the stage,
when he raises his left hand to stop a
marriage or a procession or a bad man,
and he is then attended in the orchestra
by trombones. The maidens of the vil-
lage pity him as one crossed in love,
and they ask advice of him. Stabbing
is not in his contract. But is this her-
mit in Pennsylvania the real thing?
We doubt it; for it appears that he had
five fierce dogs in his humble cell, and
a hunting knife was by him instead of
a skull. Surely this is not an excellent
example of the eremita solitaria or ere-
mita domestica; it is not such a one
as we should like to see in the Public
Garden fishing off the bridge, or watch-
ing the swan-boats, with his mouth full
of tobacco and praise of Mr. Dooguc.

We have received the following letter:
Boston, May 17, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
Thank you for the information you
unexpectedly furnished me the other

day, in reply to my question: "Why can a man not enjoy a shave unless the barber wears a white coat?" I have long wondered what the death mask of Napoleon in the Harvard College library resembles. I know now—a man about to be shaved. Thus unsought does information come, as we learn to skate in summer.

But the main question you did not answer exhaustively. The City Politician tells me the lack of enjoyment in a shave when the barber does not wear a white coat is not caused by the absence of sacrificial solemnity which is inherent in that garment, but because the man who has not that coat is always the proprietor of the shop. The assistant is the real workman. My informant has spent his time in City Hall for a year past and he claims that he is right. Yours for truth, W. P. E.

W. P. E. is unfortunate, rashly unfortunate. We might first of all dispute his main proposition and accuse him of jumping from the particular to the general. For there are men who would find a comfort in the chair even if the barber were dressed in the natural colors of certain mandrill or blue baboon, provided the razor went up and down smoothly and keenly. W. P. E. might as well argue: "He that shaves himself can only do so with enjoyment when he is in his night shirt, whereas dressing gowns of extravagantly tropical nature and pyramids of fantastic design are convenient and comfortable for the operation. Not that we are necessarily, like Herman Melville, against the color white; we are prepared to accept the symbolism and look on the wearer of the coat as clean and consecrated. Perhaps we are impatient with W. P. E.; but we dislike to think of a fine young man haunting barber shops and finding no comfort unless the barber, forsooth, is dressed in a conventional manner. Why does not W. P. E. shave himself or let his beard grow? We commend to his prayerful attention the following extract from William Cobbett's "Advice to a Youth": "I once heard Sir John Sinclair ask Mr. Cochrane Johnstone whether he meant to have a son of his (then a little boy) taught Latin. 'No,' said Mr. Johnstone, 'but I mean to do something a great deal better for him.' 'What is that?' said Sir John. 'Why,' said the other, 'teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass.' Color! One might as well argue that a man can use a razor with greater accuracy and ease in his bedroom when he has his suspenders down, not harnessed about him. And yet in a way W. P. E. justly insists on the white jacket as a badge of calling. No self-respecting barber would shave unless he were in this coat; but the shaver should not be concerned thereby. Was it not Charles Lamb who wrote: 'The blank uniformity to which all professional distinctions in apparel have been long hastening is one instance of the Decay of Symbols among us, which, whether it has contributed or not to make us a more intellectual, has certainly made us a less imaginative people.' Bakers, grocers, huggers, exterminators, athletes, lawyers, musicians, all classes, professions and subdivisions of callings should wear distinguishing costumes. In the good old days at Saratoga a professional gambler who had grown venerable with constant practice and wearing nights ran the risk of being mistaken for a clerical visitor seeking comfort in the waters, which to him were indeed waters of life. This similarity between two professional costumes led occasionally to nerve-jarring mistakes. Lawyers should be obliged to wear small clothes. Some of them insist that a plug hat at high noon in July is a sufficient announcement of their calling, but we do not agree to this proposition. Perhaps a large feather in a Scotch cap would characterize the golfer; the true costume itself is no longer characteristic, for it is worn by cheap snobs who never addressed a ball—is that the correct phrase? We know a few men who wear golf suits straight through the winter? "Why do they do this?" We do not know; perhaps they are deluded as to their legs. The plumber should wear one of the auto da fé costumes—a long garment, decorated with tongues of flame. We do not wish, however, to dictate in detail. Committees should be appointed for this purpose, and experiments might be made at the next Artists' Festival.

May 2, 1901

Let there be no mistake; the writer and the reader are sworn foes. The writer laboring for bread, or hopes of fame, from idleness, from too much energy, or from that uncontrollable dance of St. Vitus in the muscles of the wrist which prompts so many men to write (the Lord knows why), works, blots, corrects, rewrites, revises and improves; then publishes, and for the most part is incontinently damned. Then comes the reader cavalierly, as the train shunts at Didcot, or puffs and snorts into Carlisle, and

gingerly examining the book says it is rubbish, and that he wonders how people who should have something else to do find time to spend their lives in writing trash.

At this very moment we receive a circular mailed in a Western town. The circular is the eulogy of a pill prepared "from the formula of a noted Russian specialist who has permanently cured many European Aristocrats who have lived the pace that kills." Strange to say we feel flattered, enormously flattered, as though we, too, had been a devil of a fellow at St. Petersburg, Monte Carlo, and Paris. We read on: "To feel young again; to realize the joyous sparkle of nerve life as it infuses the body with its glowing vitality; to feel the magnetic enthusiasm of youthful ambition; to be happy, light-hearted and full of joyous energy; to be free from spells of despondency, from brain-wandering, from the dull, stupid feeling; to have confidence, self-esteem, and the admiration of men and women!" Give us the pill, good Mephistopheles; send us a gross, if thereby we shall be free from brain-wandering, or able to excite the admiration of publishers.

The Murray guide books are no longer published by the famous house; the series is now in the hands of Edward Stanford, the map-man. There was a time when these books were in the hands of all travelers in foreign lands, and G. S. Hillard was not guilty of exaggeration when he said: "Since Napoleon no man's empire has been so wide. From St. Petersburg to Seville, from Ostend to Constantinople, there is not an inn-keeper who does not turn pale at the name of the Murray." These books were rich in poetical quotations and criticisms of pictures and schools of painters. Nor were they free from snobbery so that Thackeray delighted in poking fun at solemn, pompous sentences. He also drew an amusing sketch of the wretched man who was obliged to travel and suffer for the sake of finding out how bad certain inns were that Mr. Murray might warn the public. These guide-books held undisputed sway until the severely practical Baedeker came along, and soon gained Americans for customers. Are the English still faithful to the Murray volumes, which seem especially intended for the smug satisfaction of Tories who are so unfortunate as to be necessarily out of England for a week or even a month?

The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, the aunt of Mr. Charles Bonaparte of Baltimore, is still living at Paris, honored by all who are fortunate enough to know her. She is the Princess mentioned so frequently and with such respect in the De Goncourt Journal. She left her husband, Anatole Demidoff, Prince of San Donato, to whom she had been sold by her father, Jerome. This brutal husband died in 1870, and left a great amount of money to Ernestine Duverger, who was the daughter of a washerwoman. Ernestine was a pretty woman, and the Prince was pleased with her, and assisted her in histrionic aspirations. After his death, Ernestine invested her gains with such skill and led such a temperate life, that she became enormously rich. She steadily bought diamonds, until rooms were full of them. These rooms were in an old chateau which stood far from any house and in a desolate country. There were stone walls six feet in thickness, and there was a moat. Nor was she lonely; for, as the story goes, she filled tubs with diamonds, undressed, and bathed in the precious stones. Others say that she used to empty the contents of strong boxes on the carpet and then wallow, naked, in the jewels. She died not long ago, this miserly old woman, and the only flowers at her funeral were those sent by the Princess Mathilde, who, no doubt, was grateful for her as the unanswerable argument for a separation from her unspeakable husband.

We described a year or two ago a singular institution founded in Paris to save struggling and unappreciated literary geniuses from financial distress. The institution was called "Word of Honor Free Loan Office," and a woman, Mrs. Jeanne Robin, was the founder. Her plan was to advance money to literary aspirants who showed promise and were apparently honest. No security and no interest were demanded, not even a written acknowledgment of the debt. Men like Coppée and Lemaître interested themselves in the work; the Duchess d'Uzès consented to be President, and they say, supplied much of the capital. For a time there was a lively business—in lending. But, alas, for human nature. These borrowers never rose to be successful authors; they were still the men of rejected masterpieces. Furthermore, the motto of these proud spirits was: "Base is the slave that pays." And

now the loan office is nothing but a memory.

You still hear of curious literary figures in this same Paris. One died lately, nearly 70 years old. A countryman, he began to study medicine at Caen, but he went to Paris to study painting. He soon tired of that and went back to his country home "for a few days"; but these days were 15 years; and there he led a lazy life and wrote doggerel verses. In 1873 he again appeared in Paris with about 20,000 francs, which he spent in taverns frequented by literary men. Friends helped him to publish "Versiculetts," his only book, a little volume on which he lived for 25 years. He went about selling it, and he would be asked to dinner, for the world was kindly disposed toward him. At times he suffered acutely from poverty. When he was invited to dinner he would go without luncheon, and on these occasions he would stay in bed all day. He was tall, of stocky frame, with regular and heavy features, with gray hair which fell in a roll on the collar, after the manner of de Vigny in his portraits. Laurent Tailhade, the reformed Anarchist, says of him: "He recited his verses with an obstinate courtesy in the nocturnal resorts of the Monnaie Quarter. These verses had the incomparable advantage of being short, of demanding no attention on the part of the hearer, of interrupting only for an unappreciable moment the ordinary course of civilized life." Poussin—for he bore the name of the great painter—also shone by the remarkable bravery of his linen, which, added to his politeness, to the discretion with which he carried his wine, made him a model of bourgeois correctness and perfect dignity.

It is doubtful whether a Poussin would have such luck in Boston. Here he would find letters to prominent citizens and citizenesses necessary and he would have to be provided with a lecture. Then he might be talked about and entertained for a fortnight. The truly successful literary man is he that lives by another trade.

There are certain men who seem to be designed expressly for rocking-chairs.

May 22, 1901

TO A PESSIMIST.

Yes, if you will—"the same, no freshness in it."
We know the song before her lips begin it.
Fair skies—pink hawthorn—bloom of peach and cherry—
So hackneyed! Yet what lyrics, sweet and merry,
Naïve young May-composes
From themes proverbial as wine and roses.
"No novelty in Spring"—but who would flout her?
Blind misanthrope, you cannot live without her!
Say that she wearies us with repetition.
Each mood familiar betters our condition.
You own it by your smiling—
If over-rated, still the nymph's beguiling.
Then yield to her who calls you to deliver.
Glad looks she asks, yet, like a generous giver,
Who takes but to reward in richer measure,
She pays you back with more than golden treasure;
The dullest heart that slumbers
Filling with magic of melodious numbers.

Perhaps it is wrong, but we entertain kindly feelings toward Miss Edith Hill, alias Wells, who was convicted of obtaining food and lodging by false pretences. A landlady asked her for a reference, whereupon Miss Hill answered by slapping her face and remarking: "That is good enough reference for you." A breezy, self-reliant maiden, who wished to be taken for what she was, not for what somebody said she was. A reference is generally given to rid oneself of a bore or an incompetent person in an easy and courteous manner. A man comes to you; you know him slightly, and what you do know is not greatly to his credit. He asks you for a letter of recommendation or at least introduction to a busy man. He is looking for a job, and deep down in your heart is the full knowledge that he is unfit. And pray what do you do? Do you write: "I know Henry Jenkinson slightly and have no wish to enlarge this knowledge. At this very moment he smells violently of whisky, and his fingers are stained with cigarettes. I do know that he is in debt, that he is constantly borrowing money, that he does not keep his positions any length of time. I should certainly refuse him work if he applied to me, for I do not consider him to be a capable or trustworthy man"? Oh, no. You say, "why of course, my dear fellow," and you write a note something like this: "It gives me great pleasure to recommend Mr. Jenkinson, whom I have known for some time. I feel sure that he will fill creditably any position that may be offered to him." And why do you do this? From idiotic and reprehensible good nature. You do not wish to offend Jenkinson, and it is easier to be pleas-

ant, to put the burden of refusal on another's shoulders.

And what are letters of recommendation worth? Ask your wife what she thinks about references at the Intelligence offices. Anna Oelsen shows with pride a reference from her last mistress who proclaims her to be a paragon. Your wife, a prudent woman, calls on the mistress, who almost weeps at the mention of Anna. "The best girl I ever had; faithful, hard working, respectful—and such a good cook! there isn't anything that girl cannot cook. I should never dream of letting her go, if we were not to spend this summer in Colorado." Anna comes to your flat. Her bread is soggy; she is clean, but she is untidy; she puts carving knife and fork by the side of the mackerel; she roasts a small leg of lamb for two hours and a half; she stews prunes with an absurd amount of water. All this within 24 hours, and your experienced wife sees that gentle Anna will never do. But why did the late mistress recommend her? Because she liked things that way, or because she did not mind the slackness in dress, and inefficiency in cooking that disturb seriously your estimable wife. When your wife saw the mistress, she could not ask: "And now what is your standard of cookery? What do you demand of a girl in general housework?" The mistress would have pranced or wept—there would have been an unpleasant quarter of an hour.

Or is there anything more farcical than the average letter of recommendation to club membership? Jones comes to you and says, "You know Yelp, the kidney specialist, don't you?" You do remember Yelp's face, an unpleasant one, and "you are dimly conscious of disliking the man. Jones goes on: "He's a splendid fellow, and I have put him up for membership. Write a letter to the committee, won't you, like a good fellow? He's all right; and he's eligible enough, for he's a doctor, and he goes to the Symphony and Knelsel concerts." You sit down and write: "I have known Dr. Yelp for some time and recommend him heartily for membership. In my opinion he would be a valuable acquisition; he is interested in art and science, and is an eminently clubbable man." Others are forced into writing letters of a like nature. Yelp joins the club, and is heard in every room. He is a noisy, fresh, cheap man. You suspected this; and now you know it. You are estopped in complaint; for you recommended him as "eminently clubbable."

There were the wild, roaring animals in the procession; there was the Lady of the Snakes, who kissed her pets openly and without shame; there were young men with Roman helmets and without the Roman nose; there were camels that apparently had provided shawls for many; there were bands and bells, beautiful horses, women riding with irreproachable plug hats; there was the sight of street cars held up and passengers debating whether they should lose the fare to catch the passing show; but there was no "Shakespearean clown," that wonderfully gifted, deeply philosophical, irresistibly humorous clown, dear to our boyhood. The Shakespearean clown is now a Baconian who takes himself seriously.

May 23, 1901

But once we have crossed the top of the hill, death comes in view—death, which, until then, was known to us only by hearsay. This makes our spirits droop, for at the same time we begin to feel that our vital powers are on the ebb. A grave seriousness now takes the place of that early extravagance of spirit; and the change is noticeable even in the expression of a man's face. As long as we are young people may tell us what they please; we look upon life as endless and use our time recklessly; but the older we become the more we practice economy. For towards the close of life every day we live gives us the same kind of sensation as the criminal experiences at every step on his way to be tried.

Sleepless, he tried to put from him thoughts of present business. He recalled vacations in Europe and in the West, fishing in Maine or off the Long Island coast—he could smell the fragrance of trees and shrubs at Bellport, and hear the laughter of the girls strolling in moonlight lanes, and yet he had not been there for twenty years. He went back to college days—how he wasted his time! how foolish were many of his nights! Yet those years were not so distinct as certain scenes of his boyhood, when he was a youngster in the country.

Again was he at the burning of the hoop-skirt factory. The fire was almost out, although he ran all the way from the district-school. Firemen were quarrelling as to whether the Deluge or the Torrent threw the first stream. His father's hired man was one of a few who were leisurely pumping the

Deluge, and he said in answer to some stupid question, "Go home, boy! this is no place for you!" There was only one flame of any resolute purpose, and that was where it could do no further harm. There were twisted coils, ruined machinery, pools of a sickening smell, slush, desolation, indifferent spectators. There was a story that the owner had tried to jump into the flames. The factory was all he had and it was not insured, for the policy had run out.

The sky was discouraged, dirty, dismal. The boy dreamed of the fire that might while the wind swept through the naked chestnut trees about the house. Sunday all heads were turned in church to see how Mr. Arms would look, how he would take it. And the boy wondered as he stood on a cricket during the long prayer how the factory-man's wife could wear such a pretty bonnet after the fire, and whether they had anything to eat.

He was at the funeral of—what was his name? It was Willy—something—he lived in Deacon Wilfiston's family. He was one of the big boys and he was drowned in Damon's Pond. The funeral was in the Old Church and the whole Sunday School was there. He thought the service would never end, and young as he was, he could not believe all that they said about the next world; so he was glad when the Superintendent, a good but mournful man, who was rubbing apologetically his nose, invited everybody to "see the remains." The boy was afraid, but he was in the crowd and the scornful laughter of his mates the next day was more terrible than any dead boy could be. He heard them saying, "He didn't dare look! Baby!" He had already been mocked because his mother dressed him on Sundays with an elaborate turnover collar with tassels. Now he was close to the coffin. Willy was not so terrible; he was pale, and there was an ugly mark on his forehead. Perhaps one of the grappling-irons had hurt him. Then there was the long walk to the cemetery, an old one, full of pines and cypresses, and horizontal grave stones in memory of missionaries that died miles away, and one or two of them had been eaten. He stood near the grave, and he began to cry. He did not know Willy, but he cried. They sang "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother." A pretty, rounded, florid girl sang at the top of her lungs. She had tears on her red cheeks. When he was older, he heard that she had gone to the city, and he wondered why there was shaking of heads whenever her name was mentioned. He still sees and hears her singing by the grave of the drowned boy; and he even remembers the tune.

And he thought of his sweethearts of long ago. The first was at least ten years older than he, and she was so tall that other girls called her "the Beanpole." Her father drove the yeast cart and blew a horn in front of the village houses. She used to comb her adorer's hair, and he liked it when she hurt him. Then came the wild passion of his life. As he recalls it, his heart throbs with ecstatic bliss. She was a tall, thin brunette. They met at an out-door party, and in the pleasing game of Copenhagen she made bold advances. He was always timid, but he tried to be heroic in her eyes. He would stand upright on his carpeted spring-runner going down hill, and strike a sculptural attitude. He went home with her one night after some show at the Town Hall where he had sat with her and her older sister—the sister amazed him by saying she was sixteen that day, and he wondered if he should ever be as old; they went by the grave yard—the one where Willy was buried; he shivered when he went by it on his way home, although a big boy was with him, and then at the foot of the hill he met his father, who was looking for him, and at home the red was ready. This sweetheart married, was a widow, married again; and he saw her here the other day, white-haired and stone-deaf. And when he met her, he saw her as she was that summer afternoon in Pleasant Street. Then passes a long procession: the daughter of the schoolmaster with whom he went buggy-riding; the pretty, laughing, sumptuous girl who is now a matron, and yet he would not dare for his peace of mind to call on her; the sweet New England saint who urged him to join the church—he should have married her, but he grew reckless and their ways were apart; another tall brunette, an aristocrat of the village who accepted his homage, most condescendingly; a girl of his college days whom he treated shabbily, for his affection cooled when her mother said "Belle's liver is not just right"; another girl whom he treated abominably, for he left her for selfish reasons, and she hardened her heart and grew reckless, suspicious, cynical; there was

one of whom he dreamed day and night, but she knew that he was weak, vacillating, sentimental, and she saved herself much trouble; and there was one whom he saw only for a month, and yet the death of one nearer to him would have been more endurable. And then he thinks of one whom he courted in romantic fashion. He is half-asleep, yet he sees a parade-ground in a distant city and a woman hurrying to meet him at dusk. The moment she saw that he was there she slackened her steps and assumed an indifferent air. He sees them living together in towns and villages that are to him now as on another planet. Or is not all this a dream; for even the shunting engine back of the apartment house and the screaming baby across the court do not awaken him.

May 24, 1901

The world to him was a great mystery, as it is even to those who know much more than he; but all the little landmarks of the narrow boundaries of his life he had by heart; and they sufficed him, as the great world itself cannot suffice those who, by living in its current, see its muddiness.

Today is the anniversary of the death (1715) of Dr. William Read, who was in turn cobbler, mountebank, physician. He studied medicine "by the light of nature." He could not read, but he rode in his own chariot "and dispensed good punch from golden bowls." Queen Anne and George I. intrusted to him the care of their eyes, and the former knighted him.

A Bostonian persuaded himself recently that he had good cause for a suit-at-law. He went to a young lawyer whom he knew and stated his case. The lawyer reflected a few minutes and said, "No, you have not a sufficient case." He cited a few decisions and said, "Don't bring suit." The client said, "And what do I owe you?" The lawyer answered, "I have done very little. Call it five dollars." But the client was naturally litigious. He went to a firm with an imposing, time-honored name and stated his case. One of the firm listened, made notes, and then said, "We'll give you an answer in—h—m—m—say, ten days." On the tenth day the client received a note, in which the eminent lawyer stated that he had no case, and with the note was a bill for services rendered—\$250.

Old Chimes told us this story as it was told to him by the client. Old Chimes said: "He paid the bill, for he is rich and thought that the whole office force had been hard at work for ten days, looking up the law, plotting lines of attack. I told him that he was mightily mistaken; that after he had gone out the lawyer made a memorandum and put it under a paperweight. 'No case. Write the sucker in ten days.'"

Mr. David Bispham, who is never so happy as when he is singing the gloomiest songs of Brahms, has broken himself of the pernicious practice of smoking cigarettes. He came to the conclusion that his enjoyment was derived from the sensation of holding the satanic thing in his mouth; so whenever he felt the old wild longing creeping over him he put "a piece of pencil" into his mouth and kept it there until he was less nervous. After a month he actually preferred the pencil. Let us hope that this pencil is lead, not slate. An eminent baritone with a slate pencil protruding from his mouth is not a heroic sight, even if he relishes the taste. We know a man who was ordered by a doctor to stop smoking. The patient obeyed without a quiver or a whimper. Whenever he felt the longing he put about a square inch of plug tobacco into his mouth, and with a little practice he found he could hold it there for several hours.

There was once a harper of Fleet Street, London, named Sweeney Todd, who murdered as well as shaved rich customers; not as Carrousel, the famous barber of Meridian Street, who lost his self-possession and the control of his ivory combs coiffing the daughter of the King; but Mr. Todd murdered for sordid motives, and he had constructed with considerable ingenuity a trap door, through which he let the victims fall, one at a time, into a cellar. Truly a vampire-trap. Now we hear of

one Johannes Bobbe of Berlin. About ten years ago his cigar shop was on fire, and the firemen discovered an underground hole in communication with an invisible trap door in front of the counter. It was supposed that a customer would courageously buy a cigar; that after he had paid, Mr. Bobbe would work the trap, then go down to the cellar, finish the customer and put him through the hole into the river. But this was mere surmise and Bobbe was sentenced as an incendiary to hard labor for eight years. After this service to the State he appeared at a suburb, Mariendorf, where he rigged

another trap. He attempted to kill his landlord and then shot himself. When the police examined the house they found in the hole the body of the landlord and the corpses of two of Bobbe's illegitimate children. This trapping of a victim is an old device. The third Prince of China in one of the supplementary nights to "The Book of a Thousand Nights and a Night" went into a cook-shop to eat kababs. (There was once a cook in Hayward Place who made kababs, but he introduced little slices of bacon, whereas the true kababs are mutton or kid grilled in small squares and skewered.) The Prince was shown into a private room where a matting and a prayer-rug were spread, and he said to himself, "By Allah, this is indeed a secret spot, well concealed from the eyes of folk." Then he pulled off his papooshes and would have sat down on the rug, but he fell through the floor for a depth of ten fathoms. As for the rest of his adventures and how he was rescued read the story as Burton tells it in the fifth of the supplementary volumes.

Traps remind us of stage illusion. A company of strollers stopped at Rouen and played a piece in which the chief character was a blind man who talked and whined and moaned from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same. One evening the Mayor was invited and there was a brilliant audience. The leading actor was taken violently sick, and there was a scramble to find a substitute to do the blind man. One was found. He did not know the lines, but he read them in a clear, bell-like voice.

You may remember that Gen. Chaffee said at a smoking concert in the Temple of Heaven he did not believe that Americans and Britisbers would ever stand face to face in war. The Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "It is a sentiment that does him credit, and one that we fully reciprocate. The truth is that if Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his brother financiers continue as they have been doing of late, they will soon buy up the Empire and there will be no more chance of war. Commercial union on the lines by which union was attained between the wolf and the lamb precludes all further disagreement."

What are the highest damages ever given by consent in a divorce case in this country? In England the sum of 110,000 was lately named and accepted. In 1800 at Dublin a man recovered that sum for crim. con., and a correspondent says that the same amount was given for arresting and inciting a man for felony out of revenge. A jury once gave £500 for knocking a man's hat off; but in England a plug hat is a symbolic, sacred thing. Mr. Aigernon Charles Swinburne was banished from the Arts Club because, heated with strong wine, he danced on the hats of other men when he could not find his own. For he had no reply when the members asked:
What thing wilt thou leave us,
Now these hats are flat;
New hats wilt thou give us,
A hat for a hat.
For the wide-awake hat thou hast danced on, the heaver on which thou hast sat?

May 25, 1901

Towards the close of life, much the same thing happens as at the end of a bal masque—the masks are taken off. Then you can see who the people really are with whom you have come into contact in your passage through the world. For by the end of life characters have come out in their true light, actions have borne fruit, achievements have been rightly appreciated, and all shams have fallen to pieces. For this, Time was in every case requisite.

The man at midnight opens the refrigerator and searches. He is trying to find the ice left that afternoon by the ice man. He moves cream jars, water-bottles, chops, half a mackerel, a bowl of rhubarb-sauce, butter balls and pats. At last, at last! He finds the ice and covers it with an orange, bought for his breakfast. He turns off the gas and shuts the door that leads into the corridor, shuts it as though he were a burglar who fears betrayal by a mouse. He must pass two doors before he gains his bedroom. Tarquin did not press the rushes so softly. A will wall comes from the floor of the apartment house. The man's hair rises and his backbone turns to water. Another step, and his foot seems to sink in swampy ground. Surely water oozes and spurts. Another step and he will be on dry land. The board shrieks. Two more yells from that which is foolishly called inanimate; a door is shut in spite of its clamorous protest that tapers into a chromatic whistle, and the exhausted man is in his bed-chamber. He waits to hear a demonstration from the invalid in the room beyond. Not a sound save that of a fat man with black whiskers and suspenders over an undershirt, gargling his throat at an open window across the court.

The watcher begins to undress and remembers that Maquerelle in Marston's "The Malcontent" was the first that invented woolen shoes, "for fear of cracking for the visitant," but the men and women who sought the good will of Maquerelle did not live in apartment houses built on made ground.

We hear with pleasure that the fire-drill in the apartment houses near the Penway will be resumed for a few Sundays. Take the long block four stories high on Boylston Street that runs from Massachusetts Avenue to Ipswich Street. It is true that there is at the rear of each house an iron staircase which leads from basement to roof; but the servant on each flat locks the door and takes it with her to the cave below; while the extra key is often mislaid, and in case of accident would not be at hand for those eager to furnish a roof-garden entertainment. The fire-drill gives old and young confidence, as well as pleasant exercise; and it furnishes the children a vast amount of entertainment. Grandmother, who is surprisingly spry, fastens a knotted rope to the piano and goes down to the pavement. Aunt Jenny, who is still coquettish, leaps from bed into a combination of union garment and corset, which is all ready after the manner of fireman's dress in the engine house, and she is loudly cheered as she leaps fearlessly into the net held by Papa, Cousin Bill, a neighbor, and the janitor. Then there is exercise in hanging from window-sills till ladders are brought; there is ambulance drill; there is practice in saving the essentials and discarding the superfluities, as wedding and anniversary gifts that jar the cultivated taste of the recipients. There is no vain attempt to carry out the refrigerator or the gas metre, or the

hired piano, or plated spoons. These drills are alternately on the afternoons of Saturday and Sunday at 4.30, and they will well repay the inspection of visitors from Western cities. We understand that there is talk of similar drills in large buildings devoted to business purposes. It will be interesting to see how many business men save the typewriter instead of her machine.

We are told by the German Times (Berlin) that Miss Watt, who addressed a meeting of the "Magnetische Gesellschaft" were "a dear little short bolero buttoning across the chest," and her war cry was "Away with the corsets." We are also told that Miss Minna Kube, "one of Berlin's leading female cold-water cure specialists and lecturers, fully believes in long skirts for indoors. A bolero is evidently not enough for her at a social gathering. Our old friend Mrs. Langtry deals rather with the general than the particular—this sounds as though there were a lurking innuendo, but we hold up clean hands of protest. The Lady of Jersey thinks that the Parisian woman makes the best of her opportunities, but in two respects the Englishwoman has the advantage. "No woman of any other nationality looks so well in evening dress as an Englishwoman. This is probably due to the fact that she wears it so much more frequently, particularly at the theatre and restaurants. Then again, the Englishwoman invariably eclipses a Frenchwoman when she is wearing a tailor-made gown." The Englishwomen at the theatre—we refer to the opera and the better theatres—are inclined to be formidably bulbous, red-faced as though they were violently corseted, and with streaked and mottled arms. Their figures suggest rigidity and defiance, while the figure of the typical French woman is a supple invitation.

You may have read "Later Love-Letters of a Musician" by Myrtle Reed, either in consequence of a wager or as a safe narcotic. For surely you do not take many of the sentences seriously, and mark them for a second reading, as: "A single shaft of gold leaped athwart the dark dome, and the awakened heaven was suffused with color—amethyst, topaz, sapphire and opal—where the gray marble of night had broken and disclosed the splendid jewels of dawn." The Pall Mall Gazette reviewer writes an imitation and assures the reader that he has not the smallest idea of what he is about to say; hence a true impromptu:

"Her golden hair was hanging down her back. Ah! tresses upon which the vermilion of impassioned sunset sheds its splendid and arrowy shafts of jeweled light! Return to the fiery glance of my autumnal and pink-pale eyelids. As in a riotous trembling of the grey-gold dawn, the epithalamium of Sol announces his coloured approach to the aniline grass, even so does thy last remaining ocular shine through the palsied frenzy of skin and bone, taking youth captive and transforming all nature into a gamboge miracle of plentiful argentine moonlight."

To T. L. We believe that the first authentic record of any yacht club in England is dated 1720, when the Cork Harbor Sailing Club, now the Royal Cork Yacht Club, was established. Ten and twenty members satisfied the ambition of the members.

May 26, 1901

THERE died the other day in London a man who suddenly gave a name to a political party by singing a song in a music hall. His name was Macdermott, G. H. Macdermott. He began life as a sailor, drifted into a theatrical engagement at Dover, was engaged at a salary of 21 shillings a week, and was told he must purchase many properties. He assumed seven parts a week, and won popularity by a back-fall death scene which he had learned at sea, and which he was always obliged to repeat. He found his way to London, played in an equestrian drama at Astleys, was successful as Badger in "The Streets of New York," wrote melodramas, sang songs at the Pavilion, and in the autumn of 1878 he sang the song that went around the world:

We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do

We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money, too.

We've fought the Bear before,
And, while Britons shall be true,

The Russians shall not have Constantinople.

The song was popular for two years; the spirit of the song still fires the heart of thousands of Englishmen. The song was even reprinted as a special supplement, with music, of the Figaro (Paris) to show to their readers the warlike character of the men across the Channel. The song was a political manifesto; for at that time there was question of England's strength.

And the same man made the song, "I'll strike You With a Feather," a thing that haunted peaceful citizens by day and by night. He wrote sketches, romances, a dramatization of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." In 1874 he was stage manager in America for Julia Matthews. Of late years he was a music hall agent. Nor would it be just to his memory to forget that on one occasion he dined with Albert Edward, who had heard his "Jingo" war song.

Mr. Carl Pfeuffer, who died in Cambridge lately, to the regret of his many friends, was a musician of sound parts and laudable ambitions. Certain male choruses and church anthems were popular in their day, and are still heard with pleasure. Yet is it too much to say that he is today most widely known as a composer by his "Isabella" in the extravaganza "1492"? It was not the female impersonator who made the song, for the tune went of itself. The man that once heard it and could hum or whistle was lost. It obsessed him, and he had to hear it from his own throat or lips. You went to the mountains, it was there; you fled to the seashore, and the driver of the barge was whistling as you took your seat. The years

have passed, as quietly as a jackal over a sandy stretch; perhaps "1492" is now given only in some Southern town; but at this very moment somewhere in the United States somebody is whistling "Isabella."

Johann Strauss's posthumous ballet "Aschenbroedel" was produced at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, April 30. The theatre was crowded and the Emperor was present; but great was the disappointment. Some years before his death Strauss offered a prize for the best ballet scenario, because critics had complained of the librettos of his last comic operas. After he began on the "Aschenbroedel" or "Cinderella" he found that there was need of revision and suggestion, and one Regel was called in as tinker. The story is modernized. The bad step-mother is at the head of a millinery establishment and Cinderella is the errand girl in a magazine of which the proprietor, Gustav, is the Prince who gives a brilliant ball and sends golden slippers to the poor girl. She is kept at home to sort artificial flowers, while the proud step-sisters prance in fine raiment to beguile the Prince. His brother, amorous of the neglected maiden, gives her a costume and she goes to the ball. Then he escape, the trying on of the slipper, the familiar ending. In the last act there is a series of dance-pictures to display wedding gifts, lingerie, costumes of every kind and every century, household utensils and the like. Otto Lessman says that there are a pig ant polka and two melodious waltzes—the Pigeon and the Cinderella—but the tunes are reminiscent of former dances; and whenever Strauss wishes to be expressive or to portray any emotion whatever, he is commonplace and boring. Others utter a like opinion. Baver of Vienna filled

out gaps left by Strauss and his music, is said to be in clever imitation. Dell Era was the chief dancer and "she excelled herself." She has been excelling herself for the last 17 years, for when I saw her last in 1884 she was graceful but no chicken.

The London journals tell us of the opera season at Covent Garden. The opera of the opening night was not "Faust" and therefore you rightly infer that it was "Romeo and Juliet." Emma Eames was the Juliet. Emma who did not visit us last year, Emma who takes the applause with a sweep of elegant condescension, even when the applause is for another. Yet Mr. Vernon Blackburn was kind to her on this occasion: "She showed once more that she was an artist of considerable talent, and she was evidently determined to prove to her audience that her

vocal expression was the result of considerable meditation and also of considerable thought. We cannot conscientiously say that Mme. Eames has what may be called a really engrossing voice. Fine and noble it certainly is, and for quality and strength it would be hard to beat; but it is not quite so enchanting as to make one forget all other characteristics save those which belong to pure music."

And Mr. Blackburn says of Saléza: "M. Saléza's Romeo was tinged with that vocal enthusiasm which he alone among modern singers seems capable of accomplishing. We rather hesitate, at the present moment, to say all that we really feel in connection with this magnificent tenor voice, and therefore for the moment we will merely remark that it is a privilege to listen to an organ so dramatic, so fully assertive, so finely responsible as this, which really reads one a lesson in music, just because its vocal feeling is directed by a brain which is thoroughly intelligent and comprehensive."

There were some that desired "a larger infusion of young blood" in the chorus, and found "something a trifle pyramidal about the choral institutions of Covent Garden"; but Lady Henry Bentinck wore a soft scarf of tulle wound lightly around the hair, "a lady dressed in white satin with seraph wings in diamonds in her black hair was very much admired," there were many lords and ladies and Mr. Tosti, so all in all it was a joyous affair.

The annual meeting of the "Oliver Ditson Society for the Relief of Needy Musicians" was held May 17 in Boston. The regular business consisted of the presentation of reports and the election of officers. B. J. Lang, Arthur Foote and A. Parker Browne were chosen Trustees. B. J. Lang was chosen President, Charles H. Ditson Treasurer and Charles F. Smith Clerk. This society, it may be repeated, has for its object the relief of needy musicians, and its means are a bequest by the late Oliver Ditson, the income of which may be devoted to the above named purpose. Somewhat to the surprise and disappointment of the officers and Trustees the demands from such as in the spirit and intent of the bequest are entitled to assistance have not equaled the means available. In other words, after answering all worthy demands the Trustees have added to the permanent fund a considerable sum from unexpended interest. They should be glad to know of any cases of the kind mentioned which have not been already brought to their notice. There is an earnest desire on the part of the society to find such worthy cases as exist. Such as come to their notice are carefully investigated and liberally considered. Applications made to either of the officers or Trustees will receive prompt and careful attention.

Valero, the Spanish tenor, appeared again at Covent Garden May 14 as Turiddu. He was here at Mechanics' Hall in 1892, when he sang Turiddu to Emma Eames's Santuzza. Born at Seville, he first was a painter, but Tambrilk heard him singing in his studio and advised him to be a singer. His chance came when Gayarre on a gala night at Madrid was taken sick, so Valero sang Faust to Nilsson's Marguerite. They say that Paderewski looks and feels wretchedly in consequence of the death of his crippled son. Moritz Moszkowski has written a new "School of Double Notes" for pianists. There are four concert-etudes as an appendix. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Fritz Scheel, conductor, has been organized. Twenty thousand dollars per annum has been already subscribed toward a guarantee fund for a term of years. There will be public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and concerts on Saturday evenings during the season of '01-'02. Mrs. Brandt-Forster and the tenor Raval of Vienna were asked, during a visit to Constantinople, to sing before the Sultan. They supposed songs were desired and they donned "correct evening dress."

But lo, His Majesty wished excerpts from "Faust," and they were about to put on the traditional costumes when they were told there was no time to dress. "Never can I sing Marguerite in a low dress," said Frau Brandt-Forster. "Nor I Faust in a swallow-tail coat," said Herr Raval. "The lady must remain as she is," said the official, "but a costume is ready for the gentleman." At a look from him half a dozen servants sprang forward, and attired Herr Raval, to his infinite astonishment, in a pair of high, brilliant jack boots, a soft hat with an upright ostrich feather, and a short nondescript jacket. The Era characterizes the banjo as the national instrument of America, "as the czimbaló is of Hungary." Sembrich is again in Berlin with an Italian company; the tenors, Constantino and de Lara, the baritone Bensaude, who sang in all keys but the right one when he was last here, the buffo bass Tavecchio, and the bass Arimondi. Nikisch and his Philharmonic orchestra have met with great success in cities of Italy and Spain. Paul Taffanel has resigned his position as conductor of the Paris Conservatory on account of the condition of his health. The Menestrel regrets that Jean de Reszke will return to Paris in "Siegfried" and not in some French work. But wait till he sings his gentlemanly version of the youth that knew not fear.

May 27, 1901

Two days or more, for time was taken no account of in his house, we waited with him, talking late every night of Salt Lake, Brigham Young, the Mountain Meadows Massacre, Kit Carson, Cochise and Mangas Coloradas, and matters of that kind which interested him, and which, when all is said, are just as interesting to those attuned to them as is polemical theology, theories of art, systems of jurisprudence, the origin of the Atoll Islands, or any of the waste futilities with which men stock their minds.

Professor Frederick Starr, a rising young anthropologist of Chicago, says that parting the hair in the middle is an evidence of the alarming and growing degeneracy of our modern civilization, and "no normal person will indulge in this habit." And we learn from Paris that women are about to wear hats as flat as a saucepan and their hair low upon the neck. Verily these are troublous times. But perhaps the young anthropologist is baldheaded. Does he prefer for men the pompadour or electric doll, or a low part on one side and a swash of hair that sweeps the forehead and falls into the eyes? Pray what is his idea of hair pleasingly combed?

We have received the following letter: Boston, May 24.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:
Respected Sir—Why won't you say something about the recent interchange of ungrammatical civilities between Mr. Lawson and Sir Thomas Lipton? Really, you ought. Here is Mr. Lawson cabling to Sir Thomas, "I will be happy to bring the Independence over," when, presumably, he means "I shall be happy to take, or send, her over;" and here is Sir Thomas hastening to reply, "I will be delighted to race your boat," when evidently he means "I shall be delighted." Can it be that either gentleman intends to intimate to the other that it will require a considerable effort on his part to be delighted and that he is resolutely determined to be happy over the prospect? International courtesy forbids. Then why shouldn't they be told how to express their joy? Ah, dear sir, here is your opportunity to benefit two great countries. For the time being try to forget the approaching eczema season, suppress any rising inclination to revive the Goucourt brothers, take no heed of Burton's Thousand Nights and a Night and join me in an inter-Carrie-National raid against this crime against the language—a crime that Presidents, Kings, ward politicians, statesmen, pickle merchants and stock manipulators commit daily without being punished. I should also like to interest you in the new Park Street Dispensary for the Free Treatment of Goo-Goo Eyes. Contributions may be sent to me. Yours,
HORACE McWHIRLL.

Some kind friend, constant reader, or deadly enemy has sent us the program of the Boston Browning Society for 1901-1902. This program is announced now, "so that the members, if they wish, may devote some of their leisure hours during the summer to reading the poems suggested." And what are suggested? "Prince Hohenstiel," "Parleying with Francis Furini," "Parleying with Gerard de Lairesse," "Echelos," etc., etc. Well, never mind Browning; he's all right, or should be all right if the testimony in his behalf may be accepted. But his worshippers in organized and labeled bodies are often terrible fellows. How is this for a question to be answered in solemn meeting? "Are Browning's suggestions sound that mind-power is beyond the reach of physiological experiment, and that each

personality ought to be beyond compulsion by hypnotic experiment?" And we have only until November 25 to answer this question. Possibly there is a misprint; possibly "mind-power" should be "wind power."

Another question, "Is Personal Development the best social policy?" is for Feb. 25, 1902. Why certainly; grab all you can.

Gen. Curtis Guild, Jr., showed us a remarkably fine example of the Malayan kris, kriss, kriss, kriss, cryse, creese, crease, cross, or however you may choose to spell it. He showed it to us in the street, and a passer-by turned pale and hastened toward a policeman. Mr. C. P. G. Scott writes that "the Malays and Javanese make the kris in innumerable shapes, all warranted to kill, and adorn them with a pleasing exuberance of fancy and with pious care. So we adorn our swords and pistols and guns. It has ever been the sweet office of Art to mitigate the asperities of Murder by improving and beautifying its weapons; and in our Western civilization, at least, no one, however poor, need go without a beautiful implement of slaughter. But in the Far East, as in the West, these apparent contemplations of death are often for ornament, rather than for utility." Now the kris is commonly supposed to have a wavy-cutting surface, the flambe, for the purpose of increasing the cutting surface, and such wave-edged forms are seen in weapons taken from the Thames and now in the British Museum, as well as in iron daggers of the 14th century in the Nieuwerkerke Collection; but as a matter of fact, and as every earnest student of hopology knows, the shape of the kris varies with every tribe and in every district. There are 51 distinct names in the Javanese language for as many varieties of this weapon, and they signify that 21 are with straight and 33 with waving blades. Travelers have long known this tropical fruit; thus in Hakluyt you will find this story: "The custom is that whenever the King (of Java) doth die the wives of the said King every one with a dagger in her hand (which dagger they call a crese, and is as sharp as a razor) stab themselves to the heart."

And now for an agreeable digression. In our boyhood we learned that harakiri, or seppuku, was suicide by disembowelment as formerly practised by the higher classes in Japan when in circumstances of disgrace or under sentence of death; and that Englishmen called the operation "Happy Dispatch." We met lately an officer who had held an honorable position in an Oriental navy. He had been invited to see one of these intimate performances. And he thus described it. The nobleman did not disembowel himself; he merely made two ceremonial scratches on his belly; then his head was cut off by one of his nearest friends.

This kris of General Guild is a beautiful weapon; and it would serve admirably in political debate.

May 28, 1901

Every man prefers belief to the exercise of judgment, says Seneca; and it is, therefore, an easy matter if you have an authority on your side which your opponent respects. The more limited his capacity and knowledge, the greater is the number of the authorities who weigh with him. But if his capacity and knowledge are of a high order, there are very few; indeed, hardly any at all. He may, perhaps, admit the authority of professional men versed in a science or an art or a handicraft of which he knows little or nothing; but even so he will regard it with suspicion. Contrarily, ordinary folk have a deep respect for professional men of every kind. They are unaware that a man who makes a profession of a thing loves it, not for the thing itself, but for the money he makes by it; or that it is rare for a man who teaches to know his subject thoroughly; for if he studies it as he ought, he has in most cases no time left in which to teach it.

Let us consider for a moment the lot of the woman who married a corn-doctor. (1) Are her own feet free from flaw or blemish, are they models of beauty? (2) Is she ever jealous on account of his profession?

There is an old saw about cobblers' daughters and clergymen's sons, but we may dismiss it, for it might be extended in the hope of persuading us that oculists' wives are blind and the house of the ferret keeper is overrun with mice.

The first question may be answered by the general statement: "No one knows." In the East feet were freely exposed, washed repeatedly, perfumed, dried, and dried at times with the hair of a serving woman; furthermore travelers and anthropologists tell us that feet in the East lack "that development of sebaceous glands which afflict Europeans," so that an Oriental lover who kisses the feet of his beloved shows devotion rather than undaunted courage. We also know that the noble dames of France for years

were indescribably dirty, and that when Madame de Mazarin, who had sought rest in an aristocratic convent of Paris toward the end of the 17th century, asked "one day" if she might wash her feet, the house was thrown into confusion, and her wish was plumply denied. At last she scoured water with incredible difficulty and washed her feet in a chest that happened to be in the dormitory. (There has been a betterment in France. At certain fashionable boarding schools for girls, Americans are allowed to wash their feet once a week.)

The American woman is not so prudish as she was 40 years ago. Physical culture, healthy influences, an out-of-door life, modern dress, common sense all teach her that a display of her figure is to be avoided only when it might interfere seriously with an opportunity of marriage. Yet there are few men who see women's feet. Whether the woman be on the beach in bathing dress or in the connubial chamber, her feet are seldom shown. It is not too much to say that there are men who have never seen the naked foot of a woman. Is it likely that the wife of a chiropodist would show her foot to her husband, who has been surfeited with corns and bunions and other pedal horrors? Would she not go stealthily and with a heavy veil to another corn doctor? Or if her foot were naturally a model of grace, would she wiggle her toes triumphantly in the face of her husband? Would she not, like a thoughtful wife, spare him the reminder of his calling?

If she has a beautiful, flawless foot, perhaps she might be pardoned this exultant display. Do you ask, "How could her husband in this case grow enamored of a secretly disfigured patient?" But a woman may be a glowing Queen of Sheba and be as to her foot a little shy; the corn doctor's ambition would be to make her perfect; his success would awaken gratitude; and from gratitude there is only a short step to love. Remember, too, that zealous practitioners often become infatuated with the diseased as well as the disease itself. But the Psychology of the corn doctor and his wife has yet to be written.

Let us commemorate with fear and trembling the perturbations of nature. On May 28, 1677, at a village in Germany there was a tempest of lightning, and a great multitude of stones of a green and partly cerulean color fell therewith, and a considerable mass of mineral matter, in taste like vitriol, being ponderous and friable, having also metallic sparks like gold intermixed.

And on May 28, 1736, the announcement was made in the journals that Miss Sallé, the dancer of the Opera House, Paris, who was famous in her day for her constant advertisement and puffery of her virtue, had established an order named "the Indifferents," of which she was President. "Both sexes were indiscriminately admitted after a nice scrutiny into their qualifications." They had mysterious rites. They wore a badge, a ribbon striped black, white and yellow, with a device something like an icicle. They took an oath to fight against love.

This Sallé was an extraordinary woman. In spite of her strenuous protestations she did not escape calumny. Her virtue was considered to be one of the four wonders of the Opera; the other three were the voice of Le Maure; the ham of Dupré, male dancer and composer of ballets; the leg of Camargo, the great rival of Sallé. There is a story that Rameau was in love with her, and wrote ballet music for her after she had indicated the steps she wished to make.

She had a noble figure and a charming face; she was inexpressibly graceful; her dancing was without gambling or leaping; she abstained from capers and piquettes. They say that her strict demeanor was only the retreat of Galatea in the eclogue, and ambuscade; but Voltaire believed in her frigidity, and wrote many verses in its honor. Sallé went to London and danced to Handel's music. She took a letter to the philosopher Locke, for had he not written wisely on the human understanding? London went mad over her. Some who had secured exorbitantly dear seats at the office, were obliged to gain them at the point of the sword, so great was the crowd. When she made her last bow, purses full of gold hailed on the stage. A rain of bonbons followed; and they were of a singular kind; golden guinea pieces, well lined and of full weight, formed the sugared almond; while the fancy paper was a bank note. She put them in a sack, while dancing Cupids brought them to her, and two satyrs carried off the sack with measured steps. That one evening was worth to Sallé more than \$40,000. The reward of virtue—which has always been so dear to the English

—witness the success of Jenny Lind and Lily Langtry.

Yes, Voltaire praised Sallé as kindling fires which were to her unknown: "She is the priestess of Diana, who dances under the guise of Venus." But there is that hideously malicious epigram which begins: "The critics are perplexed over the case of la Sallé." However, it is better to believe good than evil. If she had not boasted so loudly about her chastity!

May 29, 1901

Dorothea, has your lover
Any chance of winning you?
Would it please you to discover
How to mate with me would do?

Listen to my earnest pleading,
For my balance at the bank
Is—I've looked it up—exceeding,
And we are of equal rank.

Tastes—we share them all together,
And the kindness of your eye
Makes me bold to wonder whether
It is worth my while to try.

Yet my hopes are sinking slowly,
As the sun behind yon ridge;
For—I breathe it humbly, lowly—
I am ignorant of Bridge.

We have received the following letter:
Boston, May 28, 1901.
To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

I live opposite a private hospital near the Fenway. Surgical operations are performed in this hospital. They are doubtless necessary and I hope they are of advantage to the patients; but is it necessary that the sufferers should be exposed, even when they are undergoing the most intimate operations, to the eyes of the general public? This morning a woman was carved close to the window of the second story of the hospital. There was not the pretext of any shade, screen or curtain. There was a frankness of revelation that would have startled even a savage. The woman on the table was fortunately unconscious of the exposure; but how about the women and children opposite in several houses who could not help for a moment, at least, seeing the painful sight? The surgeon might say: "But why do these women and children look?" They must occasionally use windows, and these front windows are more convenient and ordinarily more cheerful than the windows on the court; furthermore, they are the windows of the living rooms. Nor was this woman the only one carved in that bay-window this morning. Why do not the surgeons do their business right in the street? They would have still better light and air, and the children of the neighborhood would stop playing ball as soon as the knife began to cut.

L. C. H.

Yes, we sympathize fully with our correspondent, and deplore the—what shall we say?—incredible lack of taste shown by the manager of the hospital, the officiating surgeon and his merry men and trained nurses; but we sympathize even more deeply with the poor women on the table who in turn were ruthlessly exposed.

The noble French dames of the 18th century were more curious than the women of today. The Marquise de Voyer was passionately fond of lessons in anatomy and amused herself by following the course of the Chyle in the viscera. Many fashionable women had a little boudoir in a corner of the garden, for the display of anatomical subjects made of wax and rags, and there was a closet full of corpses. Did not the young Countesse de Coligny carry about in her carriage a corpse for dissection, as another took a book for reading?

An English farmer sued a railway company a fortnight ago and was called to testify as to freshness of eggs. The Judge nervously asked how long an egg would last. The plaintiff, in a fine burst of confidence, replied: "Well, Your Honor, an ordinary one is good for a month." But how about other kinds; the egg for transportation, the egg especially kept waiting for American tourists, the electioneering egg?

There is no fury like that of a dumb person. Victor Hugo said that agony when at its height is mute, and perhaps the same might be said of all stormy passions. Think of the grotesque indecency of husband and wife, both

deaf and dumb, bearing digital evidence against each other in court, making nimble, eager signs before the Magistrate in their wish for a separation. And this scene was performed lately in a London Police Court.

Since we have crossed the Atlantic in search of copy let us note the fact that the persecution of rats is still bitterly pursued in England. The animal is now the more dreaded because it is supposed to spread the plague, although some admit that they do this not by their bites but by the parasites that are at home on them. One correspondent recommends owls

as a pleasing household pet and persistent destroyer of rats and mice. He says they are easily kept, even in the heart of a large city.

Mr. Phil Robinson, in his defence of the owl against the attacks of the poets, says: "It is only a cat on wings, and many points better than a cat; for if its conversation is a trifle disconcerting to nervous folk, it does not pass the whole of its night under bedroom windows in the transaction of melancholy business. The owl reserves its remarks for the seclusion of the copse and the solitude of the belfry, and for belated Strephons and their Chloes. But it does not forgo with its kind in arcades, in populous streets and squares, and thence, like the cat, dolorously confide its interminable miseries to all the parish, breaking off at intervals in a pyrotechnic climax of ill-temper and fizzling."

The owl in the household would be an elevating influence. There would be no flippant conversation, no malicious chatter with this bird looking solemn reproval or grave disgust. After the evening meal each member of the family would take up an improving book. Remarks would be sententious. There would be geographical and historical investigation. Magazines would be banished; but this column, which is chiefly educational, would be read aloud and discussed.

Inasmuch as the owl is the symbol of sleep, it would influence favorably the victim of insomnia. It would teach the serving-maid silent, unobtrusive service! Its feathers would cultivate the taste of the females in the household.

It is not necessary to believe that the eggs of a screech-owl are a remedy against baldness; or that the blood of a young screech-owl will curl and frizzle hair; for we are speaking of the barn-owl. The idea that the owl gives accurate warning of death should not distress one who otherwise would be at the mercy of the ignorance or the mistaken courtesy of a physician.

Although the owl should be welcome in a flat, he is seen to greater advantage in a large family-house of the kind described in advertisements as an "elegant mansion." In the hall of such a house you often see a suit of armor, made expressly for Americans; or swords and other deadly weapons—"won by my great-grandfather, sir, in the Revolution," whereas great-grandfather Nathan was a miller and was accused of Toryism; an "old family clock," bought at auction two years ago; antlers, bought as were the rugs and umbrella stands; and a stuffed owl or two. How much nobler if these birds were nocturnally alive! By day they would be sufficiently immovable and dignified. And is it not something to have furniture that is both decorative and useful?

May 30, 1901

Then they carried the carcass, with the throat cut, before the Chief of the city watch, to whom the old man said, "O Emir, this fellow butchers men and sells their flesh for mutton, and we have brought him to thee; so arise and execute the judgments of Allah (to whom be honor and glory)!"

It is not likely that this murderer and mutilator in the Whitechapel district is our old friend Jack the Ripper of 1888. The original Jack was a delicate and perfumed insane on this one subject, or a surgeon who had vowed fanatical or private vengeance on a whole tribe of unfortunates, or a descendant of the superb Marquis de Sade. He would leave a dinner or a group at the club, or he would forsake his wife and daughter to cut and slash. Do you suppose the police did not know him? Is he dead? Is he in a madhouse? Or, never conscious of his nocturnal pleasures, does he now lecture to students on the wonders of the human frame?

Dr. Albert Prieur contributes to the *Mercur de France* of May a singularly interesting article on "The Psychology of Criminal Mutilation." It would not be agreeable reading for the nervous and the squeamish, although the subject itself is not without a ghastly fascination. The ingenious physician insists that the desire of the murderer to mutilate a corpse, to dismember it, or to chop it into mince-meat comes as a rule from fear rather than from a brutal and imperious longing for revenge or from a degenerate instinct. "Sometimes, for he has had a little practice—this one was cook, that one served in a surgeon's house and handled scalpels—the mutilator endeavors in coquettish spirit to make a neat job of it. The butcher Tozzi showed his son the most elegant ways of doing it, and Prévost, who found it 'to cut off a man's cocoonut was chocolate, velvet,' said that for him who was formerly a butcher, to cut up human flesh was nothing more than to prepare a sheep or a calf for the market."

There are some extraordinarily re-

pulsive stories told by Dr. Prieur about murderers in France who have eaten their victims, even old women, with cabbage or potatoes. Let us close ears to them. But this story is of a romantic flavor:

The Tozzis kept at Monterotondo a butcher shop, and opposite lived in 1884 the Poggis, who kept a rival shop. There was a hereditary feud between the families. A young man, Menecucio Ioggi fell in love with the youngest Tozzi girl. Her brother one night lured him into the house, killed him, and the next morning sold publicly his blood mingled with sheep's blood. The servant swore that when the work of mutilation began, the father snatched the knife from Antonio and said: "Let me do it; I'll show you how to disjoint him," and even the mother insisted on taking part with her own hands in an incredible mutilation.

Thus sacrifices of human beings to tutelary deities, says Dr. Prieur, hecatombs of warriors slain to gratify ancestral shades, terrible tragedies of pitiless doers of justice—these mutilations have long ago disappeared.

But as long as man is on earth, there will be scattered episodes of wild up-settings of the human soul, mutilations born of wrath, hatred, madness, love. And from the fear of the scaffold, from cowardice in front of execution, from fear of death which grows directly as man knows better how to gauge his life, has arisen the modern mutilation, the true mutilation of assassination, the mutilation born from fear.

Horace was not the only poet to boast of rearing a monument more enduring than brass, which neither wasting shower, nor raving North wind, nor the ages' flight could overthrow.

Mr. James B. Elmore, the boss poet, of Montgomery County, Indiana, said to a reporter of Chicago: "These last poems of mine are elegant, and I defy any man to get out anything as good."

Nor is this merely an instance of absurd vanity. We quote from Mr. Elmore's description of a railway accident, and it must be remembered that neither Lowell nor Longfellow nor Aldrich nor Mrs. Moulton ever dared to drive Pegasus close to a misplaced switch. Walt Whitman chanted sonorously the praise of a locomotive, but we do not remember any thumb-nail sketch by him of railway horror. Let us listen to Mr. Elmore:

But there they lay in the crimson snow—
Their hearts have ceased to ebb and flow;
Quite as cold as a frozen chunk,
With a lady's heart upon a stump.

And yonder in the wreck I see
A man that's pinioned by the knee,
And hear him calmly for to say:
"Cut, oh, cut my leg away!"

And here is a note sounded in the green and pleasant valley of Amorla:

Little Jennie rides a bike
Like an arrow down the pike;
She is blithe as any roe,
Checks as sweet as billet-doux.

Mr. Elmore explains with keen discrimination the difference between him and other poets: "I stick to nature and they get swell-headed and go to handling big words and big ideas that they don't understand."

Mr. Elmore wears a fur cap, a Prince Albert coat, and rubber boots. We are sorry to hear this, for whatever elasticity of thought might be gained from the material of the boots is counteracted by the heat of the feet and the sweating of the shins. It is a well-known fact—Dr. Holmes refers to it—that in the achieving a great poem, essay, scientific formula, the feet must be cold. The fur cap may be pardoned—especially if it be made of coon skin—but we advise Mr. Elmore not to wear it in the house; for it stews the brain.

Mr. Elmore may reply with Tennyson:

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind
For thou canst not fathom it.

But Mr. Elmore should remember that the next line of Tennyson are:

Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river;
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

If Mr. Elmore wears a fur cap and rubber boots as his singing robes, his mind will not be chronically clear, bright, or flowing.

May 31, 1901

Perhaps this class of man seldom or never cheats the end either of sweet or bitter recollection; and if he is deprived of whisky in which to drown his cares, the last impression gone, his mind hammers away like the keys of a loose typewriter under a weary operator's hands, half aimlessly, till circumstances place new copy under its roller, and it starts off again to work.

He stands in a correct attitude exactly in front of the white post, a tall, spare man with long, thin, floating, white beard, carefully-brushed silk hat, thoughtfully buttoned frock coat and a chilly white cravat. He stands and waves to the approaching

motor-man after the admired manner of Joshua commanding the sun and the moon to stand still. The car is stopped. Heads turn and observe with the calmness of possession the dignified old gentleman and his meek female following who fain would go to church. "They aren't no seats," yells the conductor, and, as the car starts, he sees the patriarchal goodness of the man drop as Faust's costume in the first act, and he hears angry protests and vain defiance of one leaping in the air in impotent rage while shuddering wife and daughters use words like oil.

A correspondent asks: "Why do you never write about the beauties of Nature—birds, flowers, trees, shrubs, clouds, mountains, etc?"

We have written about Nature in all her branches and ramifications, but we do not like to write persistently about berries, birds, and burdocks, for we respect the peculiar ground covered by the Listener in the Transcript. Human beings, we confess, are nearer to us than primroses—although we admit the leonine glory of the sunflower loved by Oscar Wilde—and Chippies are more suggestive to us than Chipmunks. At the same time here are two short paragraphs suggested by Nature.

In spite of the wet weather strawberries were picked up on the Common last Tuesday. They were plump and firm and were in a box. Who was it that said the Lord might have made a better paragraph—we mean berry—but He didn't.

We noticed yesterday a beautiful specimen of the thorn-billed Humming Bird (*Ramphomicron herrani*). These birds are seldom seen in winter, not even in the White Mountains. In some of these species the chin or basal portion of the beard is composed of glowing minute imbricated metallic squamous feathers gradually becoming longer and more lanceolate.

The Tailor and Cutter complains of the carelessness shown by Royal Academicians in matter of importance—the dress of their sitters. It mentions these "enormities": "Knickers" and waistcoat cut in one, morning coats without any seams in the back, waistcoats with two buttons at the top and none below, trousers without seams, and overcoats without any visible means of fastening. And in the majority of cases the trousers are of one color, the waistcoat of another, and the coat different from both."

Sculptors have been reproached for like faults. But why should any man be painted or made into bronze or stone with the conventional costume of today? A stone man in frock-coat or sack-coat and trousers is at the best a sorry sight. A toga is the thing for a statesman or benefactor, and hair should wave in the breeze, even though the deep thinker were bald in his moving life. Nor should there be too literal treatment of a determined uniform, when the subject is a Colonel or General. There should be a sense of motion, a suggestion of "On, gallant men!" Indeed, it might be wise to have short speeches issuing from the mouths of sculptured men, as in old-fashioned caricatures.

But why should painters be abused for representing sitters with waistcoats of only two buttons? Such an accident in costume is often not an accident, but a chronic condition, a characteristic of the sitter. And why is it that tailors object to trousers, waistcoat and coat of different colors? We know that they do object to this even in Boston. They are not actually violent in their speech, but they look skew-eyed, and ask you if you dressed hurriedly, or why you do not let them do repairing.

Surely a painter should be allowed play of fancy in costuming his sitter. A pompous business man wishes to be painted in the act of signing a check, just as a statesman was always portrayed standing and pointing at a document on a study table, while behind him was a purple, tasseled curtain or an approaching thunderstorm. Now if the painter reproduces with photographic accuracy the clothes of the business man, the portrait will be of dull rigidity.

Aymer in "The Fatal Dowry" vows and affirms that a tailor must needs be an expert geometrician; "he has the longitude, latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely." But Novall, Jr., says to him: "The outward habit and superficial order of garments demonstratively point all the internal quality and habilitment of the soul;" and if this be so how can a painter in these days find individuality when the body is clothed in most conventional fashion, when there is hideous uniformity in dress? We appeal to our friend of the Providence Journal, who has been strangely silent for some months, to the grief of thousands.

A correspondent writes: "You say that women are seldom willing to show their naked feet even to their lovers. This is possibly true, though I should not be ashamed to show my feet to anyone. Is not their apparent shyness, subtle coquetry? Are they not sometimes disappointed because their husbands or lovers—I regret to say the words are not always synonyms—do not insist on their taking off the hose or on assisting them in the pleasant task? Again, some women may have the mistaken idea that stockings and slippers are more fascinating than any display of pink and white. And how is it with men? Are they always sculptural in this respect?"

We do not know. We have seen men who were vain of their boots. There is a story told by Lucian of one of great substance who lost both his feet in consequence of traveling through the snow in a hard frost. Wooden feet were made for him and he walked about supported by servants. "He took the whim of providing himself with the most elegant half-boots after the newest fashion, and regularly made it his business to dress and adorn his wooden feet in the handsomest manner possible."

La Belle Otero conducted her own case against a dressmaker in a Paris court. She told the jury that a misfit in a woman's dress was mental and moral damage to her. It is said that the jury looked so benignly on her that dresses as well as the verdict were at her disposal.

The Scotsman published a note on John Bell, minister of Cadder, near Glasgow. In 1590, who lived in his steeple for want of a manse.

I, John Bell, the Minister of Cadder, For want o' a manse, w' aid o' a ladder, No gargoyle I, but for love o' my people, Birk't a wee house up my steeple.

I watch my elders skail frae their howff, After a weel spent day at gowff, Wi' buffy putter, suttie, an' cleek, As frae my perch I whiles bo-keek.

Fu' sweet the sang o' throstle an' spink!— An' wow! my Elders' glasses clink!— But whiles they're culling drouthy throats A chiel's abuse them taking notes.

June 1, 1901

At the first when he gave himself to follow the wars, and was not greatly rich, he never was angry for any fault his servants did about his person, saying it was a foul thing for a gentleman or nobleman to fall out with his servants for his belly. Afterwards, as he rose to better state and grew to be wealthier, if he had made a dinner or supper for any of his friends and familiars, they were no sooner gone, but he would scourge them with whips and leather, things that had not waited as they should have done at the board, or had forgotten anything he would have done. He would ever craftily make one of them fall out with another; for he could not abide they should be friends, being even jealous of that.

We called on Miss Eustacia Thursday afternoon, for we heard that she was back from Virginia. It was a pleasant call; Old Chimes was at the Porphyry to witness some curious alcoholic experiments, and the Earnest Student of Sociology was at work—preparing a paper with the title, "Do the best of music teachers remove their coats and waistcoats when they give lessons?"

Miss Eustacia described gayly, but without malice, her adventures in Virginia, and for half an hour we were in a world without care, nervousness, bores, physicians. The bell rang. An old school friend of Miss Eustacia appeared, a wife of a year or two.

"We were talking," said Miss Eustacia, "about servants in Virginia. I was on a plantation seven miles from the railway and the servants were old-fashioned, patriarchal. I wonder whether punctuality is possible at such a house. Dinner was two hours late one afternoon because there was a sudden shower and they did not dare to bring the dishes from the quarters."

Miss Laetitia heard her cue and she was long in saying her permitted say.

"O Eustacia, I've had such a time while you have been away! You know George and I do not feel that we can afford more than one servant, especially as there are only two of us and we live in a flat and we entertain very little. So we want a capable housework girl, and we are willing to pay her good wages, and you know I am always doing something for my girl, giving her a pretty cap or an apron and every Christmas a percale or a black satin—I wonder why they never wear them. We have a range and a gas stove and a sober janitor, and there are only seven rooms to clean each week, besides the kitchen. There is a large servant's room—

"Is it a basement room?" asked Miss Eustacia.

"No—yes—that is, there's a floor below it where the furnace and coal bins are, so the maid's rooms are dry and warm—in fact, I think the boiler is right under my girl's room."

"I remember your back-staircase," said Miss Eustacia. "It was all iron

and darkness, and when I looked down and smelled smells and saw two flickering gas lights far below, I was reminded of the descent to the engine room on an ocean steamer. But you know I do not like flats. Pardon my interruption. Did you have trouble in finding a good girl? You surely are an ideal mistress."

"The girl I liked so much married. I told her she had no business to do such a thing, that her conduct was absolutely indecent, that she would regret it. Don't you think there ought to be a law against such marriages? I can see her now in a couple of stuffy rooms; of course her husband drinks; and then there will be a half-dozen children. I went to the intelligence offices—a funny name for them. And then came a parade of all nations. We had Irish, Swedes, German, Nova Scotians, negroes, English—yes, one American, a rare species. One roasted a leg of lamb for two hours and a half, and when we complained she said she liked it that way. This one was slovenly and that one impudent. They all had the best of references, and they all wanted at least five dollars a week, and that the heavy part of the washing, sheets, towels, bedspreads, should be put out. Our meals were witty for there was constantly the element of surprise. There were smart looking girls at the intelligence offices, but they did not wish to go to our little summer cottage; either the air was not bracing, or the religious advantages were few, or they preferred Beverly or Bar Harbor. George says that it is hard to find a good housework girl; that too much is expected of her; that she must work in the kitchen, go to the door, change her dress to wait on table; and that formerly the mistress of the house did many things that now are put upon the servant. He says that at a late meeting of the Mothers' Union at Kansas City several women insisted that Tuesday was a better day for washing than Monday, which should be spent in taking stitches and preparing the clothes for the wash. Poor George, he means well, and he isn't stingy. Why, I know a woman, and you do, too, Eustacia, who has to ask her husband for every cent, even her car fare. No wonder that woman in Chicago killed herself, although she had been married only three weeks."

"But Laetitia, where do you hear all these stories?"

"George reads them to me at breakfast. He says the morning newspaper is better than the Newgate Calendar. And he says that some girls don't like flats because there is no area gate or chance to gossip at the street door, but they must look out on a dreary court or a blank wall. Now in our flat the girl looks over railway tracks, and the trains make such a noise that she can't hear mistress's voice or any one of the three bells, and the brakemen look up and wave and yell to her—oh, our girl is never lonely. But we have a girl at last, and as George says, she is a corker. Some of the others were not pretty—one was so homely that George brought home two or three children's masks and asked me to put them on her while she waited at table or went to the door. But this one is really fascinating. She is a blonde and wears her hair in two stories. Eustacia, her figure is wonderful, and I must be more careful in my dress. She moves as though she were made of steel springs and ginger. Her cooking is excellent; she is neat, thorough, respectful—I don't believe she'll stay. It's all too good. I feel as though I were in a dream. She has a bicycle, and I think I'll let her use it every afternoon for an hour. I asked George what he thought about it, and he said it was a capital idea, that he would go bicycling with her—anything to make her contented."

And then we pressed Miss Eustacia's hand sympathetically but respectfully and farewelled her.

June 2, 1901

THEOPHILE GAUTIER once wrote a eulogy of one of Balzac's novels. Balzac did not compliment him fulsomely, nor did he say that he would always be his slave; he asked him for half the amount of the sum which was paid for the review. Some years ago Mr. W. S. Gilbert gave the public warning that his terms for being interviewed were 20 guineas.

I am reminded of these stories by an entertaining report of a conversation between Yvette Guilbert and a Pall Mall Gazette reporter. Yvette arrived in London and at once the reporters gathered. She was fresh from Paris, where she has built herself a "gorgeous residence" on the Boulevard Berthier. The house is of white stone built from blocks that come from the quarries of St. Denis. The passer-by can see the head of the owner smiling at him, for it is the main feature of the corbel of the drawing-room window.

Yvette, however, did not talk about the glories of her house. She began as follows:

"It is a long time since I have been in England, but I have never forgotten a pretty English miss-journalist, who asked me if our Parisian music halls were as proper as your English ones, and if I was going to dress decently. I gravely informed her that I was going to appear in tights simply, with a large hat and a walking stick. And, from her looks, she believed me. So you, you do not want to know how I shall appear? You want something about my repertoire?"

She said that one of her best pieces is "La Légende de Saint Nicolas," by "poor gifted Gérard de Nerval, the promising young poet who died of consumption at 30." Now this same author was found hanging by the neck from a lamp-post in one of the worst streets of Paris. He was a strange being, for whom many, even Goethe, predicted the highest literary honors. But after he returned from travels in the East, he gradually began to lose his reason. Gautier once saw him leading gravely a lobster by a blue ribbon in a Paris garden, and giving as a reason for his choice of a pet that he loved lobsters for several reasons, they did not bark nor chatter. They say that even in his last days of distress before he killed himself he made for himself cravat pins out of gilded paper, such was his craving for something rich. He had planned with Dumas an opera on the subject of Solomon's temple and with the Queen of Sheba for the heroine, and Meyerbeer was to write the music, and this story, published in a magazine, is the foundation of the libretto of Gounod's opera, "La Reine de Saba," which was revived last season. Yvette should know her Paris better. As for the legend of Saint Nicolas, the theme is familiar to many.

"A butcher murders his three children, cuts up their bodies, and casts them into the salt-tub. St. Nicholas comes by, is hungry, and asks the murderer for something to eat. The latter inquires what he would like. Nicholas, pointing to the salt-tub, replies: 'Give me some of what you have in there.' The butcher, terrified, obeys in spite of himself. On his going to the tub,

the children emerge from it alive; the Saint has performed a miracle. Of course, the butcher repents, and le bon Dieu pardons him."

But in the original version, an Asiatic gentleman sends his two sons to Athens to be educated. They stop over night at Myra, where the innkeeper kills them, cuts them into little pieces, salts them, and intends to sell them for pickled pork. St. Nicholas sees this all in a vision, goes to the inn, reproaches the landlord, who repents, and then the Saint performs the miracle.

Yvette said that one of the best of her songs is "Ma tête." It tells of a tramp who hangs about the fortifications of Paris. He boasts of his Hooliganism and his conquests of women. He narrates his night adventures and then foresees the inevitable end. I paraphrase the last lines:

"Sure I shall be condemned, because they'll prove I killed my man. Then I must wait, pale and until they guillotine me. One fine day they'll come and say, 'This is the morning; dress for it.' I shall go out—the crowd will salute my head."

Yvette wears the cap that is in fashion with these "gentlemen of the fortifications." "At the end of the last stanza," she said, "I drop the cap on the stage, thus representing, in a horribly dramatic manner, the head falling into the basket of the guillotine. It makes one shudder. Catulle Mendès says that the conception of this piece of 'business' is an 'idée tout-à-fait géniale!'"

It is a pity that we do not have this word "genial" in the French and German sense: "full of genius, ingenious, original, inspired." With us a genial person is often a bore, with butter eyes, and a hair-trigger laugh. It is true that Carlyle and one or two others tried to force the word with the foreign significance into our language, but Lewes was prudent as well as honest when he wrote: "It is difficult to find an English word to express the German 'genial,' which means pertaining to genius." Our English word had meanings that we have forgotten: Nuptial, generative, festive, natural (disposition).

Another song tells of the joy of a little Parisian shopkeeper who is swollen with pride because at last his name is in Bottin, the great business directory. There are persons in Boston who really feel a thrill of emotion when they find their name in the Blue Book.

But the report that Yvette will sing her "Souvenirs" is not true. "No, I could not do that; it would take too long; and besides, some of my recollections would be too amusing, oh, la-la! No; what I do sing are 'Les Souvenirs d'Yvette.' I am supposed to be singing in 1945, and I ask what has become of the people and things I knew years ago." Her English song is "Mary Was

Hausenfeld." The reporter says, "Yvette looks mar- tronically in figure."

Paderewski played lately at Dresden and was severely criticised. Some went so far as to say that he long ago passed the zenith of his fame and that neither in the works of Beethoven nor Chopin did he appear as a pianist of the first rank.

The Pall Mall Gazette of May 18 published the following interesting sketch of Boito's long-awaited opera:

"It is impossible to give any idea of the interest and curiosity with which the libretto of Arrigo Boito's long expected opera, 'Nero,' is awaited. Boito, besides being a musician, is a most talented poet; so that the production of his opera is an event in the literary as well as in the musical world. One can only say that a great poet has prepared a work for a great musician. The libretto is taken from a tragedy, also by Boito. In five acts, one of which has two scenes, and takes place in the period between the murder of Nero's mother, Agrippina, and the great fire in Rome. The principal characters are Nero, Simon, Asteria, a snake-charmer, and Fennel, a Christian.

"The first act shows Nero at day-break, on the Appian Way, come to bury the ashes of his murdered mother, hoping thus to be delivered from the apparitions which haunt him, and of which Simon has promised to rid him. In this act one of the chief musical effects is obtained by a Pater Noster sung by a Christian, in pure contrast to the passionate passages before and after it. Nero, although greatly fearing to appear before the Romans, is overtaken by his litter and escort, and is so warmly received by the crowd that he goes triumphantly to Rome. The second act takes place in the temple of Simon Magnus, where Nero comes, brought thither by curiosity, superstition, and the hope of being rid of the spectres that torment him. Asteria has been induced to impersonate a goddess, to whom Nero addresses impious words of love; but when he touches her and finds her real flesh and blood he has one of his gusts of furious passion, and, together with his Pretorians, wrecks the temple. The next act opens among the Christians, who are broken in upon by Simon, who has avowed to have Christian blood. In the struggle Fennel is taken.

"The first scene of the fourth act is in the Circus Maximus, to which the great fire penetrates, and Simon is made to try his famous flight through the air. The second scene is in utter contrast, being a subterranean chamber under the circus, where those killed in the games are deposited. Here are seen Fennel and Asteria searching for Rubica, a vestal virgin, sister of Fennel. The last and fifth act is terrible in the extreme. It is the theatre of Nero, where the Emperor recites in a mask of Orestes, although Rome still burns; but he soon loses himself, seeing no more an imaginary murdered mother, but his own. The stage is then filled with the spectres of his many victims, among whom, at last, he sinks unconscious, amidst the curses of all."

Several singers have sung at Covent Garden for the first time: Miss Feiser (Hansel), Mohwinkel (Wolfram), Seveillac of Bordeaux (Rigoletto). Scotti was described as an ideal Valentine, in fact one critic said "he sang divinely." Miss Baumermeister was praised as Martha, as though she had made her debut. Mr. Blackburn said of Gadske (Elisabeth): "Lacking a little in versatility this artist nevertheless impresses one as having taken no end of pains in her conception of the part. She leaves nothing to chance, nothing to what may be called occasional inspiration; her plan is carefully conceived beforehand, and she refuses to deviate from it. However dull so determined a resolution on occasions seems to mark her work, it at all events makes her accomplishment definite, and releases one from all anxiety as to any momentary failure." Mohwinkel was "conscientious." They liked Van Dyck, whose voice is said to be fresh, and who sang with "abandon and charm."—Antoinette Trebelli, now known as Antonia Dolores, and Baron Berthold have been singing in Australia.—The German Reichstag rejected the proposal of the Government to prolong the duration of copyright from 30 to 50 years after the death of the author or composer. This proposal was called the "Cosima Clause," because Cosima Wagner had made great exertions to get the copyright of her husband's works, expiring in 1913, prolonged for another score of years. Now she has taken the step of sending a letter to all the members of the Reichstag, asking them to make an exception in her favor by inserting in the bill a paragraph giving to the theatre at Bayreuth, for 50 years—that is to say, up to 1933 (Wagner having died in 1883)—the sole privilege of performing "Parsifal."—Miss Campbell Sinico, a soprano, and a daughter of Mme. Sinico, whom some may remember, made her first appearance in public last month in London at St. Invas Hall.—Messrs. Greet and Engelbach have taken a long lease of the Savoy Theatre, London, and Basil Hood will write a series of operas for them.—A musician, Righetti of Verona, found in a little inn near

Milan an old violin which he bought for a few francs. The instrument turned out to be a Guarnerius, 1733.—Messrs. W. J. Henderson and Walter Damrosch are at work on an opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac." Changes have been made in the last two acts of Hostand's play. David Bispham is anxious to create the leading part.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie told a characteristic story of Sir Arthur Sullivan in his lecture devoted chiefly to the dead composer's more serious works. While rehearsing "The Golden Legend" Sullivan complained to Mackenzie that he could not get away from the influence of the Savoy opera, whatever he wrote. "You know," he said, "when in the Legend the soprano comes in to sing 'I Am Not Here to Argue, but to Die,' I can't resist the feeling that the chorus ought to emerge and sing, in Savoyard fashion, 'She don't come here to argue, but to die.'"

The Temps (Paris) finds that the absence of French plays in London is extraordinary. "The writer says that there are at the present moment only three plays of French parentage to be seen in London, and all the rest, with two or three exceptions, are from America." He concludes that the "bouffe Américain" is particularly noticeable for its lack of any literary or musical aspiration, "and owes its success to the skillful way in which the Yankee presents a series of tableaux where the ladies are pretty and tastefully—even lightly-dressed and in which is developed humor in its noblest form." The following sentence is too beautiful to translate: "Londres ne savait vraiment pas ce que voulait dire la grace féminine au théâtre avant l'arrivée des New Yorkais."

June 3 (1901)

Nothing so tickles a man's vanity as to look back upon his semi-incredible past, and talk of the times when he had to live on sixpence a day, and to recount his breakfast on a penny roll and glass of milk, and then to put his hands upon his turtle-bloated stomach, smile a fat smile and say, "Ah, those were the days when I was happy!" although he knows that at the halcyon period he was miserable, not perhaps so much from poverty as from that envy which is as great a curse to poor men as is indigestion to the rich.

"It is a singular fact," said Old Chimes at the Porphyry, "that until today, when I chanced upon a piece of old silver ascribed by the vendor to Paul Revere, I had never thought of this personage as ever having done anything in the daytime or as having worked for a living at all.

"I had fancied him vaguely as sleeping well on into the afternoon, eating a hearty meal toward sunset playing with the dog perhaps until after night-fall, and then strolling forth, lantern in hand, to do his historic stunt. Hysterical over-celebration of this achievement had somehow multiplied it, in my mind, into a vocation, and I had come to regard this hero as a kind of vaudeville performer, doing his strenuous 'turn' nightly to crowded houses and unmeasured applause.

"I wonder if the shade of Paul Revere ever reflects, as he tediously recounts this exploit to his probably bored companions upon the bank of the sluggish Styx, how very much he owes to the period in which he lives. Had the crisis upon which he has so easily hung his enveloping reputation occurred in our own time, he would have had the greatest difficulty in doing more than what an expectant public would regard as his simple duty under the circumstances.

"Suppose him by some fortunate accident to be upon the Chumard wharf in East Boston, upon the arrival of the steamship, to perceive shrewdly the intuitive gleam of the red-coats through the stateroom ports, and to be so fortunate as to win the ensuing race for the telephone; the sum of his achievement would then be no more than this:

"'Hello! Yes, Give me — Hello! What's the matter with you, Central. Give me—yes—I want Concord 381—yes, Concord—Concord—the c-e-l-z-b-i—one—yes, that's it—waiting—waiting—oh, is that you, Concord? Yes? Well, this is Paul Revere. No—no, Revere—Boston, hey? Never mind who I am. Well, don't get gay with me, or I'll report you. Oh, you are, are you? Well, just tell your folks that the British are landing her in Boston in strong force. Yes, that's it. And just ring up Lexington, will you, and tell them. Thank you. Good-by.'"

Greet Harrington, May 31, 1901.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Alas! Has it come to this that you of the Liberal Government are only "the husband" of most our dear old notions read as in a Res on Gully of May 23 published not a 100 miles from the Journal office in this s. n. Ephraim

James H. ... It is a sign of the times that instead of leading French J. ... as a comfort to the w. of Ephraim, he has to lose his life as Sarah J.'s husband?

And the custom serial to those of us who are living and must hereafter be known as I now am my self.

THE HUSBAND OF MARY ANN?

We don't see why there should be an outcry against the military authorities who granted privileges to a cock-fighting establishment to the widow of a murdered Italian police officer. The sport has long been associated with military affairs; murders have been the result of meetings; ancient Kings have looked on with excitement and approval. At Athens cock-fighting was a public or solemn pastime, and Macaulay's school boy knows what lessons 'them' Tories taught! his troops from the sight of the fighting birds. The gamecock, furthermore, was indigenous in the Philippine Islands. The Malays and the Malagasy practiced the sport, and Burton describes the passionate gamblers of the Canary Isles. A writer of the 12th century says that in England every year on Shrove Tuesday the boys at school brought their gamecocks to the master and the whole forenoon was devoted to cock-fighting, for the amusement of the pupils.

Did the ancient Greeks arm their birds with steel spurs? There is a dispute, but Aristophanes wrote a line that may well be taken as an answer: "yes." Surely the spur is not of modern invention. As our favorite poet, the impassioned Hudis, remarks:

'Twas nature taught the generous bird to fight

In care for thee, mean wretch, who has supplied

The weapon nature kindly had refused.

But if you really wish an excellent description of the sport, we refer you to a poet who, we fear, is read by few today. We hope these lines will be translated into Filipino.

Loose his poor bird the inhuman cocker brings,

Aims his hard heel and clips his golden wings;

With spicy food the impatient spirit feeds,

And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds.

Struck through the brain, deprived of both his eyes,

The vanquished bird must combat till he dies;

Must faintly peck at his victorious foe,

And reel and stagger at each feeble blow;

When fallen, the savage grasps his dabbled plumes,

His blood-stained arms, for other deaths assumes,

And damns the craven fowl that lost his stake,

And only bled and perished for his sake.

What is the spicy food given the birds at Manila? The ancients fed them on garlic and maiden hair. But enough of this today.

Our hero for the day is Scipio Metellus, a Roman gentleman who was the first to eat goose liver.

"The wife of a Royal Academician once confessed to me that she fell in love with her husband because he promised her that if she married him she could eat Brazil nuts whenever she pleased."

It was in June, 1682, at evening, that Mary, the wife of Antonio Hortado, living near the Salmon Falls in Barwick (formerly called Kittery), heard a voice at the door of her dwelling, saying "What do you here?" About an hour after, standing at the door of her house, she had a blow on her eye that settled her head near to the door-post. Two or three days after a stone of a pound weight was thrown into the chimney, and no hand appeared which might be instrumental in throwing the stone. About two hours after, a frying pan, then hanging in the chimney, was heard to ring so loud that not only those in the house heard it, but others also that lived on the other side of the river, near 100 rods distant or more.

"Whereupon the said Mary and her husband, going in a canoe over the river, they saw like the head of a man new-shorn, and the tail of a white cat, about two or three foot distance from each other, swimming over before the canoe, but no body appeared to join head and tail together. A day or two after the said Mary was stricken on her head (as she judged) with a stone, which caused a swelling and much soreness on her head, being then in a yard by her house; and she presently entering into her house, was bitten on both arms black and blue, and one of her breasts scratched, the impressions of the teeth being like a man's teeth were plainly seen by many." Thus she.

June 4, 1901

Enter Isabella in her nightgown, as to bedward, with lights after her, Count Lodovico, Giovanni, Guld-Antonio and others waiting on her; she kneels down as to prayers, then draws the curtain of the picture, does three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice; she faints, and will not suffer them to come near it; dies; sorrow expressed in Giovanni, and in Count Lodovico. She's conveyed out solemnly.

In good old Italian, as the official expression of hatred, was a fine art. The cunning and desperate leech would poison prayerhook, beads, the pommel of a saddle, a looking glass, the handle of a tennis racket; or mercury, coppers, quicksilver and "other devilish 'potheary stuff' in a warrior's heaven would cruelly meet the brain. And there were some that poisoned the kiss of love.

Read the description of the dumb show in Webster's "The White Devil": "Enter suspiciously Jullo and Christophero; they draw a curtain where Brachiano's picture is, they put on spectacles of glass, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burn, perfumes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture; that done, quenching the fire and putting off their spectacles, they depart laughing." Then the love of the Duchess even for the unsubstantial presentment brought to her husband Brachiano his liberty.

And may not family portraits today kill love although no hespectacleed and laughing assassin is in the market or possessed of medieval skill? Perhaps the portrait is by a realist who is always talking of Cromwell's warts. The husband grins from the frame, vacuous, porcine. The wife's neck-chords are accentuated, are in strong light, and love will not touch them, although a flattering caller will speak of strength and character and boldness of treatment. Or the painter is famous for bringing out latent characteristics. The alleged philanthropist turns out to be a grasping, greedy man; the staid matron is Hamlet's mother; the eyes of the virginal and betrothed daughter foretell the scandal and divorce.

We become accustomed to the masks worn by the nearest to us as well as by those whom we meet in business or accidentally, and the smug conventional portrait assists in the profitable deception. The outcry against a darling painter is in the name of art as it is known to Philistines, but it is really a cry in defence of easy home life, it is a call for the protection of the family and domestic institutions. Now the greatest of these institutions is tolerance, which is composed largely of deliberate forgetfulness. A portrait that inspires cool reflection and keen analysis may often kill love as though the lips were poisoned for the lips of the passionate adorer.

We have received the following letter: Boston, May 31, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day.

Honored Sir: A few days ago I made some remarks about that perverse error, the use of "will" for "shall," and cited, by way of illustration, passages from such eminent writers as Mr. Thomas W. Lawson and Sir Thomas Lipton. I invoked you to join me in a new crusade against the will-for-shall evil, which disfigures the speech of so many innocent men, women and children. But I canceled the invocation: I take it all back. We should only be wasting our time—you and I. So let us take the will for the shall and busy ourselves about our neighbors' affairs in some other way. Conditions do not favor reform in this or in any similar direction. For listen: On Saturday, May 25, a meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools was held in Boston. Representatives from all the leading colleges and preparatory schools of New England were present. The Presidents of Harvard, Yale and Tufts Colleges were there, and many other eminent educators. A committee reported on the subject of uniform examinations for admission to the New England colleges. Its Chairman was the Secretary of the State Board of Education. And these are some of the committee's recommendations: "That before admission to examination in any year, each candidate be required to pay a fee of \$5, and be given a receipt therefor;" and again, "that the board be given power to amend its plan of organization."

Now, haven't these clumsy bunglers in English composition ever heard that a candidate is not given a receipt, but the receipt is given to the candidate, and that a board can't be given power, but the power must be given to the board? Haven't they ever learned that the verb-with-two-nominatives is a monstrosity that it is their duty to strangle and not to nurture? Prominent educators, indeed! Of course, they would plead inadvertence; but would that be an excuse? How can we expect the "educated" to use good English when the educators are so stupidly careless and set so had an example? Before sitting down, I would remark that it is somewhat less difficult to criticize the English of others than to get things straight yourself; but I am for roasting the educators that fail fully to realize the obligations that their responsible position impose. I say this with confidence; for I am not an educator myself, but merely one of the victims.

Yours to command,
HORACE M'WHIRL.

In the latest volume of love letters, Rosa Amorosa thus describes some of the men who tried to win her: "One wanted to pop me into a gilt-wired cage, to give him the satisfaction of naming a wild bird, wanted to train me to eat lump-sugar out of his hand—he would have given me the best sugar, pure cane and even an ivory ring to swing in. Another felt I could regenerate him, make a new man of him, imagined he paid me a compliment by offering to allow me to darn the heels of his moral socks."

June 5, 1901

When Night looks down on the wakeful earth,
With pitying, starry eyes,
She sees it wearied by toil and mirth,
And troubled with tears and sighs;
So "Hush," she murmurs, "'tis dreaming-
tide,
Oh, reck not of Fortune's frown;"
And gently, gently she sunders wide
The portals of Slumber Town.

It lies in Shadowland strange and vast,
This city that all may find,
There lips long wooed may be won at last,
And pitiless eyes grow kind;
The poor may chance on a dower of gold,
The vanquished laurel crown,
And voices, hushed in aforesaid old,
Re-echo in Slumber Town.

At the "agnostic wedding" at Chicago "a collection was taken." But collections are taken at weddings that are not advertised as unusual. These collections are commonly known as wedding presents.

A young French lady of great literary gifts as well as beauty—this begins like a N. Y. Herald personal—was thrown from a carriage, for the horses were frightened by a steam roller and bolted. The fall broke her nose. She sued and recovered 7000 francs. The account of the verdict was headed: "The value of a pretty woman's nose." Suppose she were plain. Would not the nose, if it had been a good one, have been worth to her as much or more? Would she not be in greater need of a beautiful nose than if she were otherwise of radiant, ravishing beauty? This is a fine point, one that admits of long discussion and many digressions.

We observe that the Rev. A. P. Stokes, Secretary to the Yale corporation, prayed June 2 for fair weather. The pastor of the church in which Mr. Stokes prayed also asked for prayers that "the weather conditions" might be improved. This reminds us of a passage in Francis Galton's "Inquiries into Human Faculty."

"I may add, however, that I have

some knowledge of meteorological science, and access to the numerous publications upon it in this and other countries, and that I am unaware of any writer remarking that the distribution of weather has, on any occasion, been modified by national prayer, the subject of the influence of prayer on rain or for fine weather has never, as far as I know, been alluded to in any meteorological memoir."

The rain-maker or rain doctor in Africa is weatherwise, and although he insists on "the mystic use" of something foul, or hard to find, as the bum graecum of hyaenas, snakes' fangs, or lions' hair, he knows that rains in tropical lands are easily foreseen. It may be added that a rain-maker seldom dies a natural death.

They propose to erect a monument at Antua to Virgil. A Londoner comments on this news and says: "Hitherto there has been no authentic portrait of Virgil in any form; but two years ago, during excavations in Tunis, a portrait of him was discovered, so that the Mantuan monument will at least have the virtue of being correct."

But how does anyone know that this portrait is authentic? The portrait in the library of the Vatican represented a head like a fan, and a face like that of a sheep about to bleat. There doubt even about the precise location of Virgil's tomb at Naples. (See *Signet's* little essay.) And will they tell the name Virgil or Vergil? Or do the town authorities of Mantua know the ingenious theory of the Rev. Mr. Tarbusk of Andover, Mass., that Virgil was an Irishman and his name was probably Fergal.

At Weimar they will erect a statue to Shakespeare. And in Germany more plays of Shakespeare are given a greater number of times than in either England or the United States.

C. R. writes to us: "Let me add to our dissertation on cock-fighting an anecdote told by Mr. William Pulleyn: When Roger Ascham (who saw nothing in romances but 'open manslaughter and bold bawdry') grew old and while he changed his love for archery into a passion for this sneaking amusement."

T. N. C. asks us questions about corn-doctors that are hard to answer. Corns were, of course, known to the ancients, and many strange cures are recorded in old books, as in Pliny's "Natural History." Capulet, that insufferable host, jokes clumsily and, like all heavy jokers, repeats his jest about ladies refusing to dance on account of toes plagued with corns. It is only Shakespeare's Capulet that behaves with the arrogance of coarse riches: Plancon is a Veronese fit to sit in state councils; but when you hear Capulet in the play you begin to suspect the feet of Juliet.

Now in English the word "corn-cutter" goes back to the 16th century: "Broome boyes and corne cutters for whatsoeuer trade is more contemptible." They were not held in high honor later: "Enough to make a tooth-drawer or corn-cutter pass for a general physician," "testimonials gracefully vouchsafed to corn-cutters." Corn-doctor,

corn-extractor, corn-operator, are later words.

That vile word "chiropodist" was first assumed about 1755. One D. Low wrote a book entitled "Chiropodologia," and described himself as a "chiropodist." The title runs: "A scientific enquiry into the causes of Corns, Warts, Onions (etc.) * * * with a detail of the most successful methods of removing all deformities of the Nails; and of preventing or restoring to the Feet and Hands their natural soundness and Beauty." And so we have the words "chiropody," "chiropodology," "chiropodism," "chiropodistry," etc.

But it is not easy to trace the history of the corn-doctor in any country. In England his trade three or four centuries ago was held in disrepute, and he was called a quack. Nor did he fare much better in France. Father Pierre des Gros in the 15th century wrote an enormous book against frivolous woman who wore tight shoes and thereby gained corns, but he did not publish it. Remedies and operations were within the reach of all. The corn-doctors were classed with sellers of treacle and thimble-riggers. Surgeons looked at them with abhorrence. Dinols wrote about 1707: "I saw some time ago in Paris a man who walked the streets and kept saying 'I extract corns from the feet without harm or pain.' I don't know whether he kept his promise; but if he did he was poorly paid, for he was shabbily clothed and looked like a beggar. If he had the skill to remove corns without pain he should have been seated in his coach."

In 1762 a treatise on corns appeared in Paris, and it was dedicated to Madame Adelaide, eldest daughter of Louis XV. The dedication was a doubtful tribute. All sorts of cures were sold, preparations of vinegar, "Kennedy's Scotch plasters," which were advertised with a guarantee at 30 sous a box. Louis XVI. had a corn-doctor "attached to his person." His name was La Forest, he wrote an elaborate treatise, and he lived with a dentist. The trades of dentistry and corn-doctoring were at that often united, and one pulled teeth and cut corns with equal grace and dexterity.

But we do not know of any "History of Chiropody," or of any "Psychology of the Corn-Doctor." Do corn-doctors have excursions, conventions, dinners—that is to say, banquets? The corn-doctors whom we have "met in society" seemed reserved, almost haughty. Their calling might well make them cynical, but they appear as though far removed from interest in man or woman, as though they were kings in exile, awaiting philosophically the hour of their recall. A corn-doctor may not be a star-boarder, but the landlady will treat him with respect, allude to him as "the Doctor," and speak in low tones of his enormous practice.

June 6, 1901

And they do also make the like fault which take upon them to reprove and correct men's faults, and to give a definite sentence in all things, and lay the law to all men. "Such a thing would not be done: You spake such words: Do not so: Say not so: The wine that you drink is not good for you, it should be red wine: You should use such an electuary, and such pills." And they never leave to reprove and correct. And let us pass that over that otherwise they busy themselves so much to purge other men's grounds that their own is overgrown and full of thorns and nettles.

The accomplished humorist who receives five dollars for each jocose paragraph lolls in a Morris chair. He smokes a cigar of rare and costly fragrance. The tobacco is grown only for him and a Russian Prince. His costume is one of elegant and voluptuous undress. He skims the newspapers languidly in search of targets for the arrows of his wit. Each clipping is as good as a money order for five dollars, and there are clippings which are worth five times five.

He reads: "Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was unanimously chosen President of the National Woman's Suffrage Association."

calation today." Like lightning comes the thought: "No one dared to bell her."

The New York Evening Post comments on the case of the member of the Saegkill Club of Yonkers who was arrested for playing golf on Sunday. It finds that "strict Sabbatarians are guilty of a grave tactical blunder when they try to stop Sunday golf. A game which is noisy, and which actually interferes with the quiet of the day, or with the devotions of church-goers, may reasonably be suppressed; but golf is not such a game."

No. Golf, like Macbeth's old age, is accompanied by "curses, not loud but deep."

We are sorry to learn that the jurors in the Woodbury-Eddy case show "a remarkable relapse for toothpicks after the midday lunch." The toothpick is for private, morose use, not for public display, nor is character or cost of material a justification for the parade of the weapon in public. The toothpick may be of wood, quill, gold, silver, bone, ivory—it may be a blade of a jackknife—it matters not, it is not a personal decoration. The words of Giovanni della Casa, Archbishop of Benevento, published in 1539, should be pondered today:

"Neither is it gentlemanlike to carry a stick in your mouth from the table when you rise, like the bird that builds her nest; or put it in your ear, for that is a barber's trick. And to wear a toothpick about your neck, of all fashions that is the worst. For besides that it is a bold jewel for a gentleman to pull forth of his bosom, and put it in men in mind of those toothdrawers that sit on their bench in the streets: it makes men also to think that the man loves his belly full well, and is provided for it. And I see no reason why they should not as well carry a spoon about their necks as a toothpick."

The Era says that Alice Nielsen is the best light opera prima donna that has visited England. Her piquant style, arch and alert method, pleasing appearance and striking intelligence and cleverness, besides her remarkable vocal and musical ability, have ensured her triumph in London.

Let us consider today the case of Peter de Apono, one of the most famous philosophers and physicians of his time. He had such an antipathy against milk that he could not see any eaten without being sick, and yet he lived to be 65 years old.

We have received the following note from Miss Eustacia:

Boston, June 5, 1901.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Laetitia took luncheon with us Sunday. You should have heard her talk about her new maid-of-all-work. There is a little rift in the lute—the all-accomplished is extravagant with coal and she is not an early riser. I suggested that she had probably served in Thompson's Castle of Indolence, and Laetitia, who never will confess ignorance, said, "No; she came from a house in Commonwealth Avenue." But let me tell you something in her own words as well as I can recollect them:

"And, do you know, our new girl has a wonderful effect on George. He never was over-particular in his dress; of course, he is always clean; but he would wear an old loose coat at dinner, and at times he would be slouchy—go about with a pair of old shoes, untied, to rest his feet, he said; and he was not always punctual at dinner. Ever since Ingrid has been with us, he is neat and spruce. In fact, he wears his best clothes; his boots shine so you can see your face in them. He used to loiter at the table or bring a book; he used to eat as though it were a necessary business and not a pleasure, and he would not talk between the courses. Now he sits up straight and gets off jokes and is really brilliant—while the maid is in the room. He is interested in the marketman, and he goes to the back of the house, twice a day to see if there is enough ice, and I hear him asking Ingrid if the ice-man left the right quantity and if he was respectful to her. He thanks her for everything she does and I should not be surprised to hear him inviting her to spend the evening or go on a car ride with us. You haven't seen her yet, Eustacia. She is pretty, very pretty. George agrees with me that we must never have a homely maid again. I think it makes a great difference to George's happiness."

I am sorry to say that Uncle choked violently and actually tried to touch my foot under the table. Laetitia is something of a goose, but I confess I am curious to see this wonder, this very paragon.

Yours faithfully,

EUSTACIA CHIMES.

And here is another letter:

Boston, June 5, 1901.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was interested in your remarks about rain-making. Do you know that in Ussukuma, a delightful country, I am told, the rain question is a part of the Sultan's government? In Corea as well as in Madagascar the blame is laid on the King whenever too much or too little rain falls, and often he is killed. The Mexican Kings took an oath at their accession that they would make the sun to shine, the clouds to give rain, the rivers to flow, and the earth to bring forth fruits in abundance. Neither Democrats nor Republicans in convention could promise more. It is apparently much easier to make rain come than to stop it. The New Caledonians burn a skeleton to make sunshine, and they that sacrifice a black pig for rain sacrifice a white or a red one for sun. There are countless ways of persuading rain to fall. One excellent method is to throw a passing stranger into a river. Place a black horse with his face to the west and rub him with a black cloth till he neighs. But we have had enough rain for a time. Yours truly,

PLUVIUS JONES.

June 7, 1901

Two fishers went where the river is bright,
And one was a girl and one was a boy;
And one caught just a day's delight,
And the other caught grief for mork mid-
night:

O 'tis a world of sorrow and joy!

Two travelers soared in an air-balloon,
And one was a boy and one was a girl,
And one fell down from the car too soon,
And the other was scorched in the sun's hot
noon!

O 'tis a world of wonder and whirl!

Yesterday we went a-car riding. The route is comparatively new, and the end of it is arbitrary, meaningless, as though the engineer had looked at a map, yawned, and said: "Let's stop here."

For the benefit of the Earnest Student of Sociology we took notes. If we were of the Fifties we should head these memoranda

IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE.

Little of interest at first; we are not impressed even by the "Italian palace," which is an architectural combination of factory building and freight-house roof. But after we are in the suburbs there is material for the Earnest Student.

That agreeable writer, Mr. Phil Robinson, has studied the Children of the Twilight. "The crepuscular boy is a shadowy creature who flits about with the same suddenness of flight, the same unexpected turns, as a bat or an owl." But these children are found only in certain parts of large cities. There are late afternoon children in the suburbs who crowd doorsteps, make faces at motor-men, eat unseasonable fruit, yell, dance—yet when they are still are they the most dangerous. Do they run to greet father, the honest workman, on his homeward way? They did in books that we read long ago in Sunday School, and at that period—was it the Silurian or the Carboniferous?—the honest workman always wore a paper cap.

After we pass these swarms of boys, we go by houses known vaguely as colonial. They look as though they had been turned out by a manufacturer by the hundred, and with parts that could be replaced in case of injury or disappearance. No wonder that dwellers in these regions occasionally make awkward mistakes. Possibly the time will come when houses will be sold with ready-made wife and children and a hired girl, all warranted.

There are lots, some dull and merose, as though they had hardly made up their mind to the inevitable house; others wooded, cool, alluring; and wherever there is hint of grass, or tree, or water there is a curt warning to trespassers. The dusty road is Nature to the great public. The American loves Nature when he owns it. His joy in possession is that he has deprived some poorer man, woman, or child of true, simple enjoyment, the mere joy of stretching on the grass, lying under a tree, wading in a brook.

Farms that once were large are now parceled into building lots. Near the junction of highway and private road, and near the end of the car-tracks, stand two or three tenement houses and a store. On the stoop of a cheap house with gingerbread trimmings sprawls a dirty youngster, a prey to flies. His gown is screaming red. Surely the mercury is highest on that stoop. Children should be dressed in stuff of cool colors after June 1 and until Sept. 20. Something with a predominance of green should be preferred.

On the piazza of the store is a weighing machine. Why should a fat man, even when he is a sight, be proud of his superfluous pounds? Why should he insist on trying these machines wherever they occur? There are canned things in the windows, and the tins are clad in glaring reds and yellows. There are

fruits that long ago despaired of being eaten. There are fly-blown magazines and cheap novels. And there is a soda-water fountain. Many drink recklessly of the waters. Nor do they heed the lines in Mr. Anstey's beautiful ballad: Long ago a careful mother's cautions trained her son to shrink From the insatiable sparkle of an aerated drink.

And even this remote store—it is a store, not a shop—has its loungers. They sit and stand and spit after sundown; they watch the cars and speculate concerning the relations which exist between certain young men and women with remarkable hats who wait over two or three cars and walk about and eat candy and drink vast quantities of soft drinks and laugh immoderately, and when they are tired of laughing, giggle. In their speculations these loungers often show a surprising knowledge of human nature.

Miss Eustacia spoke yesterday of Thomson's—not Thompson's—"Castle of Indolence." There is a stanza in that delightful poem that should appeal to dwellers in Boston, now that the summer games of ditch-digging, street-paving, track-repairing go merrily on.

No cocks with me, to rustic labor call,
From village on to village sounding clear;
To lardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall.

No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear,
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear;

No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear;

But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

We hope to publish early next week in this column a full and true account of the Unfortunate Romance of a Cook in the Back Bay, who, although she was Forty years old, and weighed 180 Pounds, was Desperately Enamored of the Young Man of the House, and wooed him with Dainties when he was alone; Of His Disdain, and of her wretched Ending in a Swampscott Boarding House. There will be pictures of the Young Man, his mother, his aunt who first suspected the Cook's imprudent but not guilty attachment, the Cook, and a window of the kitchen where she is now at work. The precise portion of the sill on which she leans and sighs her soul toward the Back Bay roofs will be indicated by a cross.

June 9, 1901

Astrologos. Cut just one link of the great chain centripetal,
And there's an end of the enormous universe.
Alas! Tell me which link, papa. I'll get my scissors out.

"Yes," said the eminent gynaecologist, still clad in his killing clothes, although the body had been removed from the table, "yes, young ladies and gentlemen, even in early and comparatively rude days our profession was held in high esteem. Did not the Psalmist say: 'And I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands?'"

We saw yesterday the narrative of a voyage made by Mr. Jan Huyghen van Linschoten in a Portuguese carrack to Goa. In 1589 he and his companions landed at St. Helena, and as we read of their delight, we thought of certain Boers now jailed there for the atrocious crime of fighting for liberty. Toward the end of the 16th century there was not only great store of fresh water on

St. Helena, but there were thousands of goats, bucks, wild hogs, hens, partridges, doves, the valleys were full of hgs, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, citrons, and there was fruit all the year because it rained by showers five or six times every day, and yet there was much sunshine. And the abundance of fish round about the island "seemeth a wonder wrought of God;" furthermore there was salt ready upon the rocks.

"It is the fashion," says Van Linschoten, "that all the sick persons that are in the ships, and cannot well sail in them, are left there in the island; with some provision of rice, biscuit, oil and spices for fish and flesh they may have enough. . . . These sick men stay there till the next year, till other ships come hither, which take them with them. They are commonly soon healed in that island. It belag a very sound and pleasant country; and it is very seldom seen that any of them die there, because they have always a temperate air and cool wind, and always fruit throughout the whole year."

And there was a hermit, a commercial hermit, we regret to say, for although he went there to do penance and uphold the church, he sold about 600 goat and buck skins a year and made great profit thereon: "which the King hearing caused him presently to be brought from thence to Portugal."

The rumors about the sale and the future of Figare recall the memory of de Villemessant, the extraordinary founder of that journal. Bitter jests and epigrams were made against him even after his death. The line published lately in an English daily is tinged with the old hatred, which was horn of fear: "He had to go to law to prove that he was his mother's son, and it only came out incidentally in the course of the evidence that he was his father's son."

De Villemessant used to lunch in certain cafés for the purpose of finding out which of his contributors were popular and which were bores. Daudet tells how he dismissed his principal leader-writer in the presence of the whole staff.

De Villemessant: Are you pleased with your leader?

Paul d'Ivoy: I think it's rather good.
De Villemessant: So much the better—as it is to be your last.

Paul d'Ivoy (turning pale): My last?

De Villemessant: Precisely. I'm not joking. Your copy is intolerable; there is only one opinion on the boulevard, you've been boring us long enough.

Paul d'Ivoy: But, sir, our agreement?

De Villemessant: Our agreement? That's good! Go to law about it, and that will be funny. I'll have your articles read in open court, and we'll see whether any agreement can compel me to insert such nonsense in my paper.

This episode in de Villemessant's life should be read by all publishers. The brutality of dismissal was heroic, homeric. The method was that of the highwayman with sword, pistol and dirk, not that of the sneakthief.

De Villemessant wrote his memoirs. There are at least six volumes of shrewdness, worldly philosophy, impudence, malice. He is most entertaining when he is most malignant. Only a cad could have written the description of the widow of Brillat-Savarin and the condition of the room in which she was preparing a meal.

He sits stiffly, conscious of horses, coachman, carriage. He is more afraid of the coachman than of any business competitor, and during the first week he came near calling him "Sir." He wonders what the coachman thinks of the outfit, what he thinks of his master. A street-car is in sight. It whizzes along Brookline Avenue. The man prepares elaborately an imposing, sculptural attitude. The horses are prancing in conventional, approved fashion. The

car is near. The off-horse shows an inclination to break. The whip descends viciously twice, thrice. Passengers in the passing car stare. The man smiles a fat smile. He has been seen in the act of command. He has money enough to pay a coachman to flog a horse, two horses, or many horses. He does not know that he and the coachman have no right to their respective seats; nor does he know that the motorman thought to himself, "It's a pity that such fine horses are owned and driven by duffers."

Sir Harry Johnston says that one cause of the indolence of the natives of Uganda is the banana, which grows in such abundance that the natives can get all the food they need without any effort. We have never been in Uganda, nor have we seen Tuxedo, Timbuctoo, or Bar Harbor, but "at one time in our life" we paid considerable attention to Uganda, which must be an attractive district. The Chief has only two wants, and he will pay a large sum to anyone who will satisfy him: A medicine against death and a charm to avert the thunderbolt. Justice is rigorously administered. When a criminal of importance absconds, the males of his village are slain and the women are sold. Might not this practice be introduced with benefit into this country? When you read of a defaulter in a small town, you also read that great sympathy is expressed for him by Deacons, Selectmen, Constables and others. Now if all these men were put to death—not necessarily as in Uganda, where they are flayed alive (the operation begins with the face) and then stuffed—and the women sold, say to sweaters or theatrical managers, this mistaken sympathy would come into disfavor, and there would be a healthy supervision of all those to whom money is entrusted. When we went reading through Uganda, the natives lived on flesh, sweet potatoes, "and the highly nutritious plantain, which grows in groves a whole day's march long." In one respect these Africans are highly civilized: They drink intoxicating drinks through a reed.

June 9, 1901

It is announced with rolling of drums and flourish of trumpets that Mr. Walter Damrosch is composing the music for an opera founded on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Mr. Damrosch is making this music at the Delaware Water Gap.

Damrosch is giving up his whole life to this opera.

And mention is made incidentally of Mr. W. J. Henderson, the accomplished music critic who has written or is writing the libretto. There will be certain changes in the last acts of Rostand's play.

And still more incidentally is mention made of the fact that a presumptuous Italian, a Dago of Lucca, one Puccini, is composing an opera with Cyrano as the hero.

Mr. Damrosch's first opera was produced in this city, and I well remember how on that eventful night friends of the composer, both male and female, went about the lobbies during the intermission soliciting applause and favorable notices.

But is he the man to preserve Cyrano in music, to make Rostand as well as his hero famous?

I doubt it, for he has no sense of humor.

He himself has proved that he has no sense of humor: (1) by allowing "The Scarlet Letter" to be performed; (2) by persisting in conducting orchestras and operas.

Let us hope for the best. It is known that he is addicted to Wagnerism; that he has summered and wintered with typical themes and has been through them with a dark lantern. For instance, in "The Scarlet Letter" there is or should be a great "A" motif, sometimes in exultant major, as when Hester still tempts the weak kneed pastor, or in lugubrious minor when she repents the game. Unfortunately it was difficult to trace the themes on the first night, and Mr. Grau for some reason or other did not revive the work either last season or the year before, so it would not be just to speak dogmatically concerning the triumph or the failure in the build of this particular theme.

But in "Cyrano" Mr. Damrosch must consider well his "Nose" theme. The "Wahalla" theme should be nothing to it. Cyrano's nose—how can it be expressed in music? By sonorous chords of brass? By a jocular clarinet? We prefer something heroic given to the full orchestra, with everything going, and going hard. The theme must alternately be bellicose, arrogant, whimsical, romantic, fatalistic. The whole opera should be built thematically on this one theme, so far as Cyrano is concerned. Do you protest against such extravagance? Do you apply to me the description of Bosola: He hath studied himself half blear-eyed to know

The true symmetry of Cesar's nose by a shoeing-horn; and this
He did to gain the name of a speculative man.

But you cannot exaggerate the importance of Cyrano's nose. Many of the books, it is true, do not allude to his ornament and trial. Even biographical dictionaries not far from his day ignore it. There is this note in "Menagiana" (edition of 1715): "Bergerac was a great fencer. His nose—and how it disfigured him!—caused him to kill over 10 persons. He could not bear to have any one look at it, and he would immediately take his sword in hand."

But the finest tribute to the importance of this nose is found in the essay of Théophile Gautier on "Cyrano de Bergerac." Four pages are devoted to analysis, discussion, eulogy. And did not Cyrano himself, not satisfied with wounding or killing those who disapproved of his nose, wish to establish the principle that everyone should have a big nose, that the snub-nosed were shapeless abortions, creatures hardly sketched, at whom nature blushes. Without nose, no worth, wit, shrewdness, passion. The nose is the seat of the soul.

And this is why we have a right to demand a superb, defiant, tremendous "Nose" theme from Mr. Damrosch.

And the key for the first appearance of this theme is indisputably C major.

The two tenors, Walter and Knote, who have sung Walther in "Die Meistersinger" at Munich, wished, each of them, to be the Walther at the inauguration of the Wagner Theatre, and they wearied Possart, the Intendant, with their entreaties. He himself has been an actor, and he knows the sensitiveness and irritability of the race. At last he summoned them before him and said: "My boys, I like you both very much, and I could not possibly choose the Walther for the occasion. Now I propose that one of you shall sing the festival night before the court, and the guests; the other at the first public performance. Leave it to chance!" and he drew dice out of his pocket. Knote, however, had an engagement at Covent Garden and he begged that the throws might be made later, for he did not wish to lose his good spirits if the dice should be thrown then and go against him.

Now Mr. Knote was certainly in excellent spirits at Covent Garden as Lohengrin; for we learn that he "brought to the part a great exuberance of youth-

ful energy." "In the duel with Telramund, the part being taken by Herr Mchwinkel, Herr Knote brought down his sword upon his opponent's shield with such terrific force that the heavy metal slipped with its edge upon the unlucky champion's face, demaging him so considerably that he was compelled to retire, the part being subsequently taken by Herr Muhlmann." The critic

adds: "Herr Knote's Lohengrin was scarcely gallant and graceful enough." No, but it was heroic and formidable. The combat in "Lohengrin" is generally a farce and in flat contradiction to Wagner's directions. The strange knight should lay on in Macduff fashion and there should be much beating of swords on shields. The idea that Telramund should fall, after a feeble defence, as though overcome by a magic spell or tumbling in a fit is nonsense, fit only for Mr. de Reszke's perfect gentleman of a Lohengrin.

They are still commemorating Verdi in European cities. In certain German towns cycles of his works have been given. In Paris, May 25, at the Opéra-Comique, "Faust" was revived with Murel and Delna; Mrs. Segond-Weber recited a poem in front of a bust of the composer, while the company of the opera house stood dressed in costumes of various operas by Verdi.

They are still devoted to the blood and thunder one-act opera in Italy. At Brescia a violent melodrama, "Celeste," by Orsini, Giuseppe, not Maffio, was performed. The knife figures prominently and the finale is a murder.

"Judas Maccabaeus" was performed lately in Paris. The first performance was in the seventies by the society founded and directed by Lamoureux. My impression is that it followed soon after the first performance of "The Messiah" in Paris.

Teresta Tagliapietra, daughter of Teresa Carreno, appeared as a pianist and composer in Paris early this month. —Marie de l'Isle is said to be an excellent Carmen at the Opéra-Comique. —Nikisch was loudly praised at Paris, and even Brahms's symphony in C minor was treated respectfully by the critics. —Saint-Saëns is said to be "enjoying poor health." His new opera "Les Barbares" is in rehearsal.

I learn from the Era that a banjo player, Mr. Field-Fisher, has been astonishing the men and women of London town. He gave on the banjo a description of a wedding. The bells—we have all heard this business in the minstrel shows for many years. Then he imitated an organ. "We seemed to be listening to an actual organ inside the church." Then he imitated the clergyman's address to the young couple he had just united. "One could fancy the very words employed by the reverend speaker, so marvelously were they suggested by the banjo." The show might have closed with a Te Deum or action of thanks on the part of the clergyman for the fee.

Mr. Charles H. Bennett, who is known by many in this city, is now in London, where he proposes to establish himself. After study with the late Charles R. Adams and Messrs. Paine and Chadwick he went, about two years ago, to Paris, where he has been studying singing. His voice was of beautiful quality when he was here as bass in a church choir, and natural intelligence with enlarged experience should give him a commanding position in oratorio or recital.

They say that Joseffy is still at Budapest claiming a legacy of some \$15,000 left him by his mother.—Moriz Rosenthal will play Schumann's concerto at the Dedication Festival of the statue to Schumann at Zwickau.—Mr. Ronconi, the singing teacher and flute player, who once lived in Boston, is in London lecturing on "The Unique Method of Voice Production." How many hundred "unique methods" are there?

There has been a dispute about Pauline Lucca's birth year. Some one took the trouble to consult various Encyclopedias of alleged authority. The years given are as follows: Brockhaus, 1840, and a later edition, 1844; Meyer, 1842; Plerer, 1842; Wurzbach, 1841; Deutscher Theaterlexicon, 1840; Neuer Theater-Almanach, 1835; Elsenberg, 1842; Flueggen, 1835; Naumann, 1841; Reissmann, 1842. Now what is he that wishes to write accurately to do? Suppose that Lucca—absit omen!—should die tomorrow; who could name the date of her birth without risk of contradiction? The date that seems to be best established is April 25, 1841.

We are told by the London journals that Yvette Guilbert at the Empire wore a yellow dress almost concealed by thick black net, and "no blaze of jewelry distracted attention from the expressive face."

Mr. Blackburn spoke of Mr. Bauer's playing of Chopin as follows: "Yesterday afternoon (May 24) at the St. James's Hall, Mr. Harold Bauer gave the second of his piano recitals, choos-

ing for interpretation work so various as compositions by Chopin, Bach, Schumann, Liszt, Brahms and Beethoven. Of all these we like his Chopin playing least. His style inclines to the massive; his touch is somewhat heavy, somewhat broad; and though it is true that among all Chopin's work, perhaps the Sonata in B minor represents him in his least delicately filigree mood, but rather in a humor of tumult and virile resolution. Mr. Bauer, nevertheless, so exaggerated this side of the matter that where the delicate, neurotic spirit of the musician does intrude, it was made quickly to shudder out of sight. In a word, though Mr. Bauer played in a highly accomplished fashion, he seemed too healthy a young man quite to appreciate Chopin's neurotic languor, his sense of a "sorrow's crown of sorrow." Still, as we have said, he wisely chose a work which has less of this sentiment than most."

MARRY, 11 15.
(Dr. Frinzing proves by statistics that suicide is more frequent among unmarried than among married men.)
Let not the bachelor deride
This theory with absurder,
And ask, if he does suicide,
If married men do murder?
Avoid the statistician's strife,
Save, bachelor, your breath;
O, take a wife, and not your life,
And die a natural death!

The Cathedral at Rouen is over 600 years old. It has seen and heard strange, curious and wonderful things. It looked unmoved on the anger of Henry V. of England and Henry IV. of France. It shuddered when it saw the smoke and flame of Joan of Arc only a few blocks away. It was moved by the entry of Diana of Poitiers when she reected the monument in the church to her ducal husband, the Grand Seneschal. It has lived through the Reign of Terror and invasions and bloody days and wild nights; but when it saw its door Count Boni clad in scarlet water, "gorgeously variegated socks, and a bicycling cap that fairly shrieked," and the Countess in a short skirt and a red sweater, the brave old cathedral cried out to the Bishop, "Hel-lup! Don't let them in! This is the limit!"

The meeting of the Lord Mayor of London and his Sheriffs with the delegates of the New York Chamber of Commerce at the Mansion House reminds us of the beautiful lines of Horold Rogers:
While biding butter in alternate tubs,
While butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs.
Our highly esteemed friend the Historical Painter proposes to paint Mr. Morris K. Jessup on his return to New York. Mr. Jessup will be in the act of saying: "Your kindness has captivated our hearts. We are not worthy of it." Why does a man of Mr. Jessup's standing indulge himself in such petty shop-keeping talk?

We do not like to think of the wonderful Sarah Bernhardt playing Romeo English to Miss Adams's Juliet. Not because she will assume a man's part, or there have been many female romances in play and opera; but because she show will be a show, a rare-show. They are still talking about Rosand's obligations to Coquelin in the making of "L'Aiglon," and there are some even in Boston who believe that the French company which performed "L'Aiglon" here was the one that produced it in Paris; but as a matter of fact the creator of Flambeau was Guitry, not Coquelin. Rostand says that his inspiration dates back to childhood. It had its genesis in a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the Duke of Reichstadt, which hung in his nursery. "I loved him and I admired him. At night, without doubt, I dreamed of him, and he was confused in my memory with those far-off and enigmatical persons of tapestry who seem to live mysterious and legendary lives in unknown countries under chimerical skies, so prying and excited are our childish imaginations."

There is a man—he is always at large—who says to you gravely when rain has poured for a week, "we shouldn't complain; the farmers need it." He says in the crowded car: "There's always room for one more." This saw is sometimes allowed to rest, and then he says cheerfully: "The more the merrier," and smiles seductively at the nearest pretty woman. At table he takes the largest half of melon, peach, banana, and says with the air of a family doctor: "What is the old proverb? Fruit in the morning is gold; at noon—." We are more merciful than this bore—the wild bore of the city and suburbs, and refrain from giving the rest of the saying. But we read lately in a German newspaper that a couple of "ripe and juicy apples" should be eaten just before going to bed. Apples supply brain

matter, excite the action of the liver, disinfect the mouth, promote sound sleep, etc., etc. Yes, but where do you find "ripe and juicy apples?" Not in Boston.

Some time ago we spoke of the Count de Pierrecourt, who left a large sum of money to the town of Rouen on condition that the legatees of the municipality should spend a certain amount of money in bringing on marriages of giants and giantesses, to regenerate physically the race.

Anthropologists are still amused by the ignorance of the Count. They claim that the race was never so well developed physically as it is today; that giants are notoriously stupid; that they are sterile rather than productive. Thus Dr. Creighton says: "In many cases the muscles and viscera are not sufficient for the overgrown frame, and giants are usually, but not always, of feeble intelligence and languid disposition and shortlived. * * * Giants are never born of giant parents; in fact, sterility usually goes with this monstrosity." But some may well dispute the statement that races of tall men have not existed. Early travelers reported that the Patagonians measured seven feet four inches, but the average height is now said to be five feet eleven inches, which is that of dwellers in Berwickshire. The Guayaquilists are six feet and a half.

Dr. Millingen made the statement, many years ago, that tall men generally produce children of high stature. "The celebrated grenadier guards of Frederick William, in the words of Dr. Johnson, 'propagated procerity;' and the inhabitants of Potsdam are remarkable for their height;" and then he made a pleasant digression concerning the Porcupine family. One of them stated that he was descended from the fourth generation of a savage found in the woods of America; the females were free from the lucrative peculiarity; all the males had the excrescences and shed them regularly until the thirty-sixth year when these species of quills grew to a considerable length.

This reminds us that there are a few tall men left. Mr. Lewis Wilkins, who was in London at the beginning of the year, is eight feet two inches high. Then there is Mr. Edouard Beaupré, the Canadian who, at the age of 20, is seven feet eight inches high and weighs 387 pounds. His father was five feet eight inches, and his mother was five feet four inches.

And now comes Dr. C. F. Marshall, who declares that increase in size is a disadvantage and may bring on destruction. He points with sorrow to the ichthyosauri and other huge beasts, and he is afraid that the whale and the elephant will finally become extinct through overgrowth. But in the early days, when the earth was not running smoothly, did not sudden changes of climate extinguish whole families of gigantic beasts and birds?

TO A PIECE OF ANCIENT TESSELATED PAVEMENT, ROME.

Fair, cultured picture, made long years ago
Some Roman's stately home to grace,
Still bright with morning's sunny glow,
With fruit and flowers that interlace.

Sweet god-like youth, whose wreathed breath
Blows into life white lily-bells;
While butterflies that know no death,
Are hiding in and out the cells.

What feet have pressed this marble space,
Say, lilies of eternal life?
What maids have kissed with bashful face,
This happy boy who knows no strife?

What joys and tears must you have heard,
Commands to war, and greetings low—
And voice that breaks to say the word
That you, poor youth, can never know.

And thousands pass this marble hall
From age to age this praise to tell—
Fair youth, you will outlive them all—
We, too, must pass and say—Farewell.

An Englishman staying at an English inn ordered a bottle of wine for luncheon, but only consumed a third of it at that meal. When he asked for the remainder at dinner he was told that all wine left at table went to the waiter as a perquisite. The landlord supported this statement, but when a summons was issued for the value of the missing wine the claim and costs were paid.

What is the custom in this country? (For wine is to us a mockery as well as a mocker, and bands, Hungarian, Bohemian, German, etc., have driven us from dining rooms and gregarious feeding.) We do not believe that many are in the habit of taking wine with luncheon. But if a Chicago man of middle years should visit this city and order for his dinner claret or burgundy instead of champagne, and expect to find half of the bottle at the dinner of next day, would he get it, or would the waiter look at him gratefully and commend his moderation? But what American would go so far as to attempt by process of law the recovery of the value? He would be

prevented by false shame or by laziness.

There is a long street-car ride before you. You have secured easily an end seat, and you open an entertaining book of fair print. It is a book that you have long wished to read. At the next post a man climbs into the car and sits next you. He has a folded newspaper under his arm. You know him as you know a hundred; your relations have been friendly; you have interchanged comments on the weather, base ball, a murder trial, the management of the Subway, etc. He says: "Don't let me disturb your reading." You answer: "I had much rather talk; reading in the cars is not good for the eyes; but go ahead and read your newspaper." But he is too polite to think of doing such a thing. And you talk distractedly, aimlessly from Dudley Street to Milk. You pretend an interest in his profession. He asks punctiliously after your health. You see him glancing now and then at the headlines of his newspaper. You get out at Milk Street. The handshake is most cordial. And while you wait for the car to pass by you, he opens the newspaper greedily, and his nose is near the page. He is happier than you; for there are too many in the street for you to read comfortably.

The English are discussing the difference between a pie and a tart. Perhaps you abhor pie and take no interest in such a discussion. Remember what Lord Dudley said at a sumptuous dinner given by Prince Esterhazy. "God bless my soul! No apple pie." Good pie is one of the most admirable gifts of a beneficent Providence. "A pie contains meat, a tart fruit," but there is apple pie and there is partridge tart. "A pie is closed, a tart is open." This is plausible, but the word pie, they say, is an abbreviation of the word pastry; any tart may be correctly called a pie, and every pie is not a tart. Since tart comes from "tourte," and tourte from "torta" (twisted) a pie is "that which is made of pastry, whatever its form or contents. A tart is that which is made of pastry 'twisted.'"

The Tuskegee Student of June 1 gives cheering news of the development of the resources of Alabama. Take the case, for instance, of Mr. Whitlow, a truly vigorous and industrious man: "We know of no man that has made better use of his time than Mr. James Whitlow, who lives near Warrior Stand in Macon County. Mr. Whitlow began life several years ago without anything but a good wife. They have reared and partially educated between ten and twelve children. Mr. Whitlow owns more than 1000 acres of land and runs ten plows. He succeeds well because he raises corn and pigs, as well as cotton."

"Dr. Seashore of the University of Iowa has invented a testing machine called the psychergograph, which will be of special value to employers who desire to determine the relative ability of applicants for positions." We understand that the psychergograph is, indeed, a wonderful machine. It takes accurately the measurement of bust and waist, detects alcohol in the system, and discloses the existence of any nervous disease that may prevent a clerk from keeping office hours.

"I never saw anything quite so mortifying," severely commented Mr. Ferguson after they had left the church door and started homeward, "as that performance of yours in applauding the preacher. He wasn't saying a word at the time, either. He was merely looking at his watch. Didn't you see how everybody stared at you in a horrified way when you clapped your hands?"

"I wasn't applauding the preacher, George," replied Mrs. Ferguson, ready to cry. "I was trying to kill a moth."

—Chicago Tribune.

We read in a London newspaper: "A humorist once remarked that there were only three original stories in training." But what are they? Those that you were going to tell when the other man—a bore of the first water—anticipated you?

was a complete and final extinction of the German idiom. From that moment the young gentleman had easier intimacies and spoke nothing but harmonious Italian. Would it not be well for the young men and maidens in this city who delight in singing songs in German with indifferent success, so far as pronunciation and diction are concerned, to ponder this quaint and instructive tale?

Alouette: Father, you never surely knew a murderer?
Astrologos: My child, most of our dearest friends are murderers:
They murder time and life and wit and oddity,
They murder God in Sabbaths hideous, wearisome,
They murder poetry by making prose of it,
They murder love in fashionable marriages,
They murder beauty through the odious milliners,
They murder truth in the atrocious newspapers.

We have received the following letter:
Boston, June 10, 1901.

Editor, Talk of the Day:
This afternoon I took an Elevated car. I did not take it from curiosity or from the insane desire to be a passenger of the first day, so that when I reach the cruel age and am obliged to have my poor feet in warm water even when callers are in the room, I shall be able to say with foolish smile and lack-lustre eye, "Yes, I remember when the elevated cars were first run. It was in 1901, sometime in June. Gosh! There was a crowd. And there was a lot of kicking, too."

No, sir, I took a car from necessity. I suppose the extreme discomfort was partly due to the size of the inquisitive crowd, the presence of babies in undue proportion, the inexperience of the passengers and some of the officials. Of all this I do not complain, nor do I think it just to criticize unfavorably the first day, the stifling heat of cars with closed windows and men and women in hideous proximity exchanging breaths.

My complaint is a more serious one. At each station the conductor cried—barked is a more appropriate word: "Step up lively! Step up lively, now!" And this is the cry of advanced civilization: "Step up lively!" It has been heard in New York for many years; but the descendants of the Tea party, the proud citizens and citizenesses of Boston should not be so addressed. No doubt these conductors were imported from New York, where there is no respect paid to persons. No conductor of experience in this town would dream of such a command; he knows that a self-respecting Bostonian cannot step lively; the inertia of inherited and self-importance prevents agility of body as well as mind.

I write soberly. I frame a question in the interest of thousands, which may become the vital question of elections. "Should citizens of Boston, who have paid their fare and given great privileges of street, light and air to a corporation, be told to step up lively by servants of that corporation?"

I propose a meeting at Faneuil Hall, where this question and other questions may be fearlessly discussed. Yours for justice, LUCIUS B. HENDERSON.

This story of Patti rebuking Mr. Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor, by sending back the amount of his contribution to the Laurent benefit is a curious one. It was surely not invented by the press agent of Mr. de Reszke, and although Patti is a remarkable woman, and the greatest singer of the last 50 years, she cannot be meditating a descent on our seaboard and exposed towns.

Marie Laurent, the innocent cause of this row, will be 76 years old this month. Her career as play-actress has been long and honorable. Her benefit was at the Opéra. Patti and Alvarez sang an act of "Romeo and Juliet," Acté and Tamagno sang in "Otello," the beneficiary appeared as Clytemnestra in "Les Erinnyes," a poem in her honor by Catulle Mendès was recited by Mounet-Sully. There were other ceremonial marks of respect and there was a limited number of silver medals with her likeness given as premiums to takers of boxes.

The ironical feature of the affair is that Patti has for a long time had the reputation of being—let us say, thrifty. Tales have been told about one wine for her and the late Nicolini and an inferior wine for her guests at her thatched castle at Walks; these stories have been denied indignantly by persons who immediately told tales of her incredible meanness in other directions. Jean de Reszke has never been accused of meanness; on the contrary he has been considered by some as extravagant. It is said by intimate friends that he is in the habit of paying the bills of his brother Edouard's generosity in food and drink toward admirers in New York and other towns, and

therefore Edouard's expressions of loneliness and grief in the United States when Jean remains across the Atlantic come straight from his heart. Edouard is said to be the wealthier of the two.

But all stories about opera-singers are to be taken with at least a tablespoonful of salt. These singers are often children, willful, capricious, foolish, alternately extravagant and penurious. They are spoiled children—spoiled by the gaping public.

It is the younger Besant that will be mourned by readers of novels—the Besant who was associated with James Rice. They were hearty, healthy stories of adventure, without attempt to reform a parish or the world. Oscar Wilde said in his brilliant paradox, "The Decay of Lying," that he knew of nothing sadder in the history of literature than the artistic career of Charles Reade, who wrote a beautiful book, "The Cloister and the Hearth," and then tried to draw attention to the state of prisons and lunatic asylums. "Charles Reade, an artist, a scholar, a man with a true sense of beauty, raging and roaring over the abuses of contemporary life like a common pamphleteer or a sensational journalist is really a sight for the angels to weep over." Now Walter Besant was by no means a Reade in power of description, dramatic intensity, vivid characterization; nor were his chapters illuminated by flashes of genius; but he, too, suffered as a novelist from his desire to give the workman a palace, to expose the follies and deceptions of occultism, to reform the drunkard, etc., etc. He, too, became a pamphleteer, and the simple charm and great good humor of his early novels were missed after the death of his big-hearted partner.

Robert Buchanan will not be so generally missed. He had a talent for abuse; he said nasty things in a nasty way; and at last when one man turned and bit him ferociously—he even went so far as to accuse him of coming to London when suffering from the itch—the bystanders applauded and said "Good boy!" George Augustus Sala knew Buchanan in 1860 when the latter brought a poem for publication in Temple Bar and he thought highly of his talent, but in his memoirs he says he never even saw him afterwards. George Moore described Buchanan as a "literary hodman," and he spoke of him at length in "Confessions of a Young Man." Here is a beautiful example of Moore's vituperation:

"He took Fielding's masterpiece, degraded it, and debased it; he wrote to the papers that Fielding was a genius in spite of his coarseness, thereby inferring that he was a much greater genius since he had sojourned in this Scotch house of literary ill-fame."

And yet Buchanan may be remembered for some years as the author of "The Ballad of Judas Iscariot."

His tales of adventure have the true savagery of the man who has been more so refreshingly different from the scenes imagined by black-minded clerics who escape from their servitude into literature to tell us how men and cities are conceived in the counting-house and the counter corps.

Looking idly at the books in Bates Hall, you see a History of the County in which you spent your boyhood. The book is thick, printed smudgily on coarse paper. But you see the name of the little town which once to you a metropolis is now as legendary as Timbuctoo or Baghdad. And you read of men and buildings and you wonder at the portraits that surely were cut with a jackknife. You are put out at first because there is so little space given to your father—his name only occurs once, and then in a list of bank officers—but you remember that he spoke of this very book as an advertising scheme and was hardly civil to the poor devil that was soliciting subscriptions.

You find that 20 or 25 years ago you were living among intellectual and moral giants. They were descended from the most prominent villagers. They themselves were all prosperous and popular. You remember one man (with a portrait) as famous in the town for his singleness "he's dreifut near"—and in this book he is characterized as "whole sorted, genial and always ready to help any good cause." The grandfathers were all conspicuous for gallantry in the Revolutionary War, and the grandmothers were all of Plymouth stock. You recall the Sheriff. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons and a stove-pipe hat with a brass button; he escorted the Judge and the court; lawyers, witnesses, loungers remained standing until the Judge sat and the Sheriff hung his hat on a white pole. And yet this personification of dignity was a weak fellow, timorous,

a wabblor, who wished to be on good terms with everyone. You never liked him because he once called you Willy—and your name is Henry. His picture is in the book; it reminds you of a thin Edwin Forrest with fierce black whiskers, a terror to criminals and a victim of strong drink, but as a matter of fact the Sheriff was a temperate man. Nearly all the portraits represent the sitters as dissipated, gamblers, toughs, but photography was then in the cradle, and some of the portraits were originally daguerreotypes. Often they contradicted ironically the text. What! that man with the face of a hired assassin the founder of a Young Men's Institute? Yet you knew him and his face was benevolent, spiritual.

You smile at the fulsome praise, the lack of proportion, the rank injustice, the pitiable vanity of subscriber and the greed of the publisher who knew how to coin vanity into dollars; and then you remember that all the men portrayed and eulogized, the agents, the writers, the publisher, all are in the burying ground. The subscriber no longer reads complacently the gushing recital of his deeds and virtues. The agent is through with wheedling and rebuffs. The writer is not obliged to hunt for laudatory synonyms. The publisher speculates only about his own personal improved edition for circulation in the better world.

We saw the letter of an applicant for a position in a well-known clothing house. He laid special stress on the fact that he had been an inspector of coal and was an expert meat cutter. He will be put immediately into the custom department.

The Earnest Student of Sociology showed us a curious book yesterday. The title was "David Kennedy, the Scottish Singer." We remember the Kennedy family, which gave concerts in America as early as 1866. We remember Mr. Kennedy, who died in Canada, and Mr. Robert Kennedy, who sang a solo from "Judas Maccabaeus" and was apparently under the impression that the hero was a Scot who forgot to part his name properly. And we remember the tragic ending of James and Kate and Lizzie, who were burned alive at the Italian Theatre, Nice, in 1881.

Family exhibitions are dreary shows, as a rule, and especially on the concert stage. Messrs. Schmidt, Odoherly with Miss Jones and Mrs. Farinella appear under the name of the De Garmo Family. One of them plays the concertina, another "gifted artist" sings vigorously out of tune; and, in the finale, they all do strange things with bells. The sisters sing with arms lovingly entwined about each other, and their hair is pleasingly arranged in one and the same manner.

But Mr. Kennedy and his family were well behaved; they sang without affectation of undying family devotion, and gave pleasure to very many.

"But what in the world are you doing with this book? How does it interest you?" We asked the Earnest Student, who was slowly drinking gin and soda while we were dreaming of the amusements of 20 years ago.

He did not take his lips from the tumbler. He did not deign to speak; he ejaculated "Ough!" and pointed to an open page. We found this passage marked. It is a description of hotel life in Chicago 25 years ago:

"Round the room sit various parties of ladies and gentlemen conversing; a lady sits at the piano and sings a sentimental song. Every American lady who lives at a hotel is thus constantly leading a public life; and this, combined with a natural freedom, gives her a great ease of manner."

"There!" said the Earnest Student, "that is a truly human document. A description like that is of more help to me in writing my work than pages by such visitors as Matthew Arnold. I have already sketched the plan of a section to be entitled: 'Hotel Life and Consequent Divorce in the United States.'" And then this singular being ordered gin, for he has been threatened of late by kidney trouble.

We spoke yesterday of the alleged meanness of Mr. Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor. We learn from a foreign newspaper that on May 26, at Warsaw, four of his horses won where eight were entered. The prizes amounted in all to 25,800 roubles. The winning horses were named, Le Sorcier, Fleckwick, Brassière, Robespierre. This last named horse despised superstition and won by his neck.

Speak gently to the herring, and kindly to the calf.
Be blithesome with the bunny, at barnacles don't laugh.
Give nuts unto the monkey, and buns unto the bear;
Ne'er hint at currant jelly if you chance to

see a hare.
O, little girls, pray hide your combs when tortoises draw nigh.
And never in the hearing of a pigeon whisper "Fie!"
But give the stranded jellyfish a shove into the sea—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!

Mrs. Stanton and others insist that Shakespeare was a "woman suffragist"; that he revealed this attitude in his plays.

By his sketch of Goneril and Regan? Or by that of Lady Macbeth? Or by that of Cressida or Doll Tearsheet? Shakespeare, lovely women, was a dramatist. He was not a suffragist of any kind, male or female; nor was he a faddist.

The flat and the sleeper know nocturnal terrors. He said: "Nonsense, I shall not be lonely. It is a great deal better for you and your mother and Susan to go down to Oysterbay before the crowd and the heat. I can get my meals at the club and sleep here. Then I'll join you for the Fourth."

The flat and the sleeper know nocturnal terrors, and the chief of them are three. He awakes with a start, and he is more awake than at high noon. The little cane rocking chair is rocking leisurely, comfortably. And he had put nothing on it, nor is the chair near a window. He was the first to rent the flat; no one has died in the room; why these strange fancies? There is steady rocking. Ready to shriek, he jumps out of bed and lights a match. The rocking chair is as demure as though it were nailed to the floor.

Later the sleeper by courtesy hears the unmistakable noise of the sewing machine in his wife's room. There is the accompaniment of other and consequent noises. But is there not some strange effect of echo in the court? Perhaps it all comes from the railway tracks? Perhaps some one is sewing late in the flat below—and then the sleeper remembers that the Fergusons sailed for Europe a week before by the Gambulgia. He has not read "The Tollers of the Sea" for years; but there goes through his brain a sentence which fascinated him, a mere youth, when Victor Hugo was regarded as distinctly immoral by New Englanders. "At times you may hear there an invisible cock crowing—an extremely disagreeable circumstance."

But chief and foremost of all nocturnal terrors is the sound of some one breathing heavily. Now and then there are interruptions as though the unseen, bodiless thing turned to give a more comfortable position, or awoke and looked about in the darkness and again returned to sleep and heavy, stertorous breathing. There is a shudder in this breathing, as though the fellow-sleeper had murdered a woman and was not yet thoroughly at ease. The breathing is not merely in the bed, it is not merely by the side of the marrow-chilled sleeper, it is not merely close to his ear; the whole room is full of it; it is the air, feverish, pestilential, which the sleeper must needs breathe.

Has huge feasting, have tantalizing descriptions of dinners and suppers gone out of fiction and play? The Elizabethans delighted in the thought of sumptuous repasts. Remember Sir Epicure Mammon's visions of what his cook would do for him and how the cook should be rewarded—but this passage is famous. Think of the elixir boiled since midnight for Allworth in Messinger's play:

'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potato-roots and marrow,
Coral and ambergris.

And how bravely the old dramatists talk of pies of carps' tongues, carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock, "three sucking pigs served up in a dish, taken from the sow as soon as farrowed, a fortnight fed with dates and muskadeine." Think of the mighty eating and drinking in novels by Scott, Dumas, Dickens. Then there is a memorable supper in Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree."

Are not the heroes of today too busy making history for the publishers or too scrupulous or neurotic to crush cups from candlelight to cock-crow, or to play nobly with knife and fork?

They were talking about men whom they had seen had failed to see or fail would see. The poet regretted that he was horn too late for a sight of the melancholy face of Poe. Another one of the talkers plumed himself on having seen Bismarck, three German Emperors, Wagner, Humbert, Gounod, Liszt, Grant, and several petty Kings. And a man from the West spoke up—a man whose middle-age is fast getting behind him: "Well, I never saw Emerson, Thoreau (however you call him), John Brown, Walt Whitman, or any

of them foreign fellows you've been talking about, but I know some truly representative Americans; Steve Elkins, Chauncey Depew, Senator Gorman, and I knew Phil Armour. That's the kind of men that make a great country."

We spoke just now of Massinger. Is "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" ever played here or in England, or did interest in it die in this country with that admirable play-actor, E. L. Davenport? There is a speech of Justice Greedy to Tapwell that bears with singular fitness on these modern and local days:

Besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroyed many of the King's
Hege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's
stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of
bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy
license.
Forbidding thee ever to lap or draw.

A correspondent of the New York Sun comments on the fact that there is at present respectable use of "jibe" instead of "gibe," and that this use will soon authorize the spelling. He adds, "Of course there is no more reason for it than that horse should have five legs or three." But the spelling "jibe" was used by Harvey as far back as 1573, and in the famous speech of Hamlet to Yorick's skull, Shakespeare or his first editors wrote, "Where be your jibes now?" However, "gibe" is probably the correct spelling, and some say that the word came from the old French "giber."

We spoke the other day of "Rosa Amorosa" in which a woman tells her lover many things and what he must do if he would keep her love. Here is an excerpt which shows her to be a "New Woman": "Never kiss me from habit. Never let me feel your lips touch mine without knowing that the heart and soul of you come along with them. Never demand of me as a right, when I am your wife, what you would have to sue for were you my lover or I your mistress; never, never, never, never make me feel a female. Let me be your woman, chosen out of all women, a thing to be treated reverently, out of deference, if no more, to yourself. Never let me feel less worthy because you have gained possession of me. I knew a man once who kept his wife a sweetheart always by never failing to keep her supplied with a flower."

COROT.

"On n'y voit rien; tout y est."
The forest slumbers round me in the dark,
My fragrant forest, dim, and dark, and cool.
There is no light except the silvery light
Of stars that prick their portraits in the pool.
There is no sound, except the wind's low breath,
To mar the stillness; and I wait, and wait,
Till dawn shall come with lips inviolate.
The night I love, the dawn to me is sweet.
Half-tones, reflections, shadows, veils of mist
That blur the lines of form—not clearness, heat,
And glow allure me; so in amethyst
And gray I dip my brush, content to miss
The warmth of scarlet, and the sheen of gold,
For one shy haze of morning, pure and cold.
The risen day shall spur me home to dream.
I prize no loveliness unved'd at noon!
Too holdy, for these eyes, the flow'r doth seem
To hare her soul unto the sun; yet soon

She longs, with me, for dusk and evening
dews,
And this is best, to lie on Nature's breast,
And watch the still night pass—for this is rest.

The prosperity of the western farmers is shown by the fact that piano manufacturers are doing an unusually large business in that portion of the country. This is an argument brought forward by the Third Vice President of the Rock Island Railway.

What are the wages of a railway Third Vice President, and is his social position higher or lower than that of Fourth Vice President of a Press Club?

The piano seems to be a standard of value in certain regions of the Great Wild East. Thus we learn from the N. Y. Evening Post that in the East Fifth Street precinct a piano in a disorderly house is taxed by the police \$10 a month.

Nor does the condition of the piano enter into the scheme of taxation. The instrument may be fresh from the warehouse; or it may bear the stains and rust of a dozen bottles; the tax must be paid promptly.

According, therefore, to the strict rules of Mill and Jevons, since there are many pianos in the East Fifth Street precinct, there must also be a marked prosperity.

The piano is not the only test of business. We know a man who judges the state of the business market from

the sales of glue. Another watches the sales of twine. Inasmuch as the two have no business of their own they have time to cast intelligent eyes on the business of others.

We published the other day a letter from Mr. Lucius B. Henderson, who complained of the curt, snappy speech, "Step up lively," (with its variant "step lively there,") addressed by conductors of the Elevated to meek, dumb, driven cattle who are herded in the cars. We confess we are fully in sympathy with Mr. Henderson, whose wife we have known for several years. It is fair to say that others do not agree with us, as the following letter shows:

Boston, June 12, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:

We girls have just been reading the article written by "Yours for Justice, Lucius B. Henderson." It undoubtedly was very rude to tell Lucius—without being introduced—"to step up lively." The conductor should have taken the gentleman aside and explained the reason for what appeared unseemly haste. It might have blocked the road for an hour, but the people would have waited. And to think that "men and women were exchanging breath," when, if ladies had been provided in the Elevated, they would have been playing bridge whilst and exchanging duets! And the windows were closed! What carelessness! Why did not Lucius let some one know he was on board? Surely some one would have thrown up a window or two—for Lucius.

Yours cordially,

Miss Maude S. T.

This note may bring smiles to the thoughtless, the superficial, but to us who spend our days and nights in laboring for the good of the community, the words of Miss Maude are chaff, mere chaff of the threshing floor, which the wind sweepeth away.

Mr. Henderson is a patron of the bad. He pays 5 cents, and, as a citizen, has given the company certain privileges, without which the road itself would be merely a paper dream. He should be invited courteously to take a seat, or a strap. "Step up lively" should never be addressed to a Bostonian in his own city. Our citizens should be treated as considerably as though their legs were of glass and their hearts of irregular beat.

But even Mr. Henderson would admit that the Dudley Street Station is worth seeing at night—provided you are not obliged to take a car there. A spectacle it is delightful, for cars are whizzing and circling in all directions, on the ground and in the air. The lights sparkle and dazzle, and the rare oaths of panting men in search of seats in the right cars are mellowed by a soothing murmur as you stand at safe distance and look only with an æsthetic eye.

This station is also a wonderful puzzle. The original plan was sketched by Daedalus, the inventor of the Cretan labyrinth. No stranger should fall to sit the station between 5.30 and 7 P. M. He will then form an idea of what was to fight after the manner of men with the beasts at Ephesus.

There are Expert Guides, who will show the operations without exposure to danger. Classes are now forming for object lessons in the art of taking cars. We understand that the Company will give a free ride to anyone who picks out the right car without asking a question of the good-natured and weary transfer men. This prize will be awarded only from June 23 to June 29 Both Sunday and Saturday are included herein. "Step up lively."

Here is a good sermon, appropriate to this Saturday, profitable reading for the morrow, to be remembered and pondered through life. We tell the tale as it is told by Tho. Beard, Doctor of Divinity, Preacher of the Word of God in the town of Huntington, and schoolmaster to one Oliver Cromwell. "I will here set down a notable and strange thing that chanced in the reign of Lewis the Ninth, upon the fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord God 1464, there happened a strange thing in the Palace at Paris: So it was, that there was a matter in law to be tried betwixt the Bishop of Amiens and a rich citizen, whom the bishop charged to have spoken before many witnesses that he believed not that there was either God or Devil, heaven or Hell. Now whilst the Bishop's lawyer layed to his charge these things, the place began to tremble verie much wherein they were, and a stone fell downe from the roofes amongst them all, without hurting any; yet everie man was sore afraid, and departed out of the house untill the morrow; when the matter was begun againe to be pleaded, which was no sooner in hand but the chamber began afresh to shake, and one of the sumners came forth of his mortise-hole,

falling downwards two foot, and there stayed; so that all that were within the hall looking to have been slaine outright, ran out so violently that some left behinde them their caps, others their hoods, others their slippers; summarily, glad was he that could get out first; neither durst they plead any more causes in that place untill it were mended. Now forasmuch as nothing happeneth by chance, it is most likely that God by that accident would give us to understand, both how monstrous and detestible all such speeches are, as also how men ought to feare and adore him, seeing that the dumbe and senselesse creatures, and wood, beames, planks and stones, and the earth it selfe (by nature steadfast and fixed) are so far from enduring them, that they are moved withall."

June 16, 1901

SAINT-SAËNS, who is now in his 66th year, has finished his new opera, "Les Barbares." The book is by Sardou and Gheusi, and the opera will be performed with Jeanne Hatto and Hégion as the two women and Alvarez and Deimas as the leading men. The story is of life in Orange, sacked by the Teutons a century before Christ. Three of the scenes show three different views of the ancient theatre. There is a ballet in the last act. The first performance will be at Orange in the open air.

Are there not other operas that might be heard in the open air to the advantage of audience and composer? I do not refer to "Pinafore" on an artificial lake. But the entrance of victorious Radamès would be superb beneath the sky, and the Royal Brass-Band of Egypt would be more endurable with the thundering orchestra below the stage. I do not believe that sound would scatter and be lost to the defeat of the composer and his intentions; on the contrary there would be a finer sense of proportion. Even on the stage this scene is not so impressive sonorously as that of the Benediction of the Daggers in "The Huguenots," although Verdi uses more material resources. Meyerbeer himself claimed that the overwhelming effect of his scene is due largely to the fact that there is a box setting.

Just as there are intimate operas—"Don Giovanni," "Marriage of Figaro," "Lakmé," "Barber of Seville," "Carmen," "La Bohème," "Don Pasquale," are examples—which demand a small theatre, so there are robust operas that should be sung out of doors. So there are singers, mostly German tenors and sopranos renowned for Wagnerian deeds, who should always sing in the open air. They would not harm their voices; on the contrary, their tones would seem mellowed and subdued. Their violence in action would be less aggressive, more tolerable. An East wind might bring about an ideal performance of a passionate scene.

I read that in Saint-Saëns's new opera the contralto kills the tenor. "Lancelot" of the Era says "This looks promising."

Too often the contralto is doomed to be the old woman. It seems to be a law of the operatic stage that the older the female character the deeper are her singing tones. You never heard an old lady in opera sing passages of dazzling brilliance. The contralto is a dreary, despondent mother, or a witch, or a mysterious gypsy or a woman without a keen sense of morality, or merely a woman to use in a quartet. Azucena, Maddalena, Amneris, Sibel, Stephano, Lola, the nurse in "The Flying Dutchman," the nurse in "Die Meistersinger,"

pages of several kinds, Fides—you know the familiar faces; and the figures, whether in tights or more or less disfiguring costume, are also familiar.

But many of these stage contraltos are not contraltos at all, in the strict choral meaning of the word; they are mezzo-sopranos, and the choral contralto with compass from low G to D on the fourth line of the staff can do little with music written by modern composers for "contralto." Less than a century ago the contralto often assumed the part of a man, a warrior, a hero, a lover, and even the younger generation has seen in Boston one Scatch singing the part of Arsace in "Semiramide." The voices of these famous women of the first half of the 19th century were sometimes contralto with a range of two octaves from F to F, and two notes, but with the strength and beauty of tone only in the lower octave, or mezzo-sopranos with a range of two octaves from A to A.

Gautier wrote a beautiful poem that is an imperishable tribute to the contralto voice as well as to the singer that inspired it; and yet it is doubtful whether that singer could be truly described as a contralto. Berlioz asserted that Nature is sparing of such voices in France, while tenors that can go up easily to A and B flat are common. He therefore did not believe

in writing choruses for French singers according to the classical division.

There is nothing more beautiful in music, there is nothing so inherently emotional as the rich, full, sensuous tones of a true contralto. Unfortunately the singer who is thus naturally endowed, is often sluggish and lazy in delivery, inclined to caress her tones, unrhymical, possessed with the desire to drag. To complete the picture, I may add that she often scoops and shovels in portamento. And here is a paradox: the contralto of tones throbbing with emotion is often unemotional in delivery of a phrase or general conception of the spirit of the song or situation. She is often musically unintelligent.

Now the woman who will kill Saint-Saëns's tenor is by no means a contralto; and yet they say she has already slain the peace of several singers as well as amateurs in the foyer.

Mr. John F. Runciman devoted his article of June 1, in the Saturday Review, to Mr. Harold Bauer. The article is one of shouted praise. "He is one of the same race as Liszt and Rubinstein; and of no other pianist now at work can that be said. I do not mean that Paderewski, Busoni, and Lamond are not musicians; I do mean that none of them give me the same sense of perfect balance between high musicianship and consummate finger technic. . . . He is one of the most satisfying players I have heard; in nothing does he fail to exhilarate. Even when one does not agree with his readings one is compelled to admit that each is a real reading; each is full with a rich content; and the content is delivered in a superb manner."

Mr. Godowsky gave a piano recital in London May 31 and was praised for his performance of certain pieces by Schumann and Brahms; but Mr. Blackburn did not approve of his Chopin:

"It was when he came to Chopin that he was thoroughly disappointing. Although his touch was here and there deft and light, he played the most curious pranks with his text. After all, a composer should be played exactly as he wished to be played, and not as any interpreter should fancy for himself. We have no words sufficiently significant to express our disapproval of such a course. Still, when Mr. Godowsky does play according to the legitimate rules of the game he plays so well that we shall look to later recitals to amplify this general judgment."

Strange things happen in European theatres, if you believe stories in newspapers. The Era says that during a performance of Puccini's "Tosca" May 23, a man named Belami threw about among the audience English checks amounting to £6000 on the London and County Bank.

Sir John Stainer's will has been proved. His estate was valued net at £34,374 16s. 6d. His bequests were of a private nature.

Many of us remember Joseph Maas, the tenor, who sang in the United States with the Clara Louise Kellogg Opera Company. He sang here with the Handel and Haydn in 1875 and 1877. A Dutchman by descent, he began his career as a choir boy. He died in 1886 in his 39th year. We read last week that his only child, Ethel Josephine, was married late in May.

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks discriminately of Gadski's Elsa: "Of her we may negatively say that what she does not know about the general business of the part is not worth knowing; she sings extremely well with truth of tone and dramatic significance, but she just seems to want a kind of bloom which is difficult to describe, but which is easily recognized by its absence." And of poor Dufliche, a most excellent actor, well-grounded in the traditions of the Opéra-Comique: "His singing in the first act (the Herald in "Lohengrin") was painfully uncertain. You could never be sure if he was in the centre of his note or not. His voice seemed to be produced in a sort of haze; it was even difficult to say whether he were singing sharp or flat, so curiously did he roll round his music rather than sing it."

They say that Sarasate has lost appreciably in the mellowness and ripeness of tone that were once distinctively his.

Here is a delightful example of modern criticism which shows Mr. Blackburn at his best. Miss Llewellyn Toms is a violinist. "Miss Toms is, let us say at the outset, extremely clever, although we should be inclined to say that to her art is another guess-world. By thus quoting George Elliot's phrase we mean to imply that she rather makes shrewd hits than bases her accomplishment upon a widely liberal experience. The result was, on the whole, an effect of exceeding brilliance, although every now and then, particularly in light and facile musical episodes, she does not bring off the effects which she desires. In a word, she is young in the most perfectly significant sense of the term; she seems to support

herself on the wings of her own fair youth." Much as we admire such a temperament, we cannot refrain from a certain sadness in remembering that its gaiety is bound ultimately to know the shocks which come from the laws of moral gravitation. The moon makes the tides of youth, but time and tide fall in the end, and there is cruelty often in ultimate realization. We read this pretty little lecture to Miss Toms because we do really feel an interest in her career, and we, in the most friendly spirit, warn her 'to tread softly' lest she give way to a certain vague self-assertiveness."

The Philharmonic Society, London, has given its "Beethoven Gold Medal" to Ysaye.

This recalls a recent performance of Ysaye in London as told by the Daily News. "M. Ysaye anxious, of course, for the success of the Festival, kept the band at rehearsal from 10 A. M. till past 1; when, as there was a long performance at 2.30, and another three hours' rehearsal at 7 P. M., young Mr. Squire, one of the second violins, very justifiably desired to leave. M. Ysaye is then alleged to have called out, 'Very well, you go; I will see that you do not play here this afternoon.' Mr. W. H. Squire at once rose and explained, adding that if M. Ysaye wanted them to remain another 10 minutes to finish the rehearsal they would do so with pleasure. M. Ysaye is alleged to have replied: 'Me ask you! you are no artist!' whereupon the rehearsal abruptly closed. On reassembling for the concert, it was intimated that M. Ysaye would not conduct it if the two Messrs. Squire remained in the band. They offered to withdraw, but 64 out of the 74 players of strings, holding the dismissal to be unjust, refused to allow it. Eventually M. Ysaye very wisely gave way, and the performance commenced 20 minutes late."

June 7, 1901

Since pain and boredom are the two chief enemies of human happiness, nature has provided our personality with a protection against both. We can ward off pain, which is more often of the mind than of the body, by cheerfulness; and boredom by intelligence. But neither of these is akin to the other; nay, in any high degree they are perhaps incompatible. As Aristotle remarks, genius is allied to melancholy, and people of very cheerful disposition are intelligent only on the surface. The better, therefore, any one is by nature armed against one of these evils, the worse, as a rule, is he armed against the other.

Today is the day to sing songs of patriotic recollection. Joel Barlow, who, they say, wrote "The Burning of Charlestown," had great faith in the influence of songs; and he considered one good one to be worth a dozen addresses or proclamations. Unfortunately we do not have a good singing voice and we know only one line of any poem appropriate to the day.

Chorus (Fortissimo). "Twas the sword of Hunker Bill."

French administrators in their provinces regulate and rule according to a markworthy system.

An automobilist ran against a tree and upset himself. He barely escaped a messy death. And he was punished. He was required to replace the tree by one exactly similar. Nor did the original and bruised tree wear conveniently a badge with Latin name and French equivalent.

Then there was a young man of the North. (This sounds like the beginning of a reckless nursery rhyme, for ladies' ears unfit—but read on without flinching). He was chosen by adverse Fate to wear a soldier's uniform for three years. Now as he did not care for thunder and guns and a death under an unfamiliar sky, he threw himself into the river—the stream of his boyhood which knew him and was sorry for him. Some busybody pulled him out and then he was arraigned before the authorities. They said nothing about the folly, crime, sin of suicide; they did not even allude carelessly to the open door of Epictetus to impress the understrappers and lookers-on. They called his attention to the fact that he had been bathing in a prohibited place. No wonder that a dweller in perfidious Albion sees French rivers ticketed in future: "Persons seeking to drown themselves must go further down stream!"

This reminds us that automobilists in France who drive the De Dion Voiturette fill their tanks in case of an emergency with absinthe.

A man in Scarborough, England, was surprised a fortnight ago to find 38 pins and a shoemaker's brass sprig in the white of his egg at breakfast. But others, and not only tourists, have been surprised in England by eggs.

Thus in 1810 a duck belonging to Mr. J. Clemenshaw of Winmoor, near Leeds, laid an egg rather above the ordinary

size, which was broken for the purpose of being cooked for dinner. The content consisted of a dark, muddy, slimy in the middle of which was a young snake 16 inches long which lived for about 26 hours. Mr. Clemenshaw reserved it in spirits and added it to his collection for mantelpiece adornment.

"Early in July, 1897, a most extraordinary phenomenon was observed by several people of credit at the house of Mr. Rhodes, in Thomas-lane, near Wakefield." A hen had been sitting on ducks' eggs. Several had produced

ducklings; but one egg, on examination, was found to be wholly filled by a dead tad, which was "absolutely straitened for want of room."

Students in Berlin know only too well that the freshest eggs in that city come in boxes from Italy, sunny Italy. In the early part of the 19th century workmen tore down an old vestry wall near Lago Maggiore, and found in the middle of the wall, which was two feet thick, three eggs far from any hole to which a hen could penetrate. One of the eggs was opened "by a servant who stood at some distance to avoid the danger that might have resulted from the infection of the egg." It was fresh and fit for eating and continued so after it was exposed to the air four days. The two others were opened eight days after at Milan, and were not as fresh as the others. Neither the wall nor the vestry of which it made a part had been touched by workmen for 300 years.

The most remarkable egg, however, was the wondrous egg of Leda. It hung in the vault of a Spartan temple and it was held in sacred awe.

Yet it is not given to everyone to eat or to worship eggs. There was a boy, the son of a Count, saith Donatus; if at any time he would eat of an egg, his lips would swell, purple and black spots would rise in his face, and he would froth at the mouth. Or possibly the eggs at his castle were of Italian importation and chiefly of archaeological interest.

A highly valued correspondent writes—and with his habitual accuracy and authority:

Boston, June 14.

Editor Talk of the Day:

Our public schools, meaning our city grammar schools, so called, perhaps, because they do not teach grammar, are about to have either graduating or graduation exercises, when the committee will give a diploma to every graduate. No prudent person ever interferes with the cause of education. But it might be worth while to find out when these grammar schools first had "graduates" and issued "diplomas." An amusing Boston city document issued in 1842 talks glibly of a Normal School that was to have "from eighty to one hundred graduates every year," and was to be attended by none but "graduates from the city schools." Was that the beginning, or are there earlier graduates of our dear grammar schools? Are there graduates of infant schools? The Legislature never refuses much to the cause of education. Could not the Legislature be induced to pass a law requiring all or some teachers in the public schools to be called professors, and enabling every school committee to confer degrees, not only upon ladies and gentlemen who have finished the kindergarten course, but also upon statesmen and stateswomen who have deserved well of the cause?

On pain of death, let no man name death to me:
It is a word infinitely terrible.

The final word.

"It will come to me at last," he murmured.

So far he could hear but three letters. They were "D-E-A." "D-E-A." "D-E-A." chanted over and over again by the peculiar voice he heard in the noise of the moving train.

He was sitting on the steps of the rear platform. Big Southern stars in a warm and dusky sky watched the hurrying express. Tall pine trees swept past in endless procession, a silent and grave company, hooded and cloaked.

The man was going to a health resort to rest. He was suffering from the results of overwork. His nerves were unstrung, they said. He had quitted his stuffy bunk in the sleeping car for the platform, and now he was trying to make out what word a queer voice was spelling.

In the tangle of blurred sounds made by the wheels there were multitudinous voices, and they said many words. There were at times whole sentences, but the words were mostly disconnected and jumbled. The voices rose, they sank, they shrieked, they laughed, they feared, they mourned with lamentation, they jested obscenely, they

prayed (one said "Jehovah! Jehovah!" most mightily!); and they changed tone in a bizarre fantasia. And one persistent voice said "D-E-A." "D-E-A."

And the man leaned forward and strained his ears to catch the next letter.

"It will come to me at last," he said, "and surely it must be a rare word, one worth waiting for."

He was an experienced hunter of words, one that loved the hunt. Words were to him what clay is to the sculptor, or paint to the painter. And he loved them for themselves, not only as a medium for thought. There were those that said he was obsessed.

He could see in a certain word—as in a crystal—the pale, proud faces of Roman soldiers following their eagles. He could hear across a page of print the winds of midnight, or the swash of waves. Words could evoke for him color—the *Urn Bural* was evocative of dim purple, and dimmer gold, and bronze, upon which there was the green hue of antiquity; and they seemed as the colors of metals, or earths, which dead, forgotten artisans had wrought into urns (those hurled urns of Norfolk); or as colors used to stain musical instruments of lost designs, made for the grave and pontifical strains of funeral music.

And there were words that to him were as looking-glasses, in which he saw himself, or the paler reflection of his soul; and there were words that thrilled him—as perfumes about old letters—with faded remembrances of fair or ignoble deeds, gestures, places, persons; and words that set a-swinging chimes of well-tempered bells; or through which he heard delicate flutings; the lyrical voice of a violin; or the rich tones of some cathedral organ whose woods and metals were steeped in time.

And with the curious passion of the artist he would seek such words, examine a thousand for the right, the true one; he would ever, in strange despairs, queer fervors of burning zeal, strive to invent words for sensations and thoughts so elusive, so evanescent that the bars of language, howsoever gilded, were too far apart to retain their exquisite and singular forms.

"D-E-A." "D-E-A." "D-E-A—T!" the voice chanted, and the man started as though stung. Another letter!

"The word will come to me at last!" he said. He leaned forward eagerly, and the parted air roared in his ears. The thousand voices talked and whimpered, and the queer voice spelled its four letters over and over again.

The man was sure that when the word came it would be that supreme, that master word which above all his myriad dreams had been the dream of his soul to attain.

And how he had struggled toward the word through bitter reuffs, disappointments, agonies and sweats. How the endeavor had tired him, broken him down. When he should hear the voice pronounce the awaited, the final word, he would rest, he would banish words altogether from his mind for a time. This he was determined upon. Yes, he was very determined.

"D-E-A-T—" "D-E-A-T—" the voice chanted.

The man leaned forward, clinching his hands, his body swaying as the train rocked to and fro taking the grade that led to a bridge.

"Why in God's name does it not finish the word?" he groaned.

The voice swelled to a loud cry as the train roared a hollow rumble on the high bridge. And the voice spelled: "D-E-A-T-H."

The man's cry answered the final word.

Now the distance from the track to the rocks below was about one hundred feet.

THE QUIETIST.
Where to answer, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whisper'd me, through the right, and very plainly before daybreak.

Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word.

DEATH.

And again death, ever Death, Death, Death.

A good supply of resignation is of the first importance in providing for the journey of life. It is a supply which we shall have to extract from disappointed hopes; and the sooner we do it, the better for the rest of the journey.

A correspondent doubts the statement made by us concerning Leda's egg—the egg that bore Helen, the dazzling wonder of the world. We refer the man of little faith to Pausanias, who wrote an account of his travels. The egg wrapped in fillets was hung from the vault of the temple of Hilaria and Phoebe at Sparta. (See Pausanias III., 16.) A note in Gedoy's edition tells us that the egg was like unto that of an ostrich.

You do not remember a more repulsive man. His jaw is prognathous and therefore should be heroic or distin-

guished. For the early man before he used stone or stick as weapon hit with the prognathous jaw, and his teeth were excellent (Darwin says, "Our male semi-human progenitors possessed great canine teeth," from which Burton draws the conclusion that we thus derive the trick of uncovering the eye tooth when sneering or snarling at Brother man); but on account of the size and shape of the maxilla he was inferior to the hyaena, and even to the dog, although he could bite in a very pretty manner in those happy days before the laws against mayhem. The prognathous jaw, or as the vulgar call it the wapper-jaw, is indisputably a mark of long descent.

But this particular jaw is coarse and criminal. It is covered with unhealthy herbage. The mouth is a slash; the nose is short, fat and meat; the eyes are small, evil, half-washed; the hair is lank, and dandruff is thick on the coat collar. Undersized, bent, with a bit of cigarette paper on his lower lip, he stood near the gutter to which he belonged, and while he talked loudly and in staccato tones to an acquaintance whom he had stopped he fouled passing women by X-ray glances. As your car was coming, you heard the speech: "So long! Remember me to your wife." The speech was addressed to the unclear, abhorrent thing. What! that a husband! How could any woman have married him! And often that day you wondered what sort of a woman she might be. A chemical blonde with brass voice and a passion for late restaurants? An enforced match with a chambermaid? You saw him again, and with him was a tall, lithe woman of radiant beauty, yet virginal rather than full-blown. She looked at him, proud in her ownership. Every now and then she touched him timidly, caressingly, to assure herself that happiness was not a dream. And then you surveyed yourself, and wondered at the taste of women.

Many housekeepers will be delighted to know that there is a movement to establish night schools for ice-men. The first lessons will be in the art of opening a refrigerator-door without damage to the hinges and shutting it without breaking cream-jars, beer-bottles, or starting the plaster from the ceiling. Higher classes will receive instruction in the art of conversation: "How to answer a maid who wishes extra-ice," "How to satisfy a mistress that she is receiving full quantity."

A favorite combination in day dress is made up of flowing side-whiskers, white cravat, and frock-coat. If you see the white cravat, you may be sure of the whiskers and the coat. But neither this species of whiskers nor the coat alone guarantees the presence of the other ornaments. This is an interesting problem, which will repay study.

The late Bishop Mandell Creighton was asked if he could state the difference between an Oxford man and a Cambridge man. The Bishop was at that time a professor at Cambridge, and he replied: "An Oxford man looks as if the world belonged to him; a Cambridge man as if he didn't care to whom the world belonged." Might not this story be applied to Yale and Harvard?

"P. A. H." in his London letter to the N. Y. Evening Post quotes from a report concerning the present condition of the English book market.

"As for the American pirate, he may take heart. He has been much discouraged of late. There are few firms that have not been pirates in their time. Some years ago I visited one New York pirate in his den. He was a Scotsman, and had been revisiting his native country. Surrounded by pirated publications, he deplored the decline of Scotch religion, which he attributed entirely to the neglect of the shorter catechism."

Dr. Drinkwater's lectures on "First Aid to the Injured" should excite widespread attention if only on account of the author's name, which is reassuring, for his advice must needs be sober and well considered. As Lady Cicely says in Mr. Bernard Shaw's play: "Oh, if he has a mate named Felix Drinkwater, it must be quite a respectable crew. It is such a nice name."

If a woman's clothes are on fire, "catch hold of her dress-collar or her hair from behind, and pull her down backwards without warning." But first be sure that her clothes are in a blaze, otherwise you may be required to apologize. A sure eye as well as a quick hand is necessary in such an emergency. Furthermore, there is the danger of clutching hair that is not firmly adjusted by nature, and thus incuring life-long hostility.

Then said the Child, "In wind and wet I seek and seek a dwelling yet:
Here is no stable and no manger
For Me the stranger."

"The flower girl on whose tawdry gown
The drops of rain are soaking down—
Beneath her tattered shawl, unbidden,
Whiles have I hidden."

"The shabby, weary, faded folk,
Lew'd down beneath the accustomed yoke,
With coarsened hands and faces hollow,
Homeward I follow."

"And I will enter all unknown
Across their dingy threshold stone:
Poor, tired, obscure, they shall be blest there,
For I will rest there."

We have received the following letter:

Boston, June 18, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Dear Sir—I beg your pardon; but I am a stranger in your strange city, drawn hither by reason of the gathering of the Y. M. C. A. delegates and the reduced railroad fares. Before I left my home in Northern New York, my Aunt Maria, who for many years was a resident of North Chelsea, now Revere, said to me, "Thomas, be sure to see the Boston Subway and the elevated railroad arrangements, and write me all about them." Obedient to the request of my dear aunt, who is a splinter, more than 80 years of age, and worth at least \$125,000, I started to see the Subway immediately on arriving at the North Station. To my great surprise, I was told that I must climb two long flights of stairs to get there.

Mentally protesting against the absurdity of getting under ground in any such manner, I mounted high above the heads of men, took a train and was promptly plunged into the bowels of the earth. I had not had time to recover from my surprise when the train rose to daylight and I got out. Wandering about for a time, I found myself in a large park, walking in an avenue of tombs, as it appeared to me. I took it to be Mount Auburn Cemetery, but a small boy told me it is Boston Common. I then concluded that I would inspect the elevated railway and asked how I should get up to it. A kind policeman told me to go down into one of the tombs. This I refused to do. Said I, "I will not obey the dictates of a monopolistic corporation that makes people go up stairs when they want to go down, and down stairs when they want to go up." So I decided to write to the papers and inquire why such things are. Yours for information!

THOMAS WRAGG.

Mr. Wragg, this system that shoots upward when it should plunge, and plunges when it should shoot upward, is a beautiful instance of lucus a non lucendo, to use the language of the ancient Romans and with the permission of the compositors. We are not able to give further information, for we are of the Bostonians, and, in matters of transportation, it is not for a Bostonian to reason why, nor has he often the nerve to make reply to those who wish his streets, his air, and his light without reference to his comfort or civic rights.

We were especially pleased with your likening the stations on the Common to tombs. When these buildings first amazed the passer-by, a witty lawyer of the town said that the Public Library had littered on the Common; but we prefer with you to think of them as tombs, such as exist in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and are known popularly as the tombs of Zechariah, James and Absalom. Whether their rival in distinction the Tombs of the Capulets can be answered only by those who have lounged in the halls of the Montezumas. Some prefer engaged Ionic columns to Doric pillars in antils, just as some prefer the pointed Ionic to the open Corinthian.

The Prophet forbade engraving the name of Allah—there is no Majesty and there is no Might, save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!—or any words of the Koran on a tomb. But on these tombs of the Common might well be written: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Every morning he says to himself, "I must buy another razor." Yes, he has more than one blade, but shaving is nevertheless a tiresome, uncertain, superficial operation. For of what advantage to him is a visit to the shop or the means to buy at will? He finds on every blade, "Made in Germany," or the name of a German manufacturing town or firm. Where now are the once famous razors of English steel? They are with the once famous English shears and scissors—with Breitmann's party and the "lovely golden cloud!"

All good may mix de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkell!

Maginn gave seven rules for comfort in shaving: (2). In stropping your razor, play from you, not towards you. (3). Anoint your beard over night with cold cream or, better still, with bear's grease. (4). Wash your face carefully and copiously before shaving. (5). Use for soap Pasta di Castagna. (6). Let your brush be a full one of camel's hair. (7). Always use hot water—boll-

water. But what is the first golden razor? Buy your razor at Paget's. A "decent, shrewd, intelligent old man" makes the best blades in Europe, and gives every one of them with his hand, and would sooner cut his coat than give you a second-rate article. But this was written in 1824. He died long ago, and who is his successor in direct line? Maginn himself would today be obliged to shave something "made in Germany." Centuries ago fault was found with razors of Judea, for we read in the Testament (Isalah, vii., 20): "In the day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired." No doubt German inventors claim that the tool was invented: "Made in Germany."

We read in a Swiss newspaper that a man, who had lost the affections of a female—she had preferred another man, possibly for whiter plumage or a longer neck—deliberately beat out his brains against a wall in the village of Cully. This word Cully may awaken suspicions in the breasts of some who murmur, "Cully, how's your Nibs?" But there is such a village; it is rich in vineyards and is between Lausanne and Vevey. This is only one of many instances of the suicide of what are called the lower animals. Some missed mate, a master or a mistress; some grew old and sick and tired. Some years ago a dog deliberately drowned himself in the Frog Pond; he walked and held himself below the surface till he was dead; and the case was noted at the time by the newspapers of this city.

We read that baldness prevails most with unmarried men; that most bald men lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Perhaps this last statement may account for their devotion to the drama in its lighter forms. Does it follow that only the bald are truly intellectual, or that the truly intellectual are unmarried?

Two letters posted in London on March 19, 1891, were not delivered until May 15, 1901. This may console some who complain of delays in New York or Boston. In this London instance, did the letters answer themselves?

I lay down and closed my heavy eyes, and sleep's mockery might win true sleep; I grew aware with awe but not surprise, dully aware through all the silence deep, some dark Presence watching by my bed, a awful image of a nameless dread; But I lay still fordone; I felt its shadow on me dark and solemn steadfast as a monumental column, I thought drear thoughts of Doom, and heard the bells chime One.

During the winter you know little about your neighbors across the court; you care less. It is probable that they are decent and orderly persons, otherwise they would not be in such distinguished and desirable apartment houses. You occasionally meet one of the male dwellers and you notice sheepishly at each other. You make remarks about the costume

and carriage of different women in the four stories, and these remarks are not wholly to their advantage. Your servant girl has a Monday morning and a voluble acquaintance with the birds on the roof and across the deep, red gulf.

But summer melts with its hot breath this privacy. Fortunately for you, it is given to you to observe on the fourth floor and not to be observed. The flats are not deserted before July, and through July and in August there are lone dwellers. Your own windows are dark, and you look down and across on a fat, elderly man with a shirt of crumpled, mussed hen. Suspenders, like scorching bars, cross his back and shoulders. His boots are off; now the suspenders are worn off. You can hear him sweat, he sits and smokes by the window. A young fellow in pyjamas is reading novel, full length, on a bed. There is a far prettier sight on the floor above, but you keep it to yourself; you would not call the attention of your wife, were she at home. And in the hottest weather there is no privacy, nor is there any sense of shame. At midnight, you hear coughs, groans, and a strange sound as though the flat-dwellers at a preconcerted signal turned in bed to see if there were not one cool corner. Alone in your flat, you welcome such assurances of humanity near you, restless, offering, grotesque humanity.

We have received another letter from our valued correspondent. It invites discussion:

Boston, June 18, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
But why are they called "grammar schools?" In old times a grammar school was so called because it taught Latin grammar. Our Latin school used

to be called grammar school for the same reason. The laws of Massachusetts so used the word grammar school from early days until after Boston became a city. All this is changed. Apparently about the time when Boston became a city, when we had just established primary schools, it was necessary to find a name for the reading and writing schools that stood between the primary schools and the high schools. It was thought that these intermediate schools taught English grammar, and it was known that they did not teach Latin. So they were called English grammar schools, and very soon they came to be known simply as grammar schools, the name surviving when the nominal teaching of English grammar was given up as useless. In short, about the time when Boston became a city, say about 1820 or 1825, it became customary to call a public school higher than a primary school and lower than a high school a grammar school. Their giving up the teaching of English grammar is surely commendable. Our language may be grammatical, but no man has ever told us what the grammar of it is. There

is no grammar of English suitable for schools. And so we may well call them grammar schools because they decline to teach the unknown. Any teacher or professor or student can enrich the subject by telling us when a school not teaching Latin, and ranking between a primary and a high school, was first known as a grammar school. Was it about 1820 or 1825? And here in Boston?
X. X. X.

The grammar schools of old days, as Mr. X. X. X. says, were for the teaching of Latin. They were founded in England in the 16th century or before. The reference in "Laws of Massachusetts" (1647) is to this class of school: "Where any town shall increase to the number of 100 families . . . they shall set up a grammar school; a legal establishment was given to a system of free schools as a means of guarding against religious error: 'It being one chief project of that old deluder, Satan to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures, as in former times keeping them in an unknown tongue, so in these latter times by persuading men from the use of tongues, so that, at least, the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded with false glosses of saint-seeming deceivers, and that learning may not be buried in the grave of our fathers.' And the Constitution of Massachusetts late in the 18th century distinguished between 'the public schools and the grammar schools in the towns.'"

Now Jack Cade in "Henry VI." says in his speech to Lord Say: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school. . . . It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear." In the same speech Shakespeare makes Cade refer to printing, which was not used in England until about 20 years after Cade's rebellion (1450); but grammar schools are referred to in documents of that time, and the school which Shakespeare attended was of ancient date. Dr. Murray tells us that these once famous institutions "have now become secondary schools of various degrees of importance, a few of them ranking little below the level of the 'public schools.'"

To come back again to this country: Noah Webster in the first edition of his "American Dictionary" (1828) thus defines grammar schools: "A school in which the learned languages are taught. By learned languages, we usually mean the Latin and Greek; but others may be included."

Mr. X. X. X. is wholly sound in his view of English as the grammarless tongue. If anyone is inclined to dispute him, he should first read certain chapters by Richard Grant White and then Gould Brown's "Grammar of English Grammars."

But who can answer Mr. X. X. X.'s question?

Mr. G. R. Sims sees the future of England as from a tower or in a glass. "The future of Great Britain lies in its gradual absorption by the United States. We shall retain our monarchy, and we shall still be allowed to make our own laws, get into our own international difficulties, and pay for our own army and navy. But the commerce of the country, its trades and its manufactures, its shipping and its railways, its sports and its amusements, its newspapers and its literature, will be principally in the hands of Americans."

"Archib." the elephant that carried King Edward when he was only a traveling Prince in India about 30 years ago, died suddenly at Penarth in the gutter. And yet he was a temperate elephant, except in temper.

Who is Louise Fagette? She wore a remarkable dress at the Ambassadeurs,

Paris. Consider the cost of her bolero. The bill for the tailoring of it was \$5000, and then diamonds and pearls and rubies and turquoises were set into the whole thing was valued at \$200,000. Remember, too, that a bolero is "only an incident in a dress." Let us hope that Miss Fagette is good to her mother.

June 22, 1901
My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass;
I question things and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind.

Of course, the name of Col. Jack P. Chinn is familiar to you. The pride of Kentucky, he is a world-man. Plutarch, Benvenuto Cellini, Herbert of Cherbury, Dumas the elder, Robert Louis Stevenson—all of them would have found Col. Chinn nobly planned as well as a valuable friend in an emergency.

Col. Chinn is the man that carries a stick on which are 14 notches, a notch for each victim—say rather, rash offender. The Colonel disdains the too easy gun or the cruel golf ball; when he fights he draws his knife—a Bowie knife, a beautiful tool worthy of Bowie himself, who, in 1827, took a 14-inch long file, after it had been ground, to Pedro, the skilled cutler of Toledo fame in New Orleans, and then, after lessons in the use of the cuchillo, killed Mr. Norris Wright by sticking him in the neck. Col. Bowie slew 16 men with this one knife. Col. Chinn is two men shy.

Col. Chinn was lately in New York, and his many friends met him at the bar. To their amazement he drank seltzer and delivered a short temperance lecture, in which he told them that he had played the game from beer to champagne; his wife had reminded him that he had had all the fun that was necessary, and asked him not to drink any more. "Let all the boys have all the fun they can get out of whisky. There's nothing in it." Nobody pressed the gallant Colonel, who has still two more to go before he rivals the record of Col. Bowie.

Many years ago an ingenious Frenchman wrote a book entitled: "The Fifteen Joys of Marriage." There are fully as many joys in abstinence, and Col. Chinn, we hope, will know these joys.

Perhaps the greatest of these joys is the self-complacency that enwraps and permeates the abstainer who sits by while there is talk over strong drink. He watches faces flushing, hands trembling, speech thickening; he listens to statements and arguments which are ridiculously solemn. His own intellect is never so keen.

But in order to feel this righteous thrill—which resembles the joy of the old Calvinist looking from the rampart of heaven down upon the wailing swarm of the lost—the abstainer must have previously had a thorough course in alcohol. The man that never tasted liquor cannot be one of these elect.

Another joy is in curious speculations: As, why does a man after a "social evening" awake with ebionized finger nails, and why are his boots without lustre, although the night before they were highly polished? Nor does it make any difference whether the boots are removed or full of feet, put carefully to bed.

There is joy in refusing wine or whisky, or even ale, at a dinner, stag or bisexual. You contemplate the coming morning without fear, and you laugh inwardly to think of the outraged livers near you, hidden, obscure, but biding their time. You think of the tight band across the forehead, the sickening sensation that follows stooping, the craving for cooling drinks, the gagging at breakfast, the irritability that is distributed impartially between wife and typewriter girl, the blurred eyesight, the necessity of spitting cotton, the irregularity of handwriting—he thinks of these and adds to his stature by saying: "These and such as these are far from me." The celebrated Pharisee was in all probability only temporarily on the ice-wagon.

Somebody in London suggested the probability of Mr. Coquelin as Mercutio in the grand circus performance by Romeo Bernhardt and Juliet Adams. Mr. Coquelin was evidently stirred, for he wrote: "Will the Pall Mall Gazette state most emphatically that I have not the remotest intention of playing Mercutio or any other part in English? I do not want to appear ridiculous, and I do not intend to undertake any part which I cannot perform to the best of my ability. When I play, I play in my own language."

Bernhardt is more an ambition. They notice in London that when the audience is composed largely of men and women who do not know French, and therefore are unable to appreciate fully the finesse of a play-actress, she is limp and without life; so that Turgenieff's terrible attack no longer seems vitriolically unjust. Now Turgenieff said: "She is eaten through and through with chic, réclame and pose," he declared. "She is monotonous, cold, and dry; in short, without a single spark of talent in the highest sense of the word. Her gait is that of a hen; she has no play of features; the movements of her hands are purposely angular, in order to be piquant; the whole thing reeks of the boulevards, of Figaro, and patchouli."

And Bernhardt has cause to be angry and to wonder at the breeding of English audiences. The first performance of "L'Aiglon" in that country began at 8 P. M.; but "detachments of the audience arrived at intervals in the stalls up till 10 minutes of nine." In every city—even in Boston—there are grown beings who make it a habit to be late at theatre or concert, either to be observed, to show unmistakably that they have money enough to go where they please, or to derive exquisite pleasure from the annoyance they cause plain and quiet persons doomed to sit near them.

G. K.: The original of Gilead P. Beck in "The Golden Butterfly" was, they say, a Canadian named Shaw, who "struck ile," speculated wildly, and went to smash when the oil sulked or gave out. The golden butterfly itself was discovered by Besant's brother in a museum at Sacramento.

A CORRESPONDENT asks a delicate question: "Is it true that the majority of musicians are dissipated? I refer especially to opera singers."

For centuries singers and players of musical instruments have been accused of immoderate thirst and loose living. The reader of Ecclesiasticus is solemnly warned: "Use not much the company of a woman that is a singer, lest thou be taken with her attempts."

There are a hundred proverbs that sing the same scoffing song: "It is the key of the cellar that tunes the voice"; "the cock crows best when his throat is wet"; "when the bagpipe is full it sounds the best," etc., etc.

The Greek and Latin writers were never weary of protesting against the dissolute behavior of musicians, especially flute players.

Far back, in the 17th century Annibal Gantez gave advice to a young musician who proposed to make a concert tour. "Drink sometimes with your comrades; for as you catch fish with a hook, so you can gain a musician's friendship with a full glass. . . . Beware, however, of acquiring the reputation that many singers enjoy, subjects to wine; although one may say that all musicians are drunkards, remember that all drunkards are not therefore musicians."

Or take the sourer view of Stephen Gosson of the 16th century, that pipers, and other musicians, players and singers, are too often "peevish cattle, that live by merry begging, maintained by alms, and privily encroach upon every man's purse."

The world loves to hear scandal about men and women who amuse for hire. Few remember the spotless noble Italian singer whom Milton praised, but the names of de Maupin, Sophie Arnould, and many others, as well as names of some now singing, are in bold type in the Scandalous Chronicles.

Nor are the lives of some of the most dissipated without a certain baleful splendor. Take the case of Desmâtins, who was a kitchen maid as a child, but afterward she queened it on the stage of the Paris Opera. She was served at table by kneeling domestics. Eating and drinking fattened her, and in those days the bulky singer dear to Wagnerites was not in fashion. She took vinegar and lost her voice. And then a surgeon cut her open and scraped and removed nine pounds of grease. After the operation she gave a supper to some of her adorers, and the dish that was most keenly relished was a fry of the superfluous fat.

There was La Pélissier, a very naughty woman, who never ate peas when they were below 60 francs a plate. Duménil often drank six bottles of champagne that he might move and thrill in the last act. There was Marie Laguerre, a most industrious worker in Noah's vineyard. It was she that turned "Iphigénie en Tauride" into "Iphigénie en Champagne." She sobered herself in jail, and after her release confined herself to 13 glasses of champagne at dinner.

Some have claimed that a dissolute life argued temperance, and thus they show ignorance of human nature on its

seamy side. There was once a strange violinist and composer named Don Emanuel Barbella. Not before his 60th year did this man have a dwelling of

his own. He lived, worked and slept in the rooms of his acquaintances and friends. An expert fencer, he fought every night in the streets. When the fit of composition came upon him he hurried to his nearest acquaintance, even though it were a tavern girl. There would he borrow pen, ink and paper—for he owned nothing—and dash off his sonatas. This is a squamous age, and I think it best to pass over certain episodes in the career of this extraordinary man. Surely, he must have been a "temperamental player." But Dr. Burney assures us that his fiddling put the hearer to sleep.

The French singers whom I have mentioned were not famous for beauty of voice. They were actors rather than singers. Nor in that age of fierce drinking could all stand the pace. Marie Laguerre died at 28; and she left 800,000 francs in cash, 40,000 a year in investments, two houses, and much jewelry. The reward of virtue.

Today the great singers are as a rule abstemious in drink. They know that the penalty for undue indulgence is severe, and, it may be, lasting. Commercial prudence rules their thirst. The great tenors are even more abstemious. Basses are supposed to enjoy a greater liberty, but many of them bear in mind the old proverb, "Wine, nuts and women injure the voice."

Concerning the general loose living attributed to opera singers, I do not care to speak. Human nature is about the same behind and before the footlights. There are loose men in all ranks and conditions of life; and the most prominent scandals of the last years have been of high social, not operatic, magnitude. There are estimable and literal persons who believe that since Calvé gives an intensely dramatic impersonation of Carmen, she must therefore be in close sympathy with the character itself.

Albert Chevalier is writing a book of his reminiscences. The title will be "Before I Forget." A book entitled "Albert Chevalier, a Record of Himself: Biographical and Other Chapters," by Brian Daly, was published in 1896. It is scrappy, but not without interest. Chevalier's hobbies, by the way, are theology and paintings.—Homer Lind, baritone, is in London and will take part in the production of "Griegoire."—At the auction of Patti's castle June 18 at London there was a false bid of £50,000. "The auction room was crowded with influential people and agents. Among those present was Baron Cederstrom. The bidding opened with an offer of £50,000, made by a prominent London auctioneer. No other offer was heard, and Auctioneer Lumley declared Mme. Patti's castle sold at that figure. The bidder rushed up and told Mr. Lumley that he had not meant his offer to be taken seriously. Long conferences followed. Mr. Lumley went out and consulted Sir George Lewis, the well-known lawyer. There was great excitement throughout the auction room. The bidder, who was very pale, remained in his seat, perspiring, with the eyes of all upon him. Sir George Lewis advised that no proceedings be taken and Mr. Lumley reopened the sale at £20,000. By thousands and five hundreds the bidding quickly advanced. At £45,000 a deadlock was reached, and Mr. Lumley announced that he must buy in the property for Mme. Patti, the reserve price being £50,000."—Anna Robina Laidlaw, a pianist, who died a fortnight or so ago, played at a concert given by Paganini in London. She was 82 years old. She retired from the concert stage in 1852, when she married one Thomson, a Scotsman. She was well known in German cities and was Court pianist to the Royal Family of Hanover.

Mr. Godowsky has been severely criticised for his studies on certain Chopin pieces. The Referee describes him as "a Polish pianist of remarkable ability, but apparently dominated by the demon of meddlesomeness," and characterizes his pieces as "burlesques of the originals." The Referee well says:

"Interference with other people's business is a fruitful source of mischief in the ordinary concerns of life, and it is no less objectionable in the musical world. It is an extraordinary fact that the man who would rise up in wrath against the painter who even proposed to 'touch up' a painting by an old master, will condone, and in some cases applaud, the musician who tricks out an acknowledged musical masterpiece with incongruous embroideries. The announcement of a picture by 'Raphael-Jones' would be received with derision, but 'Schubert-Brown' is gravely listened to. If musical meddlers would be candid, and, when fascinated by the melodies of some dead composer, boldly write an entirely new piece on the

dead man's themes, the procedure, although not commendable, might be tolerated; but so to alter a dead man's work as to make modern audiences afterward intolerant of the original is dastardly, for it is an attempt to kill a composer's immortality. Artistically, the result, when successful, is to wipe out an intermediate stage in development, and to lose a source of contrast."

Lola Beeth, who has been a member of the Vienna Opera House Company for 10 years, will not return there next season. They say that Hamburg has secured her.—Carl Halir is to leave the orchestra of the Berlin Royal Orchestra. Some say he leaves of his own wish; others that he is obliged to go.—Paderewski's press agent was very busy before the performance of "Manru" at Dresden. I quote from the letter of the Dresden correspondent of the Concert-Goer: "Paderewski's biographer tells us that the glory and gold which Paderewski gathered in two hemispheres failed to satisfy his ambition; he could not rest until his dream, to step as fast as he could before the public, was realized. So far the honors which Paderewski gathered, as composer, were chiefly compositions for the piano. We know that he composed 'Manru' in sedate quietude in his vineyards and amongst flower-beds. He suffered none of the hardships of his poorer colleagues; but we need not believe the bombastic language of this biographer, who says that Paderewski, like the architects of the Indian palaces, built like a Titan and finished with the delicate touch of a goldsmith."—Lucienne Bréal, who visited us last season, will sing Isolde in the production of Wagner's opera at the Opéra-Comique, and she will create the chief part in Massenet's "Griseldis."

In the Berlin Kleines Journal, Mr. Wilhelm Tappert, the eminent critic, speaks of a local pianoforte teacher who said: "I advise a method of practising without fatigue. Of course, I teach nothing of the kind. One must resort to a little bit of humbug in order to get American girl pupils who pay well." Unfortunately we can corroborate this, and that is why we print it. Last week a German wished to know: "Why is it that you Americans, who are so sharp in your own country, become so 'easy' over here?" Why is it?—German Times.

Teresa Carreno has been in London and Mr. Blackburn found material for excellent copy:

Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and Schubert were enlisted for interpretation. On the whole, she plays Beethoven best. Her powerful and dominating personality is more suited to him than to the more curious work—"curious" in the Horatian sense of the term—of Chopin. But even in her Beethoven playing, excellent as it is, she gives one the impression, far too much, of the music teacher who is resolved to be obeyed and to inculcate the principles of her playing upon men and women in statu pupillari at all costs. This was especially the case with her Chopin playing. Her interpretation of the Nocturne (No. 1, Op. 9) was indubitably fine; but it was as indubitably heavy. Writing of Chopin's music, the admirable Mr. James Huneker observes: "Delicate in linear perspective, logical in architectonic, its color is its chief charm." It was precisely this "chief charm" which we found somewhat lacking in this lady's playing. However, she so far fulfills the same critic's ideal as to follow him in his further dictum—"he bulled better than he knew; his works are for stronger fingers than his;" for we are certain that Mme. Carreno would beat Chopin in a stand-up fight after three rounds. Nevertheless, it would be most unfair to deny that occasionally there were passages in her playing which were quite golden, one of which was nearly ruined by the insistent hammering of a workman in some adjacent quarter of the building; it was as bad as Mr. Emil Sauer's famous muffin-man and his bell.

Nor did Mr. Blackburn care for Terina's Elsa: "It is one of her least interesting impersonations. The weakness of the character seems to harmonize but ill with Terina's powerful and resonant voice, her muscular physique, and her quite queenly dignity of manner. Intelligent—nay, intellectual she always was; unfortunately one is bound to confess that Elsa was neither; and it is precisely Terina's inability to seem neither that puts the part out of sympathy with her. Van Rooy's Telramund was good, and it was well sung; but in the first act he somewhat overdid his part. One felt, without protitancy, that a man who prayed so hard in the concerted piece before the duel ought to have had his petition granted, however bad his cause: he seemed to storm heaven!"

Mascagni's children excite attention in Rome—there are two boys and one girl—on account of their golden hair, which is worn long, although the boys are 10 and 11 years old. They are coming to the United States with their mother and father. Mascagni is pleased as Punch with the idea of a concert tour in this country. He says he would like to be judged as a conductor by the Americans. There will be 90 men in the orchestra, and most of them

are from the Pesaro Lyceum. "I hope I shall not have quite so hard a time of it as during my German tour of 1899," he said, in speaking of his plans to me; "that was almost too much even for my powers of endurance, which are

not to be despised. Fancy 42 concerts in 40 days, in 42 different cities! For a long time after I used to wake in the night thinking I felt the movement of the railway carriage, or would dream that my audiences were waiting and I could not get to them. I hope my American managers will have a little more mercy."

D'Albert is at work on a new comic opera in three acts which will be produced at Berlin next fall.—The Tsar has ordered the erection of a statue to Glinka in a public square of St. Petersburg and authorized a national subscription to which he has contributed royally.

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlay,
Dat vork ash Cafeopath,
Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
Who use de milchly bath;
Und Kerschaltitschky aus Boehmen,
Vhat cure mit slifovitz,
Und Wechseltag, der Preusse,
Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Stroblich aus Westfalen
Who mofe all eartly ills
Mit concentrirter Schinken juice
Und Pumpernickel pills.
Und a bier-kur man from Munich
Und a grape-curst from Rhein,
Und von who shakars tiseases
Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

We are indebted to Mr. P. K. Foley for two beautiful specimens of ancient advertisement. One is of a pill famous in the 18th century, and the heading is "An advertisement concerning those most excellent Pills called Pilulae Radialis Solis Extractae; being an Universal Medicine, especially in all Chronical and Difficult Distempers; as by the ensuing discourse will most clearly appear."

The second is a pamphlet of 46 pages and it was published in Boston, "Sign of the Blue Bottle, Court Street, formerly part of Cambridge Street," in October, 1806. Possibly some of our readers remember the shop. The pamphlet before us is a third edition. We shall confine our attention for the present to this advertisement in which we all should take a parochial pride.

The title is: "Auxiliary to Health. Description, Use, and Recommendations of Chamberlin's Patent Bilious Cordial. With directions and use of Many Other Compounds."

Mr. Samuel Chamberlin studied this remedy, we learn from the preface, after he had lingered for a series of years "in a state of languishment and decline, caused mostly by infectious bile and phlegmatic humidities." Press agents of today may well turn green, for never can they rival the force, the authority, the suggestion of this sentence. The reader sees Mr. Chamberlin languishing, seeking a remedy to "rouse an instinct in the drowsy breast and give a spring to both mental and sanguine faculties."

His Bilious Cordial cured the most stubborn complaints, as bilious colic, cramp in the stomach, spasms, convulsions, throat distemper, coughs, strangury, dropsy, piles, dysentery, gravel, St. Vitus's dance, acute fevers, fever and ague, insanity, etc."

A middle-aged man was much afflicted from a child with a singular and distressing pain in his head. In 1805 he drank three or four glasses of the Bilious Cordial, "without paying any attention to the directions on the bottle; he never after had felt any more of that pain in his head."

There was "a man from the country," a sufferer from cruel rheumatism, who took a good dose, rose in the morning, dressed himself, walked abroad to his neighbors, also rode a mile on horseback, to the astonishment of all his beholders, and ever since performed the active part of husbandry.

We pass over the case of "the aged and honorable gentleman" to a more surprising one. "The young woman who took this Cordial so freely early last spring (1806) as to have it operate 70 times in seven days, mostly as a cathartic, who for two years previous had not quietly enjoyed a meal of victuals, tells me that since, without the application of any medical aid, she has enjoyed much better health than she can recollect ever experiencing in a summer before, has a good appetite, and her food sits easy on her stomach."

The address to the public ends in this manner: "That this new discovery, which has for a long time occupied my mind, and about three years been the main object of my employment, may meet the candid approbation of the wide world, agreeably to the true

quintessence of its merits, is feelingly the sentimental petition of their devoted and obedient humble servant." It was a courteous age.

This Bilious Cordial was "a restorative cathartic, a carminative, diuretic, and menagogue, and a predominant detergent." The dose was of the go-as-you-please order; from a tablespoonful to a pint, but a gill was moderate and common for an adult. The cordial sought out the centres of life, and what did it not cure? We have mentioned some diseases that fled before it and were no more felt; now add gout, rheumatism, numb palsy, leprosy, shingles, St. Anthony's fire, catarrh, hysterics, "hypocondriac," jaundice, whooping cough.

"It is good also after drinking a little too much spirit, to settle the brain and create an appetite for breakfast next morning. In this case a large dose ought to be taken." Good Mr. Chamberlin adds in a note that he believes firmly and not without good grounds that a man may leave off taking ardent spirit without suffering the least injury. "Perhaps he may hanker after it a few days."

Mr. Chamberlin also sold "Ladies' Comfort, otherwise called Phthisic and Cramp Drops," Tooth Drops, Worm Cordial, "an innocent compound of vegetable produce," Forest Tincture, Forest Bitters, Forest Cordial, Elixir Columbia, Carminative Cough Drops, Vegetable Eye Salve, Golden Lozenges, and many other salutary remedies.

He also sold, we regret to say, ESSENCE OF PUNCH. And how he recommends it! "This, beside being an agreeable drink, pleasing to most people, much more wholesome and less expensive than punch made of lemons freshly squeezed, is very convenient, particularly for seamen and country tavern keepers, being always ready for use; only put half a pint into a quart mug, and fill it up with cold or hot water."

Would that we had room for the recommendations from venerable clergymen, as the Reverend John Peak; from cunning leeches, as from Ichabod Gibson, M. D., of Chelmsford; from surgeons, witness John Burnham of the First Regiment, First Brigade, Tenth Div., Bluehill, District of Maine, who had a continual burning on his liver, but with a further use of the Cordial he trusted "through the mercy of God to regain a comfortable state of health"; from hardy seafaring men, as from Capt. Josiah Barse of the sloop Jeremiah.

Nor did women through false modesty refrain from thanksgiving and praise. Lois Hixen of Stoughton was confined to her house upwards of six years in a distressing situation occasioned by nervous, bilious and rheumatic disorder. "The store of the Apothecary was of no use. My great indigestion had reduced me to almost a perfect skeleton." Mr. Chamberlin's Bilious Cordial "had the kindest effect imaginable." "Although for more than three years every kind of Cathartic was received with apparent injury, this Cordial, with the assistance of his Restorative Forest Cordial and with the blessing of God, has restored me to a tolerable state of digestion."

Parnell Innis of Nantucket wrote, Aug. 18, 1806, that her father had found great relief from a peculiarly cruel disease. "He says"—mark you, he had taken only three doses—"he will spend all his property but what he will have more, for the relief he has found is astonishing."

And yet we find no mention of Mr. Samuel Chamberlin or his Bilious Cordial in Drake's "Old Landmarks of Boston." Is his portrait in the Atheneum?

You know I don't dislike to see the Kings and Queens and Knaves of this world shuffled backwards and forwards; consequently I look on, very well amused, and very indifferent what is triumphs.

We are told that a new play by Miss Alma Tadema is "erotic in the extreme and is a close study of the methods and philosophy of Maeterlinck." Unfortunately for the beauty of this carefully cabled criticism, Maeterlinck is never erotic in choice or treatment of a subject. He is mystical, he is symbolical, he is of lofty ideal and expression; or he may be, if you prefer, absurd and dull, but you will not find one erotic line or one erotic thought in his dramas, poems or essays.

Heard in a street car. Voluble woman with hair trailing in sprigs over her high neck band: "No, I don't care much for pets. Carrie Judson sent me some gold fish last week. They are foolish things, you know. I didn't care to keep 'em and I didn't want to offend Carrie by sending them back. My little girl liked 'em so I said I'd keep 'em. Saturday they seemed sort of faint, so I put some ammonia in the water to freshen 'em up. And do you know they died! I suppose the water wasn't what they were used to."

You suddenly remember that Emerson characterized Edgar Allan Poe as "the Jingleman," and then you are tempted to pitch the essays of the former far from you and judge him only by his almanac poetry.

There are several reasons why it is not a good thing for a man to marry his cook. The chief reason is that after marriage she will lose her interest and knack in cookery.

G. R. writes: "I read with interest your remarks about giants, dwarfs and the alleged physical degeneracy of men in these years. This talk of degeneracy is old and stale. You will find in Homer that men's bodies in his day were less of stature even than in old time. Pliny proposed as an undoubted truth that generally all men come short of the full stature in time past, and seldom shall you see the one taller than his father. And he gave this singular reason: For the ardent heat of the elementary fire whereunto the world inclineth already now toward the latter end, as sometimes it stood much upon the watery element) devoureth and consumeth that plentiful humor and moisture of natural seed that engendreth all things. I find this in 'Huetiana' (1723): 'The length of a man's foot is no longer the sixth part of his height as it was when Vitruvius lived; in fact it is scarcely the seventh part.' On the other hand Borlase well says, 'The degenerality and vulgar part of mankind have always thought with the fabulous, at our forefathers much exceeded in proportion the present race of mankind.'"

There is in the window of a picture shop in Bromfield Street a print representing David playing the harp. He is pictured as a very old man. (David is now nearly 72, and John Thomas neverd Gwalia) was born on St. David's Day, 1826). His hands are on the strings, and his head is uplifted in an static burst. Two members of the symphony Orchestra were looking at his picture. The first said, "Colleague ours." The second, "Yes, but he is no technic."

A young man was laughed at lately because he was heard addressing one thing older as "Sir." "What are you asking for?" "He has no offices." Why do you want to soap the old re?" and like remarks rewarded the rural courtesy. Is it true that a young fellow from 17 to 30 is not expected to show any respect to old age? "Sir" was seldom used by Lyly in his books of fantastical courtesy, he preferred in address "Gentleman," which would seem more stilted in "Sir" in these brusque days. We will not discuss the question whether "Sir" was at one time addressed only to Knights, and at another time to argymen; but we notice the fact that was applied indifferently to male and female, as when Philaster in Beaumont's play addressed Arethusa and phrasia, "Sirs, feel my pulse, whether you have known a man in a re equal tune to die."

We are sorry that this slight token respect for the dignity or the almondsommed beauty of advanced age is being away. But when mannish young women are without decent courtesy to their mothers or the friends of their mothers, why should young men be expected to consider those above 50 as anything but "doddering old pots"?

This story is from a London newspaper: "At one of the rehearsals of 'The Merchant of Venice' at the Lyceum, a 'super' was watching Sir Henry Irving, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Sir Alexander MacKenzie, who were talking either in the middle of the stage, or in the 'bloomin' knights!' he remarked, 'that's just about as long as the play will run.'"

Yesterday was Midsummer Day, the last day of St. John the Baptist, the anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn. Wretched indeed was he who did not consolation and comfort in deriving at least one of these things, in Midsummer Eve there is found under the Mugwort a coal which, carried in a pocket or on a string, or in a sleeve or hat, keeps the owner free from plague, carbuncle, lightning, quartan fever, burning and other ills and ailments. Witches were maliciously active yesterday. In Ireland there was dancing round fires, and we cry to thee!—and sons and daughters and cattle were passed through the fire with religious solemnity. If you gathered fern seed on Midsummer Eve you will be invulnerable, and you will hear spirits whisper by your ears.

Listen to the learned Levinus Lemmon: "Some by a superstition of the

Gentiles fall down before the image of St. John and hope to be thus freed from the epileps; and they are further persuaded that if they can but gently go unto this Saint's shrine, and not cry out disorderly, or hollow like madmen when they go, then they shall be a whole year free from this disease; but if they attempt to bite with their teeth the Saint's head they go to kisses and to revile him, then they shall be troubled with this disease every month, which commonly comes with the course of the moon, yet extream jinglings and frauds are wont to be concealed under this matter."

The masses, yes, I saw the masses, and I fed with them in their huge intellectual style. The air was filled with lines of the most inconceivable flags, lines upon lines of pale yellow, and there were glass cases filled with pickle bottles, and there were piles of ropes and a machine in motion, and in nooks there were some dreadful lay figures, and written underneath them "Indian corn-seller," "Indian fish-seller." And there was the Prince of Wales on horseback, three times larger than life; and there were stuffed deer upon a rock, and a Polar bear, and the Marquis of Lorne underneath. There were oceans of tea, and thousands of rolls of butter, and in the gardens the band played "Thine Alone" and "Mine Again." It seemed as if all the back-kitchens and staircases in England had that day been emptied out—like tattered housewives, girls grown stout on porter, pretty-faced babies, heavy-handed fathers, whistling boys in their sloppy clothes, and attitudes curiously evidencing an odious domesticity.

The influence of the Elevated Railway over the carriage and the manners of Bostonians is already noticeable. Men and women walk faster in the streets. Like Hester in Charles Lamb's poem they have a springy motion in their gait. It is as though a voice were booming: "Step lively there! Step up lively!"

It is a question whether such unnatural animation is good for heart or nerves. It surely will not better manners, and the street manners of the Bostonian have long been infamous. Few have ever acquired the art of keeping to the right, or giving way to a woman. And one of the chief amusements of the native Bostonian in the street is to tread on the heels of the unfortunate before him and elbow viciously the one passing by.

Nearly 50 years ago Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland wrote an essay on the sadness of cities—"the Hamburg sadness which is that of jerked beef; and that of Bologna, which arises from walking through endless arcades and from lunching on great sausages." To Leland the Bostonian sadness was "commercial-literary," the New Yorkian was "faro-commercial," while the Philadelphian was "peculiar in being without a peculiarity." It moved silently, divined unutterable things within itself, behaved decently—"a very comme-il-faut sort of sadness, which presenteth many solid points of social comfort."

If there is a Bostonian sadness today it is without a literary flavor, for Boston as a literary centre exists only in the feverish fancy of some remote dwellers in Terre Haute or Topeka. There is a sadness such as Old Chimes and his co-mates may well experience, the sadness of recollection, the sadness of those remembering leisurely walks, clean pavements whose bowels were not rudely broken into every summer, horse cars of little noise and no pretension of accommodating everybody; remembering, as we say, the "sweet security of the streets."

Will some constant church-goer tell us whether in his opinion the rush for end-seats in street cars leads to similar rushing for end-seats in pews of a Sunday?

In our younger days the head of the pew in the old country church was a position of honor, not unlike that of Moderator at town meeting. The pew itself was high, the seat was narrow, and there were crickets for the relief of the short-legged. The father of the family sat at the head, next the door, which he bolted after he had made his much-admired entrance. There he sat, as though he had barred Satan out. The Flend might go about and roar in the broad aisle, he might sneak into some careless neighbor's pew, he might even squirm up a pulpit pillar, but he could not disturb the worshiper at the head with his hair thoroughly slushed with scented grease, with one arm thrown gracefully over the door, and with one eye on his rebellious older son, the prickliest dart in the quiver of the righteous.

And if some stranger craved admission, the head of the family and the pew arose, went out into the aisle, and waved him to a seat in the middle. We have seen a stranger bow and sit rigidly in the patriarchal seat. We remember now the awful scene. Im-

pudent and reckless as any healthy boy of eight or nine, we were frozen even unto our swinging legs. For over our sire—the tragic occasion demands a poetic word—came a passionate look that would have become Oedipus or Thyestes.

The seat at the other end of the pew was claimed by the mother in the absence of the grandmother. In either of these seats a fairly healthy person could endure the service, which began at 10.30 A. M. and lasted often till 12.15, after which the children were obliged to go to Sunday School. And these poor children were aching in every limb by 11.45. Do you think this is merely superficial reminiscence, to fill out a paragraph of "newspaper exaggeration"? We answer with Walt Whitman: "I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there."

Once more does our valued correspondent X. X. X. come to the charge.

Boston, June 22, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Indeed, we have a grammarless language. Our language is well enough, but it has not pleased anybody to ascertain the laws of pronunciation, evolution and construction applicable to the language commonly used by our people. The English of the Common Prayer book and the King James Bible, of Abraham Lincoln and our folk speech is simple enough, not without beauty, altogether noble and certainly intelligible; but scholars have never told us what the laws of this great language are. Rather than teach bad grammar and wrong prosody, our public schools are right in rejecting all printed grammars of English. Greek and Latin are well in hand, having had the benefit of scholarly study for two thousand years; but our mother tongue has been shockingly neglected, almost justifying the belief that the language we use is without form, rather lawless, not void, but unintelligible or incomprehensible as far as its grammar and scientific laws are concerned. Of course, the laws of English are as regular and immutable and uniform as those of the planetary system, only it has not pleased scholarly men to study and discover these laws, the pursuit of bugs, prehistoric fossils, Assyrian art, and sociology being preferred, for the possible reason that a law in our daily speech is readily tested, while almost anything may be said in sociology without subjecting the author to reasonable tests. If schools and professors will leave the dogmatic study of English alone, cannot scholarly men begin to study the actual facts and laws of the language we speak? We may gather the obvious facts, and in due course we may get at the underlying principle. So far, the mere facts have not been gathered, and the use of the term "grammar school" is a fair illustration.

X. X. X.

There was once a Mrs. Goldsworthy, wife of the English Consul at Leghorn, and it was she that exclaimed when she was learning Italian by grammar, "Oh! give me a language in which there are no verbs!" for she concluded that, as she had not learnt her own language by grammar, there were no verbs in English.

The petty parallelograms of life

Spoil it: the terrible right angle tyrannises.

We shrink from curves. Look at our doors and windows,

And small, straight, ugly garden plots. I wonder

The curves of trees and girls are not abolished.

We saw yesterday morning at a quarter of nine a cow at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Boylston Street. It was a pleasant sight, for the animal was serene, nor did it fear car or policeman. Possibly it was going to pasture in the Back Bay Fens. Possibly it was journeying to Brighton, for its pace was stately, and the Greeks and Romans believed that animals devoted to sacrifice walked toward the altar with a nobler gait than when they were on grass. And this cow was happy, ruminative; for she felt under her feet the familiar, dusty country road, aye, even in the boasting city.

Another act in a most familiar comedy. The hero is a man of amiable intentions and pliant spine. He craves the smiles of his fellow-townsmen, the characterization "Oh, he's a splendid fellow; he'll do anything for you." He therefore steals money from the bank of which he is an officer and by some curious misunderstanding is sent to jail. The life in jail soon loses its novelty, and the prison fare is hardly to his taste, although he had often eaten at a railway restaurant. At the end of a year prominent citizens, the prosecuting attorney, several physicians, all tell the Governor of the State that the prisoner is not enjoying himself and that his health may suffer unless he be at once set free. The old family clergyman makes an effective entrance and

reads a letter in which he extols the character of the gentleman who is doing the State some slight service. The Governor pardons—trombones and red fire—and there is an apotheosis, with the prisoner in a frock-coat and plug hat, loosed from his bonds and looking toward an honorable political office, say, something in the Treasurer's department.

The record of the performances of the School Committee Tuesday evening was interesting reading. School books should be changed at least once in seven years, as the wise serpent changes his skin. No geography should be used unless it names as the capital of Vermont, "Montpelier on the Onion." Many geographers say merely "Montpelier."

Our own choice of a Reader would be the "National Reader" compiled by John Pierpont, which was introduced into the Boston schools in 1829 when it drove out "Murray's English Reader." And how long ago was "the National" driven out by some scheming publisher and his paid agents? Would that the boys and girls of today were familiar with "Attention and Industry rewarded," a story of a rich husbandman and his sons Moses and Edmund; with that beautiful poem, "Fall of Tecumseh," which begins:

What heavy-hoofed coursers the wilderness roam,

To the war-blast indignantly tramping?

Their mouths are all white, as if frosted with foam,

The steel bit impatiently champing.

And what golden thoughts are communicated by Messrs. T. Flint and M. Flint, by the Trenton Emporium and Mr. Vicesimus Knox!

We know no better geography than "Geography made easy" by the late Jedidiah Morse, D. D., minister of the congregation in Charlestown, near Boston. There are several editions; perhaps the best for modern use is that published in May, 1796.

Some may quote that dreadful phrase: "But it is not up to date." Remember, however, what John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, says in "A Declaration of Christ and his Office": "The Geographus conceiveth and comprehendeth all the world in his head."

It is true that Hooper was burned alive near his own cathedral on account of some heated theological dispute, but this personal accident does not impair the weight of his judgment.

Truly this book of Dr. Morse is a mine of information. Thus the learned man speaking of Louisiana and East and West Florida as Spanish dominions in North America, bursts out (p. 26): "We cannot but anticipate the period, as not far distant, when the American Empire will comprehend millions of souls west of the Mississippi. Judging upon probable grounds, the Mississippi was never designed as the western boundary of the American Empire. The God of nature never intended that some of the best parts of his earth should be inhabited by the subjects of a monarch 4000 miles from them." We also learn that in 1781 there were exported from Saint Petersburg 27,416 pud of ox bones and 148,099 pud of red leather.

The Rev. Dr. Morse praises highly the schools of Boston and "the enlightened citizens of the town." These schools "are all under the immediate care of a committee of 21 gentlemen, whose duty it is 'to visit the schools at least once in three months; to examine the scholars in the various branches in which they are taught, to devise the best methods for the instruction and government of the schools, to give such advice to the masters as they shall think expedient, and by all proper methods to excite in children a laudable ambition to excel in a virtuous, amiable deportment, and in every branch of useful knowledge.'"

We have received the following letter:

Boston, June 25, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I should like to warn your readers against umbrella thieves. This afternoon I took a Chestnut Hill car and sat on the front seat. As I had several bundles, I put my umbrella over by my left side, so that it was leaning against the seat. Just beyond it and at the end was a well-dressed, highly respectable looking young woman. We two were the only ones on that seat. She got out at the Boylston Street Station and I thought at the time that she hurried needlessly on a hot day. When I came to get out at Park Street I found that my umbrella had disappeared. I do not like to think that the woman took it; but the umbrella, although good and new, had no wings.

I. H. B.

We spoke last week of Miss Louise Pagette, who appeared at the Ambassadeurs, Paris, with a bolero that cost \$300,000, for it "bleezed with precious minerals." We now learn that she made her first appearance in Paris three years ago, and "immediately decided

that man really was necessary, and traveled." By hard study during those three years, she made at least \$500,000.

We saw yesterday in a main street the sign "Dental Depot." It hung directly over a candy shop.

The ordinary biographer is a honey-dauber, whose first duty is to make things pleasant for the widow, children, relatives and friends. Would that more were like John Aubrey! Here is a paragraph from his sketch of Sir John Birkenhead, Kt.: "He was exceedingly confident, witty, not very grateful to his benefactors, would lye dominably. He was of middling stature, great goggle eyes, not of a sweet aspect."

When you are old, a decade makes no difference.

Eighty and ninety I consider synonyms: I have begun to count my age by centuries.

The important fact is telegraphed all the way from Newport, R. I., that Duncan Elliot and his former wife met on Bellevue Avenue for the first time since their divorce. "Neither gave the slightest look of recognition."

What would the reporter have had them do? Take exercise after dark and in side streets?

Would he have had her, Sallie Hargous, wink knowingly and burst into song with "Just tell them that you saw me?" Or is he a sentimentalist and would he have been moved if the former husband had patted his heart with his left hand and pawed the air with his right, and exclaimed in clear, bell-like tones, "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?"

"Neither gave the slightest look of recognition." Not even a sly look as of one who should say: "I'm on to you." It promises to be a dull season in Newport.

Good enough, Morgan, during Commencement week.

The late Thomas W. Ball of Jersey City was the first, they say, to use steel wire in the manufacture of umbrella ribs and stretchers in this country. And he died without telling why a rib in a new umbrella will suddenly snap and punch a hole through the cover, although the umbrella is apparently well disposed and quiet in your hand. This behavior of an umbrella reminds us of the singular performance of a trusty shoe the first day of hot weather—but of this we shall speak later.

Mr. Charles M. S. McLellan, formerly of Town Topics, says that he prefers a permanent home in England because he cannot stand the "American hurly-burly." He admires "the brilliant electric light signs" in the United States, and he is "cognizant of the resistless energy"—possibly he refers to cable cars—but he cannot stand the pace. He should not judge the United States by the New York Casino, in which he worked faithfully and well. There are quiet towns in this old Commonwealth—as Dover and Boston. There was a time when this brilliant man appreciated the quiet of this city, but it was some years ago, before the citizens and citizenesses were ordered to "step up lively." We remember his saying that the height of his ambition was to have a comfortable house in Longwood, with a safe white horse and a carryall—a horse that would lend himself gracefully to the ornament of asparagus boughs in fly-time.

Certain Americans who are more anxious about social position than curious in matters of wine are making bids for Victoria's sherry, which is sold at auction in London. We read that "an unnamed leading member of New York society" has cabled his wish to raise the limit.

The late Queen, an estimable woman, was not famous for her nice taste in wines. It was a common reproach that she preferred strong waters, such as whisky and gin; but perhaps report flattened her.

Royal cellars have often heard the hammer of the auctioneer, but the one in England which probably attracted the most attention was the snuff cellar of George IV.

The New York Sun mentions the case of Master Paul Cowles, son of Mr. P. W. Cowles of Bolivar, N. Y. The boy suffers from alopecia, "a disease which causes the hair on the head to disappear." The hair specialist says the baldness was occasioned by fright. This accounts for the baldness of sitters in front seats at musical farces, ballets and variety shows.

The Sun says that alopecia is "exceedingly rare," and that a year long treatment will be required to restore the natural growth of the hair. We do not believe that the Sun ever made such a statement as the result of inde-

pendent investigation. We see and hear the hair specialist behind the printed declaration.

Let us consult Dr. Murray's gigantic work, The Oxford English Dictionary. Alopecia, from a Greek word which means "fox-mange," also baldness in man, is merely a medical term for baldness. Trevisa (1398) is quoted: "By that euyll callyd Alopecino nourryshynge of heer is corrupte and fayllyth, and the fore party of the heed is bare, suche men fare as foxes." Late in the 16th century Lloyd gave this recipe: "Burne the heade of a great Ratte and myngle it wyth the droppynge of a Beare or of a hogge and anointe the heade, it healeth the disease called Alopecia." In 1862 we find H. Macmillan saying: "Alopecia or baldness is much more common now than it used to be."

The ancients knew alopecia, they knew it very well. Thus Paulus Aegineta begins the third book of his immortal work with a section, "On affections of the Hair, Alopecia, Ophiasis, and Baldness." Do you exclaim merrily, "Ha! Ha! Your Dr. Murray defines alopecia as a synonym of baldness?" Listen, O nolsy scoffer, to Paulus Aegineta and hang low your mocking head. "Baldness is occasioned by want of the natural juices, and alopecia and ophiasis by the badness of them. These complaints differ only in figure; for, in the latter, the affected part has the appearance of a serpent; and alopecia derives its appellation from the circumstance of foxes being frequently subject to the affection."

And many remedies are given which we commend freely to the unhappy father in Bolivar, N. Y. Here is a moderate prescription: "Having first cleansed the part with soda, and scrubbed it with a rough cloth, more particularly a woolen cloth, and continued the friction until it become red, anoint it with vervain pounded with vinegar in the sun." A more heroic remedy is this: "Of the root of mandragora, of birthwort, of the root of wake-robin, of wax, of liquid pitch, oz.vij; of swine's seam not salted, of the heart of the herb nerium a little; boil the seam and the nerium until the herb be softened; then strain and throw away the herb, and add to the axunge the other ingredients, and boil. Add the wax and the liquid pitch, and use boldly in the sun. When the ulcers are cicatrized, burn the head of a fox, take alcyonium, the leaves of the black alkanet, and having pounded all together, sprinkle upon the ointment." On the other hand, Pliny, Samonius, Marcellus Empericus and other men of authority speak highly of bear's grease.

They that are interested in English slang, which sometimes makes its way across the Atlantic, will learn with pleasure that in Birmingham the 'Arry and the 'Arrlet are Peakys. The Peakys are divided into three classes: the Peaky, the Peaky Blinder, and the Peaky Perisher, who is own brother of the London Hooligan. But what is the Peaky Blinder?

The lady of the Future, who can paint?
She will not be a sinner or a saint,
Will not overflow with Ritualistic bile,
Or imitate too closely Phryne's style.
Who cares for either of them, first or last,
The girl who fasts, the girl who is rather fast?

O to bring back the great Homeric time,
The simple manners and the deeds sublime:
When the wise Wanderer often foiled by Fate,

Through the long furrow drove the plowshare straight,
When Nausicaa, lovely as a dream,
Washed royal raiment in the shining stream!

Miss Eustacia tells us that her friend Laetitia has had trouble in her household. Ingrid, the ideal maid, developed a strange reluctance to appear in the kitchen at an early hour. She listened sweetly to remonstrance and entreaty, but would not make the fire before 7.15. Laetitia finally said: "Ingrid, wouldn't you like a nice alarm clock?"

"Oh, I don't mind."

"But, pray, what time did you get up at your last place?"

"Mr. Henderson, he always called me, he used to get up early; he rapped on my door at about a quarter of seven."

Miss Eustacia said: "It seems incredible, but that foolish fellow George insisted on going down four stories to the servants' floor to awaken that lazy girl. Laetitia for once was firm. What an idiot her husband is! I suppose he would have awakened her with the strains of a lute or would have softened his voice so as not to startle her. I can hear him purring, 'Ingrid? Ingrid? Don't you think you had better get up?' I thought Uncle Chlmes would have laughed himself into a fit when Laetitia told us about it. Uncle is curious, by the way, to see Ingrid."

"But that was not all. Would you believe it, George seriously proposed

that Ingrid should sit at the table during this hot weather and while the house was in confusion, for they go to the country Saturday. He said that she looked cool and clean, that she had excellent table manners—I wonder how he knew: he must have peeked at her through a kitchen door—that she was much more of a lady than some of Laetitia's friends—possibly this was true!"—Miss Eustacia was warm and indignant, hence the use of the tack hammer. "He also said that this was a republic and that servants should not be made to feel that they were in a subordinate class; that some years ago in Vermont the help sat at table, and that he had seen the servants and hands, on a wine farm near Florence (Italy, not Massachusetts), sit down at dinner with owner, owner's family and guests, and that it was a beautiful, patriarchal sight."

"Laetitia for once was admirable. She did not storm, she did not even raise her voice. She simply said: 'But, George, dear, I do not think Ingrid would be comfortable. You know she does not understand much English—her vocabulary is limited—and she would lose the point of many of your jokes. Don't you think it would be better to wait until we both have mastered Swedish? I shall begin lessons next week, and in the fall I hope you will take a course in Sloyd. Then you can play with Ingrid on stormy winter evenings and not run the risk of catching cold by going to the club.'"

We can recommend "Garrity on Vulgarity." It is a standard work.

We have received the following letter: Boston, June 27, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
I see you have stirred up an old topic, "The End Seat in the Pew." Like many of our customs that grew out of a necessity, for example, the buttons on the sleeves of a man's coat are there because Frederick the Great's soldiers, lacking handkerchiefs, were accustomed to wipe their noses on their sleeves; as this was injurious to the well looking of the garment, Frederick had rows of buttons sewed on that spot, which, of course, roughened it too much for their noses. In time the tailor took off some of the rows and crowded the rest over toward the seam—but I was going to tell you that the man sits in the End Seat because in Indian times in the colonies the church-going people carried their guns with them (now they carry knives in their minds)—so that they were always ready to resist an attack from the sinful disturbers of the meeting called Indians (we call 'em Indians now who are inclined to disturb the peace of the neighborhood)—so, sitting on the end of the pew the man could grab his gun and run to respond to the war whoop. In this respect we have grown more tolerant, and the man at the end of the pew doesn't run out when there is evidence of a hell-raising in the pulpit.

There is an interesting side to the custom, the time when the boy gets old enough to occupy his father's place in the absence of that worthy. I remember how proud I felt when I first could sit there, don't you? Or were you not accustomed to go to meeting when you was old enough to sit in your father's place? But does not your simple heart conjure for you pictures of the incident and the sweet look of pride on the face of the mother when she sees her boy, acting in his father's place, stand in the aisle at the pew door and wait for her to take her place of honor—the opposite end of the pew? J. B.

The American invasion of England continues in most surprising ways. The phrase "So long" has made its way. "They whisper it in Westminster, they murmur it in Mayfair, they shout it in Shoreditch, they bellow it in Battersea, and they pule it in Piccadilly." It is heard even in provincial towns, where some prefer it to "Well, toodle-oo."

Mr. Farmer boldly says that "So long" is "an English provincialism, commonly colloquial in Louisiana." Mr. A. F. Chamberlain says it is a Canadian expression, and he gives as a date 1880! But negroes at Washington, D. C., and further south have used it for years. "So Long" is the title of one of Walt Whitman's "Songs of Parting."

CHARLES SANTLEY, in his book of reminiscences entitled "Student and Singer," talks freely about his habits, and he discusses the question whether a singer should smoke.

He claims that smoking is an art that requires study and attention to make it useful. The artistic smoker should not spit; he should not chew the end of his cigar or the mouthpiece of his pipe; "he ought never to allow a drop of tobacco juice to pass beyond his lips." He should not puff for the

mere sake of sitting in a cloud, he should he constantly seek the mat box. "And above all he ought not go about the whole day long with pipe or cigar in his mouth, but confide himself to a moderate use of them. Santley believes that with attention these conditions any healthy human being may smoke with impunity a fine enjoyment, consolation and bene in tobacco."

Uncle George in the modern Rollo bo smoked on account of a cruel nervous disease. Santley took to smoking a preventative of indigestion and found it "a palliative more agreeable than ordinary medicine." He did not smoke during the working season until evening, after dinner, but when he sang a matinee he smoked a cigar after lunch. "I find it soothes the nerves and clears away cobwebs."

Santley adds: "I have never known great singer who did not smoke." I dwell upon the case of Marlo, the famous tenor, who was an incessant smoker.

Marlo! If he had never soothed with a tenor note, he would have been famous as a smoker. Wilbert Beale, who saw him constantly, never knew him without a cigar. "I have seen him take a sponge bath with a lighted cigar in his mouth while holding an enormous sponge with both hands over his head. This seems incredible, but remember Marlo was not a German tenor."

Marlo would smoke anything so long as it had any claim to be called tobacco. He smoked from 25 to 30 ordinary-size cigars a day, and in Italy he would smoke daily a hundred Cavours. He would fall asleep with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and he would light or as soon as he was awake. Once in Spain he was waiting his call, and he was dressed as Faust. He was rushing on the stage when a scene-shifter snatched a cigar from his lips, but before some of the audience had seen it. Marlo simply said: "After all, I'm sure if Faust had known what a good thing a cigar is, he would have smoked one himself." The Tsar Nicholas forbade about 1850 any smoking in the streets of St. Petersburg, for the house at that time were of wood. Marlo walked out a cold day with a cigar in his mouth, for he had the idea that his smoking prevented a chill. The Tsar went by. Marlo held the cigar so that the smoke might go up his sleeve. The Tsar stopped and talked of many things, and finally he said, "Look out, you are setting yourself on fire." The Tsar enjoyed his little joke and gave Marlo special permission to smoke in the streets or wherever he liked. The tenor, an extravagant man, was never so happy as when he was making presents of cigars to landlords, stage-hands, chorus singers, roughs in the street.

They say that smoking did Marlo no harm. Yet he had a sensitive throat that was susceptible to the least change of temperature. Beale writes: "I have been with him at the theatre when he has opened the window of his dressing room on a hot summer night, and leant out to smoke a cigar. He was in capital voice, and without a trace of hoarseness. After smoking for a few minutes he became, while speaking, suddenly so husky as to be almost unable to continue the opera in which he was singing."

Now let us consult the wisdom of the books written solemnly for the benefit of students.

"Le Chant" by Lemaire and Lavoix, the younger: "Tobacco should be rigorously forbidden, if the singer wishes to preserve all the qualities of his voice. Snuff irritates the mucous membrane; tobacco smoke attacks the coats of the back of the mouth and affects injuriously the pharynx."

"Ueber Saenger und Singen," by Victor Rokitsansky. This singer and teacher talks about the nonsense of tobacco loosening the phlegm to the advantage of the singer. A singer should not smoke at all. Inhaling is positively injurious. "If the singer has not enough will-power to control his passionate longing for tobacco, he should give way to his desire only in the open air."

Sir Morell Mackenzie: "Let the singer who wishes to keep in the 'perfect way' refrain from inhaling the smoke, and let him take it as an axiom that the man in whom tobacco increases the flow of saliva to any marked degree is not intended by nature to smoke. Let him be strictly moderate in indulgence—the precise limits each man must settle for himself—and he will get all the good effect of the soothing plant without the harm which lurks in it when used to excess."

"Der Gesangsartzt" is a short, practical treatise by Dr. Georg Avelis of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. "Smoking is always bad for the throat, and the more zealous and constant the practice the worse it is for the singer. Cigarettes are the most pernicious, especially when the smoke, after the Russian

Oriental manner, is inhaled and
flowed."
F. Avelis prohibits almonds and all
of nuts, all manner of smoked
and fish, sausages of every kind,
sharply spiced dishes—gulyaz, an-
ny paste, herrings, Italian salad;
stard, horseradish, onions, "mix-
es," all fruits in vinegar. Salad is
gerous, especially in summer, and
is eaten lemon should take the
of vinegar.

condemns bicycling because pleas-
begins with excess, and also be-
the inevitable dust is exceedingly
ious to the breathing apparatus.
attacks the corset as though he
a personal grievance against the
vine, nor does he hold it to be
a matter of bust measurement.
earnest words should be committed
emory and pondered by the young
-ican.

Avelis insists that a singer
ld prefer to be regarded as unsu-
and morose than as a favorite
is expected to sing in an unsuita-
room thick with perfume or to-
o smoke. "The singer has nothing
his voice. It is his trade, his fu-
his art, his livelihood. Every-
else is vain knowledge or sec-
ary accomplishment; knowledge of
ear, music, earriage, good looks,
ic, diction, action, etc. And if
singer should speak with the voice
angel and have no singing voice,
ther talents are as empty sounds."

have wandered far from the text.
cks as though the singer were de-
ed even from the enjoyment sung
Charles Lamb in his "Farewell to
eco."

nd a seat, too, "mongst the joys
the best Tobacco Boys;
here though I, by sour physician,
in debarred the full fruition
thy favors, I may catch
me collateral sweets, and snatch
delong odors, that give life
ke glances from a neighbor's wife;
and still live in the by-places
and the suburbs of thy graces;
and in thy borders take delight,
an unconquered Canaanite.

sical criticism has its constantly
ging formulas of expression, its
t. At present in England the critics
of singers as failing to hit the
re of the pitch.—Corinne, little
me, is rehearsing at London in
Toy." She will "star" through-
Europe.—Mr. Blackburn likens
a's trill to a light traveling toward
through a tunnel—"a light growing
and more intensely brilliant as
approaches."—"Lancelot" of the
claims that Isolde was "an uneasy-
ed damsel and a lady whom to
was inevitably to be led into awk-
situations."—Miss Alice Niel-
is talking a good deal in London.
ve to be alive and to play and to
If I please the people in front
please me, and so God bless us.
The reporter adds: "Miss Niel-
is emotional." We judge so from
speech: "And I like your London.
I like your London playgoer. He
o enthusiastic, and not only sees
points, but recognizes them. He is
afraid to applaud if your efforts
se him, and applause is the breath
ur souls. Rightly given it makes
ew people and stirs us to higher
greater things."—Busoni, accord-
to the Pall Mall Gazette, has a
er-tip touch, which at its lightest
nds one of the little snap
h a hyacinth gives when you
enly break its stalk." Yes,
at its heaviest it reminded you
he was in this country of the
of steel against iron.—Rosenthal
to play Schumann's piano concerto
the festival in dedication of the
mann Monument at Zwickau June
ut he had harsh words with Joa-
h, who was the conductor, and went
y, so the pianist was Luetschg.
nty-one designs for a statue to
ner in Berlin have been handed in.
committee consists of 25 judges.
bert's new comic opera will be en-
d "Der Improvisator."—Paderew-
s opera has been performed at
berg.—They say that Samuel
sseau will succeed Taffanel as con-
or of the Paris Conservatory con-
s.—The revival of Donizetti's
disire d'amore" by the Sembrich
pany delighted the Berliners be-
measure. Sembrich was applaud-
ed to the skies; the buffo Tavecchio was
ared a wonder, and the tenor Con-
tino was praised—in spots.—The
man music journals are discussing
all-important question as to wheth-
er the overture "Fidelio" should be
ed before a performance of that
ra, or whether the overture "Leo-
No. III. should be played before,
he middle or at the end.—A "cele-
ed" singer, Mrs. Schmalfeld-von
asel, who has settled in Berlin
teach there, says she has lived
several years in the United States.
Among the unfamiliar works per-
ned at the 37th Convention of the
man Music Societies at the begin-
g of this month Siegmund von

Hausegger's "Dionysische Fantasie"
was praised. The composer's models
are Wagner and Richard Strauss. A
sonata for violin and piano by Oscar
Posa of Vienna was declared worth-
less, and there was wonder why it was
put on the program. The composer
played badly the piano part. Otto Nau-
mann's orchestral scherzo "Junker
Uebermuth" is a comparatively unin-
teresting—others say piquant—piece in
the manner of Strauss's "Eulenspiegel"
and "Don Quixote." Orchestral pieces
by Suk of Bohemia and Sibelius of Fin-
land were criticised in widely differing
words.—Mr. Arthur Foote's violin
sonata was played at Bechstein Hall,
London, June 10 by Sigmund Beel and
Ada Wright.—Ferencz Hegedüs, a
violinist from Budapest, played for the
first time in London at "an informal re-
ception" June 11.

Madame Bordas, once a great music
hall celebrity in Paris, and the rival
of Theresa during the Second Empire
and for some time after its fall, has
died in her native place of Montoux,
in Southern Vauluse, where she was born
60 years ago. Her popularity and pre-
stige had at one time become so great
that the people usually called her La
Bordas. This mark of distinction was
accorded to her after her famous song,
"C'est la canaille, eh bien, j'en suis."
The ditty was composed by Bouvier,
the novelist, and by Darcier, one of the
purveyors of lyrics for music halls in
the old days. The "canaille" referred
to the contemptuous epithet used by
Prince Pierre Bonaparte toward the
common people after he had shot Vic-
tor Noir. La Bordas followed up this
by further popularity when she sang
"The Marseillaise" in the Tuilleries on
the fall of the empire in September,
1870. On the foundation of the repub-
lic, Madame Bordas devoted herself
more than ever to patriotic songs, and
finally retired from the music hall stage
after having amassed sufficient money
to enable her to live in comfort in
Algeria, whence she returned some
time since to her native province, where
she wanted to die. The fortune she
made was squandered by her husband,
a Provencal guitar player, who used
to ill-treat her, and from whom she was
divorced. After his death her former
manager allowed her a pension. Her
last days were spent close to the little
village church of Montoux, which she
diligently and gratuitously swept on
condition that her flag used in former
days should hang from the steeple on
the day of the national fete. She was
the first vocalist who publicly sang
"The Marseillaise."—The Era.

It would seem that in Rome nothing,
no matter how important, or, on the
other hand, how insignificant, can be
proposed and carried out without the
question of the relations between
church and State having to be taken
into consideration. Some months ago,
the popular Maestro, Ruggero Leon-
cavallo, the author of the "Boheme"
and the "Pagliacci," was commissioned
by the Government to compose the mass
for the first anniversary service for the
death of King Humbert, to be given in
the Church of the Pantheon, where his
body lies. The commission was ac-
cepted, and the mass is now ready, but
when talk of rehearsals began the
scene changed, and the obstacles put
in the way of its execution are so great,
that the Maestro has decided to give
up all idea of a public performance.
The difficulty lies in the fact that it is
a rule of the Vatican that no woman
may sing in the churches of Rome—a
fact overlooked by the composer, who
has put some very beautiful soprano
solos in his mass, which cannot be left
out or substituted without spoiling the
whole character of the work. The only
one who could remove the embargo is
the Pope, who refuses to do so, which
is perhaps not to be wondered at; but
he further refuses consent to have his
choir of male sopranos sing at such a
service. This removes the last hope.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Runciman wrote about Stanford's
"Much Ado About Nothing" in his let-
ter to the Musical Courier:

"The first act is preposterously long
—it lasts fifty minutes; and hardly any-
thing happens. The other acts are
shorter; but the music becomes more
and more casual as the thing goes on.
The libretto is a series of glaring ab-
surdities explained in the worst possi-
ble English. And the worst of the
worst is that the English is Shakes-
peare's English hopelessly distorted out
of all reasonable shape. I cannot take
the trouble to give examples of this—
to offer complete proof would involve
the printing of the whole book, and
then there would only be rows about
the copyright. Whether the librettist,
Julian Sturgis, a writer of panto-
mines, is entirely to blame for this I
should not care to say. But I suspect
that he is not; I suspect that Stanford
was keen on getting everything into
his libretto in the least calculated to
catch the public. There are 'Faust'
scenes in it, 'Romco et Juliette' scenes
in it, all sorts of scenes in it—all sorts
save an original sort. As the curtain
rises on each act we greet old friends;

we say, 'Here is so-and-so, and dear
old so-and-so, and all our ancient ac-
quaintances.' Dr. Stanford has set these
old friends to the old music slightly
varied. The opera is far too serious
and too long for a light opera; it is far
too light and casual for a short opera.
I cannot believe it will run at all. There
are pretty passages in it and amusing
passages; but they are few and far
between."

July 1, 1901

The rose remembers she must die
Before the swallows quit the eaves;
And that she may not be forgot
When winds are cold that now blow hot,
She sheds her sweets and grudges not
The falling of her velvet leaves
In July.

Well were it, love, that you and I
Should take example by the rose;
Sweet all her blossom-time, and sweet
When her heart opens to the fleet
June rain, and last, beneath our feet,
Sweet to the last, as when she glows
In July.

The mail has been heavy of late. It
is only fair to certain correspondents
to give them an outlet, although we
had proposed to discuss isopsephisms
and isopods, especially isopods or
sessile-eyed crustaceans with similarly
placed thoracic legs.

Boston, June 28, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
"Will some constant church-goer tell
us whether in his opinion the rush for
end seats in street cars leads to similar
rushing for end seats in pews of a
Sunday?"

I am now an inconstant church-goer,
but my memory easily carries me back
thirty-five years when I merited the
appellation, "Constant." In Church
Green, on Summer Street, I occupied
the end seat every Sunday, by com-
pulsion. On account of the size of my
family, we had two pews, and in the
front were seated the three youngest
of us. The object was to keep us
within sight, and me within reach, for
we were called by our aunt "three
rebels," and I fear I deserved the name.
I simply wish to remark that the end
seat of that pew was not rushed for,
or sought after, by any of us. It was
assigned me, but I would have cheer-
fully exchanged it for any other. It
was an easy matter to cuff the end
seater, when he was disturbing the
peace, without attracting very much
attention. The middle seater escaped
with an occasional cane punch, and the
inner seater would only get the strong
cold stare and the "wait till I get you
at home" look.

Sunday School was pulled off immedi-
ately after the morning service, and the
school consisted of my sister, Willie
P. and self, and after the service we
were lined up in the front pew for
instructions, etc. And this, too, is no
dream, but an actual fact.

Back of the minister hung heavy red
curtains, and therein hung the reason
for my close attention to the minister
during the first service I attended. My
elder brother had assured me that the
curtains would go up and the play
would begin after the minister was
through talking. I had seen in some
child's play the curtain "go up" at
the Museum, and therefore throughout
that first service I was all attention,
and was commended by the powers be-
hind my pew for good behavior.

LARJMORE G. BAXTER.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink, the impetuous,
tumultuous mezzo-soprano, kissed Mr.
Edward Mullehiz, a baggage master
of the Metropolitan Opera Company,
"squarely on the mouth." Those who
have seen this liberally framed and
upholstered singer believe easily that
her kiss lapped over a little.

A writer in Macmillan's Magazine
gives this example of "Epigram," as
found in modern novels:

"Ah!" said Lady Fitzclarence, "it is
easy for her to be good when—"

"When?" said he.

"When she has no inclination to be
wicked, or—"

"Or what?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter, but—"

"But?"

"Ah!"

The Duke of Manchester "reiterates"
that his failure was due to theatrical
speculations, and that he had not
gambled. But is not a play a gamble?
Except, of course, when it is a problem
play.

Hellebore is not one of the ingredi-
ents of switchel, that glorious drink
dear to the New England farmer. In
the case of mistaken brewing last week
death fortunately was not in the pot,
even although no meal was thrown
therein.

Now hellebore may be given with ad-
mirable results. Thus the learned phy-
sician Master Theodorus purged Gar-
gantua's brain by administering it, and
so cleansed him of all that he had
learned under his ancient preceptors.
Pliny tells us that summer is the best

time for administration of the drug,
and the patient should go without his
evening meal the previous day. "Per-
sons of a timorous disposition are rec-
ommended not to take it." The best
comes from Anticyra. It is a good
thing to have in the house, for mixed
with meal it kills rats and mice, and
the white hellebore is fatal to flies.
But be careful even when you put
hellebore into water with ginger or vin-
egar, for it sometimes induces convul-
sions. It is excellent for epilepsy,
melancholy, arthritis, dropsy, tooth-
ache, diseases of the ear, elephantiasis,
cachexia, paralysis. A good way to
take it is by inserting pieces of the
dried roots into perforated radishes, al-
lowing them to remain over night, and
then removing them. The radishes are
to be eaten with oxymel.

A Spanish correspondent points out
that while Spanish ladies on the Eng-
lish stage persistently smoke cigarettes
you seldom if ever see a woman in
Spain smoke at all. An Englishman com-
pares this stage-type to the English-
man of the French stage, with his
tweed traveling-cap, his red side-whis-
kers and his projecting teeth.

Beatty Kingston some years ago tried
to correct the popular error about Span-
ish women and tobacco. He found
the women far finer animals than their
lords and masters, and he added: "In
the first place, they do not smoke. It
is, I believe, vaguely believed in Eng-
land—I know it is in Germany—that
Spanish women are as keen on their
cigarettes as Spanish men. This, how-
ever, is not so. Cuban ereoles, and
women of Spanish extraction in South
America, blow, or rather inhale, their
'baccy' as freely as may be; but the
home-bred daughter of Iberia is as ab-
stinent in the matter of smoke as she
is ravenous in that of garlic."

July 2, 1901

Her parasol my lady brings
To screen the sunshine from her face,
A thing of slenderness and grace,
A fluttering of scarlet strings,
A dainty froth of silken things,
A whirl of ribbon and of lace,
Her parasol.

Her parasol is pink and white,
With strings of scarlet sweet to see,
As dainty as a thing could be
With bows and ribbons all bedight,
And though it screens her from the light,
Alas! It screens my light from me,
Her parasol.

The gallant officers of the English
navy are opposed to non-inflammable
wood. And why? Because the chemi-
cals in the wood of the cabin furni-
ture injure their uniforms, especially
the gold lace.

A Canadian Postmaster wrote to the
head office in his district as follows:

"Sur I wish to notify you that on
next Wednesday this office will be shet
as i am gone moose hunt. You kin
fire me if you see fit, but I'll give you
apinter that i'm the only man in the
nayborhood that kin rede and rite."

It is curious that a thing which is
alternately elevated and depressed
should be called an elevator.

We have received the following
strange communication:

Woods Hole, 24 June, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Fired by the success of one Parker in
the matter of the sale of certain lucky
boxes; animated by the spirit of Fran-
cis Truth, Divine Healer, and becom-
ing much interested in a certain amulet
or love token which I am given to
understand is for sale in Boston, I
have invented and propose to apply
for a patent for a small article which
I shall call the Scented Nickel of the
Himalayas. I am credibly informed by
the inventor that this love token, worn
according to directions, will cause vio-
lent love to spring up in the breasts
of much desired citizens or citizenesses,
as the case may be. I do not dare
wear one myself, for I am now be-
lieved of vast numbers, but I believe
thoroughly in the efficacy of the amulet
in question.

My own invention will presently be
on the market, and I write to ask
your opinion of it. This Sacred Scented
Nickel will be manufactured for me by
Ram Lal, the distinguished brass found-
er of the Himalayas. It is to be carried
in the pocket of those who desire to
ride either on the elevated trains or
the surface cars. It can be smelled
only by the conductors in uniform.
Scenting this, they will stop the cars
at once and wait patiently till the
owner of the scented nickel opens his
newspaper and becomes seated on the
end seat, which will be reserved by
contract with the manufacturers for
wearers of this charm.

Possession of this charm removes all
necessity of waving of hands and vio-
lent shoutings on the part of would-
be passengers. It will conduce much
toward quietness on the streets and
help to preserve the dignity of Bos-

tonians at large. My friend the Improved Patent Attorney is now preparing the papers in the case, and I hope soon to have the article on sale in suitable booths erected on the Charles Street Mall.

MICHAEL TABERSKI.

We knew that the Pall Mall Gazette would hear of the denunciation of the shameless behavior of our Museum of Fine Arts. The journal owned by Mr. Astor acknowledges that Boston "has evidently resolved to live up to its character for delicacy. The lady of the anecdote, who chastely draped the legs of her piano, no longer stands alone in her noble crusade against the 'altogether.' Has Mr. Crafts not turned away aghast from the Venus of Milo, that lady who stands in the Louvre without a vestige of a corset, though the manufacturers of those articles would readily supply one for the asking and the advertisement? He sees nothing for it but to close the museum altogether. We would suggest that he should lend his second-best frock coat and a pair of old trousers to the shameless Quilt-thrower, and cover the aggressive baldness of Julius Caesar with a discarded 'topper.' He would then be obeying the injunction to clothe the naked, and be able to produce at the same time some absolutely unique specimens of the converted heathen."

Mrs. J. R. Silver, who horsewhipped her husband in the Arena Restaurant—a most appropriate place—tells an interesting story of confirmation of suspicion. "My suspicions were confirmed when, in his sleep, Mr. Silver called by endearing terms the woman with whom I found him last night." Now this woman's name is Julia.

It was, indeed, a sad mistake on the part of Mr. Silver. Cassio was accused of a like blunder, but he was sleeping with Iago, not with Mrs. Cassio. A like blunder forms the climax of d'Annunzio's "L'Enfant du Volupté." We spoke of hellebore yesterday, and how it purges the brain and cleanses it so that a pupil starts afresh with a teacher. The drug might be used with advantage by leaky husbands who lead what is euphemistically called a double life.

Of course we hope that Mr. Silver is innocent of wrong doing. We all know how some absurd line of a song, some catch word will haunt the memory, escape the barrier of the teeth in director's meeting, at a funeral, or even at a solemn convention of Brownings. Let us speak from personal experience. There have been days, when our life went to the tune "I have a daughter, Julia." Then there is Herleck's charming "Night piece to Julia." Mr. Silver, who is undoubtedly a man of letters, may have been obsessed to the horror of his too suspicious wife.

The Pall Mall Gazette is moved to say: "In the hyperbolic criticism of the day, we have half a dozen Réjanes of home and American growth, even as there are a score of Bernhards and a handful who merely surpass Duse, all waiting for opportunities to outshine these stars."

Now Mrs. Kendal lately enumerated this list of qualities as necessary for a woman who seeks renown on the stage: "The face of a goddess, the strength of a lion, the figure of a Venus, the voice of a dove, the temper of an angel, the grace of a swan, the agility of an antelope—and the skin of a rhinoceros." And yet—and yet Mrs. Kendal has been fairly successful.

It is extraordinary how women, even those who complain most of being overworked, contrive to manufacture for themselves day by day some new and wholly unnecessary employment. My friend Bollaau, who has been married now some four or five years, often laments to me that he finds his morning's work sadly broken by his wife's incessant activity. "She has been ordered," he says, "as you know, not to exert herself, and what can I do? I am sitting in my study trying to write, and I hear her running up and down stairs. Shouting a warning, I again attempt to settle down. In a few moments I hear the sound of heavy furniture being lugged across the drawing room. With a muttered curse I dash upstairs, and find the poor girl sitting in a chair, panting but triumphant, having moved the piano to its fifth position in the last month. Of course I must stay and give my opinion, and probably there is a writing table or some bulky bookcase that requires alteration in order to conform with the new scheme. This morning, for some inscrutable reason, she would insist upon taking up the stair-carpet and laying it down again. Another day wasted for me! I am a poor man and must work, and it does not improve matters when she complains in the evening of a violent headache."

We were delighted to read of the outing of the Bunker Hill Cribbage Club. For cribbage is a noble game, loved by the serious, restless to the nervous, confidential and intimate when played by lovers. As Brathwait in his "Eng-

lish Gentleman" said over 250 years ago, "In games at Cards the Cribbage requires a recollected fancy." Nor have sports disdained it. In one of Goldsmith's comedies a character speaks of men "that would go 40 guineas on a game of cribbage."

But why "cribbage?" We do not know. The word appears in literature earlier than "crib" a set of cards.

The very tools of the game are restful and respectable. The board should be solid, heavy, massive. Cribbage is not cribbage when there is reckoning with paper and pencil or some pocket contrivance characterized as "handy." No, the board should be odoriferous with Eastern perfumes. The pegs should be stout, well-furnished warriors.

Mrs. Sarah Battle found the "nob" in cribbage superfluous and silly. She thought the game essentially vulgar; she could not bring her mouth to pronounce "Go," or "That's a go," nor would she ever take advantage of "two for his heels." And yet she gave her biographer a curious cribbage-board made of the finest Sienna marble.

"Two for his heels." "His heels," of course, is the knave—but how did the phrase come into the language?

J. B. writes: "I was remarking to a friend on the vacant houses which line Beacon Street, Commonwealth Avenue and other streets that are in the district of the rich. 'Yes,' he answered, 'it is another instance of the truth of the old adage, Them that has, gets.'"

A correspondent from Christiania says that there is no permanent hope for Ibsen, who understands that his life is only a question of months. "Ibsen is facing the inevitable with a beautiful resignation. The outward symptoms of collapse are a halting speech, and at times an inability to express his wishes or directions even in writing. Now and then he can go out in an open carriage, but the frequent demonstrations of respect tendered to him cause so much irritation that he has sometimes turned back, refusing to go out again that day. More than a thousand letters and telegrams of sympathy have reached him from all parts of the world."

"In a little Western town the other day the most popular citizen soundly whipped a tough character, and to vindicate the majesty of the law the offender was brought up for trial. The jury were out about two minutes. 'Well,' said the Judge, 'what have the jury to say?' 'May it please the Court,' responded the foreman, 'we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of hittin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze; and he done it.'—Argonaut.

Sir George Warrender's death recalls curious rules of the Nulli Secundus Club, of which he was a member. This club was founded in 1783; the number of members was 14, who were to dine together once a month till the King's birthday, June 4, and then adjourn till the Queen's birthday in January. The dinner then cost five shillings a head. It was served at 5 o'clock and the bill was brought at 9. We wish to emphasize the fact that there were regulations concerning costume. The members dined in dark blue coats with 10 silver engraved buttons arranged picturesquely, white kerseymere waistcoats and black breeches. Any departure from this costume cost the offender a guinea. In 1828 the price of the dinner was raised to 15 shillings, but there were only three dinners a year. The costume was changed. The blue coat might be adorned with silver or silver-plated buttons, but a black velvet coat collar was de rigueur. The waistcoat was chosen according to the caprice of the wearer, who might sport black trousers, pantaloons or breeches. Any diner "improperly dressed" was fined a guinea.

Great Heavens, how could men eat and drink when clad in such a costume? No doubt the feast was pompous, heavy, black, indigestible, and the diners apoplectic toward the close. The Orientals are more civilized with their loose garments and flowing robes. A man eating turtle soup and at the same time conscious of tight boots is indeed a painful spectacle. Or how can one drink freely with relaxed throat when he wears a choker or a stock? Sir Toby Belch knew better. "These clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots, too."

Feller citizens, I haint got time to notis the growth of Ameriky from the time when the Mayflowers cum over in the Pilgrim brawt Plymouth Rock with him, but every skool boy nose our kareer has bin tremenjins.

Yes, and here is poetry for the day, original poetry which is published for the first time. The poem comes from St. Louis, and is in eight stanzas. The poet writes: "I have 50 new ones,

could send some along occasionally." We regret that we can publish today only the more striking verses of JULY.

July, the sweltering month,
The hottest of the year,
When "Old Sol" nearly roasts us
And seems the most severe.

'Tis the month of firecrackers
For little girls and boys,
And will let them fire away
Though they make such a noise.

One hundred five and twenty years,
Have now passed away,
Yet that decision our fathers made
Is standing here today.

July is not the fairest month
Nor hath she wealth of flowers,
But she hath seen far greater fame
And blest this land of ours.

VASSAR.

We have received several letters:
Boston, July 1, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

The expression "So Long" is nothing new in London. I heard it there 30 years ago, and have heard many British East Indians use it. I have supposed it was a corruption of "Salaam." Please investigate further.

I well remember once, when a small boy, preceding my father up the broad aisle, as was the wont, and finding a stranger in my father's seat. I squeezed by him, astonished and indignant, and turned to watch my sire, a ponderous man, not easily moved to wrath, and the soul of hospitality withal. With a portly gesture he motioned to the stranger to move along. The stranger pulled in his feet, and pulled up his knees, but kept his place. More gestures, till the stranger stepped into the aisle, and the two stood, each bowing the other into the pew. An audible explanation in church (meeting we called it then) was out of the question. Finally, my father, provoked beyond patience, took his seat, slammed the pew door to, reached over, and buttoned it. The stranger took the head of the pew next in front, kindly ceded by the proprietor. How proud I was of my father! and how I despised the little man, our neighbor! He was a Democrat in those old abolition days, and I had already heard my father speak of him as a "lick spittle." Yet he was not devoid of courage, for he once walked out of meeting in the middle of a sermon.

W. B.

Our authority for the statement that "So Long" was invading England is Mr. George R. Sims, playwright, poet, journalist, "Dagonet" of the Referee, a man that knows well his London and her popular speech. It is Mr. Sims, by the way, who tells this story:

"I was at Hampton Court last Sunday. German, American and French were the principal languages spoken. I overheard an American explaining things to his wife. 'This,' he said, 'was Wolsey's palace.' 'Indeed,' replied the lady, 'then I suppose Roberts has got it now.'"

And here is another letter:

Boston, July 1, 1901.

Dear Daily Talker—I find in the July Bookman, page 411, this editorial remark:

"The word 'none,' which an educated man never pronounces 'nun.'"

Cold shivers ran down my back despite the thermometer (and other things) at Thompson's Spa, when I think how often I have writ myself down un-"educated" by this dictum.

You are educated, you know everything; tell me, for my future guidance, how I should speak this word so as to appear "educated," and save the reputation which I appear to have endangered by relying on usage and those un-"educated" things called dictionaries.

T. flatters us. We are only semi-educated, half-baked, and our only knowledge is of things unimportant, unsalable. Our "knowledge" is a miscellaneous stock of useless information. At the same time, Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary (1791) gives "nun" as the pronunciation of "none." We cite this as an example of pronunciation in the 18th century.

And now we quote from Richard Grant White's "Every-Day English," p. 28.

"As to 'none,' not only is it often pronounced like 'nun' in New England (that being its pronunciation by the best English speakers), but, unless I am in error, the number of educated New Englanders who give it any other sound, or (remembering the speech of people elderly in my youth, I do not hesitate to say) who for fifty years and more have given it any other sound, is very small indeed; so small that they have escaped my observation entirely, although I have been led to believe that my sensitiveness to sounds is somewhat more than usually delicate."

Some Frenchmen won lately at Long-

champs, and they were so pleased that they bought a monkey and took him with them to a café. But on their way they stopped at another café—for the pernicious habit of taking drinks between drinks is not confined to the United States. They gave the monkey his first drink of absinthe. In a moment he was gay, and he became so absurdly gay that when they sat down in the restaurant they tied him to a leg of the table. There the monkey excited the wonder of even the hardened soaker; for he broke the cord that was checking his natural flow of amiability, smashed the dinner service, broke the wine bottles, and everything was soon a-whizzing under his supervision. The monkey was gay even in the police court, much more gay than the landlord, who was not wholly consoled when the owners presented him with the amusing beast.

July 5, 1901.

And in this city of Sybaris the luxury reached its greatest height. For all noisy trades were banished, such as those of brass workers, blacksmiths and the like, so that one might enjoy sleep without any vexation, in whatever quarter he might be. Not even a cock was allowed in the town. And they used to banquet perpetually night and day.

We passed a noiseless Fourth in Hushville. No electric cars whizz and bang through dusty streets. The houses are without bells and speaking tubes. The village is seven miles from any railway. There are no whooping milkmen, no piano-organs, no hucksters, no factory with inexorable whistle and sky-defacing chimney. The dogs even are fed on slippery elm bark. The clouds are as bales of cotton. Men, women and children all attended, some time ago, the funeral of Mr. Noise, who moved from the city, but was lonely, neglected, then looked at skew-eyed, so that he was compelled to sicken and die.

This Fourth was, indeed, restful. The night before was not made hideous by the people, ah, the people, they that dwell up in the steeple. There were no cannon, no firecrackers, no torpedoes, no explosives or explosions of any kind. The horns of the wicked were cut off. There was peace and there was sleep until the sun arose and, like a diligent serving-maid, prepared for the arising of others.

The Fourth of July oration was delivered in pantomime to a few who were deaf and dumb and with none the less effect.

There were cool dishes and quiet drinks. There was no screaming punch, no arrogantly popping wine. The drinks were restful to the eye, soothing to the stomach, persuading sleep. Nor was there any preparation of liquid fireworks.

There were no hurrah, be-bannered excursions. Patriotism was in the heart rather than in the mouth. And at night there were fireworks, beautiful for their grace and repose. Rockets ascended, it is true, but they were without vulgar swill-s-s-s-n-n; nor did they crack as a coarse eater makes noises with his mouth. Pin wheels were as noiseless as a peacock's tail. Truly, a pleasant holiday.

We have received the following letter:
Brookline, June 29, 1901.

Editor of the "Talk of the Day":

I have read with deepest interest your reference to the late Col. Bowie of bowie knife fame, and find, according to my source of information, that you have not all the facts nor the correct ones.

The bowie knife was the product of two brothers, Rezin P. and James Bowie. It was made by Rezin P. out of a blacksmith's rasp, and the blade was nine inches long; the entire length of the weapon, including the handle, was fifteen inches. Rezin Bowie gave it to his brother James, and told him that it was "strong and of admirable temper. It is more trustworthy in the hands of a strong man than a pistol, for it will not snap. Crane and Wright are both your enemies; they are from Maryland, the birthplace of our ancestors, and are as brave as you are, but not so cool. They are both inferior in strength to yourself, and therefore not your equals in a close fight. They are both dangerous; but Wright the most so. Keep the knife always with you. It will be your friend in the last resort, and in a last resort may save your life."

It was in a terrible conflict on the sand bar at Natchez that the knife did its work in behalf of James Bowie and ended the days of Maj. Wright. The Major attacked Bowie with a sword-bone, which, striking on Bowie's breast bone, bent, and went round the rib. Bowie then seized Wright and fell, pulling him down on top of him, where he held him. Then he said, "Now, Major, you die!" and plunged the famous knife into his heart, killing him instantly.

After this battle Rezin P. Bowie carried the knife to Philadelphia, where

made was remodeled, and after that
mes Bowie used it in nineteen
emiers, and in more peaceful days
ssented it to Edwin Forrest. J. B.

Many stories have been told about
l. Bowie and his invention of the
mous knife. The one we published
ne 22, we have every reason to be-
ve. Is the true one. The one re-
red to by our correspondent is a
wspaper yarn that is suspiciously
cumstantial and melodramatic in the
art. Wright was not stuck in the
urt, but in the neck. Bowie himself
now almost a legendary character,
d his death at Alamo was worthy
Homer or Dumas.

It is a pity that Burton died before
had finished his "Book of the
ord." Part II. was sketched—the
manance of the Sword—but Part I., a
lume of 280 large pages, tells chiefly
ancient weapons. The only allusion
Bowie's tool is a mention of the
wle-knife bayonet, "of which the
ashington Arsenal was once full, and
ich has been used even lately in the
ited States." ("The Book of the
ord" was published in 1884).

But Burton knew well the bowie-
ife. In his "City of the Saints" he
es at the beginning practical advice
travelers: "From the moment of
iving St. Jo. to the time of reaching
acerville or Sacramento the pistol
ould never be absent from a man's
ht side—remember it is handier there
an on the other—nor the bowie-
ife from his left."

Some claim that the bowie-knife is
agle-edged. We are told that this is
erivous error; that the true weapon
doubled-edged, with a horn handle,
d a curved blade 15 inches long and
inch and a quarter wide at the
it. Query: Is an Arkansas toothpick
pecies of this knife?

Dr. Holmes recognized that the
ife of the gallant Colonel was an
merican institution: "The American
wle-knife is the same tool (gladius)
dified to meet the daily wants of
ivilized society." And yet we meet it
bad company, as when George
ugusta Sala in a description of New
ork oyster cellars said, "Some are
w and disreputable enough, and not
passible to imputations of gouging,
wle-kniving and knuckle-dusting."
How was the bowie-knife worn? At
e belt, or at the back of the neck,
that one movement of the right arm
lled and delivered. Some wore it in
leg-boot, but this practice was not
proved by the judicious.

July 6 1901

HARVARD.

his twenty-first year.

ed Muse, put faded roses on thy brow,
thy bare arms about the harp, and sing:
I am a little bor'd with everything.
at the clos'd jealousies the mlangkas go:

ry are not beautiful; no Greek they know;
y go about and howl, and make a fuss;
eze through sad-shap'd eyelids languorous,
off from Ispahan where roses blow.

essors sit on lofty stools upcur'd,
ough Yankee noses drooping all day long;
and all these things quite ridiculous.

ore despls'd old age comes over us,
us step into the great world ere long.
shall be very grand in the great world!

Who wrote "The Book of Jade?" It
s little volume of poems which are
l of corpses, skeletons, tombs,
ormy questionings, toads, "coeru-
n serpents," "bestial alazonings" and
manner of surprising things.
asphy is the poet's preferred
ech, and he uses it as a precociously
rpt boy affects profanity. There is
hymn to the Pestilence, and once
least the poet drops into French.
The poem at the head of this column
lay is from "The Book of Jade,"
d we quote it, although we have not
e slightest idea what mlangkas are.
r dictionary stops unfortunately with
lap. We trust that mlangkas are
oper.

We are fearful, however: for this
et is often real devilish. He laughs
oud at all the virtues underneath the
ining sky;" he dances the tarantella
th the girls of Hokusai and is at
me in "tall Shanghai." A man of
bidden knowledge, and of strange
quaintances, for has he not heard
at Lucretia's lily fingers slapped
vacuously the face of Tarquin when
s conduct was most ungentelemanly?
And this book is a collection of
oes from songs of Baudelaire and
illinat and even F. S. Saltus.
As for the title, it is the title of
dith Gautier's first book, "Livres de
de."

There are a hundred and fifty va-
etes of jade, and the jade that is
phrite is supposed to act as an
odync. This book of jade is not
phrite.

There are women whose clock-work
urriedly put together by the manufac-
urer and regulated carelessly or in-
ingling fashion by relatives and
shands runs so that they appear
to men too fast.

"The Turkish customs authorities
forbid the entry of typewriters into
the country." But would not the im-
portation of typewriters into Turkey
be a case of carrying coals to New-
castle?

Mr. Shaw Sparrow does not believe
that a woman should be mannish in
art; pictures painted by women should
be "a composition of moral qualities,
a blending of feminine intuition, and a
delicate sense of womanhood, supple-
mented by an ignorance of all works
of art created by man. The female
artist has separate and peculiar ad-
vantages belonging to her woman
nature; why should she sacrifice these
inestimable virtues in trying to paint
like a man?"

A reviewer makes this reply—a cour-
teous extension of Mr. Burchell's
"Fudge!"

"The reason why women students
try to paint like men is to be found
in the fact that there are no great
pictures in existence painted by wo-
men. In following his methods she
does not necessarily ape a man, but
only a work of art which has no limita-
tions of sex. One might as well argue
that a man learning to sew or knit his
own stockings should acquire these
arts in careful avoidance of feminine
methods. The study of art is neither
a male nor a female pursuit. Its re-
sults will be conditioned by the char-
acter and individuality of the student.
If the student, after technical accom-
plishment has been attained, falls
through lack of individuality to ex-
press himself or herself, except in
terms of some other painter, the result
obviously is failure."

This is the anniversary of the death
(1711) of James, the Second Duke of
Queensberry. There is a singularly tra-
gic story of Queensberry House in Edin-
burg. His Grace's eldest son was an
idiot, enormously tall and a gluttonous
idiot. He was shut up in a ground
apartment, and boards darkened the
windows so that he might not look out
and might not be seen. One day—the
day the union was passed—the house-
hold went away with the exception of
the idiot, "Lord Drumlanrig," and a
kitchen boy who turned the spit. The
idiot broke loose. He smelled food and
went to the kitchen where the boy sat
by the fire. Him the eldest son of the
great Duke of Queensberry seized,
killed and spitted. The Duke and ser-
vants found the idiot devouring the
half-roasted body. Some say that the
wretch was smothered by his ducal
father, but, as a matter of fact, he sur-
vived his father, although the title
went to a younger brother.

A contributor to the Pall Mall Maga-
zine asked the best dressed woman of
his acquaintance, "How much does a
smart woman want to dress on?" (We
regret that she used such a vile phrase
as "smart woman.") She replied, "A
little more than she has got," which
is epigrammatic but vague. The con-
tributor thinks \$2500 or \$3000 an ample
allowance, and that \$1250 or \$1500 is
more than enough to waste on personal
adornment. "Fashionable women are
greatly encouraged to dress extrava-
gantly (and with many of our sex dress
is becoming a kind of mania) by the
gilded youths of smart society, one of
whom lately said to me that he liked
to 'trot his womenfolk out properly
girthed up, and new from head to foot.'
It is a mistake to suppose that this kind
of man does not encourage extravagance
in dress. A woman said to me last
week, 'It is only husbands who don't
notice things, and as they are inter-
ested beings they don't count.'"

The old English spirit lives. One
Englishman can thrash 10 Frenchmen.
Bonaparte should be spelled with a
"U," for he was a Corsican rascal, who
abjured his faith in Egypt in the hope
of conquering the East. We are re-
minded of this and many other things
by an editorial in the Era (London), an
editorial which is one long scold. The
subject is Rostand's "L'Aiglon."

The writer asks: "Is he (Rostand)
actually of opinion that the gifted but
pernicious little Corsican who died at
St. Helena is a fit subject for hero-
worship?" "The wise and firm Metter-
nich, the crazy little Duc, the inveterate
Bonapartist fanatic, Flambeau." The
writer will have nothing to do with
Flambeau—he will not even sit in the
same room with him. "This individual
represents the idealized type of the Na-
poleonic private soldier. That the orig-
inal could be found in a few of the
"crack" regiments is as true as is the
statement that the six-foot guardsmen
represent the average British army
in the imagination of the nursery maids
of Hyde Park. The later Napoleonic
armies were vast mobs, composed part-
ly of conscripts dragged from their
homes at the point of the bayonet—at
one time thousands had taken refuge
in the woods from the hated slavery—
and partly of troops of foreign national-
ities, pressed into service in a cause
which they and their legitimate rulers
detested."

Yes, indeed. And all the gunners in
the American Navy are Swedes, Poles,
Finns, Wagogos and Chinese. Few of

them speak English, and many are
driven to the guns by red-hot irons.
Wagram was not a victory for the
French. "As a matter of fact, it ex-
posed symptoms of the degeneration
which had already set in as a result of
Napoleon's methods and system."

July 7. 901

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I
have been much interested in
your remarks on the habits and
diets of singers. Is it not true
that many celebrated singers have tak-
en and now take certain drinks while
on the stage and during a perform-
ance?"

Yes, truly. It was the custom of
French opera managers of the 17th and
18th centuries to give to their singers
strong doses of coffee that the various
mythological characters might dilate
with the proper and the expected emo-
tions.

The great Garcia, who sang in New
York in 1825, gargled his throat with
tintilla di Rosa. One night as a drunk-
en Othello he nearly strangled his
daughter, Maria, the Malibran, as Des-
demona. Maria satisfied herself with
sardines dipped in Madeira; she also
drank half-and-half.

Cinti Damoreau drank coffee fortified
with rum, and in the last act she con-
sumed malaga with pale ale. She was
a most abstemious person, as was Do-
rus-Gras, who lived chiefly on mutton
and beans. (Teresina Stoltz ate enor-
mously of macaroni.) Messrs. Neu-
komm and d'Estrée claim that Patti
as a young girl was passionately ad-
dicted to champagne, and that she
boxed the ears of Ole Bull, because he
would not play Ganyemede. Schürmann,
the impresario, assures us that in later
years she drank preparation of cher-
ries, and occasionally with grotesque
results (see his "Les Etoiles en Voy-
age," pp. 27, 30.)

Joséphine Mainvielle-Foder was ad-
dicted to milk. During the siege of
Hamburg there was no cow in the town.
A sortie was improvised and a cow
captured. To keep the beast from hun-
gry mouths, it was hoisted by stage
machinery into a loft, where it was
cared for tenderly.

The majority of modern and cele-
brated singers are abstemious on and
away from the stage. One, like Sims
Reeves, may have some strange prepa-
ration of eggs and simples; another
may take a glass of stout; few drink
wine or spirits. And thus they return
to the wisdom of the ancients.

Cerone wrote a book that appeared
as if by stealth at the beginning of
the 17th century. He said that so-
pranos and altos should water wine,
"because pure wine drugs the voice
and robs it of acuity." Tenors and
basses if they were young, and espe-
cially in the spring of the year, were
advised to soften their wine a little,
"for unmixed wine heats the stomach
and makes the mouth dry and devoid of
sonority." Old singers may drink as
much as they please—and of course
they will be the most temperate, out-
wardly.

There is no need of quoting from the
works of other old singing masters or
theorists, for they advise like modera-
tion or in some cases abstinence. The
moderns are even more explicit.

Lemaire and Lavoix: "Never drink
strong liquor; wine taken in small
quantities, grog and some mild liquors
may serve as an excellent tonic."

Dr. Ségond approves of the wines of
the South of France; he objects to
liquors charged heavily with alcohol.

Stephen de La Madeleine quotes the
remark of Brouc that the voice is the
hygrometer of sobriety, and he argues
for temperance, that is twin sister of
abstinence. To him alcohol is the
sworn foe of the singer, who should
guard strenuously against indulgence
in a habit that induces neglect of work
and ruin of health.

Rokitansky is sure that beer or wine
in small quantity is safer for a singer
to take before going on the stage than
"nerve shattering coffee or tea;" but this
drink should never be habitual; it
should be taken only "in the hour of
necessity." Nor should a cold draught
be swallowed immediately after sing-
ing.

And what does Dr. Georg Avellis of
Frankfort say? He insists on at least
two rooms for a singer, two rooms near
the opera-house; he devotes much space
to the question, "Should a singer
wash?" and after remarks on clothing
and nasal douches, he comes to the sub-
ject—Alcohol. It should be shunned as

far as possible in every form. The more
concentrated the drink, the more poi-
sonous to the voice. (American singers
should therefore beware of cocktails.)
The worst drinks for singers are bran-
dy, Chartreuse, Benedictine, Tokay,
Malaga, Greek wines, and English ale.
The least objectionable are wines of the
country (being a German, he does not
here refer to whisky), white or red, di-
luted one-half with water. Pilsner beer
is not necessarily the weakest or least
harmful because it is clearest and

lightest in color. There may be more
alcohol in Pilsner than in a Bavarian
beer. A young singer should avoid all
possible temptations, as suppers, festi-
vals, celebrations, anniversaries. Grog,
toddy, punch, and "the long list of
American inventions" rasp even the
hardened throat in an extraordinary
manner. To think that mineral waters
or "natural waters" are better than
ordinary water is nonsense.

Bishenden was once quoted by George
Augustus Sala with great respect as
"a singer of 19 years' experience." This
must be Charles James Bishenden, a
bass, an advocate of French pitch long
ago in England, and the author of
several pamphlets. Well, Mr. Bishen-
den says: "Don't take nips of spirits,
for they destroy the voice and coating
of the throat." He recommends port
(!), claret or a light Italian wine, to
be taken now and then at meals.

And much might be said about what
a singer should eat. The oracles are
dumb—that is, you hear only now and
then a faint, almost inarticulate whis-
per.

Nero, one of the greatest virtuosos
of any age, although according to Sue-
tonius his voice was small and rusty,
would abstain from food for days to-
gether, in order to purify his voice,
and he often denied himself fruit and
sweet pastry. Fasting should be injuri-
ous; it should lower the pitch as well
as sink the stomach; yet in very old
days singers fasted before the per-
formances, and at other times they
ate chiefly of vegetables, and so the
pagans called the singers of the Early

Church fabarii or bean-eaters. Dr.
Sécond is a firm believer in the efficacy
of flesh, "which is more nutritious than
vegetables," and he recommends dark
meat in preference to white.

No doubt the most sensible advice is
that of Lemaire and Lavoix: "Eat
everything that may be easily digest-
ed."

Alas, the saws and the proverbs of
antiquity show that the thirst of singer
or player is perennial, historic. Musi-
cian, toss-pot, malt-worm, man-fish,
these words were synonymous in ear-
lier centuries. The "glue of goodfellow-
ship" sticks more firmly than sage ad-
vice.

In Boston the police look after our
musical interests in many ways. The
musician goes thirsty by law in any
restaurant after 11 o'clock. Aleoholic
catarrh and consequent "depression of
the ear" are thereby held in check.
And the influence of some of our lead-
ing musicians is for virtue. One ab-
stains that he may have the clearer
brain for poker. Another drinks free-
ly of milk, and only on occasions of
national rejoicing does he give way to
his passion for soda lemonade.

The New York Evening Post says:
"Felix Mottl, the famous Karlsruhe
and Bayreuth conductor, has lately
given one of Verdi's older operas the
benefit of his skill and taste as editor
and interpreter. He revived 'La Tra-
viata' at Karlsruhe, to the great satis-
faction of the public. The critics de-
clared, it is true, that he had eliminated
some of the florid passages in order to
make it easier for his wife to sing the
role of Violetta; but Mottl explained his
procedure as follows in the Frank-
furter Zeitung: 'In rehearsing this
opera anew I endeavored to place the
emphasis chiefly on the melodic and
dramatic details, eliminating as far as
seemed advisable all unnecessary op-
eratic embroidery. It would have been
easy not only for my wife but for the
other singers to spin out a cadenza here
and there, or add an occasional effective
trill or other ornament dear to the

hearts of singers. To all this sort of
thing I, however, objected deliberately,
for the reason that Verdi himself in-
serted hardly anything of the kind in
this opera, and where he did he used
small notes, thus indicating that the or-
naments might be sung or not sung,
ad libitum. A further reason for omit-
ting these things was that my ob-
ject was not to give individual
singers a chance to show off their
accomplishments, but to have a
well-rounded ensemble. The successful
result justified my procedure.'" Yes,
but I prefer my Verdi in all its rude
vigor. Furthermore, the Fifties should
be sung in the spirit of the Fifties
or not at all. "La Traviata" is not one
of Verdi's best operas, but it is too
good to be tinkered by a Mottl.

Paderewski is besieged by librettists.
The Dresdener Zeitung publishes the
fact that he will be the librettist of his
next opera, for he is "not only a great
artist and composer, but a highly edu-
cated man, and linguistically a true
genius."

Mr. Blackburn has succeeded in say-
ing something new about Calvé, who
sang Carmen in London, June 20: "She
is wonderful not only for her expo-
sition of the more obvious graces of
the part, but also for the mystery and

subtlety with which she incloses it as in a garment. Carmen, it seems, is the easiest part in the world to characterize. Her significance and her story belong to the elemental things of the penny novlette, the daily feuilleton. So, as we say, it seems. But in the hands of Calvé the part becomes one of amazing and even startling complexity. Her inconstancy becomes a logical deduction from natural facts; her beauty becomes the hourly excuse for that inconstancy; her inimitable manner is in itself a perpetual forgiveness of sin. That fact alone makes the final tragedy of her death so awful and so overwhelming. She sang, too, with a fineness of vocalization which only her acting, her physical impersonation of the part, made one at times forget. So complete, we mean, was her interpretation that a man had scarcely time to ask himself if she was singing well. That she was as a matter of fact singing divinely is the real truth. When one stayed awhile from general admiration and took details into consideration, it was delightful to note how admirable was her voice in its purity and in its power. It is a voice with a golden note at all times,

possibly lacking in flexibility, and in the result on occasion too inevitable in its effects. But it is an extraordinary and noble voice, nevertheless, and a most serviceable servant to her dramatic needs. Salca, with his voice restored to its complete strength, was the Don José of the evening; and a most admirable Don José he was. He enters into the primitive savagery of the thing with an almost terrific completeness of emotion. His acting in the last scene, combined with his wonderfully dramatic singing, was amazingly touching and importunate in its effect. That phrase which we have used—primitive savagery—applies to the complete texture of his conception of the part. His intensity, his abandonment to emotion, his fury of disappointment, were altogether savagely fine."

July 8, 1901

I have been laughing, I have been carousing, Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies!

All, all, are gone, the old familiar faces!

You know these lines and their tender melancholy, but it is not likely that you know the first verse, written by Lamb, and fortunately omitted in nearly all the anthologies:

Where are they gone, the old familiar faces? I had a mother; but she died and left me! Died prematurely, in a day of horrors! All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

This verse was, indeed, too personal.

But it is with the idea of carousing with cronies that we are now concerned. For twenty years and more you were what is known as a good fellow. You told your story, your wit flashed at the feast, you pulled a sympathetically long face at a tale of woe told by a companion, you blew smoke wreaths gracefully, and you sat long over strong drink. Did one of the group lie, you were among the first to look lumes and drink solemnly to his memory.

The day came when the physician rapped on your chest and back and announced almost apologetically the possible call of a tall, lean fellow who carries a scythe instead of umbrella, cane or golfstick. Panic-stricken in spite of your bold front, you heeded the leech's advice and you slaked your thirst only with sundry waters.

Nevertheless you still went to your accustomed haunts—to your corner at the Porphyry, to your table in the back room down town, to the neighbor who lavishes wet hospitality Saturday nights. For a day or two there was commiseration. "Cheer up, old fellow; don't believe what the doctors say; they don't know everything; at any rate, it won't harm you to knock off for a week or two." The days went by. You observed that your companions little by little lost interest in you.

Or does the vanity of a sick man surpass all other vanities?

Your friends no longer care for your stories, which you feel have lost their ring and snap and are told in the thin voice of an invalid. You catch Haverflam looking at you impatiently, and Fullerhorn breaks in upon you just as you are achieving the summit of a new anecdote of rare anthropological interest. They tolerate you. You come upon them when they are talking, and as soon as they see you there is ominous silence.

Yes, they are tired of you. You are no longer amusing, and your power of entertainment was fed chiefly with alcohol. These men do not wish to engage in serious conversation, and you are serious now, very serious. You would be glad to determine the exact

height of Pike's Peak; to inquire into the sources of the Mississippi; to give the date of the acquisition of Alaska; to determine beyond doubt and peradventure the authorship of the letters of Junius and the name of the rash man who struck one Billy Patterson. It is hard for you to realize that you are on the shelf, that you are a back number a man who takes two kinds of medicine daily and at stated hours.

Was it not Thackeray who said that no true friendship was ever formed over a bottle? But as for that, could a Damonian and Pythian friendship be formed over shredded wheat or alkalithla? You must look further and deeper into Thackeray's remark; any pot-house companion in a week of enforced abstinence will admit the truth of it.

You paid a goodly sum for the pair of boots you wore so constantly last spring—yes, you wore them through part of the winter. They fitted you; they displayed your feet to advantage, they pleased you in every way. Suddenly one day in June you hit a heel

against a flagstone raised unduly. The boot seemed at once to be shapeless; it was mushy; a polish endured only for a morning; the heel-half of the sole came out—what is the technical name for this piece of leather; our dictionaries are incomplete; thus the word "shoe" or "boot" should be followed by a description and definition of each component part—cracks appeared on the side; and so it was with the mate. In a moment a personal ornament was turned into an old, shabby thing, a thing of naught. And so you suddenly went to pieces. The flagstone was to your boot as the famous straw to the proverbial camel. And that imprudent stag dinner or that convention in New York was the flagstone to your body.

But you are still vain of your body. You were proud four months ago of your portly appearance. You weighed "about 200;" sometimes you touched 205, sometimes you sank to 190. You spoke complacently of men of weight and solid worth, although your abdominal curve was not a line of beauty. Since March list you have put aside fattening things both liquid and solid. There has been the rushing of many waters, spoken of by Isaiah, the prophet. Now you are almost thin, although in crevasses and flabby folds there are traces of the fat now absent. But how bitterly you resent any pitiful or jocular allusions to your bodily change. "Why, how you have changed! You don't look well. You ought to go somewhere and rest and fatten up!" Then you know why men kill their fellow men. You say snippily, "I hope to be still thinner. Fat is disease. I should think you would die carrying that paunch." At your first opportunity you seek a looking glass. Are you really so thin? Not too much so; you are growing young; you actually have a boyish face and figure. For your vanity is the vanity of a sick man.

July 9, 1901
The best way for ease is to impart our misery to some friend, not to smother it up in our own breast. A friend's counsel is a charm, like mandrake wine; and as a bull that is tied to a fig tree becomes gentle on a sudden, so is a savage, obdurate heart mollified by fair speeches.

We have had the pleasure of reading the proof-sheets of a new historical novel, "Ferguson of Tunk," by Miss Ailie Masterson Swoop, which will be published soon by McWhirl, Fortnight & Co. Fifty thousand copies have been ordered in advance. It is a work of unusual power—we refer to the work of the publishers. The story is one of thrilling interest. We remember a sentence in the first chapter which describes the family of the hero: "For thirteen long years his grandfather, a daring captain, suspected of a curious taste in black ivory, cast away on a rock-bound and sinister coast, kept himself alive by eating the eggs of a solitary pelican, and without butter, pepper or salt."

There is still much talk about the comparative merits of the Leander and the Pennsylvania crews. Dr. Cook and Professor Lehmann say that the English style is more powerful and less exhausting. No one has quoted the excuse made by Artemus Ward 35 years ago when a celebrated sculler—was he not from Pittsburgh?—went to England to try his fortune. "Fltin is mis'ble bissnis, gen'rally speakin', and whenever any enterprisin countryman of mine cums over here to scoop up a Briton in the prize ring I'm allus excessively tickled when he gets scooped hisself, which it is a sad fack has thus far been the case—my only sorer bein' that t'other feller wasn't scooped likewise. It's differently with scullin boats, which is a manly sport, and I can only explain Mr. Hamil's resunt defeat in this country on the grounds

that he wasn't used to British water."

A SHORE TRAGEDY.

Mr. Wigginson was a most respectable and elderly gentleman whose summer place was on the North Shore, not too far from his office in Boston. One morning he had an important engagement in the city. The breakfast was late and the carriage was at the door. The day was dark and the air was chilly. He could not find either Derby or plug, so he snatched a thing of straw. His wife said: "Are you not going to take your overcoat, William?" He answered with dignity: "Madam, did you ever see a Wigginson wearing a straw hat and an overcoat at the same time? Never. And I am too old to begin."

Thinly clad, Mr. Wigginson contracted a severe cold on account of his devotion to principle. Pneumonia followed. But Mr. Wigginson recovered—to the deep grief of his friends and business associates.

The lawyer says that the relatives of Mr. Rogers, the locomotive manufacturer, "heard the reading of the will quietly like gentlemen and ladies." But what did he expect? That Miss Flora should leap into the air with rage, screaming, "The nasty old thing!" Or that a male relative should gnash his teeth and paw holes in the carpet? It is only in melodrama that the reading of a will provokes immediate exhibitions of insanity on the part of the would-be heirs and the villain raps out a horrid oath coupled with "Foll-ed!" while an arm cuts singular lines in the air.

The faces of sufferers from a disease of the kidneys often grow to look like sweet breads in color and consistency.

Lady Helen Stewart, the only daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry, a wealthy mine owner, is betrothed to Winston Churchill. She goes by the name of "Birdie." And thus we are reminded of the line in the musical comedy: "Beautiful, Bountiful Birdie." Of course if she is not bountiful the engagement should be broken.

The captain of the Campana threatened to put a card player in irons unless he returned \$200 to a fellow passenger who had lost. There was no evidence that the winner had cheated; but the squalling loser, who was not teased to join the game, is an officer in the British Navy.

No doubt there is cheating on ocean steamers; and we all know that gambling runs high; but this particular squeal received too much attention.

Not long ago a prominent Bostonian lost a large sum—some say \$30,000, others say \$50,000—gambling on a Mediterranean steamer; he was undoubtedly robbed, but he did not scream loudly, and, as the story goes, he recovered a large portion of the sum.

"The Germans have an option on Fernando Po." The island has many bad names—charnel house, dark and dismal tomb of Europeans, Foreign Office Gravy. All agree that "Nanny Po" is a pestiferous place. Sir Richard Burton was appointed consul there in 1861, and how he hated the place, although he was never weary of the Peak! "The name," says Burton, "is infamous in civil and military examinations; when a coup de grace has to be administered, young Boetius is questioned touching Fernando Po. He returns, 'plucked' to his papa, who, equally perplexed, employs himself for that day in asking his friends 'who the deuce is Fernando Po?' to which the natural answer comes—'How the devil should I know?'"

A concert was given lately on an ocean steamer, and a percentage of \$500, the net receipts, will be used "to discover the best beverage for stokers who are suffering from their work in the hot hold." This is beautiful, very beautiful, but why was not the whole amount distributed among the stokers of that particular ship so that they could experiment with beverages on shore? The necessarily wretched life of a stoker is a reproach to invention and civilization. Spending a few dollars on "what is the best drink for the poor men," is like purchasing Japanese fans for their relief, a fan for each man.

La Revue criticises the New York Bookman for its "amusing lapses" in attributing to Jean Coquelin the authorship of the play of "Quo Vadis?" But in its own notice of this magazine it is guilty of an equal blunder, when describing a certain article as dealing with Charlotte Yonge, "the author of 'John Halifax.'"—New York Evening Post.

Yes, digging a pit for a brother is a dangerous pastime. We seldom point out in this column and in a spirit of love an error of man or woman, with-

out making at the same time a sad slip or a gross blunder. This, of course, we attribute to the compositor when any one makes mock of us therefor.

July 10, 1901

ANY WOMAN TO ANY LOVER.

Why do you say I must not love you, dear, Because you fall'd so often, and must fall? I watch you hurl'd like learus from the sky.

Your futile wings essay'd, without a tear.

Not heav'n's disastrous thunder, wind and hail,

But only low ambition love must fear:

I love you still because your aim was high.

Are we not pilgrims in the world together?

Is my untutor'd heart exempt from all

That makes your soul the sport of circumstance?

I drift too often like a drifting feather

Blown e'ry way by diff'rent winds, to call

Your deeds to judgment, when doubt slips

her feather,

And dull inaction hinders thought's advance.

O not because you were the perfect one

I dream'd of when my life was at its spring

Did all the love I dower you with leap forth!

No hero standing god-like in the sun

Could hold me—but, ah God! the broken wing

And pure, worn face—the heart with hopes undone,

Yet struggling heavenward still—I knew their worth!

And now you shall not in your anguish miss

Forever, words of comfort, touch of hands

Not all unskill'd your hurts to soothe and bind;

Nor, on your mouth, a woman's tender kiss.

Because you fall'd—be sure love understands!

Thrust often to the desperate abyss,

Yet keeping an unvanquishable mind.

We regret to say that the word gila is not in the Oxford English Dictionary. This lizard is familiarly known as "a monster;" but a monster, according to an old definition, is "an unnatural birth, or the production of a living thing, degenerating from the proper and usual disposition of parts in the species it belongs to, as when it has too many or too few members; or some of them are extravagantly large." Is the gila, then, a monster?

And yet the gila is undoubtedly a terrible thing, far more dangerous than basilisk, cocatrice, wyvern, sphinx, harpy, minotaur or the mantichora, which has "a treble row of teeth beneath and above whose greatness, roughness, and fete are like a lions, his face and eares like unto a man's (even to the carefully trimmed moustachios) his eies gray, of color red, his tall like a scorpion of the earth, armed with a sting, casting forth sharp pointed quills, his voice like the voice of a small trumpet or pipe, being in course as swift as a hart * * * Although India be full of divers, ravening beasts, yet none of them are stiled with the title andropophagi, that is to say, men eaters; except onely this mantichora."

On the whole we prefer the gila to the sadhuag—a tall, black stag, with the head of a bull, who carries between the ears a whole thicket of white horns which play strange tunes.

We also prefer the gila to the catoblepas, a black buffalo with a pig's head which trails on the ground and is attached to his shoulders by a thin neck, long, and as flabby as an empty hose; and it likes to wallow, and its feet are hidden in the bristling hairs which cover its face and fall from it. If we should meet a catoblepas in Harvard Square or on a bridge, we should call at once for a hack.

But it is a good thing that the gila is no longer at liberty. Imagine the consternation if a whim-bamper or a gyascutus should break loose! The gila is now securely chained, and the citizens of Cambridge can again lie down to pleasant dreams of profitable laundries, summer schools and no-licensc.

Catching Blondin is the summer sport, and the game is warier than any blue fish off Hyannisport. Hunting the shark was dull amusement in comparison.

It appears that the special feature of Mr. Gillette's production of "Hamlet," that sterling old melodrama, will be "the combination of lighting effects." This announcement relieves the mind. Mr. Gillette will not try to engross the attention by bringing the Prince of Denmark to a stand-still.

At the auction of the Royal Cellars in London, the first price for three dozen pale sherry bottled in 1894 ran up to 150 shillings. "The bidding was accompanied by the pleasant popping of corks and the agreeable rattle of wine-glasses."

Mr. Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor, has won more horse races—this time at Moscow. Perhaps he can now afford to lower his price to Mr. Grau so that the New York admirers,

de and female, will again have the opportunity of seeing how gracefully de Reszke grows old.

We have received the following letter: Hingham, July 8, 1901.

The Editor of Talk of the Day: Is the surgeon forever to excel the medical practitioner as a benefactor to mankind? Will the knife continue to be more glorious than the pill or potion? These solemn questions are prompted by an article by Mr. George E. Marks, M.D., in Prothesis (I have no unbridged dictionary with me, and must accordingly confess to not knowing what this is, but I dare say it is a suitable calling), published in one of yesterday's voluminous newspapers, according to Mr. Marks, loss of limb is not an evil wholly without accompanying compensations. "In fact, it is a common occurrence to meet cases of badly maimed men who, although crippled in childhood, youth or early manhood, have passed their three-score and ten, and who still enjoy most excellent health. Indeed, without danger of overstatement, investigation of these thousands of cases persuades us to believe that amputations actually enhance vitality, making it not only valuable but positive, that on account of such amputations the lives of the subjects have been prolonged and rendered less subject to disease." Thus consolatory Marks!

he vista this opens to suffering humanity is as comforting as new; may henceforth men, like plants, thrive the more lustily for judicious pruning. Of course, the loss of a limb, no matter how inconspicuous, is a matter some seriousness; but it is a mere question of the price worth paying for substantial benefit. What chronic peptic—especially if, as is not unlikely, he have a finely developed appreciation of the delights of unrevenged anger and drinking—would not gladly sacrifice a joyless member to gain a perfect digestion? Think of the comfort, the luxury of getting rid of that feeling simply by cutting off a member or a hand!

Mr. Marks even goes so far as to say that, "in many instances so stimulated dismemberment have the remaining faculties become that insanity among maimed men is almost unknown, cases of cripples committing suicide are so rare as to make content with a life almost an ironbound rule." It does not turn out that the pruning of flesh and bone is more than a mere intellectual prophylactic? May it not act retroactively, as a cure? Look forward into the future one sees surgeon's saw and knife become gladiatorial appurtenances of the insane, and countless unhappy lunatics ordered to usefulness as members of society by partial dismemberment. Perhaps the noxious performances of certain actors and musicians might be removed by a similar process. And that, whether a specific cure result in the operation or not, complete content is almost sure to follow. And it can man ask more than to be content with life?

Of course, this new road to perfect wholeness should not be traveled too hastily. Like other good things, dismemberment is subject to abuse, and in certain extreme cases, become like a dissipation. But the object is worthy, so blameless in itself, that over-profuse shedder of joy-killing is can hardly be classed with the lecher and the voluptuary as a fit target for the finger of scorn. At least, one can recognize in the voluncul-de-jatte a man of too aspiring who, in his surgical pursuit of wholeness, has left perhaps a somewhat bare shrine for his wooed and won deities to dwell in. Yours, etc.,

KNATCHBULL CZOHT.

July 11 1901

the whole Business and Design of a career is continually to entertain the Comers with some Pastime or other, a little Story well told, or a comical Action; in a word, he thinks he can never over-estimate the diverting part of Conversation. He is the true Friend, proposing no other to himself than the bare discharge of Duty, is sometimes pleasant, and as it may be, disagreeable, neither so assiduously coveting the one, nor industriously shunning the other, if he judge it the more expedient and expedient.

young persons depressed by disagreeable weather along the coast or the mountains we recommend a new game, invented and patented by us. The game is "The Alphabet of Diseases." One of the number calls out a letter. There are many answers: acne, indigestion, asthma, but the answer most consonant in the chosen word nearest the initial vowel receives a mark of 10. Then "B," of course, a letter that admits of many pleasing answers, from baldness to bubonic plague. When the word begins with a consonant, the answer who comes nearest the nearest vowel receives the mark. If any young lady should balk from saying "Itch" when "T" is called, she may gain the mark with "typhoid" (otherwise known as the skin disease or porcupine disease, which is congenital, chronic, hypertrophic).

This game educates as well as amuses. It is well for a player to associate with invalids, that he may become familiar with symptoms and titles. The player will accustom the young to the fate that awaits them, and they will soon learn to look upon diseases and doctors with equal indifference. A large copy of Peale's picture "The Court of Heaven," hung on the parlor wall, will

aid in the promotion of hilarity; and in pleasant weather the merry band of players may sit near a village burying ground.

An agreeable variation is to make a series in alphabetical order of diseases named after their discoverers or investigators, as: Addison's, Bright's—who will give us a disease for "C"?

So Marie Tempest, otherwise known as Mrs. Cosmo Stuart, will soon play Becky Sharp at the Prince of Wales's, London. Marie was "a dainty rogue in porcelain," an accomplished singer, delightful in operetta. She has of late been playing parts in comedy; but what will she do with such a complex part as Becky?

A play founded "by David Balsillie on Thackeray's masterpiece was produced at Croydon, England, last month, and Miss Annie Hughes took the part of Becky. Miss Hughes, like Miss Tempest, had excelled in passages of sheer fun. The Pall Mall Gazette said, "to dramatize 'Vanity Fair' is an arduous, nay, an impossible task for any one, and Miss Hughes was out of place." "In her purriness one could believe, but one could not believe in her claws." The scene between Steyne and Rawdon does not conclude with "the discharge of energy from Rawdon's fist." The scene between husband and wife is pursued to the finish, "the curtain falls on Becky, disheveled, drawn and dry-eyed in the dawn, bankrupt in everything that made her life good for herself."

Miss Tempest's play will be at least the fourth attempt at a dramatization of Thackeray's novel. Is it not true that there is no drama in any of his books? "Esmond" and "The Virginians," were dismal failures on the stage. "Jemmes" was played as long ago as 1846—and we hear young men and women asking, "Who was Jemmes?" Alas, they might also ask, "What are Keats?" "Lovel the Widower," was intended for a play, but both Horace Wigan and Buckstone refused it. Look at the story and you will applaud their judgment; for there is plenty of talk, but there is no action.

At a recent congress of the London Vegetarian Society one firm exhibited 36 different kinds of soup. Dinners of 13 courses were common. Here is the menu of one: Olives, radishes, vegetable consommé, mock turtle, mushroom patties, Caramel croquettes and tomato sauce, asparagus with mouseline sauce, straw potatoes, savarin of fruit, Victoria cream ice, Windsor wafers, cheese souffles, fruit and desert. No wonder that hardened vegetarians look as though they lived in a dark cellar, and lose their temper when disputing with the omnivorous.

The courtesy of a reader has permitted us to see "The Bowles and Their Kindred," by Walter W. Bowle. The book was published in 1899.

Mr. Bowle, the chronicler of daring deeds, says that the celebrated weapon known as the bowle-knife was invented by Col. Rezin Pleasant Bowle, the brother of James. "It was fashioned from an old file under his personal supervision by the plantation blacksmith, Jesse Cliffe, and was intended as a hunting instrument—not for war. He finally gave the knife to his brother James, when the latter was peculiarly exposed to assaults from certain personal enemies."

This statement is in direct conflict with others made at the time of the duel on the island opposite Natchez in 1827. This duel, according to Mr. Walter Bowle, was not merely a fight between Bowle and Wright. The chief contestants were Maddox and Wells, but there were from a dozen to 20 on the field, "and the firing became general." They were all "gallant men," these Doctors and Colonels. Col. Crain knocked Col. Bowle down with an empty pistol. Dr. Maddox tried to hold Eddie down; but the hero threw him off. "Just as Major Wright approached and fired at the wounded Bowle, who, steadying himself against a log, fired at Wright, the ball passing through the latter's body. Wright then drew a sword-cane, and rushing upon Bowle, exclaimed 'damn you, you have killed me.' Bowle met the attack, and seizing his assailant, plunged his 'bowle knife' into his body, killing him instantly. At the same moment Edward Blanchard shot Bowle in the body, but had his arm shattered by a ball from Jefferson Wells."

Here is another description of the knife: "It is eight inches long, broad, single-edged, and with a curved point." Bowle was not, contrary to general report, among the last who were slaughtered at the Alamo. He died of typhoid fever a few hours before the last assault was made by Santa Anna. James Bowle "never provoked a quarrel in his life, but on the contrary prevented many. He was a man of singular modesty and sweetness of disposition. He neither drank, swore

nor gambled. He always dressed with good taste, and his extreme politeness and fascinating manners captivated those who knew him best." At the same time they say he killed his man in 19 duels with the knife, and some of his foes were of "haughty Castilian families."

July 12, 1901

Mr. Molineux attributes the invention of spectacles to this learned friar (R. Bacon), the time to which their earliest use may be traced agreeing very well with the time in which he lived, but how far R. Bacon went we know not.

Glasses for reading, in some measure resembling spectacles, had been invented by Spino, a dominican monk of Pisa.

When you played with other boys you could not see kites and balls and flying birds that they saw; and in school the teacher frowned and told you to sit down because you said you could not see the diagrams of cube root on the blackboard from where you sat. Your parents finally came to the conclusion that you were near-sighted and should wear glasses. They preferred eyeglasses to spectacles, as "less disfiguring."

There was no oculist, there was no optician in the little town which boasted of liberal culture and high-toned social life. Glasses were fitted and sold by the jeweler. His shop had long been attractive to you, for it was there you bought wonderful glass agates, stone agates, common marbles—the boys today have no such marbles—tops, fishing-rods, knives and finger rings. There were watches, clocks, gold-lined silver goblets, silver ice-pitchers; ingenious butter-dishes, with a silver cover that was regulated by a sort of a wheel-ended handle, and there was a place for the ice-drippings; salvers waiting to be inscribed, "As a token of appreciation and respect."

For three weeks before the Fourth the shop was crowded with fireworks and fire-crackers; and at Christmas time there was an untold wealth of toys and playthings. You were never weary of watching from the sidewalk the chief assistant sitting close to the window with something like an ivory napkin ring screwed in an eye, while he was picking at clock work and rubbing it with a tooth-brush. This was the man who fitted glasses.

His method was simple. He offered you two kinds of glasses. "Do you see well?" "No, everything looks foggy." "Ah! Then you are not far sighted." He handed you another pair. "How is it now?" "Everything looks nearer." He smiled a smile of ineffable wisdom. "Then you are near sighted. Wear these." And you wore them till you reached manhood.

At first the eyeglasses were a source of discomfort and mortification. Your eyes often ached. Boys tormented you. They honestly believed that you wore the glasses from affectation; that you were putting on airs; that you were stuck up. They yelled, "Gig lamps," "Four eyes," at you in the street, even when you were walking with your sweetheart, the tall, black haired, thin legged girl, whose memory is still dear to you, although she is now living peaceably with a second husband, and is gray and deaf. In school or at a party they made spectacles with thumbs and first fingers, and put them on their impudent noses. If you tried to propitiate them by hiding your eyeglasses in your pocket, they shouted, "Fraid to put them on!" and they applied a thumb to the nose and wiggled fingers disrespectfully, much to your discomfort and rage. You have since learned that the gesture is symbolical and of remote antiquity.

You told your mother your woes and she cried a little, for she did not like to see you disfigured, unlike other boys, unhappy. When you were a baby she used to repeat Miss Mulock's poem, "Look at me with thy dark brown eyes"—or was it dark blue eyes? She changed the color to suit your eyes. For you were her "King."

Accustomed later to spectacles, you had no mortification until you were nearly 50, and you consulted an oculist. He made all manner of experiments, spoke lightly of astigmatism, wrote mysterious formulas, insisted on separate glasses for reading and surveying nature and mankind. Thus, armed for every emergency, even for the print of the New York Sun, you wonder philosophically at the Doctor—Riccabocca, was it?—in Bulwer's novel, who laid aside his spectacles when he went courting. Possibly he did not wish to be disillusioned by the discovery of mole or blemish.

You say to yourself, spectacles lend sobriety, wisdom, to a foolish face. Yet the sight of be-spectacled man and be-spectacled woman kissing rapturously must be a grotesque sight to the inhabitants of the air. You like to remember that the King of the Ashantees carried with him in battle the head

of his slain captive, Sir Charles McCarthy, which was used as a powerful charm. On the morning of a battle the King poured rum on the head and invoked it solemnly. This head, with Sir Charles's spectacles on it, was exposed upon a pole. Without the spectacles, would it have obtained such honor?

Another trial of a peer by the House of Lords has revived the yarn that a peer who is condemned to be hanged is entitled to the privilege of a silken rope. An Englishman writes that there is not the slightest foundation for this theory. "It is probably to be traced to an incident in the execution of Earl Ferrers, in 1760, when a contemporary account in the Gentleman's Magazine speaks of his arms secured by a black sash and the cord put round his neck." He was the last peer hanged.

Now Horace Walpole gave a long and singularly interesting account of the brandy-soaked scoundrel Ferrers, in letters to Sir Horace Mann. Walpole's account of the execution is a long one. The procession to the gallows was longer. Lord Ferrers went in his own landau and six horses, and the coachman cried all the way. "Observing the prodigious confluence of people, he (Ferrers) said: 'But they never saw a Lord hanged and perhaps will never see another.'" He approved of the Lord's prayer: "I always thought it a good prayer." Refused wine and water, he solaced himself with some pigtail tobacco. The scaffold was hung with black "at the expense of his family." There was a new-fangled stage, and he suffered from the inexperience of the executioners, so that he had time to raise his cap; but they pulled his legs, and he was then able to die in about four minutes. The Sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold while he was hanging, and indeed he swung there for an hour. "The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried."

Ferrers tried to kill his wife. She, a pretty woman, brought suit for separation. The steward swore in her favor, whereupon Ferrers murdered him, and thus enlivened polite conversation in London and gave copy to Walpole.

July 13 1901

DEA VICTRIX.

Beauty, that art a light, a call,
And hast a heartless sea,
Unanimous, continual,
Thy follower to be;
True Moon of man,
Whose short and stormy span
For evermore rounds up and rests in thee:
How shall I doubt, though night on night
Our hell-like waters rave,
Thine ancient and immortal might
Their fury to enslave?
All tides that roll
From heaven thou shalt control,
And sing to slumber me, thy homeless wave.

It was said of old that wealth was indicated by the possession of a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers. We are inclined to believe that the ownership of an umbrella in every possible place of visitation—office, club, church, saloon, hair-cutter's, railway station—is a surer sign of superabundant riches.

In an Indiana town electricians and boys had rare sport with a harmless snake this week. The snake resisted an electrical force sufficient to kill a dozen men. When it started to run away, the boys clubbed it to death.

On the same day Gov. Savage of Nebraska, with his entire staff in all the splendor of uniforms and gew-gaws, attended a bull fight at South Omaha. A local brass band added to the cruelty of the affair. Unfortunately for the pleasure of the visitors, no life was lost.

But on the same day there were murders in more favored portions of the country, and although no negro was burned at the stake "on the scene of his crime," as the newspapers say, the day was not a step backward in the course of the strenuous life of this great and highly civilized nation.

We have received the following letter: Boston, July 9, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day: I have just read with much interest the circular of the vegetarian dining rooms, and I see therein a quotation from Porphyry, which is, "The eating of much flesh fills us with a multitude of evil diseases and multitudes of evil desires."

Now is that above named Porphyry the club to which I infer you belong, for you seem to be so well acquainted with what goes on there that I have always supposed you to be a member.

I wish you would take the readers of your column into your confidence a little and tell us about that club; who the members are; and how it is possible to become one. What street is the club house on?

Yours truly,

A READER.

We know the circular to which you refer. It is published in Boston and trumpets forth the glories of vegetarianism.

"The word 'vegetarian' is not derived from 'vegetable,' but from the Latin 'homovegetus,' meaning among the Romans a strong, robust, and thoroughly healthy man."

But there is no such one word in Latin as "homovegetus." Furthermore, "vegetus" means active, lively, sprightly, fresh, vigorous, with the prevailing sense of lively. "Vegetarian" from "homovegetus"! This recalls the old conundrum, "What town in New York State reminds you of the Promised Land?" Canandaigua. You change Canan to Canaan and cut off the "daigua."

No, Porphyry was not the founder of the club to which you rashly refer, nor was the club named after him. The philosopher himself was a man of parts. He told strange tales about Pythagoras, he accused the Christians of forging certain books and stealing from Zoroaster, and he spoke most advantageously of the souls of brutes, to whom he ascribed not only reason but also the faculty of making their reason understood; he was of the opinion that some persons understood the language of brutes; and he maintained that man surpasses the brutes only because his reasoning is more refined. (On this point see Bayle's article "Pereira.")

There is a bust of Porphyry by one M. Angelo in the billiard room; but the name of the club refers to the sumptuousness of the color, purple, and the ineffable beauty of the stone. Furthermore, there is a Byzantine twist in the symbolism; for every member, "Porphyrogene," may well think that he, too, was born in the purple.

The other questions must remain unanswered.

This 's the anniversary of the burial day (1691) of Mr. Anthony Payne of Cornwall, who, at the age of 20, measured seven feet two inches, "with limbs and body in proportion and strength equal to his bulk and stature." He had a large fund of sarcastic pleasantry, and at his death the floor of the apartment was taken up in order to remove his enormous remains. A dangerous rival was Mr. Charles Chilcott of Tintagel, who measured six feet four inches high, six feet nine inches round the breast, and weighed 460 pounds. "He was almost constantly occupied in smoking. Three pounds of tobacco was his weekly allowance; his pipe was two inches long. One of his stockings would contain six gallons of wheat." Lives of great men all remind us, etc.

There are interesting memoranda under the date July 13, 1752, in the MS. "Observations Medicæ" of Mr. J. Jones.

We learn therein that Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury, consulted at Copenhagen an eminent physician nearly 90 years old, concerning the best method of preserving health, and had this rule given him ("amongst seven other rules"), viz.: "Last of all," said the old physician, "avoid all doctors and every kind of medicine." Quære: Whether it might not have been somewhat apropos to have told his lordship the following little story: "A very old man, nearly 90 years of age, being asked what he had done to live so long, answered, 'When I could sit, I never stood; I married late, was a widower soon, and never married again.'" This Bishop married four times, says our informant; the motto on the wedding ring at his fourth marriage was:

If I survive,
I'll make them five.

This glorious Bishop was a man of infinite drollery. He gave to his clergy at a visitation this account of his four marriages:

"And," says he, cheerfully, "should my present wife die, I'll take another; and it is my opinion I shall survive her. Perhaps you don't know the art of getting quit of your wives. I'll tell you how I do. I am called a very good husband, and so I am; for I never contradict them. But don't you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them that circumstance alone is exercise and health, et optima medicamenta, to all women. But give them their own way, and they will languish and pine, become gross and lethargic for want of this exercise." He squinted much.

Thirty odd years ago the death of Robert Henry Newell would have made a stir, and quotations from his "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers" would have been in every newspaper; but the popular humorist of a day is soon forgotten and another generation wonders at the easy laughter of the generation that preceded it.

Mr. Newell's name does not appear in "The Critical Dictionary of English

Literature" compiled by the laborious and didactic S. Austin Allibone of Philadelphia, and yet the volume which should contain this name was published in 1871, some years after the name of Orpheus C. Kerr was known throughout the land.

There is an R. H. Newell in this dictionary, the Rev. Robert Hasell Newell, who wrote letters on the "Scenery of Wales," and whose "Zoology of the British Poets," corrected by the "Writings of Modern Naturalists," is said to be "a delightful work" and "well adapted to desultory reading." But he is not the same, not the same.

Mr. Newell was versatile. He was poet, essayist, editor, humorist, journalist. His book of poems entitled "Versatilities" is now before us, and it is safe to say after reading the pages that the poet was ambitious. There are poems to Psyche and Lincoln; there are imitations of German poets; there is a long poem to John Brown, which begins:

God holds His scales in a poised between
The deed Unjust and the end Unseen,
And the sparrow's fall in the one is weigh'd
By the Lord's own Hand in the other laid.

His serious poetry, earnest, at times passionate, at times colored by felicitous adjectives, seldom soared at ease in the serene blue, and his verses in lighter vein are more spontaneous and more creditable to his wit.

Perhaps the best of these humorous poems are the series "The Rejected National Hymns," which should be bound together with Richard Grant White's curious essay on the same subject.

It may be remembered that in 1861 a committee was appointed to choose a Prize National Hymn. On this committee were G. C. Verplanck, J. A. Dix, Hamilton Fish, George William Curtis, Richard Grant White and others. Twelve hundred manuscripts were handed in, but no one of them was "well suited for a National Hymn."

Newell published national hymns which he alleged were written by Longfellow, Whittier, Everett, Holmes, Emerson, Bryant, Morris, Willis, Aldrich, Stoddard.

The first verse of Bryant's poem was as follows:

The sun sinks softly to his evening post,
The sun swells grandly to his morning crown;
Yet not a star our flag of Heav'n has lost,
And not a sunset stripe with him goes down.

And Newell added: "Upon finding that this did not go well to the air of 'Yankee Doodle,' the committee felt justified in declining it; being furthermore prejudiced against it by a suspicion that the poet has crowded an advertisement of a paper which he edits into the first line."

Newell was especially fortunate in his burlesque of Whittier's least inspired and rigidly sectional style:

My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds it roots firm-bound in Plymouth Rock,
And all they sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserv'd Fish.

Preserv'd Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should do,
And should they swerve from loyalty and right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

It is a singular fact that the anthem originally attributed by Newell to Everett,

Pendulous projectiles, hurled by heavy hands,
Fell on our Liberty's poor infant head,
Ere she a stadium had well advanced
On the great path that to her greatness led;

Her temple's propylon was shattered;

Yet, thanks to saving Grace and Washington,

Her incubus was from her bosom hurled;

And, rising like a cloud-dispelling sun,
She took the oil, with which her hair was curled,

To grease the "Hub," round which revolves the world.

was assigned to Sumner in a letter volume of Newell's collected verses. The burlesque was happy in either case.

Let us pass over his songs of the period, as the poem from a child in the Eastern States to her mother temporarily absent from home.

When your cheap divorce is granted,
Mother, and you leave the West,
Shall I stay with you or father?
Tell me, mother, which the best?
He'll be much surprised, I fear me,
When he knows what you have filed,
And unless you hover near me,
He'll appropriate your child.
Let us speak of his prose writings.

Mr. P. K. Foley in his invaluable "American Authors" mentions Newell's "Avery Glibun" a novel; "The Cloven Foot," an adaptation of the Mystery of Edwin Drood; "The Walking Dole, or the Asters and Disasters of Society," and a few other works.

We read "Avery Glibun" long ago. It is a story of New York life, with sketches of the Bohemia which had Ffaff's as its capital; and that remarkable woman, who was known as the Queen of Bohemia and died of hydrophobia—was her name Ada Clare?—is introduced. The novel is a strange one, and it may prove to be a necessary document to full understanding of a singular phase of the literary movement in this country.

Many pages of "The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers" may still be read with pleasure. The satire in many instances was well deserved, and the Mackerel Brigade was not merely an invention of a funny man in 1861.

Look over the early volumes of "Rebellion Record" and you will find sketches of "prominent soldiers," written in good faith and no more extravagant than this sketch by Newell of

CAPTAIN ROBERT SHORTY.

This brave young officer was born in the Sixth Ward of New York, and was 21 years old upon arriving of age. When but a lad, he studied tobacco and the girls, and ran to fires for his health. When eligible to the right of franchise, he voted seven times in one day and attracted so much attention from the authorities that his parents resolved to make a lawyer of him. On the breaking out of the war with Mexico he offered his services to the Government as a Major General, but for some reason was not accepted. He will probably be sent to supersede General Halleck, in Missouri, as soon as any one of St. Louis writes to ask the President for another change.

And in the first volume of these papers you will find the excellent burlesque of "Jane Eyre." Higgins is Rochester; Higgins, "whose majestic and spacious brow betokened realms of Elysian thought and excremental ideality. His pallid tresses hung in curls down his back, and an American flag floated from his Herculean shoulders"; Higgins, who said to Galushanna: "Why should I deceive you, girl? Last night I poisoned my only remaining sister because she would have wed a circus-keeper, and scarcely an hour ago I lost two millions at faro. Your priests would say this was wrong, hey?"

Bret Harte in his "Condensed Novels" surely remembered Newell, as in his "Lothair" he remembered Thackeray's superb "Codrington."

Newell was one of the husbands of Adah Isaacs Menken. Several years after he had been separated or divorced from her, someone wrote slightly of the brilliant and unfortunate woman, whom Helen and Cleopatra would gladly have acknowledged as a sister. Newell published a letter in her defence, a letter that was dignified, manly, and at the same time full of affection for the one whom he had thought to call his own. It was a letter that breathed forth the finest spirit of chivalry—and such a letter would be as rare today as the woman that inspired it.

July 14, 1901

THERE are many tales of playactors who died on the stage while they were reciting lines appropriate to the occasion. Some of these stories are no doubt legendary, invented to draw the tear of sensibility.

Opera singers have not often been so melodramatic in their endings. Castlemary, an admirable actor, a gentleman of rank and fine breeding, who had been so unfortunate as to marry Marie Sax, died as Plunkett in New York and in the arms of Edouard de Reszke. And now we learn the death of Jules Devoyod, struck at the heart when he was impersonating Rigoletto on the stage of a Moscow theatre. The story is an unusual one. When he woke in the morning he said to his wife, "I've had a strange dream. I dreamed that there was to be a radical change in my life." Although it was a hot day, he took his customary walk about the town. He was apparently in good condition at night. While he made himself up in his dressing-room, he joked and laughed with one of his children. In the second act, when he came forward to share with Gilda the applause, he tottered and fell, and he murmured: "This is my dream." The curtain was lowered and the baritone was taken to his room and stripped of the buffoon's costume. When his wife removed the wig and untied the bandage put on him by the abductors of Gilda, his eyes were already glassy.

The obliging manager wished to continue the performance by substituting a fresh baritone, but the audience, deeply affected, protested.

Devoyod was born at Lyons in 1836. He was graduated with brilliant honors from the Paris Conservatory and made his debut at the Opéra in 1867 as Nelusko. He did not stay long in France,

but having made a brilliant career in Italy, he sang for the last 15 years in Moscow and St. Petersburg. He married a Russian, by whom he had six children. He died June 19.

Salaman, the English composer who set odes of Catullus and Horace to music and was known chiefly by one song, "I Arise from Dreams of Thee," composed during the reigns of four successive monarchs, for Salaman published his first pieces when George IV. was on the throne, and dedicated in May his two last works to Edward VII.—The prix de Rome was taken last month by Caplet, pupil of Leneveu.—Four women competed last month for the prize for fugue in the Paris Conservatory.—Anton Hekking, formerly first cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be a member of a new string quartet in Berlin next season.—Debussy's opera "Pelléas et Mélisande" (founded on Maeterlinck's drama) will be produced at the Opéra Comique next season.—Mr. Eugene Cowles, the bass, has decided to remain permanently in London.—There will be a Music Festival at Salzburg in honor of Mozart from Aug. 5 to Aug. 9. There will be two orchestral concerts, two performances of "Don Giovanni" and a concert with soloists. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra will assist.—Cowen's new orchestral work for the Gloucester Festival will be "A Phantasy of Life and Love."—Frederick Bridge has set Ferguson's "Forging of the Anchor" to music for chorus and orchestra.

A critic found fault with Miss Kirby Lunn as Siebel at Covent Garden on account of "her constant and very un-youth-like little runs."

A young tenor named Forchhammer has made a sensation in London as Tristan. We have seen many German heroic singers here, and when they assume Wagnerian parts they appear as hoarse-voiced things, clad chiefly in sanitary underclothes of unsanitary appearance. But Mr. Forchhammer comes from Amsterdam, and Mr. Blackburn says he is different. "There may be some controversy about the precise age of Tristan as it is reckoned in the old legends. But we confess that we like a young Tristan. Freshness and youth adorn the part like a new garment. We have had so many world-weary Tristans on the stage, Tristans who have apparently touched the whole gamut of experience, that it was delightful to find a Tristan young and fresh, such a Tristan as Vogl must have been when, so many years ago, he delighted Wagner in the part. Herr Forchhammer is, to our mind, an admirable Tristan. We have heard it said that Mr. Higgins, that admirable judge of operatic artists, discovered him, of all places in the world, at Amsterdam; it was in that case a highly fortunate chance which set his sails to our shores. His voice, which at times strongly resembles that of Jean de Reszke in quality, is beautiful and clear; his control of it is admirable; he even shares in that fine artist's curious sense and atmosphere of spirituality. In the first act, before the drinking of the potion, his manner, and perhaps the accidental posing of his red cloak, made him quite statuesque, marmoreal; in the second act his share in the love-duet was delightful in the young passion of his expression, which seemed to be the very summer-flower of youth; and in the last act he was poignant with the true tragedy that 'purges by pity and terror.' In a word, although before last night we confess that, apart from program announcements, we had never heard of Herr Forchhammer, we found in him something which is very like genius, and possessed of a voice very capable of uttering the purpose of that talent."

There is a new Hungarian violinist at least every month. The latest is Hegeous, who was born at Budapest 19 years and a half ago. He was educated at the Budapest Conservatory.

Mr. Blackburn says "Tomagno again persuaded us that Verdi made Othello more of a dullard in the arts of life than even Shakespeare dreamed of. Possibly Bolto's wonderful compression of the plot is partly accountable for this."

And the same acute and fanciful critic finds that Termini's Elizabeth is wonderful. "Its exaltation both in joy and tragedy belong to what theologians call the preternatural order of things."

Charlotte Huhn has withdrawn from the Dresden Royal Opera, although her contract was recently renewed for another five years. Fräulein Huhn claims that her artistic dignity was not respected by the leader, von Schuch. This is not the first time we have heard of his empirical tactics. Herr von Schuch seems to need another trip to America, where he was taught that there are other directors in the world beside himself.—German Times.

...
mehow, Mr. Arthur Friedhelm al-
s suggests to me the statesman. I
w. not why this should be, but
never he rises from the piano, I
chow seem to expect from him an
ress of a political nature. Certain-
discretion and a control that seems
forbid the possibility of his being
led away by his emotions charac-
ze his playing.—The Referee.

nd the Referee thus speaks of a
work by Elgar produced June 20:
first sight London, "that monstrous
rosity of civilized life," as Car-
called our capital, would seem to
rd little to inspire a composer, yet
streets teem with the joys, griefs,
mnities, and humors of life. Os-
tentious wealth jostles shoulders with
ct poverty, industry and idleness,
edy with tragedy, "such-like, and so
that is the common lot of man"; but
had not hitherto occurred to any
lish composer to attempt to illus-
re the varied humanity of London
il the happy idea came to Dr. Ed-
Elgar, who has given it vigor-
expression in his new overture, en-
ed "Cockaigne," which was produced
the Philharmonic concert on Thurs-
last. London life can be viewed
in many aspects. Dr. Elgar is a
lal one, and he takes "a view of
ings, quite new of things," so new,
eed, that it may be said to be ideal,
point to a period when the County
council has ceased from troubling and
ratepayers are at rest. His lead-
theme is intended to suggest the
deerful Aspect of London." This is
owed by an episode, "The Strong and
ere Character of Londoners." The
ond subject is "The Lovers' Ron-
ce," which is interrupted by "Young
lton," naturally followed by a
ilitary Band." The goal of the
ers is, of course, a church, and with
conclusion of the work we come to
bustle of the streets again. Too
at praise can scarcely be given
the manner in which the composer
has developed and treated his subject.
Technically, the score is a masterpiece
of contrapuntal science, and the orches-
tration is so rich and full as to suggest
comparison with the overture to "Die
Meistersinger." Better than all its
sence, however, is its powerful ex-
pression of healthy and exuberant life.
Its music that does one good to hear—
"vigilating, humanizing, uplifting."
and here is an example of modern
icism, as it seems to the Referee:
opera is a high form of musical
at, the new critics give it very scant
consideration. I am sure Lancelot will
ree with me. The typical up-to-date
nce runs something as follows: "Al-
ough royalty was not present, the
use was very brilliant. The Countess
of Pelham brought Mr. Goldstein with
r, and the Duchess of Driftwood looked
diant in black, with some orchids in
r lovely hair. Lady Parvenu's dia-
monds were gorgeous, and all the
ung men seemed to call at her box
etween the acts. Mrs. Selby-Clifton's
arls were marvelous, and the new
ustralian millionaire, Mr. Humming-
p, had a large party, including the
hness of Saxe-Wehmergert and the
aronesse Schwartzhausen. Mrs. Dawes-
ephens was picturesque with some
auve tulle in her hair, and Mr. John-
n was among those I noticed in the
anibus box. Meiba sang."

Franchette's "Germania" will prob-
ly be the feature of the next season
the Scala. The libretto is by Illica
nd a Roman correspondent thus de-
cribes the plot: "The scene is laid
Germany in 1813, and is a pean of
rise to patriotism. In the first act
e sees a reunion of patriots broken
by the police, with, however, the
raculous escape of one of the heads
e band. In the second act this
ung man arrives in a distant city
d takes refuge with a bosom friend,
so a conspirator, whom he finds on
e eve of marriage with, to his horror,
sometime mistress of his own. He
res not tell the truth, but so works
the conscience of the girl that she
s from the scene, and he disappears
another direction. The third act is
e apotheosis of patriotism, in which
e two friends, divided by a woman,
e united by the love of country,
hich constrains to the greatest hero-
ism and sacrifice. The fourth act is
e field after the battle of Jena,
ewn with the dead and dying. The
ung girl who had divided the friends
pears, looking for him who should
ve been her husband. She finds him
ing, soothes his last moments, and
s him down dead in magnificent
spair, just as Napoleon I., the
umphant victor and his followers,
rch on the field. I am assured that
e music and the words are worthy
e of the other."

...
quote from a correspondent of the
l Mail Gazette a curious note about
o's new opera.
"In March last I was able to announce
re, not without pardonable ostenta-
tion, that I had Arrigo Boito's author-
for informing the attentive universe

that his long-expected opera, "Nerone,"
was all but finished, that it would be
produced at the Scala next Carnival
season, and that meanwhile the book
would be published. Today I receive
news traversing my information. The
book of "Nerone" has been published
right enough, but I have before me the
text of a letter from Boito to Duke Vis-
conti di Madrone, Meaenias of the
Scala, in which the Master says he can-
not finish his work by the end of the
year, and consequently withdraws it
from the contemplated operatic scheme.
It would be profitless to speculate on
the porch of this unexpected change
of mind, and Boito himself must feel
uncomfortable with regard to it; for,
a mutual friend informs me, he has
suddenly left Milan, and nobody, not
even his brother Camillo, knows where
he has gone. But wagging tongues are
already busy prophesying that "Nerone"
will never be finished, and that
Boito will remain a one-opera man.
Much they know about it! Boito may
not care to produce "Nerone" this car-
nival, but his score, I have very good
reason for affirming, is quite finished,
and as for being a one-opera man, here
is an account of another operatic work
of his. I had better give it in Boito's
own words.

"A good many springs ago, quand
nous étions jeunes et beaux, I pro-
duced an opera of mine—or rather half
an opera, for I wrote only one act of
its two—with the greatest success, in
Milan. The performance was unique in
every sense, for there never was a
second, and we were quite satisfied
with our run of one night. The produc-
tion took place in a large room, and
our hostess was our only audience. I
played the violin during the entr'acte,
poor Moreo Sala, my collaborateur,
thumped the pianoforte, and a friend
of ours, who stole the MS. afterward,
worked the fantocel with me. Yes, the
play was for puppets. When the specta-
cle was over we drank the performers,
and a delightful cup of tea they made.
Let me explain. The title of our play
was, "Canard et Pékoe, ou l'histoire
d'une tasse de thé;" and the characters,
Canard, a French tenor; Pékoe, a
Chinese lady; Glou-glou, a music hall
singer, and Alcohol, the King. Each
character stood for an element in the
denouement or, rather, final catastro-
phe, and that is how they ranked in the
symbology of the action. Canard—
sugar, Pékoe—tea; Glou-glou—water.
This was the plot; Canard has a liai-
son with dainty Pékoe, is very much
in love with her and is loved in turn;
so is also King Alcohol, minus reci-
procity; whilst Glou-glou, a lady with a
previous claim, threatens vengeance
and reprisals. The lovers have to carry
on their amorous dialogues in odd
nooks and corners, and meet one day
by appointment in the idyllic vacuum
of a tea-urn. Here they are espied by
Glou-glou, who, beside herself with
disappointment, dissolves and drowns
them. King Alcohol, furious, off his
own bat, resolves to destroy the lot,
and, setting fire underneath the urn,
in which we have now tea, water, and
sugar, brings matters to a boiling
point. Here tea is poured out—cur-
tain.

"And thus it is that Boito cannot be
considered a one-opera man."

...
The production of Purcell's "Fairy
Queen" in London, June 15, was an
event of more than ordinary interest.
I quote from the Referee:

The promised performance in concert
form, under the direction of Mr. J. S.
Shedlock, of Purcell's "Fairy Queen,"
took place yesterday afternoon at St.
George's Hall, and proved extremely
interesting. The work is commonly
called an opera, but it is really an ex-
travagant dramatic version, by an un-
known author, of Shakespeare's "Mid-
summer's Night's Dream" with inci-
dental music. The music, however,
plays a very important part, and the
numbers are very numerous. It was
originally produced at the Dorset Gar-
den Theatre in 1682, when Purcell was
thirty-four years of age, and proved so
successful that it was repeated with
additions of the following year. In anti-
cipation of yesterday's performance, Mr.
Shedlock, with characteristic thorough-
ness, made many efforts to recover the
numbers which have long been missing,
and was so fortunate as to discover
in the library of the Royal Academy of
Music the score which, there can be
little doubt, was used at the perform-
ance in 1683. In this the long-lost num-
bers were found. They comprise a so-
prano solo, "See Even Night"; a bar-
itone solo and chorus, "Hush No More";
the "Dance for the Green Men," "Dance
of Haymakers," and the conclusion to
the symphony which preceded the
fourth act. These portions, until yester-
day, had not been heard for 200 years,
but they proved so admirable that it
may confidently be said that for them
there is "a long awakening from their
long sleep."

The soprano solo, "See Even Night,"
is accompanied by muted strings, a
device the invention of which hitherto
has been attributed to Handel, who, it
has been said, used it for the first time
in "Alexander Balus." Many of the
other numbers of Purcell's music are
extremely expressive, and some of them
very humorous, notably the duet, "Now
the maids and the men," which is fol-
lowed by a "Dance of Haymakers,"
and the "Monkeys' Dance," in which
the chattering of the animals is realisti-
cally imitated by the strings of the
orchestra. This number was part of
the matter interpolated at the per-
formance in 1683, which terminated in
a grand transformation scene, heralded
by the arrival of Juno in a gold car
drawn by peacocks. This scene repre-
sented a Chinese garden with trees and
effects "the like of which was never
seen before." The addition of a cele-
stial garden to Shakespeare's fairy play
is surely one of the most grotesque ex-
cesses to be found in dramatic art.
Great praise is due to Mr. Shedlock
for the consistent manner in which the
music was given. The soloists were
Miss Evangeline Florence, Mr. Denis
O'Sullivan and Mr. John Strafford, who

were assisted in the choruses by the
Purcell Operatic Society, and the in-
strumental portion was executed by the
usual strings, augmented by Bach trum-
pets and harpsichord, at which Mrs.
Elodie Dolmetsch and Mr. J. S. Shed-
lock alternately presided. Valuable
help to the understanding of the au-
dience was supplied by Mr. E. F.
Jacques, who happily described himself
as an animated program.

July 10, 1901
See the red tower that rises strong and
steadfast there,
Holding a dial that tells its tale unceas-
ingly!
Look at the festal halls, the airy terraces,
The great oaks that have grasped the soil
for centuries,
The cedars calm as if they grew on Leb-
anon,
The lawns as green as laurels in a thunder
shower,
The bright symmetric flower-plots; Lordly
mastiff stalks
Over the turf; white pigeons fill the sum-
mer air.
A scene more happy than the chief of
palaces.
No prince dwells there; only an English
gentleman.

Thus Mortimer Collins in his unfin-
ished "Comedy of Dreams," which ex-
isted only in his mind and in fragments
used as mottoes for chapters of his
fantastical novels. And yet he forgot
the chief adornment of a lawn, the
glory for which the lawn has an ex-
cuse for being: a woman seated or
standing, white-robed, cool, and so
far removed from the looker-on that
there is no possible identification, but
there is the delight of mystification,
the feeling of romantic surprise, the
awakening of sudden longing.

Even in prosaic towns near Boston
there are lawns large enough to furnish
illusion. The house itself may be near
the ocean, as in Lynn, or on the top
of a knoll, as in Lincoln. The passer-
by sees a green, expansive lawn, and
under a wide-spreading tree that
stretches its branches with loving de-
votion to give her shade is a woman,
white, mystic, wonderful—far removed
from dust, heat, turmoil. Perhaps she
embroiders, reads, dreams, watches the
shadows. She may be old, weather-
beaten, scrawny; she may be young,
virginal, beautiful, with the eyes and
step of a fawn; she may be a matron,
a rebellious widow; the distance sug-
gests simply a cool, fair woman, un-
spotted by the world. She should have
for background an old house that an-
ticipated the young Colonial architects
of this period; there should be an It-
alian garden and immemorial elms; her
only companion should be a peacock on
a terrace, with spread tail, who, look-
ing on her, is almost persuaded to ad-
mire her and forget himself.

There should be no man near her
feet. The passer-by should be per-
suaded that she, lonely, as though in
an enchanted tower contrived by some
puissant ruler against an evil fate
decreed by horoscope, were waiting for
the delivery prince, and that he—if it
were permitted him to wash face and
hands and put on his favorite blue-
striped shirt—might play the prince to
her joy and satisfaction.

She is better alone, better without a
female of her kind. For then there
would be chattering, and the cool hush
of the scene would be disturbed. And
now there is only the caw of a crow
winging heavily its industrious flight.

It is strange that Mortimer Collins
should have forgotten this glory of a
lawn; for he was a man that loved
woman, understood her, and wrote
about her, always sympathetically,
often nobly.

And women are of many, many kinds.
Thus we read yesterday in an Eng-
lish journal of a rowing match for
women at the Saltash regatta on the
river Tamar. "Although the weather
was very boisterous one boat was
rowed by Mrs. Martin, aged 69, and
Mrs. Prout, aged 70, who finished sec-
ond, the winners being two young
women. Mrs. Prout pulled bow in the
crew of Saltash boat women who half
a century ago created a sensation by
crossing to France and rowing at Cher-
bourg and elsewhere. In every in-
stance they beat the crews of French-
men, and on one occasion they defeated
a picked crew of British bluejackets at
Devonport."

Many fat men will hail the first days
of fall. For then they can throw the
belt aside and resume suspenders. It
is not given to every man to wear a
belt. (Even a belted Earl may be
ridiculous if he is fat). Your obese
person looks as though he were under-
going torture. There are puffy folds
of flesh above and below, and the tight-
ly drawn thing cuts and saws. The
torments and agonies endured patiently
by some who think that thereby they
will look and feel cool

We regret to find the term "Cante-
lupe melon" used by a contemporary.
The approved spelling is "cantaloup,"
from the French, which in turn was an
adaptation of the Italian word "Canta-

lupo," a former country seat of the
Pope near Rome, where this melon was
first cultivated after its introduction
from Armenia.

In the chapter "Of Drunkenness"
found in the supplement of "The
Theatre of God's Judgments," by the
Rev. Tho. Beard, Doctor of Divinity and
Preacher of the Word of God in the
town of Huntington, is this matter fit
for today:

"On the 16th day of July, 1628, one
John Vintner of Godmanchester Gard-
ner, a knowne drunkard and one that
would prophane (especially in his
drinke) scoffe at religion, and abuse
good men, fell from the top of a Peare-
tree to the ground and brake his necke,
and so died."

This teaches the folly of climbing

pear trees. Even if a man is sober
he is likely to see surprising and un-
pleasant things. See Pope's "January
and May," in which the old knight
climbs a pear tree to his own discom-
fiture and the delight of his young
wife. The story itself is an old one.
It is in the supplementary Arabian
Nights, and is called "The Tale of the
Simpleton Husband;" but the tree men-
tioned therein is a tall sycamore, al-
though nearly all the European versions
say "pear tree." (Now the pear tree
is not found in Badawi-land.) In an old
Hindu tale of like nature the tree is a
date. And yet some of the finest
European pears came from the East;
thus the Bergamot is the Beg Armud,
Prince of Pears, from Angora. To
dream of a pear or pear tree is a
good omen, for there is promise of
riches. Many physicians have looked
sourly on this fruit, as Simeon Seth,
who characterizes pears as "of a cold
and desiccative nature, compounded of
astringency, sweetness, and sometimes
of acidity." The warden ple of Shake-
spear's day was colored with saffron,
while stewed pears now are colored
with cochineal. Pliny agreed with the
physicians: "All pears whatsoever are
but a heavy meat even to them that
are in good health." A cataplasm of
pears is good for "pushes, risings,
pimples upon the body," and the fruit
is a good counter poison against ven-
omous toadstools and mushrooms,
while ashes of the tree are still more
efficacious in such an emergency.

Here is a queer story told by Pliny
through the mouth of Philemon Hol-
land. "Poor jades that carry Apples
and Pears upon their backs in paniers,
are shrewdly laden; and wonderful it is
to see, how heavy they do welgh and
how a few of them will make the poore
beasts to shrink under their burden;
but what is the remedy? Let them
east some of those Pears before, or do
but shew them unto them, they will
undergoe (as folke say) their load more
willingly, and go away with it more
roundly."

July 17 1901
MY LORD DEATH.

I made to Death a Sonnet in my sleep,
And lo! he came and stood beside my bed
And laid his crown of roses on my head,
Saying: "These flowers, my sister, shalt
thou keep."

O good Lord Death, my lover and my lord,
Why must my Love and I forever weep
These pitiless hard tears, so fierce and deep,
When Thou dost ever speak so sweet a
word?

Lo! Love and I, we saw thee in our morn
Gathering thy yellow blossoms in a heap;
And when we kiss'd we felt thy stern breath
leap

From every bud and blossom on the thorn.
But Thou art just, my governor and my
king!
Exactng only what thy subjects bring.

When you are tempted to complain
of the heat and thus add fuel to what
is burning fiercely, remember the be-
havior of the people of Ormuz, as ob-
served by Sir John Maundeville, Kt.
"But there is so great Heat in these
Coasts, and especially in that Isle, that
for the great Distress of the Heat, Men
suffer from the great Dissolution of the
Body. And Men of that Country, that
know the Manner, let bind themselves
up, or else might they not live, and
anoimt themselves with Ointments made
therefore. In that country and in Ethio-
pia, and in many other Countries, the
Folk lie all naked in Rivers and Waters.
Men and Women together, from Undurn
(9 o'clock) of the Day till it be past the
Noon. And they lie all in the water
save the Visage, for the great Heat
that there is. And the Women have no
Shame of the Men, but lie all together,
Side to Side, till the Heat be past."

If only the Charles were thus made
available for dwellers in the West End
and the Back Bay! May the proposed
improvement be a fact before another
summer. Then may we see citizens and
citizenesses of all ranks immersed up to
their chin in democratic comfort. There
would be a more sympathetic spirit, a
better understanding. The citizeness of

close to Mr. Wiggleston on Street, would douse her head, splash her highly respectable neighbor and say, "This is better than any shirt waist, isn't it, old horse?" without giving serious offence.

The London journals tell stories about Professor Tait of Edinburgh University, who died July 4. He cared nothing for appearances and his clothes were worn in an eccentric manner. "In the perspective of the street, he appeared all angles. His hat, his inevitable cigar, cocked at one side of his month, and his feet all jutted in contrary directions. It was whispered that he never had a dress suit."

He was known chiefly as the author of "Properties of Matter," and he used to tell how his son "Freddy" upset his wonderful mathematical calculations on the subject of the maximum distance a golf ball could be sent by actually sending the ball farther himself.

We learn that a corset which has already "made a great success" in London is known as "La Samothrace." Why "La Samothrace"? And where have we heard that word?

Why, of course! In Swinburne's "Masque of Queen Bersabe," when Chrysothemis advances and sings:

I am the Queen of Samothrace,
God, making roses, made my face
As a rose filled up full with red.
My brows made sharp the straitened seas
From Pontus to that Chersonese
Whereon the ebb'd Asian stream is shed.
My hair was as sweet scent that drips;
Love's breath begun about my lips
Kindled the lips of people dead.

We learn that Chrysothemis thought well of herself and had a strong breath—the breath of an earnest reformer; but there is nothing about her corset.

We learn from dictionaries that Samothrace has several commodious harbors and abounds with honey and fallowdeer, and that it was formerly famous for the Dii Cabiri, or great gods which were there worshiped. But even the curious Jeremy Collier does not pry into the intimate raiment of the Samothracians.

And what is the precise nature of "La Samothrace"? Is it something delightfully cool in perforated batiste?

This reminds us that a stout young woman, one of that unfortunate class in England known as a lady's maid, hurried through the rain to bring her mistress home, and fell dead. The doctor said it was a case of tight lacing. "If ladies of the upper classes will set the example of squeezing their bodies together, lady's maids are bound to copy them. The cult of beauty is a strange thing. Vegresses pursue it by inserting huge rings in the cartilages of their noses, or by perforating their cheeks with chunks of wood. They put themselves to a considerable amount of inconvenience, but they do not cut short their lives as their Caucasian sisters do sometimes."

Even though in this weather drops stand on the brow of your adored Arabella, or trickle down her cheeks in spite of dainty moppings; even though her shirt-waist be a thing of pulp, do not, Adolphus, hint by look or word of mouth that she is sweating.

It is true that Sappho in her famous ode, said: "For when I see thee but a little, I have no utterance left, my tongue is broken down, and straightway a subtle fire has run under my skin, with my eyes I have no sight, my ears ring, sweat pours down, and a trembling seizes all my body; I am paler than grass, and seem in my madness little better than one dead." But what this forward woman said is no example for you.

And did not Landor's Cleone write to Aspasia about this very passage?

"Sappho, in the most celebrated of her Odes, tells us that she sweats profusely. Now, surely, no female, however low-born and ill-bred, in short, however Eolian, could, without indecorousness, speak of sweating and spitting, or any such things. We never ought to utter, in relation to ourselves, what we should be ashamed of being seen in."

So, even when Arabella's face is mottled, her nose a puffy red, her hair stringy and discouraged, gaze on her fondly, and say, "How cool you look! You women have a great advantage over us."

A correspondent wrote the other day: "It is a familiar sight in my district to see a woman in a drunken state, staggering down the streets with a baby in her arms, and one or two little ones holding on to her skirts." Truly a shocking spectacle! But how much worse if she had been so far gone as to be obliged to hang on to the skirts of the little ones.

Prof. Bergmann, a German surgeon, performed a difficult operation at Odessa for a princely fee. Many came to him and begged attendance. "One poor fellow waited upon him as he sat with guests at dinner, as asked for instant consultation. Bergmann went out, performed a delicate operation on the spot and quietly returned to his place at table as if nothing had happened."

This reminds us of Mr. Slasher, the eminent surgeon in "The Pickwick Papers," who took a boy's leg out of the socket while the boy was eating and saying "he didn't want to be made game of."

Sometimes we would sit silent together for hours, like what I have heard of a Quakers' meeting, and then, suddenly, seized with that passion for change which is never extinguished in the human mind, would cry out as by mutual impulse, "Come, now let us curse a little! In the art of cursing we were certainly no ordinary proficient; and if an indifferent person could have heard us, he would probably have been considerably struck with the solemnity, the fervor, the eloquence, the richness of style and imagination with which we discharged the function."

We were looking over yesterday a collection of letters written by John Keats to sundry persons—among them, Fanny Brawne. The volume was the fifth of the new edition of Keats's works, edited by H. B. Forman, published in Glasgow, copiously but wisely annotated, thoroughly indexed, a marvel of respectable cheapness, light in the hand, and the volume will not cause the coat pocket to sag and thereby provoke the remonstrance of a careful wife.

While we were hunting for some eulogy of Chapman's Homer, or explanation of the origin of that wondrous poem "La Belle Dame sans Merci," or burst of amatory passion, we came across two or three passages which invite discussion as well as investigation.

Keats was extravagantly fond of claret. He shouted, he screamed the praise of it; nor was there in this love any affectation; while you suspect Byron in his eulogy of gin. The second verse of Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" is a glowing tribute to his favorite drink.

But Keats liked his claret cold.

In 1819 he wrote to his sister Fanny among things to be desired: "A little claret wine cool out of a cellar a mile deep." The same year he writes to others: "I like claret, whenever I can have claret. I must drink it—'tis the only palate affair that I am at all sensual in. * * * If you could make some wine like claret, to drink on summer evenings in an arbor! For really 'tis so fine—it fills one's mouth with a gushing freshness—then goes down cool and feverless—then you do not feel it quarrelling with your liver—no, it is rather a peacemaker, and lies as quiet as it did in the grape; then it is as fragrant as the Queen Bee, and the more ethereal part of it mounts into the brain, not assailing the cerebral apartments like a bully in a bad house looking for his trull and hurrying from door to door bouncing against the wainscot, but rather walks like Aladdin about his enchanted palace so gently that you do not feel his step. Other wines of a heavy and spirituous nature transform a man into a Silenus; this makes him a Hermes—and gives a Woman the soul and immortality of an Ariadne, for which Bacchus always kept a good cellar of claret—and even of that he could never persuade her to take above two cups. I said this same claret is the only palate-passion I have—I forgot game—I must plead guilty to the breast of a partridge, the back of a hare, the back-bone of a grouse, the wing and side of a Pheasant, and a woodcock passion." And on another occasion the poet wrote: "We all got a little tipsy—but pleasantly so—I enjoy claret to a degree."

Dr. Johnson, as you know, sniffed at claret as a drink for boys, one that gives the dropsy before drunkenness; "it neither makes boys men; nor men boys, you'll be drowned by it, before it has any effect upon you."

But Keats was by no means effeminate. His favorite amusement as boy and youth was fighting. "He would fight any one," said a school-fellow, "morning, noon and night, his brother among the rest; it was meat and drink to him." And we know that he saw the fight in 1813 between Turner and Randall, the Nonpareil. This fight lasted two hours and a half, and Keats afterward tapped his fingers on the window pane to give Cowden Clarke an idea of the swiftness of the Nonpareil's hits, by which Turner's face was a good deal "dehumanized."

But the question of questions is: Did the Englishman of 1813 drink his claret cold?

Today the claret must be "of the temperature of the room," and the late Mr. Lorillard was commended for his ability to tell by a sip the precise temperature of the wine. "Temperature of the room" is a vague phrase. Nearly all dining rooms in this country are too hot.

The question would seem to be answered easily, and yet there is a singular dearth of precise information.

We learn that in the 17th century a dandy drank his wine with three parts water and put amber in it; that sugar was added to claret, and sometimes water; that herbs were sometimes added; that apothecaries sold wines and tobacco; that the French as well as the English watered wine of Beaune; that Italian wines were preferred at breakfast. But these bits of information shed no light.

William Maginn in his "Maxims of Odohery," published in Blackwood's in 1824, wrote: "I recommend brandy to be used as a dram solely. In drinking claret, when that cold wine begins, as it will do, to chill the stomach, a glass of brandy after every four glasses of claret corrects the frigidity." On the other hand, he says, later: "Hoch cannot be too much, claret cannot be too little, iced. Indeed, I have my doubts whether any red wine should ever see the ice-pail at all. Burgundy, unquestionably, never should; and I am inclined to think that with regard to hermitage, claret, etc., it is always quite sufficient to wrap a wet towel (or perhaps a wisp of wet straw is better still), about the bottle, and put it in the draft of a shady window for a couple of hours before enjoyment." Dr. Mackenzie, in a note, adds: "Red wine should be rather warm than cool," but his note is dated 1855. And listen to Maginn again: "Swift's printer * * * used to sit a whole night with a solitary strawberry at the bottom of his glass, over which he used to pour generally four bottles of claret. I do so, George would say, because a doctor recommended it to him for its cooling qualities. The idea that cold wine should not be drunk after cool fruit is nonsense."

Nor does Thomas Walker, in "The Original" (1835), say much that is definite on this important point, although he has remarkable pages about champagne. He believes in iced punch in summer, and hot in winter, and he insists on cooling drinks and the value of ice in summer.

Charles Astor Bristed extols champagne diluted with iced water in the proportion of one-half or two-thirds as a summer beverage. "Therefore, reader mine, when you give a dinner in hot weather, put a bottle of champagne (or at least a pint bottle) and a saucer of ice by every gentleman. Never mind the looks; it removes all fear of deficient supply, and saves John and Thomas a vast deal of trouble in running round with the wine."

For some years the reproach has been urged against the Chicagoan gentleman that he drinks his claret iced and with a little sugar. If he will only abstain from sugar, he may say, proudly: "I drink my claret, sir, as Keats liked it, the immortal Keats."

FROM THE SPANISH.
On every thinker call a curse,
For thought his life to nought shall bring,
Persuaded by a fate perverse
His vestry-clerk is not his king,
His village not his universe.

Mr. Willis Pratt and his wife, with their three children and two married friends, went to Coney Island, and after they had disported themselves on the beach, hunger, like a strong man, came upon them and they would faint eat. A restaurant near by was not crowded, and the four adults and the three children sat at a table with expectant mouths.

Mr. Pratt ordered for the party a Spanish mackerel, a large sirloin steak, a salad and two vegetables.

The manager of the restaurant refused to fill the order for the guests on the ground that the order was too small for the size of the party. Mr. Pratt, a ready reckoner, found that the cost of the ordered food would amount to \$5.35, or about 75 cents a head. The manager was obdurate. The order was not filled, and now Mr. Pratt proposes to sue the proprietors of the restaurant.

This is a singular story. It would be a pleasant task to inquire into the nature of Mr. Pratt's order, whether it were suitable to the temperature of the day and the festive occasion. Personally we disapprove of the order as one calculated to crush hunger as with the blow of a pile driver. Spanish mackerel is, even at the best, not wholly free from the suspicion of grease. And beef! In hot weather we should add to the injunction, "Eat nothing that squeals," the words, "nor anything that lows." The sheep is the

only animal that is not posthumously disconcerting on a July day. We should have preferred Littleneck clams a light and delicate fish (if fish were necessary), a lobster (cold, not broiled) salads, ices, fruit. There should have been the suggestion of whites and greens.

But such an order would have given the manager heart failure—in which case the waiter would probably have served Mr. Pratt without delay.

The question will arise in court "Has a restaurant manager a right to determine how much a guest must spend?" If a man opens a restaurant has not a passer-by the right to order merely pippins and cheese, if he be so inclined?

And oil, the sweet, sickish odor of the popular soda water fountain in fly time! There are good lines in Eden Philpott's story, "The Good Red Earth." Here is a scriptural speculation by Tim Blake:

"'Twas a apple what Eve gave to Adam, by all accounts, maister. I s'pose twecn't no little auld saabby clder-apple as grawed theer, but a brave sweet sort for the table? Else the man wou'dn't have g'ced way to her. Though God knows I doan't judge one. I be such a cruel hungerer for 'em that if I'd got a wife an' her fetched along a gude sizable sweet apple in the heat of the day, I'd be sartain sure to have ate un, clothes or no clothes."

We are surprised that the antivivisectionists have not quoted for their purpose from Mr. John Davidson's poem, "The Testament of a Vivisector." It is true that the poet says in a preface that his poem will hardly recommend itself to those of either house. He tries to establish only this: A fever of desire for the infliction of pain may take hold upon the mind of the habitual practitioner in vivisection, and even the scientific impulse which first animated him may become subservient to this passion." And he has a new statement of materialism: "The sweetest voice that thrills the air with sound gives matter pain." He conjectures that the sun is not happy in his flames, that the cooling earth quails from her own contraction, and that the systems which strew the ethereal waste are whirling there in agony unutterable." But this is not new, for the Manichaeans believed that inorganic objects were capable of suffering, and they used a prayer of pardon if they inflicted unconsciously pain on vegetables which they ate. Furthermore, certain deep thinkers have claimed that the earth is an animal.

The Journal published lately an account of Bubastis, the Egyptian city filled with the tombs of cats, and the writer alluded to the respect in which all cats were held by the Egyptians. There is a curiously worded allusion to this respect in William Watreman's "Farde of Facions," published at London in 1555.

"If a man haue slayne any of these beastes willingly: he is condemned to death. But yf he haue slaine an catte willingly or unwillingly the people roneth vpon him vpon heapes, and withoute all ordre of justice or lawe, in moste miserable wise torment him to death. Vpon feare of the which daunger who soever sleth one of those lyeng dead: standing a farre, he howeth and crieth professing that he is not giltye of ye death."

Many have been perplexed by this respect and veneration and have sought out various explanations. An Egyptologist once told us that he believed the cause was this: The cat was the enemy of the rat and the rat brought the plague.

The first regatta in England was in 1775, and it was imported into that country by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who had been impressed by the water show of Venice. There was no series of races. There was a procession of city barges to a "temporary octagon," where there was revelling that night and well into the next day. Only seven of the company were drowned on the return journey, which speaks well for the average sobriety of the crowd.

The London journals give us full particulars of Mrs. James Brown Potter's recitations in church, whereas the cablegrams only referred to her as assisting the congregation by her recitations to trample Satan under foot and becoming, as it were, a formidable weapon of the church militant. Militant here includes millinery, for we learn that Mrs. Brown Potter, "who arrived with the vicar's wife," was "gowned in white, with a picture hat, round which white ostrich plumes trailed, and a white feather boa round her throat."

"From a commanding position in the chancel Mrs. Potter, with much dramatic vigor, and with organ and choral accompaniment, recited with deep feel-

Pope's 'Vital Spark of Heavenly
ame.' The audience were deeply im-
essed, many being moved to tears."
A journal adds, with reference to the
wd: "There could have been an
erflow service in the churchyard."
d it publishes a learned disquisition
Mrs. Potter on the early Christian
uma and its source in the liturgy of
church.

July 20 1901
I saw all kinds—Anarchists preaching the
spel of dynamite; Socialists demanding
quality of goods and education; * * * Sal-
tionists rejoicing in their assured salva-
ion, and corybantically jubilant over their
eneration by what was to them but a
ruse, meaning as much as, and no more
an, that blessed word Mesopotamia; philo-
phic Atheists, to whom life was a ghastly
ke when not a grim mistake; philosophic
ligionists, who believed in God, but not in
rist, and who held all churches as the
eries of falsehood; * * * and the coarse,
inking, yelling music-hall 'Arry, without
nor, principle, thought, aspiration, and im-
pable of the poetry of patriotism—I saw
m all: the swine content in their filthy
and the half-formed men struggled to
e themselves from the mire and mud in
uch they were held, like the beasts of that
icture of the creation * * * And for
e and all I felt only cold and somewhat
dainful wonder. They were so narrow, so
e-sided, so prejudiced, so impossible.

No wonder that Earl Russell was
ven three months in jail. The trial
s conducted with the quaint but
gnified ceremonies of the middle
es. There was the gentleman usher
the black rod, and the Norroy King
Arms was in a resplendent tunic.
nd pray how did the accused Earl
pear before the august company?
He was dressed in a gray suit and
ore a red tie."
He did not even don a cravat for the
asion. He wore a "tie."
Now a peer charged with murder
ght be pardoned if he put on, ap-
eciative of the situation, a string tie.
t there was no excuse for Earl
soll's behavior; he should have con-
cted himself at least in a peerish
nner.

ome say that Lord Cardigan—hence
a jacket—who was the last peer to
ried by the House of Lords, was
icted for fighting a duel with a man
hose home he had ruined." This
el was in 1841. The quarrel was at a
ss of the Eleventh Dragoons. Capt.
ynolds had ordered a bottle of Mo-
ile, which was set before him unde-
ated. Next morning he received an
imation from Lord Cardigan that the
y was not a pot house. There was
ifference of opinion between Rey-
lds and his Colonel thereupon. The
Colonel told him he had better go. The
Captain asked for a court martial; was
t under arrest. He was treated shab-
y by a Gen. Sleigh, but he finally got
a court martial, which cashiered him.
me time after, letters uncompimenta-
t to Cardigan, the Colonel, appeared
a newspaper. They were written by
former officer of the regiment, Capt.
Harvey Tuckett. There was a duel and
tuckett was wounded, but he soon re-
vered.

And why was Cardigan unanimously
ulted? Because the defense con-
tended that there was no evidence to
ow that Capt. Harvey Tuckett was
pt. Harvey Garnet Phipps Tuckett!
ord Cardigan was undoubtedly a bad
in many ways, but the direct pro-
vation of his duel with Tuckett was
at seduction of the latter's wife.

Will some one please construe these
to sentences found in Mr. Winston
Churchill's "Crisis," which, we are
ld, commands a pretty sale and is
rich admired.
1. "But his father, nor his father's
ends, had never been brought face to
e with this hideous traffic."
2. "Her hand lay limp in his, unre-
nsive of his own pressure."

Mrs. Z. W. Tinker of St. Louis de-
nts in the embrace of old ocean as
appears off Allenhurst, N. J. On
y 17 she left her diamond necklace
l several rings (worth about \$2000)
a bathhouse, while she sported in
e waters and rolled on the sand.
hen she opened the bathhouse she
nd that her jewels had been stolen.
ea baths, as a rule, are taken by the
hionable between 11 A. M. and 2 P.
M., and there is an old tradition that
monds should not be worn until
er sunset. It is true that many
althy women of the West are ad-
ted to the display of diamonds at
akfast. We do not approve of this
actice; many feel squeamish or irri-
le, or low in the mind during the
rly forenoon, and the glare of the
elous stones upsets them for the day.
e saw once some Western women
a steamboat on Lake Thun. It was
an early hour, and as soon as they
d seated themselves on deck they
rewed little boxes around their ear-
s. They had displayed them at
akfast, and they saw on the steamer
ody worth the further display.
Mrs. Tinker should have worn all

her jewels into the water. Nose-jewels
do not interfere with the aquatic sports
of so-called savages, and a diamond
necklace shining in the surf around a
splendid neck would crowd any beach
with ecstatic admirers. The more jew-
els, the more enhancing the sight. Ear-
rings, necklace, bracelets, anklets,
rings—they should all be worn, espe-
cially in New Jersey, where the village
authorities are critical concerning the
dimensions of bathing suits.

His Holiness the Pope takes an inter-
est in the apparel of women. One of
his nieces was about to be married,
and he insisted that in her trousseau
she should have only white, blue, or
black gowns, the colors most becoming
to young girls. "Gray and brown are
suitable only for old women, and I do
not like any other colors." White is
the symbol of purity; blue is the color
dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and
black is the hue of dress for out-door
wear in Spain and Italy.

The coxswain of the Leander boat
crew used to wear a topper of white
silk, silk stockings, green plush knee-
breeches, and a "Brummagem" coat.
And the crew of the Leander that acted
formerly as pioneer cutter and rowed
ahead of the University race at Putney
rowed in the orthodox top-hat of the
period.

Board at the inns at Johannesburg is
now from \$10.50 to \$11.25 a week, but
they say the fare is simple and the
meat is not worth eating. Tobacco is
scarce, although there is plenty that
is uncurd. The new Governor (Sir
Henry McCallum) is doing his ut-
most to "civilize" the natives." He is
obliging persons attending his levees
and receptions to come clad in proper
attire, and not as heretofore in brown
billy cock hats and frock coats, or
dress coats, gray trousers, and straw
hats."

Here are some answers to examina-
tion papers handed into the Interme-
diate Educational Board for Ireland:
"Maussade"—mossy, drunk; "epines"
"une terrine de crème"—tyrrhene, a
"une terrine de crème"—tyrrhene, a
boal, a bowl of cream; "une aumône"
an anemone, a ring; "un rustre"—a boer,
a boar, a bore; "un bohémien"—a Paddy-
go-easy, a real Irishman; while "les
frôles demoiselles" was rendered by, al-
most any insect imaginable; lizards,
dandy and daddly long-legs, glow-
worms, caterpillars, beetles, etc.,
occurring repeatedly. Some unsophisti-
cated opinions were expressed in rela-
tion to the identity of Paul et Virginie,
who were declared to be Roman
martyrs, Punch and Judy, two Greek
go s. St. Paul and Virginius the Roman,
etc."

July 21 1901
W HENEVER I hear anyone pro-
testing against the opera as an
immoral exhibition, I am remind-
ed of the unishment of Isabel
Sawtelle in Artemus Ward's romance,
"Only a Mechanic."

Isabel would not marry a young man
"with a clear, beautiful eye, and a
massive brow," because he was a me-
chanic, a cooper.

"Ay, Miss Sawtelle! I am a cooper!" and
his eyes flashed with honest pride.
"What's that?" she asked; "it is some-
thing about barrels, isn't it?"
"It is!" he said, with a flashing nostril.
"And hogsheds."
"Then go!" she said, in a tone of disdain-
"go away!"

Well, Isabel married a miserable arist-
ocrat who died of delirium tremens;
her father failed, and became a raving
maniac, and wanted to bite little chil-
dren; other members of the family met
dreadful fates—but Bianca, oh, Bianca,
Isabel's sister, rode an Immoral
spotted horse in the circus.

And immoral opera is like unto this
spotted horse.

Now it is true that the subjects of
certain librettos are disagreeable: "Rigo-
letto," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusti-
cana," but would you call them im-
moral? In the two latter operas the
offender is punished in summary man-
ner. In "Rigoletto" the buffoon makes
a mistake and kills his daughter, but
she, too, was an offender as well as
the Duke with that haunting song.

But what are you going to say about
"La Traviata," "Don Giovanni," "Die
Valkuere," "Tristan und Isolde"?

"La Traviata," as "Camille," is no
longer taken seriously. There is surely
nothing in the music that makes a
young woman eager to live in the
gully splendor of colorature, or to run
the risk of calls from such bores as
the father of "the unhappy Armand."

"Tosca" is intensely unpleasant, but
chiefly on account of the exhibition
of cruelty, not because Tosca is chased
about the room by Scarpia. Tosca and
Scarpia are lay figures, who do not
excite sympathy or revulsion. Cruelty,
the thought of physical suffering won-
tonly inflicted on the stage, is the sole

fact in awakening interest.
On the other hand, "Le Bohème"
is a human, touching story. Some may
be shocked because Mimì was not mar-
ried to any one of the young men, but,
dear madam, it was not the custom in
those days at Paris for Mimì to marry.
What Leigh Hunt said of Congreve,
Wycherly and others might be said of
many grand operas: The characters do
not exist, the world does not exist;
the men and women and their ways of
life and death might be on another
planet so far as we are concerned.

That Siegmund makes love to his
sister, the wife of Hunding, runs off
with her and has a child by her, is
repulsive in the telling; but how many
in an audience here know what is go-
ing on at the end of the first act or
what is said in the second. They are
legendary characters, and in the early
days incest was not uncommon even
among nations of high civilization. It
is only the extreme Wagnerites who
italicize any possible nastiness in the
libretto by talking solemnly of "the
beautiful symbolism."

Furthermore all operas of "doubtful
nature" gain immeasurably by the fact
that the words are sung, not spoken.
Few singers are intelligible, and why
this fuss about operas in French,
Italian, German or English?

They revived lately in London a
comparatively new opera by Mr. Isidore
de Lara, "Messaline," in which our
old friend Messalina—to write in Eng-
lish—is the heroine. She was an em-
press of an established reputation, and
the tremendous line of Juvenal will last
as long as the thought of the Roman
Empire. It seems that there was a cry
against the "immorality" of this opera.
And Mr. Runciman took up the cudgels
for de Lara if not for the Empress
in the Saturday Review of the 6th.

I am somewhat at a loss to know
precisely what constitutes an immoral
opera. Or rather, why is it that inci-
dents which in one opera are mere
things may in another work be called
perfectly shocking? "Don Giovanni"
is a classic; suburban papas may with
impunity take their sons and daughters
to see it; knowing quite well what it
is all about, the papas and mammas,
the sons and the daughters, applaud
Leporello's catalogue song without a
blush. "Traviata" is not exactly a
classic, but it was popular in
England through the long dreary
period of Victorian prudery; and every-
one knew the story, as the "Lady
With the Camellias" was a much-read
novel. A dozen instances might be
given; but these will serve. These were
tolerated—may, approved. Then Wag-
ner came along with his "Valkyrie";
and immediately a yell of "Immoral-
ity" was raised. What is the explana-
tion? Is it that musical critics have
neither eyes, ears nor brains, or in the
case of familiar works forget how to
use them? Or is it simply that some-
times any stick serves to beat the dog
with?

The question occurred to me with
some force on Tuesday evening when
Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Messaline" was
played to a packed house at Covent
Garden. This opera, it will be remem-
bered, was produced at Monte Carlo
in 1899 and later on in the same year
was given in London. The usual Co-
vent Garden operatic stock had occu-
pied the stage, and we had attended
night after night, had never had our
finer feelings jarred, had never thought
of the word indecency. But the de-
gree of sensitiveness some of us devel-
oped when on Tuesday the Empress
Messalina stepped on the boards was
positively astounding. I found gentle-
men almost in tears at the end of the
first act, gentlemen who not long before
had spent the entire act of "Traviata"
in telling and listening to "smoking
room" stories, gentlemen who had waxed
enthusiastic over productions of the
Gaiety Girl and American type. It was
really a very wonderful sight. The be-
havior of these innocent lambs of criti-
cism made me wonder whether a nun
suddenly popped into the Empire prom-
enade could appear more terribly shock-
ed. Was their indignation real? Or,
not understanding French, were they
too lazy and indifferent to read Mr.
Blackburn's translation of the libretto,
and so comprehended nothing of
the plot? I cannot tell. The
affair reduces me to a state
of helpless puzzlement. For if
"Messaline" is immoral and indecent,
then so is "Tristan," so is the "Val-
kyrie," so is a goodly half of the operas
sung at Covent Garden. More awful
still, Sir Alexander Mackenzie's opera
"The Troubadour" is also improper,
and most terrible of all, the same com-
poser's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon,"
sung in sacred buildings, is as bad as
any of them. But "Messaline" is no
more indecent than are all these others;
it is neither better nor worse than they
are. It was intensely amusing to me
to hear a gentleman who writes
for some reason under the name of
"Lancelot" remarking, before the per-
formance, that he should borrow Guine-
vere's fan. Seeing the relation of
Guinevere to Lancelot the observation
was distinctly unfortunate.

Maurice De Vries has been engaged
by Mr. H. W. Savage to sing leading
parts with the Castle Square Company
during the season of grand opera in
English, which will begin at the Broad-
way Theatre Sept. 16 and continue six
weeks.—George Ade is writing a comic
opera libretto.—They say that Mas-
cagni has the gift of making
himself liked by the great ma-
jority; that he is eminently
"simpatico." And a Roman corres-
pondent tells this story: "The other
day he had just arrived in Pesaro, his

home, when he received an intimation
that Prince Mirko, Queen Jelena's
second brother, would be pleased to
receive him at the Quirinal Palace.
Back he posted to the capital, where
he arrived fresh and genial as ever.
The young Montenegrin Prince is a
great lover of music, he and his sister,
the Princess Anna of Battenberg, being
famous for their musical gifts in their
own country. The audience accorded
the Maestro lasted an hour, music be-
ing the chief subject under discussion,
the two not always agreeing, so that
one or the other was the greater part
of the time at the piano illustrating
his ideas. "Prince Mirko's sense of har-
mony is most remarkable," said Mas-
cagni. "It was a treat to hear him touch
the notes." Before the audience was
finished, Prince Nicholas, the Queen's
father, entered the room, when the
discussion stopped and Mascagni played
several selections from his own com-
positions, evidently to the entire satisfac-
tion of his audience of two, as they
over and over begged him to proceed.
Before leaving, the Maestro wrote a
few bars of music on a piece of paper,
which he signed with his name, for his
kind entertainers."—This Miss Mania
Séguel, a pianist, who has made much
talk in Paris and London, was born
at Kertch, on the shores of the Black
Sea. She began to study early, and
spent six years in Vienna, where she
made her début in her early teens.
The Era reporter is lost in wonder, love
and praise: "Young, beautiful, with
the beauty of talent and the poetic
temperament that is able to express
the tenderest and wildest emotions,
Miss Séguel is exceedingly accom-
plished apart from her music, and has
at full command the difficulties of five
languages, which she speaks with ease
and fluency;" and she thus reminds
us of the celebrated lady who was
"bland, passionate and deeply relig-
ious."—Clara Butt, now Mrs. Rumford,
who made a marked impression here
by her height, is the mother of a
daughter born July 4.—A valuable fid-
dle "costing between £1000 and £2000" has
been given to Kubelik.—Arthur Nikisch
has received from the young King of
Spain the Catholic Order of Isabella.—
Hamish McCunn is writing a new
Scottish opera. His librettist is the
Duke of Argyll.—A statue of Lortzing
was dedicated lately at Pyrmont, his
birthplace, and his opera "Casanova"
was performed.—The citizens of Ham-
burg have granted an annual subsidy
of \$12,500 for ten years to the Municipal
Opera of that city.—A new opera, "Le
Légataire Universel," by Georges
Pfeiffer, was produced at the Opéra

Comique, Paris, July 6. Pfeiffer waited
some years for this production; for
the work was declared to be in rehearsal
in 1897. The libretto is "after Reg-
nard."—Emma Nevada and Jean Las-
salle propose to give concerts in Switz-
erland, Belgium and the chief water-
ing places of Savoy and the Vosges.

This article in the Chureh Family
Newspaper is another proof that Mr.
Paderewski, attended by his faithful
press agent, meditates a descent on our
exposed seaboard towns:

Some time ago when Paderewski was
in England he received several letters
from the proprietor of a traveling cir-
cus. One was to this effect: "My dear
Paderewski, why don't you come? Why
don't you keep your engagement? You
are engaged to appear at my circus at
Warrington with a dancing bear. The
public are very disappointed because
you don't come." As this letter re-
ceived no reply, the great pianist sub-
sequently received a printed form of
contract from the circus, in which it
was set forth that "Paderewski is en-
gaged to appear with a dancing bear
for £10 a week. No play, no pay."

"What did it all mean?"
"It meant that there was some circus
performer who considered himself en-
titled to assume the name of Paderewski."

This is what happened to Paderewski
in Bristol. He received a letter from
a lady who said she had an invalid
friend who was anxious to hear the
great pianist perform, but she could
not possibly attend a public recital.
"My friend," she wrote, "would come
anywhere you like to name to hear you
play privately. As we are not rich
we cannot afford a high fee, but we
shall be happy to pay you half a
guinea for your loss of time." Pader-
ewski told his secretary to write to
invite the lady to come to his hotel
the next morning. She came, and he
played five or six pieces to her. She
was delighted, and on leaving she
gratefully tendered him ten and six-
pence, which, needless to say, Pader-
ewski politely declined. He had simi-
larly to decline a fee when, on one
occasion, he good-humoredly complied
with the request of an American lady
to furnish her with his autograph. The
lady pulled out a bundle of five-dollar
bills, and asked him "How much?"
"I believe you receive a great many
begging letters while you are in Eng-
land?"

"So many that if I had the wealth
of the Rothschilds I could not satisfy
the wants of all the correspondents
who write to me in the course of a
single month. It is wonderful how

all the people are who put forward these charitable appeals. They have generally heard me play, and consider that this gives them a claim on me. Now, if I were to ask something of them in such circumstances, basing my claim on the fact that they had heard me play, it would be different."

Leoncavallo's new opera, "Roland," is almost finished. This is the one that was ordered by the Emperor of Germany. The theme chosen by him is taken from a romance by Wilhelm von Alexis.

In 1872 Berlin was divided into two rival parties, one under a council of nobles, and the other under the Burgomaster, at that time a Rutenoff. The struggle ended by Frederic II., Margrave of Nuremberg, and head of the Hohenzollerns, being called in to make peace, which he did by taking the mastery of both. The heroine of the opera is the daughter of the Burgomaster, her lover being a young man brought up in her father's house. The opera develops itself about a statue of Roland, who is almost a symbol of the city, which rises in the principal square of Berlin.

The place for the first appearance of "Roland" in Italy has not yet been chosen, the only sure thing being that it will not be in Milan. Mascagni, Puccini, and Leoncavallo have decided not to bring out any more operas in Milan, as they are no more sure of a fair hearing, there being cliques, and currents, and undercurrents, so that no opera stands on its own merits.

Leoncavallo has mapped out for himself several years of hard work. He has already commenced "Aphrodite," from the romance of Pierre Loti; he then thinks of the "Tragic Idyll" of Paul Bourget, and then, among other things, of several Neapolitan scenes, written expressly for him by Ferdinando Fontana.

The Academy of Fine Arts, Paris, has given its decision in the competition for the Grand Musical Prix de Rome, the cantata which had to be set to music being by Fernand Beissier; it was entitled "Myrrha." The candidates were Kunc and André Caplet, both pupils of Lencpveu; Gabriel Dupont, pupil of Widor; Albert Berthelier, pupil of Théodore Dubois and Widor, and Maurice Ravel, pupil of Fauré. The first grand prize was awarded to Caplet, second and third honors being obtained by Dupont and Ravel respectively. It is an open secret that Caplet owes his prize to the painters, sculptors and architects, members of the Academy of Fine Arts, whose votes form two-thirds of the total, completely swamping those of their more competent musical colleagues, to whose judgment an outsider would be inclined to think the decision ought to be left. The six composers forming the musical section of the Academy, namely, Saint-Saëns (in the chair), Paladilhe, Rey, Dubois, Lencpveu, Massenet, with Duvernoy and Lefebvre as supplementary jurors, had, in fact, decided unanimously that no first grand prize ought to be awarded this year, in other words, that none of the candidates had shown himself worthy of such a distinction.—The Era.

Oh, fair of face stands Monday
At threshold of the week,
A lily in her breast knots,
A rose upon her cheek.
In kilted gown of russet
Her daily bread to seek,
She passes o'er the threshold
Smiling, and does not speak.
She bears across her shoulder
A bough of blossomed May,
Still in her ears are ringing
Church bells of yesterday.
She is as glad to labor
As Sunday was to pray—
But why she goes a-smiling,
She will not ever say.

We saw Saturday some "smooth-finished" writing paper, which, we were assured by the advertisement on the box, was "manufactured for polite correspondence."

Paper for rude correspondence probably has rough edges.

Would it not be a good thing to agree upon colors and surfaces and sizes all specifically intended to symbolize the intention of the writer?

Thus if a wife at the seaside or at a mountain inn should write on green paper—envelope to match—to her husband, "hard at work in the hot and dusty city," he would not be obliged to open it and read it to find the words: "I'm on to you. Who was with you last Friday night at the Trafalgar Square?" and he would spare any denunciation of "the horrid, painted thing with bleached hair."

A letter requesting the loan of \$50 for a week from next Tuesday or one urging the importance of subscribing at once to stock in the Belcher gold mine should be written on yellow.

If creditors should always use blood-red paper and envelopes they would at least give fair warning.

Love letters suggest shades of blue, the deeper the shade the more intense the devotion.

What is the origin of the word "pandowdy?" And is the dish that once was famous in New England now made according to the old and well-established rules, or made in any way?

Was there not once a de Solissons among us? And is the Count Charles de Solissons, the author of "In the Path of the Soul," the same, the very same? We do not know; for there have been so many distinguished foreigners in Boston during the last ten years, Mahatmas, critics, muscians, parlor-lions, theosophites, lecturers, travelers, that we have lost count.

We remember vaguely that there was somebody of that name here who freed his mind concerning literary, artistic and social matters with a vehemence that made some of the Philistines sit up straight in once complacent seats, while others leaped into the air and pawed it for rage. For their benefit we urge them to read the page devoted to Count Charles de Solissons' book by the Saturday Review. The article should be read as a whole, but a few quotations may whet desire.

"He is apparently a Frenchman, but he has decided to write in English. Whether he could say anything worth saying in his own language, we cannot conjecture; but his manner of writing English makes it often impossible to know what he wishes to say. He does not seem to have taken the trouble to learn English grammar, he uses words with a ludicrous unconsciousness of their exact meaning, or of their idiomatic value; so that his pages remind one of a schoolboy's exercises in a foreign language."

"M. de Solissons seems to think in words, multitudes of words, multitudes of incorrect words. He wraps up nothing in coverings of many colors and makes riddles out of the simplest statement."

"We also find a collection of misprints and misquotations to which we can remember no parallel in any book we have ever seen."

"It would be no exaggeration to say that there is not a page in the book which does not contain several mistakes. In English, in French, or in Italian. But perhaps, in M. de Solissons' opinion, this does not matter. 'For the brain,' he says contemptuously, 'two and two make four.' Well, content not to be guided by the brain, his little sum in addition makes seven and a half, and is satisfied."

Mr. Paderewski, the celebrated Polish hypnotist, received words of solemn warning in London where he gave recitals after the performance of his opera at Dresden and Lemberg. Some said politely that he had evidently spent too much time on composition, and Mr. Runciman delivered himself as follows: "He had better relinquish the instrument at once rather than see that reputation gradually fade away. It is sad to see so great an artist fall into slovenly habits, playing wrong notes, phrasing carelessly and sometimes even unintelligently, and letting all his old power and color of tone disappear."

When Dr. Paddock threw over the shoulders of Mr. Crosby the blood-stained nightgown which Miss Fossburgh wore when she was shot, "an insane titter ran among some of the women in the rear of the court, notwithstanding that the mother and sisters of the dead girl, with heads bowed and handkerchiefs pressed to their eyes, were so shaken with sobs that it was painful even so much as to glance in their direction." It is the old story, from the days when the vestal virgins looked down on the gladiators, smiled on him "hat conquered, and turned disdainfully from him dying or about to die.

Readers of Fiona Macleod's disarmingly powerful book "The Sin Eater" remember—could they ever forget?—how Neil Ross ate away the sins of the dead man, Adam Blair; how he had hated him when alive; how his lie was fearfully avenged.

But the strange ceremony of eating sins is not confined to wild dwellers on islands, who hear music that announces death, who sometimes are turned into seals because through loneliness they shake fists at the sky and the inhabitants thereof.

It was a custom in Shropshire when a person died to give notice to an old "sire," who went to the dead man's house and stood before the door until some one of the family came out, gave him a stool—a cricket as the word was understood in this very Commonwealth—on which he sat and faced the door. They gave him a groat, which he pocketed; a crust of bread, which he ate; a full bowl of ale, which he drank at one draught. Then the sin-eater stood

up and said quietly words to the effect that for the ease and rest of the soul departed he would pawn his own soul.

And so in Herford, as soon as the corpse was brought out of the house and laid on the bier, a loaf of bread was brought out, and handed to the sin-eater over the corpse, as also a mazard bowl, of maple, full of beer, and a sixpence was given him. "In consideration whereof he took upon him, ipso facto, all the sins of the defunct, and freed him or her from walking after they were dead."

Was there ever a trace of this custom in New England?

The reports about Tolstol's physical weakness may awaken interest in a collection of essays by Aylmer Maude, entitled "Tolstol and His Problems," which was published lately in London. The author, who has much to say about himself and his problems, declares, and with justice, that "Tolstol is no faultless and infallible prophet whose works should be swallowed as bibulaters swallow the Bible; but he is a man of extraordinary capacity, sincerity and self-sacrifice, who has for more than 20 years striven to make absolutely plain to all the solution of some of the most vital problems of existence."

Mr. Maude draws a comparison between Tolstol and Ibsen, who also is not long for this world. Tolstol has none of the artistic "disinterested interest" in problems. "When Ibsen concerns himself with questions of conduct, with the 'meaning of life,' he has no interest in their solution, only in their development, caring only to track the evil, not to cure it. They are his material from which he holds himself as far aloof as the algebraist from his 'X'."

We prefer Tolstol the novelist to Tolstol the earnest reformer. And we hoped with others that his excommunication would turn him back to literature. The man that wrote of Anna Karenina, the last days of the prosperous citizen condemned to death by his physician; the author that unrolled the superb panorama of "War and Peace" is nearer to us and more real than the fantastic writer of "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "What Is Art?"

A great English novelist—for surely the adjective is not misapplied to the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth"—was ruined artistically by his fierce efforts to serve the world as a reformer. His genius could not be concealed even when he thundered against abuses in prisons and houses for the insane, but the better pages were only in contrast with pages that might have served a hot-breathed pamphleteer. The Charles Reade of the wonderful romance and "Griffith Gaunt" was forsaken by the Muse when he became infatuated with reforms.

So Tolstol left his ivory tower—and has he improved thereby the physical or spiritual condition of his neighbors?

Here is a strange tale of melodrama at Krin in Dalmatia told by a Budapest correspondent. A well-to-do cattle dealer, having sold a couple of beasts for \$99 crowns, gave the money into his daughter's keeping for safety. On the way home two men who knew of the transaction waylaid the pair and murdered the father, letting the girl escape. Fleeing in terror she at last took refuge in a solitary cottage, where she told her story to the women, letting out also the secret of the money. The but turned out to be that of the murderers, who, on returning chagrined at the barren result of their crime, were surprised to learn that the prize still lay unsuspectingly within their grasp. The girl was invited to rest for the night, sleeping with another girl of about her own age, the murderers intending to strangle her as she slept. As it happened, the two girls changed places in the bed during the night, and the men, going in complete darkness for their fell work, strangled their own relative, while the intended victim, paralyzed into silence, lay still until all was quiet again, and then managed to make her escape through the hole in the wall doing duty as a window. The murderers have been arrested.

We read lately an account of a "breakfast" given by the Duchess of Devonshire 100 years ago. "About three a vast concourse of the gay world appeared on the lawn, where there was a band of music to welcome them. At four o'clock the company sat down to a very sumptuous breakfast." There was dancing at five, and at ten "the company had entirely left this scene of hospitality and merriment."

"Breakfast at 4 P. M.?" you say. According to general acceptance breakfast is the first meal of the day, but

Tindale speaks of Esau, who sold his right for one breakfast, and Dryden wrote "The wolves will get a breakfast by my death." There are wedding breakfasts, just as matinees are afternoon performances.

Breakfast has long been a movable feast, and of varied character. When Cosmo, the third Grand Duke of Tuscany, traveled in England during the reign of Charles II., he partook of a very hospitable breakfast at a villa in Oxfordshire. Several sorts of Italian wine were served. Archbishop Sancroft was more simple; he took two small dishes of coffee and a pipe of tobacco. In Hollinshead's time only some young, hungry stomachs ate before dinner, which was about 12 o'clock, although at 10 there was a morning drink. Thus we read in Middleton's "The Cbangling":

Alibius: What hour is't, Lollo?
Lollo: Towards belly-hour, sir.
Alib.: Dinner time; thou mean'st 12 o'clock!
Lol.: Yes, sir, for every part has his hour: We wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee hour; at eight, walk, that's leg-hour; at nine gather flowers, and pluck a rose, that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour.

Some thought with Dr. Muffet that where the air is pure, clear, and wholesome, it is best to fast till dinner. They of a "phlegmatic temperature" were advised to go without breakfast.

Venner wrote a book, "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam," in the 17th century. He had decided opinions on all subjects. "If any man desire a light, nourishing and comfortable breakfast, I know none better than a couple of poached eggs, seasoned with a little salt and a few corns of pepper, also with a drop or two of vinegar, if the stomach be weak, and supped off warm, eating therewith a little bread and butter, and drinking after a good draught of pure claret wine. This is an excellent breakfast, and very comfortable for them that have weak stomachs." How far we are from the great North American breakfast of beefsteak, hot rolls, coffee, ice water and a sharp run for street car or train.

July:
All Heaven in my arm
The child for a charm
'Gainst fear and 'gainst sorrow,
Today and tomorrow,
The child for a charm
Betwixt me and harm.
O mouth, full of kisses!
Small body of blisses!
Your hand on my neck
And your cheek to my cheek.
What shall hurt me or harm
With all Heaven in my arm?

A female contributor to the Referee writes, "Psychologically speaking, it is safe to hazard the statement that the average woman does not care one iota whether the child to which she gives birth is a boy or a girl. It is her child, and that is all sufficient—the one sweet fact."

We read in the gospel according to John that a woman remembereth no more the anguish, "for joy that a man is born into the world." But we should remember at the same time that "they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

All savages, and among them Kings may be included, expect of their wives male children.

This reminds us of a letter which deserves attention:

Boston, July 16.
Editor Talk of the Day:
I should like to know the origin of the fable of the visit of the stork of which we hear so much lately in illustrious families.
J. P.

The stork is a bird of excellent reputation. It is true that Quarles spoke of the "Chattering Stork," but other poets have appreciated his worth. He is an "emblem of true piety."

Because when age has seized and made his dam

Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes

His mother on his back, provides her food,
Repaying thus her tender care of him
Ere he was fit to fly.

And a more prosaic poet has written: Stork, why were human virtues given to thee?

—That human beings might resemble me.
Kind to my offspring, to my partner true,
And dutiful to my parent—what are you?

An admirer says: "The stork is of a mild disposition, neither shy nor savage; it is easily tamed; and may be trained to reside in our gardens. It has almost always a grave air and a mournful visage; yet, when roused by example, it shows a certain degree of gaiety; for it joins the frolics of children."

Why have we no storks in the Public Garden? Does not the description of the bird show that he is at heart a true Bostonian?

Many virtues are attributed to the stork; temperance, conjugal fidelity, filial and paternal piety, etc. The ancient law—was it not among the Greeks?—concerning compulsory maintenance of parents was enacted in honor of the stork and inscribed by its name. From Egypt to Thessaly, from Holland to Lithuania the stork is honored and almost revered. And at Fez in Morocco there was a richly appointed hospital for the purpose of listening and nursing sick cranes and pelicans, and of burying them when dead.

There was once a belief that storks would live only in a republic. This fable may be dismissed in the words of Sir Thomas Browne: "That storks are to be found, and will only live in republics or free states, is a petty conceit to advance the opinion of popular liberties, and from antipathies in nature to disparage monarchical government."

But to the question. We refer you to Grimm's Mythology and books on folk lore which are in the Public Library. We are unusually busy this week, otherwise we should be delighted to give up all work and our meals so that at the question might be thoroughly investigated. In New England villages a boy, curious about the sudden arrival, was answered, "The doctor brought it in his buggy," or "The doctor found it under a cabbage leaf."

But see what Angelo de Gubernatis says about the matter. The heron and the stork are two birds which equally love the water, and therefore serve to represent the rainy, wintry, or gloomy sky, which, as we have already said, is often represented as a black sea. From night, the cloud, or the winter, comes forth the young sun, the new year, the little child-hero who had been exposed in the waters, hence the popular German belief of children that the storks carry children from the fountain. (Hence the request made in the popular song to the stork to bring a little sister; and as the bringer of children the stork is represented as the parent's enemy.) However, properly speaking, as long as the stork holds the child-hero in its beak, the latter is not considered born; it is born only at the moment in which, opening its beak, it puts the child down in its mother's lap. The stork personifies the funereal sky, the sky when the celestial hero, the sun, is dead. Hence it is believed in Germany that when storks fly round or over a group of persons, some one of them is about to die; the clouds and the shadows that collect together presage the disappearance or death of the sun."

Humor is not a fixed and determined quality, nor is it given to everyone to appreciate humor. This we learned long ago from Artemus Ward's account of his Uncle Willym—"who is a low-down fellow, and filled his coat pockets with gold and billed eggs at his wedding breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father, on discovering it, got in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Willym said the old man (meaning my parent) hadn't any idea of first-class humor!"

And again we are reminded of these comic truths by reading in the Pall Mall Gazette about the performances of one Mr. Parker. There is a certain amount of originality about the methods of George Parker, a conductor on the Tube. Now, Mr. Parker was leaving the service of the Central London Railway in a few days, he determined to have a 'lark.' He looked so well that the train was delayed for forty minutes between Shepherd's Bush and the Bank and the system temporarily upset. George's idea was to put the brake on between the stations. While passengers were angrily pulling their watches out and longing for the upper cut on a hot afternoon, George was quietly enjoying it all. We can imagine the gleeful way in which he shouted, "Tottenham Court Road!" or "Tottenham Court Road!" as he put his head in at the carriage doors. George, upon his honor, saw nothing about these extra stoppages, but Mr. Marsham thought he was so he fined George £10 or a month, then a joke with such richness of humor in it as George's is dear at £10. George would be ideal as a switchboard conductor."

July 25, 1901
for them many a weary hand did swell
torched mines and noisy factories,
many once proud quiver'd loins did
melt
blood from stinging whip; with hollow
eyes
lay all day in dazzling river stood,
to take the rich-or'd driftings of the
flood.

them the Ceylon diver held his breath
and went all naked to the hungry shark;
them his ears gush'd blood; for them in
death

The sea! on the cold ice with piteous
bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and
dark:
Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work to pinch and
peel.

The car went swiftly through Copley Square. The moon was up, there was a breeze, you were not crowded and a feeling of luxurious ease possessed you, as though you were the chief stockholder in the company. Gangs of men were working on the other track. They were huddled together; they were hurried in their work; their faces were as strained as their muscles; they were sweating great drops. Occasionally the motorman would shout to one who stood, as though dazed, too near the track in use. You looked at them with polite curiosity, not unkindly, and speculated concerning their homes, their food, their sleep, the probable length of their physical activity. So far as you were concerned, they might have been slaves and you a Pharaoh surveying the progress of public works. You were not deeply conscious of the fact that they, after all, were human beings, with other beings who loved them and were dependent on them. Nor did you think of them again after you had gained the Porphyry and ordered a tall glass of soda, with plenty of ice and a judicious injection of gin from Holland.

So a "lady cashier" is thought to have caught small-pox from handling germ-infested money. And yet a day does not pass but some woman on a Boston street car uses her mouth temporarily as a purse for bill or coin.

Cupid continues to be Miss Wilkins's press agent.

Mr. G. R. Sims asked an officer who had recently returned from South Africa how long he thought the Boer War would last. "If we have good luck," the officer replied, "five years. If we have bad luck, twenty."

His Holiness, the Pope, is busy writing a Latin poem which has for its subject the "Seasons." He dictates; for he employs three secretaries, because his hand is unsteady, and because he hates autograph hunters who might trade his handwriting after his death. "It is said that in former years, when he himself drew up the drafts of his encyclicals, after they were copied for printing he most painstakingly tore them up into small pieces, which even the patience of Job could not have put together again." The new poem is almost completed, but the author has a habit of publishing only when the spirit moves him. Thus does he differ from many of this period who publish before they have written—that is if you use the word "written" in the Horatian sense.

A few days ago we wrote:
Will some one please construe these two sentences found in Mr. Winston Churchill's "Crisis," which, we are told, commands a pretty sale and is much admired.

(1). "But his father, nor his father's friends, had never been brought face to face with this hideous traffic."

(2). "Her hand lay limp in his, unresponsive of his own pressure."

We have received the following letter:

Boston, July 20.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

Why, certainly, we will all construe it, but at first reading we unintentionally "parsed" it.

1. "But" was the pet name given to the father whose name was Willie Butcherer, but his friends (whose names you will find in the Somerville Directory) played so many jokes on Willie that they called him "But."

2. "Never been brought face to face," is a delicate way of saying that it was not exactly a case of "back to back," but that it was simply "up to" father and friends to show their hands. "Hideous traffic" has nothing to do with the Elevated Road.

3. "Her hands lay limp in his unresponsive of his own pressure." This is a clear case of cold hands, for if it had been a half Nelson, Greek or Roman hold, the lady could not have escaped.

4. "Unresponsive of his own pressure." There is a latent hand shake in this sentence that does not appear on the surface. Figuratively speaking, Willie was shaking hands with himself under the table; for, no matter how the sentence is construed or interpreted, Winston C. could prove that he meant something else, hence the "crisis." Yours truly,
JACOB MOORLAND.

P. A. H., the London correspondent of the New York Evening Post, tells this true story, which has a moral: "Long ago a certain poet and critic attacked a poet. The attack was violent and pseudonymous, and the result on the unfortunate subject was that his

health distinctly deteriorated, his spirits sank, and his life, according to credible evidence, was shortened. The poet-critic was sorry afterward for what he had done, and made apology, but he abated nothing in the severity of his criticisms of authors. Occasionally he got as much as he gave. One day he read an attack made upon him by a certain critic, and was so violently excited that he was struck with an illness from which he never recovered. Thus the weapons of criticism may be deadly weapons, and the slayer may himself be slain."

A Londoner who writes about food and eating swears passionately that the melon of America "differs in grain and taste from the French one and is not to be compared with the delicate fruit we eat in London and Paris at the commencement of our dinners. Any melon eater will corroborate me in this." And therefore we are not surprised to find him spelling the word "Cantaloupe"—which is hopelessly wrong.

Behold how yonder azure sky
Extending vastly wide and high,
To infinitely distant spaces,
In her soft Arms our Earth embraces.

These are the Boundaries of our Country, and no Man is an Exile or a Stranger or Foreigner in these, where there is the same Fire, Water, Air, the same Rulers, Administrators and Presidents, the Sun, Moon and Day-star; where there are the same Laws to all, under one orderly disposition and government, the Summer and Winter Solstices, the Equinoctial, Pleiades, Arcturus, times of Sowing and Planting; one King and Supreme Ruler, which is God, who comprehends the beginning, the middle and end of the Universe; he passes through in a straight course, compassing all things according to Nature; Justice follows him to take vengeance on those that transgress the Divine Law, which Justice we naturally all make use of towards all Men as being Citizens of the same Community.

Professional humorous newspapers have often depicted and described the arrival at a summer inn of women bearing the marks of heat and dust, who are obliged to run the gauntlet of cool sisters, becomingly attired, and in graceful attitudes on the piazza.

But no one, to our knowledge, has paid attention to the summer husband who comes for the first Sunday to bring packages to his wife and prove her assertion that she is married. She has talked about him to her intimate friends of a sudden, seven-day intimacy. She had talked about his work, his opinions, his amusements. She had compared his character with that of a Chicago man, as described by his bediamonded wife. She had shown photographs of him. In one he was without a moustache. "He took it off to please me." In another he was reading a book in a way that proved he was not familiar with the article.

His entrée was not dramatic. No man laden with parcels—fruit, salts, a quart bottle, two pairs of shoes, etc., etc.—can look romantic. Julius Caesar would never have been assassinated if he had been seen carrying a bird cage or a cod-fish. The husband dropped a bundle in his eagerness to kiss his wife, and he actually kissed her on the mouth. "He must be a very vulgar person," said Mrs. Skimmerhorn to her daughter of 30 years. The daughter said nothing, and waited anxiously for a repetition of the embrace.

He turned out to be a shy, absent-minded fellow, who obeyed his wife implicitly. He sat on the piazza and looked happy because she was well dressed and contented. He did not throw golf balls at two of the Commandments; he did not ask for an introduction to Miss De Bang, a sprightly brunette. He kept close to his wife from Saturday night till Monday morning, when he went to the city by the seven o'clock train, to earn money that she might be comfortable.

Already reports come across the Atlantic concerning certain wild-eyed Americans who have engaged rooms at an exorbitant price that they may see great Edward pass the streets of London. It is said that the sum of a hundred guineas has already been paid for one window.

The curiosity of men and women to see a royal show is treated in cynically humorous manner by Victor Hugo, and we therefore refer our readers to "The Man Who Laughs."

There is in the British Museum a copy of a list of prices paid in former times for seats in the streets and at windows, and a London journalist has used this list as the basis of agreeable copy. He sees in the various prices the relative value of money, the varying amount of loyalty displayed, and the state of prosperity of the kingdom.

A seat to see the coronation of Edward I. cost half a farthing, but at Edward II.'s the price was a farthing. There was grumbling at the show of Edward III., just as there is today

loud-mouthed disappointment at the trade of a stray circus or menagerie. We remember similar disappointment in a country town because the negro minstrels who marched with a brass-band from the railway station to the Town Hall did not wear their stage collars and cravats and show blackened faces.

It cost only a penny to see Henry IV. go by, but the price was raised to twopence when Henry V. openly disclaimed acquaintance with Sir John. There was a sad slump after Henry VI. "Coronations became so frequent

that prices dropped from twopence to a half-penny, and in one or two disastrous instances a splendor of regality was to be seen for nothing."

Henry VIII. commanded fourpence. We would gladly give four dollars to see a procession of his wives, but Anne Boleyn, should stop her horse that we might look at her long and lovingly.

The writer says that religious convictions had much influence in raising and depressing values. Elizabeth got a sixpence; Charles II., half a crown; Anne and William, five shillings.

Extravagance began with George III. "Front seats of the gallery at Westminster Abbey were let at 10 guineas and upward; seats in the street at from one guinea to ten, and every tile from whence a glimpse of the procession could be had was a place of eager canvassing and exorbitant demand." Hackney chairmen and coachmen framed their tariff; they were enjoined, and a chair master advised his mates to trust to the generosity of the public and not to make an unseemly row.

A coronation is one of the bore some duties of royalty. Of George III. and his coronation we read: "At nine the King and Queen came in their chairs to Westminster Hall, and from that until ten that night did they have to remain before the public playing their part with as much dignity as the strain and fatigue of the situation would permit."

Even the lions and tigers in their cages have some rest. It is true the crowd is thickest and the noses are nearest to the cages when the carnivora are fed, but there are always gaps. The royal brute, however, is not always pacing the floor and lashing himself with his tail. There are moments when in sullen grandeur he disdains the crowd. But the two-legged monarch must smile and be dignified and be gracious—in this instance for two days, they say.

A coronation has its uses. It attracts visitors, it enriches inn-keepers and tradesmen. It gives English composers of music an opportunity to write coronation anthems and services and overtures and marches. For these perfunctory exercises they will later receive money and titles.

Straw hats are now worn in London by horses as well as desperate men, and the following letter from G. G. Equus appeared in the Standard: "May I protest against the silly straw hats you people are sticking on our hot heads? They are very irritating, and prevent any cool breezes getting to our top-hair. Give us a wide, curved piece of buckram, or cardboard, so as to shade our blinkers, and let some air pass over our heads. The present fashion brings us more ridicule than relief. We cannot even flop our ears. We do not care a hoof about roses or ribbon bows."

Thus, when a Woman is grown jealous of her Husband and meditates nothing but present Divorce, before she be too hasty, let her reason with herself in this manner: "In what condition would my Riveless choose to see me with greater satisfaction, than as I am all in a fret and fume, enraged against my Husband, and ready to abandon both my House and Marriage-Bed together?"

We have received the following letter:

Yarmouth, July 24, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
You remember, perhaps, my acquaintance and her husband George and their maid-of-all-work Ingrid. George and the maid stayed in the flat until he could leave for his vacation. How he treated her during the absence of his wife I do not know; for did not an old Hebrew confess that he did not understand the way of a man with a maid?

But last Saturday I was in the South Station waiting for my uncle, when I saw George—as she calls him—waving an umbrella wildly. Soon he began to leap up and down and wave his arms like a woman "shooing" a cow. I soon saw that he was trying to attract the attention of a maid who, I frankly confess, was exceedingly pretty. She wore a black bicycle skirt, a white shirt waist, and a modest hat which scarcely covered a mass of enviable hair. At last she saw him and she walked demurely toward him. He mopped his forehead, and, although he already was

in charge of a dress-suit case, a hand-bag, a lawyer's bag overflowing with parcels, an overcoat and an umbrella, he actually took the girl's bag and staggered toward the train.

"Uncle soon came and we took our seats in the parlor car. There was the famous Ingrid in the middle, and on the shady side. In her lap were magazines, picture papers and a large bag of fruit. George was dripping perspiration. But I heard him say—his back was toward us—"There, Ingrid, I hope you are comfortable; it will be cooler as soon as we start."

He talked with her; he showed her Brockton and Middleboro; he explained Onset Junction and Buzzard's Bay. He pointed out the deserted glass works at Sandwich; and the last I saw of him he was putting her into a corner seat of the barge at West Barnstable.

I was disgusted; but I noticed that Uncle kept his seat wheeled all the way so that he could watch the performance. And I must say that the girl behaved with much dignity. But I never admired George; in fact, I find him dull; and I saw Ingrid yawn more than once.

Today I received a letter from Osterville, in which my friend wrote: "Wasn't George a dear to make sure of our girl by bringing her down with him? I don't believe many husbands would do that. We go into our cottage tomorrow. Ingrid is inclined to like the place, and she asked at once for the key to our bath house. I was going in myself, but I gave it to her, and told George he could wait until tomorrow. He did not seem to like this and he went down to the bluff to see how the tide was, so he could calculate for tomorrow morning. Ingrid's bathing suit is prettier than mine, George says. How do these girls manage to buy all their things?"

I may go over to Osterville next week.
Yours truly,
EUSTACIA CHIMES.

Kubelick, a Hungarian violinist, will visit the United States next winter, and there are several chances for his success. 1. His name will be a help. It is delightfully foreign and yet not wholly unpronounceable. Do you suppose women, old and young, would flock to hear a violinist known as Henry Jones or Edward Richardson, no matter how well he might play? 2. Nor would the fact that an excellent violinist were an Englishman or even an American crowd a concert hall. But to be a Hungarian! Musicians should be careful in their selection of a birthplace. 3. Ingenious advance work by the press agent. Did not women in London cover the stage and the Hungarian violinist with roses? Perhaps they did and perhaps they didn't; but the report of floral adoration quickly crossed the Atlantic.

And yet violinists have their fates. The American public is singularly capricious and the Boston public is inexorable. Will either Mr. Bauer, the pianist, or Mr. Kreisler, both admirable artists, repeat here the success of last season? We doubt it seriously. It is only a broken-down German opera singer that is sure of a hearty welcome forever and ever. And let us remember how that great violinist Mend Powell was neglected here last spring.

This reminds us that Alice Nielsen, who was praised to the skies in London as the greatest operetta singer, now moving nimbly on this whizzing ball, saw audiences grow smaller and smaller, until she was overcome by the heat. She gave herself to solemn meditation, repented herself of operetta songs, and decided "to enter the grand opera field." As Isolde? As Brünnhilde? Or possibly as one of the ladies of honor in "The Huguenots"?

And yet the English, especially royal persons, are often stubbornly faithful in their affections. Take the case of Mr. Austin, Mr. Alfred Austin, who has been reappointed poet laureate. Mr. Austin, it is true, has been industrious and highly respectable in his poetic life. We see him now in worsted slippers—worn loose, so as to give free play to currents of fancy—already at work on his Coronation Ode. The number of rhymes he has already found for "King" is surprising. The author of "Fly Leaves" rhymed Edward with "hedward"; but Mr. Austin knows a higher flight. It is pleasant to read that Mr. Austin was reappointed on the same day that certain butchers, hatters and other honest tradesmen were allowed by warrant to use the royal arms and the words so dear to the British public: "By appointment to His Majesty." But why rail against Mr. Austin? The King can understand his poetry; whereas, if the poet laureate were a Swinburne, a Meredith, a Henley, or even an Arthur Symonds, His Royal Highness might be obliged to summon the aid of the more intelligent functionaries of his court. And Mr. Austin can be depended on. No matter how unforeseen the emergency, he can lay battery on as with a trowel.

So "Mr. Lamps" of Yale is dead, and by his own hand. He used to take care of "student lamps," but the march of invention stepped on him heavily and crushed out income and hope.

When were those "student lamps" first used in the United States? We saw them first about 1870 at Exeter, N. H. They were then called "German student lamps," and the seller accented heavily the word "German" as though in explanation of the price. A dozen years later we knew many students and their ways in Germany, but we never saw an example of the lamp that was named after them.

The lamp was looked upon with suspicion by some New England landladies. They were afraid it would blow up; they considered it dangerous, if not absolutely immoral. But, it was a great improvement on the lamps by which students had heretofore injured their eyesight.

428 1901
ATENOR was heard for the first time in London July 9 as Faust. This was Jerome of the Opéra-Comique. The Era thought that his upper notes were not "particularly graceful"; he was uncertain in the address to Marguerite's cottage; his voice was fuller in the more passionate moments; and he was "far from being an ideal Faust in appearance."

Mr. Blackburn thought that Jerome's Faust was disappointing, for the very sufficient reason that it was "undistinguished and colorless." "His voice is good, but there is no question that the part, despite the fact that it has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf of modern criticism, demands a good deal of subtlety in its manifestation. Now Mr. Jerome is not subtle."

But how can Faust, this walking gentleman of opera, be subtle? Where is there any opportunity in book or music save perhaps in the address to the dwelling? Faust is a dull part. Marguerite, Mephistopheles and Valentin draw easily the attention; but poor Faust is not impressive as an old man; he is usually a guy as a lover; he is not man enough to kill Valentin without the aid of Mephistopheles, and at the end he stands helpless in the prison and says, "I'm sorry." To which Marguerite might answer, "You should have thought of that before."

Mr. Blackburn, who complains of M. Jerome because he is not subtle, finds Melba "incomparable." "Incomparable indeed; her voice is as fresh and as purely beautiful as it ever has been; she soared upon wings of song. From beginning to end she never paused in her flight of lovely vocalization. We are perfectly aware of Melba's undoubted dramatic limitations. We cannot conceive her Brünnhilde; but as Marguerite it is a case of 'Eclipse first and the rest nowhere.' In the last act she was literally superb; that noble voice mounted skyward with the sentiment of

the music, dipping, pausing, darting, attaining. She, indeed, merited the enthusiasm which from all parts of the house was roused by her."

"As Marguerite it is a case of 'Eclipse first and the rest nowhere.'" But how insipid her performance in comparison with that of—we do not say Lucca and her Swedish rival—but with that of Calvé. I do not mention Emma Eames, because her Marguerite is a cold-hearted affected minx, whose gentility is of the species known as shabby; indeed her performance is worse than that of Melba, because it is insincerely stupid, while Melba is frankly stupid in the part. Nor do I mention Semblich; for her Marguerite is conventionally decorous and uninspired.

It is the fashion for some admirers of Emma Eames to come gallantly to her rescue by declaring that she is the embodiment of the ideas of the French librettists; that there should be no thought in the performance of Goethe with his Gretchen. But the performance of the woman that created the part, Carvalho's wife, was distinguished by true and heart-wringing emotion. Nor did the librettists nor did Gounod find fault with her for the display of feeling.

These remarks about Miss Bice Pinto were published in the Pall Mall Gazette and they might well be applied to young pianists in many American towns:

"Miss Pinto certainly has spirit and intelligence; every phase of her playing proves so much. Moreover (what anybody these days must have abundantly, if he would look for the smallest public success) she has admirable technique and the modern pianoforte memory. Nevertheless she has, despite all these gifts, a certain hardness and metallic touch which make her rather unsympathetic. She belongs, like many another, to the order of those who, we

should imagine, will be more useful as teachers than as original artists. There is nothing so difficult in this respect that she will be unable to teach an intelligent pupil to overcome; whereas, so far as temperament is concerned, no human teacher yet succeeded in imparting that to any pupil, however intelligent. The days have gone by when an Arabella Goddard, with her amazing technical skill, would for that reason be esteemed an eighth wonder of the world. 'All can grow the flower,' as Tennyson said, 'for all have got the seed.' Though, therefore, we admire such skill as Miss Bice Pinto possesses, our admiration for it as a unique thing can no longer stand as a possibility. Give us more temperament these days, is one's prayer; it would be like rain upon a thirsty land."

Mr. Dan Godfrey, the younger, has brought a suit against Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, and Miss Jessie Bedford, the author of a book entitled "The Harp of Life." The author lived near Bournemouth, and she described the Winter Gardens as "a concert hall built in the style of a cucumber frame."

In these gardens, that local pride put far above the hanging gardens of Babylon, Mr. Godfrey led his orchestra, for which he received a certain sum yearly from the Corporation. His first violinist was Mr. Evans. Some professional musicians in Bournemouth did not like it because members of this orchestra should advertise as teachers of music. Mr. Evans was one of these advertisers. Mr. Godfrey told him that if he continued to break the regulation made by the Council he should be obliged to dismiss him. Mr. Evans left in a huff, to be comforted by his private pupils.

The novelist, Miss Bedford, had studied with Mr. Evans, and she at once used his row for copy. Mr. Godfrey appears in her story as "Graham Knowles," the late D'Oyley Carte as

"Carton Doyle," and Mr. Evans as "Roger Redway."

Mr. Godfrey did not find his likeness faithful or complimentary. "Graham Knowles was secretly aware of his own limitations." "He was now and then conscious of Envy, lurking, as it were, round the corner ready to slip between him and his friend. He had never allowed it a footing; but now an apple of discord had been cast between them that should turn all the sweetness of their friendship into gall."

And of course "Graham Knowles" disliked "Redway."

"Graham Knowles had an encyclopaedic knowledge of classical music, as well as a quick recognition of what was being written, and done today, of who was really coming to the front, and who had a merely ephemeral popularity; a strong business faculty, too; a gift for organization, and unerring judgment as to the capacities of those whom he employed; a wonderful flair for the public taste, and better still a knack of guiding it; every quality in short that should go to the making of an ideal concert director—except one. And the one thing needful, the inward grasp, the mysterious quality of interpretation which makes one man's rendering a revelation, while that of another is a mere echo—this gift of the gods was Roger Redway's."

Furthermore, as Mr. Godfrey declared, he was represented as in love with a Little Soprano. "He gave her a bangle; and she finally went to live with her baby in London. Now Mr. Godfrey claims to be a man of spotless reputation, and he was far from being flattered by the invention of this little episode; and when certain good-natured persons called on his wife and said 'There must be something in it,' he found life unpleasant."

Therefore he brought suit. We await the result with unfeigned curiosity. It appears that the editor of the Bournemouth Observer refused to publish Miss Bedford's novel, although the author sent with the manuscript a reassuring paragraph: "Visitors to and frequenters

of the Winter Gardens will readily recognize Pinecliffe and the Palm House." As the Era well remarks:

"Why, if once this sort of thing were allowed, where would it end? We should have novels with thinly veiled references to Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. George Alexander. We should see the Lyceum, Her Majesty's and the St. James's mentioned in print with an air of pretence of disguise that, like certain diaphanous draperies, would but reveal the more for its sham concealment. Fiction might certainly be more amusing; but the life of the average manager would hardly be worth living."

Sir Augustus Harris had his superstitions. Mr. Arthur Collins, in M. A. P., says Sir Augustus believed in the evil eye. He expressed his conviction that a leading baritone of his company was a jettatore. "One night, when this man was making his entrance on the stage the scene fell down into the orchestra, frightening seriously, if it did not injure, the prima donna. Sir Augustus was informed of the fact. 'I expected that this would occur,' he said, and as he spoke, the chair upon which he sat broke down beneath him. 'Go

and give that man a month's salary in advance,' cried Sir Augustus, 'and make it a condition of his getting it that he shall never again come into this theatre at either the back or front.' The baritone took his salary and disappeared."

Offenbach was accused of having the evil eye. On more than one occasion players or singers refused to take part in a performance led by him. The superstition is widespread; it is rooted firmly in Italy, and it is not surprising that Italian musicians should look about suspiciously for the evil influence. But why should the essentially, vulgarly Englishman Sir Augustus have been a believer in the spell?

Gustave Charpentier is at work on an opera which he has promised to give to the director of the Opéra-Comique at the end of the year. Lydia Neville, who is of English origin, will make her debut at the Opéra-Comique next October as Lakmé. She is said to have a good and sympathetic voice, and what is more to the purpose at that theatre—to be very pretty.—Mrs. Dieulafoy, "a lady explorer," who used to amaze even Paris by her masculine dress, has written a drama, "Parysatis," for which Saint-Saëns will write music—because it is his trade. The piece will be produced in the open air next year at Béziers.

"Les Cloches de Corneville" will be performed Sept. 15 at the village of the same name, in a "sylvan glade" which will accommodate 15,000 spectators. They are organizing a memorial to the late Sir John Stainer. The suggestion is for a bronze relief to be fixed in St. Paul's and a portrait by some eminent English artist to be placed in the care of the University of Oxford. —Alice Nielsen suffered from the heat in London so that she has been obliged to take a rest.—Mr. Blackburn praises Miss Susan Metcalfe for her clarity and tunefulness in song, and adds with delightful malice, "Which are delightful to note in these days when to sing just a little out of tune has been developed into a fine art."

He also declares that Tosti as a serious song writer, "although his popularity is of course enormous and extensive, has not been sufficiently recognized by the serious critic."—"When you think of Verdi and Chas. K. Salaman, the song writer who published songs in the reigns of four English sovereigns, think with wonder of Manuel Garcia, the singing teacher who, born in 1895, is still teaching in London, although just at present he is on a vacation in Egypt. He sang Figaro in New York nearly 80 years ago when his sister, the wonderful Mailbran, was the Rosina. He taught Jenny Lind, Marchese Catherine Hayes.—They say in England now of certain singers or pianists: "She has distinctly disimproved."

"Herr Forchhammer's Tristan once more impressed us as being extremely beautiful; instead of raving and ramping as do so many Tristans, he rather gives one a quieter if no less tragic apprehension of the part. The intensity of his suffering is made even more poignant by the extreme simplicity with which he suffers; nor is it a simplicity which has the slightest affinity with want of dramatic accomplishment. It is a simplicity which belongs to the elemental things of tragedy, as though a man should merely suffer and know the brute cause of his suffering without inquiring into complex side issues. It is undoubtedly this, we think, which gives to this young Tristan his peculiar sweetness and charm, and it was for this reason that we found his acting in the last act, particularly in the final ecstasy of the delirium, followed by the slow fading out of life, nothing short of magnificent."

And again concerning "Les Huguenots," we quote from the Pall Mall Gazette:

"For our part, we are among the Philistines, or at least on their outskirts. We find, that is to say, none—or at least not much—of that heartless insincerity of which so much capital is made by those to whom the name of Meyerbeer is a byword of reproach. At the same time, we certainly do not countersign Lord Lytton's criticism that 'Les Huguenots' touches the height and depth of art. Let us steer a decent middle course. There is vulgarity enough and to spare in 'Les Huguenots,' just as there is vulgarity in the monkey house of the Zoological Gardens. Yet one should not therefore be debarred from paying a visit to the Zoological Gardens and thoroughly enjoying it; for which reason, or for something analogous to it, we enjoy our Meyerbeer. We like the broad outline of the work, the melodramatic orchestration, the piling up of effects, and the highly-colored atmosphere in which the whole thing is set. It is absurd to our mind to boggle with infinite anxiety about matters over

th everybody is practically agreed."

he Pall Mall Gazette published June his curious review:

concert given by pupils must inevitably have something of a tentative nature about it, and therefore the concert given yesterday afternoon at the Muehle Hall by the pupils of Mme. Blanche Marchesi must necessarily be considered from an amateur point of view. Mme. Blanche Marchesi will be very shortly, we think, as well as her famous mother, who herself taught the teacher. One is reminded, only enough, of Horace's Ode, abhor-

of the schoolboy, "O mater pulchra, pulchrior." For, at any rate, Mme. Marchesi's pupils give every sign of such intelligence that the younger of the daughter may well inspire present critic to the same sentiments as those of Horace. It would be a very sorry matter for us to criticize with a sense of severity a concert given under these avowed auspices; but one thing must be observed, that Mme. Marchesi has assuredly impinged her curious characteristics of vocalization upon her pupils in no uncertain way. She has to this one given something of a dramatic feeling; to another she imparted something of her not altogether agreeable mezzo voice; to a third a portion of that contralto quality which alone from the purely vocal point of view has endeared her to a section of the outstanding public. At the same time, it is impossible not to regard such a concert without feeling that it eminently belongs, as we have said, to the order of amateur things. Miss Ethel Henry Bird sang "With Verdure Old" with a pleasant imitation of Marchesi's soprano efforts. Miss Anna Hope, the owner of quite a good voice, sang Blumenthal's "Comfort" with a less pleasant imitation of Marchesi's seductively dramatic manner. Miss Nina Meredith's version of the "Voi Sapete"—to our mind among the most divinest songs ever written—was fully inadequate, but at the same time bearing marks of the teacher's method upon its front. So the concert ended and waned. We have no doubt that Mme. Marchesi is an excellent teacher, but teaching a voice is not all Tennyson's blot on the brain, "which will find a way out." Blanche Marchesi's mother taught Melba and taught Eames. They have found their way out; how many, we wonder, have rescued their lot with the submerged tenth-enths? Still, to preach a gospel is a great thing, and great singers probably need a gospel of some kind, "hush hew it as you will." From that point of view we approve of the function of a singing teacher, and therewith of this particular role in the hands of Mme. Marchesi.

July 29 1901

We choose for quotation and consideration this day a poem written by Dr. Sen in his early years.

THE POWER OF MEMORY.
You laugh when you see a tame bear dance,
You know how they teach the beast to prance?

A brewer's cauldron they tie him tight,
And pile up the furnace and set it alight,
Then a barrel organ they bring along,
And play to the bear "Love's Old Sweet Song."

A minute or two he begins to grill,
And he needs must dance, for he can't stand still.

Whenever he hears the tune that he knows,
Dancing devil flies into his toes.

Too, in the cauldron once was bound,
And the furnace blazed and the organ ground.

The flames of hell, I felt their power,
And I carry the scars to this very hour.

And whenever thoughts of that time arise,
I feel the pang like a stab in the eyes.

And deep in my brain the iron goes,
And I needs must dance on my metric toes.

The young man looks forward to locks and bonds, a swollen bank account, authority in vast interests, a house that is a palace, furnished sumptuously, with troops of servants, with a decorative wife. Rosewood and mahogany, marble, malachite, lapis lazuli—there will be no commonplace as spruce walnut. Rare first editions; pictures and bronzes; jewels that outblaze oriental jewelry; a yacht that would disturb the rest of Mr. Lawson. The young man aspires to these political power, the influence that shapes Presidential and Legislative policy.

When he reaches forty years he has one of these things. Perhaps he has a philosophical, and does not care for them; perhaps he is not "demented" with the mania of owning things. He says to himself: "Let us live simply and therefore wisely."

But he finds that these good and simple things are far beyond his reach. He cannot afford to have even pure air, for he is obliged to live in the city, for at least three months and a half his air is hot, foul, dead.

He cannot buy quiet at a reasonable price. Indeed, he that can buy quiet is very rich. The clanging electric railway has invaded villages as well as towns. Or a summer boarding house near his cottage is filled with

happy, yelping children, young ladies addicted to the piano, hauntings of verandas who chatter and screech even in the light of the disturbed, reproachful moon. To be quiet a man must own a house with enough land around it to keep his fellow-men at a distance. And then a hustling company may condemn a part of this property to run tracks across it, "for the good of the greater number." There was a rich man—did he live in Rhode Island?—who received a letter from a railway company asking him, "What will you take for your land?" He replied, "What will you take for your railway?" There are few who have at the same time such wealth and such presence of mind.

Suppose that the man of modest means and quiet tastes who has thrown off ambition, determines to live half of the year in the country. He thinks of eggs, pure milk, fruit, vegetables. Surely these are common, easy to be obtained, within the reach of the humblest. He finds that they are luxuries to be enjoyed only by the rich. They are as expensive as pure air. Where do all these things go? There are hens, cows, bushes, trees, gardens. Yes, but they do not belong to him, and no sane person after he is 40 attempts to keep hens and a cow. The city swallows up these simple things, or the rich cottagers pay a price that is to him as the jewels and marbles and power of his youthful dreams.

As "civilization" advances, the natural products of the earth and its food-yielding inhabitants will be eaten only by the wealthy. The man of moderate means will buy his food in chemical extracts at the apothecary's. There will be no need of dining room or table-girl. The members of the family will take pills at appointed hours. Nor is it to be denied that this in certain ways will be a relief to busy men and distracted house-keepers.

There are some, nor are they members of the Russian Government, who say that Mr. George Kennan saw Russia, especially Siberia, solely for lecture purposes.

A parodist of garden literature writes in Punch:

"This new fashion in literature certainly saves one a lot of trouble. Before it became popular I used to write novels; now I don't trouble about a plot, or characters, or anything. I simply sit in the garden from ten o'clock to four—Saturdays, ten to one—and put down my thoughts just as they come, mixed up with little bits cribbed from the Journal of Horticulture. In another hundred pages or so the book will be finished, and I shall bid my darling readers good-by."

"It is nearly twelve o'clock; 'noon,' in the quaint old Anglo-Saxon phrase. A sparrow has just hopped across the lettuce—a sweet little bird, with two eyes, two feet, and one beak. But the early worm has left some hours ago on pressing business. Ah, dearest reader, the saddest words in the language. Too late! Too late! Too late! Oh, the bitterness of it all!"

"Emperor William is letting his beard grow. His moustache is no longer of

July 30 1901

What a happy thing it would be if we could settle our thoughts and make our minds up on any matter in five minutes, and remain content, that is, build a sort of mental cottage of feelings, quiet and pleasant—to have a sort of philosophical back-garden, and cheerful holiday-keeping front one. But, alas! this never can be; for, as the material cottager knows there are such places as France and Italy, and the Andes, and burning mountains, so the spiritual cottager has knowledge of the terra semi-incognita of things unearthly, and cannot for his life keep in the check-rein.

Mrs. Alice Meynell, whose books are distinguished by acute observation, delicate fancy, true humor, and by a style that is subtle, and not wholly free from affectation—indeed in earlier years she might well have been a preelease, is coming to this country, not as a lecturer, not even as a parlor attraction for those mad to be amused, but for the sake of her health.

She cannot come quietly as a happy person who is unknown to fame. A trumpet is blown before her. "The novelist Thomas Hardy"—not the grocer, Thomas Hardy, not the carriage builder T. H., but the novelist, "says that she is the best woman talker in England and he awarded her that pre-eminence after his opinion on the subject had been carefully sought." We admit cheerfully that Mr. Hardy paid Mrs. Meynell this compliment—although he surely never talked thus to Mr. William Archer in one of those marvelous conversations for publication in which Mr. Archer does all the talking.

But is this description of Mrs. Meynell complimentary?

The conventionally handsome woman is as a rule, either naturally or prudently dull. And so there is a type of homely woman of whom her female friends say, "You should see her face light up when she talks," or "No, she

is not handsome, but she has a fine character." The rich man who buys a decorative wife for his dining table and parlor chooses a full, sumptuous, splendid creature, who is not put in the shade by lights, jewels, gowns; who is a foil to conversation inspired by meat and drink and social envy.

The woman sung by the poets is generally a rather sleepy person, who sometimes wonders at the romantic adoration she provokes.

The professional beauty is feeble only in conversation. The ancients have given us minute particulars concerning Helen's beauty, but she was not renowned for wit and intelligence. Cleopatra, according to our information, was irregular in facial contour as well as in the conduct of life. Aspasia was brilliant, they say, in talk; but is she not familiar to us through the cyclops of Walter Savage Landor? And we can not help thinking that Aspasia wore her hair brushed stiffly back and was adorned with an immense cameo brooch. Madame Récamier was distinctly dull.

There are many professional beauties who call themselves playactresses and are accepted as such by amiable audiences who go to the theatre weekly on a fixed night throughout the season, no matter what the play or who the player. Ransack your memory: Pauline Markham was much handsomer than Alice Oates, but how the latter outshone her! From the latter you might reasonably have expected an epigram at 7.30 A. M.; Pauline Markham diverted Richard Grant White from the narrow path of Shakespearean criticism, but even he could not animate her into nimble mental activity.

No, the famous wits and entrancing talkers among women are seldom, very seldom the picture beauties. The wise man knows this; he knows that the most seductive lure and captivate by nervous and cerebral spells. Thus a mere bundle of nerves may turn an approved stock-yard beauty into a wall-flower.

But how did Mrs. Meynell talk to Mr. Hardy that he should utter the opinion of an acknowledged expert?

No doubt if these conversations had been preserved and given to us, we should believe Mr. Hardy guilty of exaggeration.

Perhaps her talk was, for the most part, personal. Perhaps she likened his "Tess" and "Jude" to plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles; or she asked him where he obtained his marvelous insight into female character—and what man could withstand such flattery? She surely talked about him and his work, not of other male novelists, except, perhaps, Balzac and Fielding. Or she asked his help and guidance in her own literary endeavor. Never, never for one moment did she entertain the existence of a wife, of a Mrs. Thomas Hardy. For it is a deplorable fact that few men when they are on pleasant terms with an attractive woman wish to be reminded of a wife, not even when they are happily married or with an ex-wife of allmonian interest.

All this leads us to a general thought. A good conversationalist is one that talks chiefly about you and your hopes, ambitions, grievances. She should not flatter in gross phrases—unless you happen to be a playactor, or a professional philanthropist. If she assumes a deep interest in your plans, you forgive easily her queer left eye. If she wishes that she could help you, you do not stop to wonder how she could be of service—for you would then see through the hollowness of her sudden protestation—you find her radiant, wholly desirable; for your vanity has been incensed with feminine perfumes.

It may also be added that few women in novels who are described by the authors as witty or brilliant ever justify this characterization by printed speech in soliloquy or dialogue. Mr. Meredith, for instance, is never weary of reminding you that Diana was intellectually wonderful, but do you remember one brilliant speech made by her? The daughter of Squire Western was a simple, every-day young woman, and what heroine of Scott is complex or neurotic? Thackeray's Beatrix is a gorgeous creature, but only as the old Baroness is she truly individual in speech. Even now in the most advanced French novel the heroine is said to be this or that; she herself says chiefly the conventional words that in sunny France are supposed to accompany sundry breakings of the Seventh Commandment.

July 31 1901

Heap up Gold, gather together Silver, raise up Walks, fill your house with Slaves, and the Town with Debtors, if you do not appease the disorders of your own mind, and stint your unsatisfiable desire and deliver yourself from fears and cares, you do but rack Wine for a man in a Fever, and administer

Honey to a man disturbed with Choler, and prepare Meat and good Cheer for people that have the Flux or Gripes, who can neither retain it, or be strengthened by it, but are over and above spoiled by it.

"Mr. W. W. Astor will be made a Companion of the Order of the Bath." And thus will he perhaps be able to cleanse himself thoroughly of the stain of former American citizenship.

Who first gave the name "Dismal" to the famous Swamp? Our boyish ideas of this district were derived from Thomas Moore's poem, in which he rhymed ingeniously "swamp" with "lamp"—"firefly lamp." The vegetation was rank and the air was miasmatic—truly, a dreadful place; and, later, we heard the blood-hounds chasing runaway Pompeys and Jubas. Now it appears from Mr. Kearney and others that the soil is fertile; that trees in great variety thrive and toss joyous boughs skyward; and that corn can be grown in abundance. We should not be surprised to hear of a summer hotel in the middle of the swamp, with golf links, driven wells, fresh eggs and the other advertised attractions.

So Siberia was once described as an icy region, barren, forbidding, hostile to animal life. Mangan's poem is thus, a thrilling lie. As a matter of fact the abused land is sunny and productive—of other things besides falsehoods invented for a lecture tour in the United States.

This reminds us that Dr. Nieuwenhul has been exploring the wilds of Borneo. He saw many wild men of that celebrated island, and made friends with them by giving them quinine. We once knew a Wild Man of Borneo in private life; he preferred the other part of the mixture—whisky, and he did not find that quinine improved it. He had his cross—he was obliged to wear his hair long. Have earnest students of stirpleiture ever determined what the offspring of a Wild Man of Borneo and a Circassian Girl would be? Interesting experiments might also be made with a Living Skeleton and a Bearded Lady.

Ferguson is no longer welcome at the Porphyry. He is a passionate reader of histories, and his idol is Napoleon Bonaparte. We believe that we have spoken before this of his foible; how, like Hazlitt, he stands near busts or portraits of the Little Corsican and tempts facial comparison; how he interrupts conversation about yachts, golf, women and dogs by saying, "Now if he had won the battle of Waterloo—" Ferguson was much stirred up Monday by the report that the good Benedictine monks of France are going to Elba to turn the house of Napoleon into a distillery of their sweetish, fragrant cordial. He kept walking about, muttering the word "Napoleon" and saying "More power to his Elba." No wonder that there is talk of bringing Ferguson before the Committee on Elections.

In England they are advertising for "lady servants" in all branches of service. The Morning Post printed this advertisement:

"Wanted: A lady, to groom and take care of a small pony, and to assist in the housework of a small house in the country. The cook is a lady, and no servants are kept. Only gentlewomen need write."

But in this happy country all cooks are ladies. They have their days, and their stated times for receiving. That they work is not their fault; they know that they should fare badly if their mistresses were to cook for them; and therefore they cook—chiefly for their own convenience, and for their health.

The "lady groom" is not yet a common sight in America; but many of our "swagger" and "smart" young women are already so horsey that in case of adverse parental fortune they should easily be able to gain their living, especially as we learn from Sassetti Editors that they are "well-groomed." Nor would the language of the stables come to some of them as a foreign tongue.

Flats in New York are now of incredible magnificence. The reading of an advertisement yesterday of a suite "in which all the disadvantages of housekeeping may be obliterated" took away our breath.

In this happy home the inmates find "electric connections for heating curling irons"—and possibly there are separate irons for the servants. There is "an East Indian Den" where the host and his guests will hit the pipe and buck the tiger. There are needle show-ers and rain baths and chambers with single nooks, and in all probability a live janitor with real legs and arms and a warranted memory. This suite may be rented for only \$6000 a year.

Why should Comptroller Coler be anxious to improve the sanitary condition of Coney Island? The glory of that resort departed when the elephant was burned.

We are pleased to hear a warning voice against the practice of plucking teeth with pins. The voice cried also,

"Beware of wooden toothpicks, for they induce recession of the gums." It is better to respect the traditions of our fathers and frown on modern toothpicks. At the table use the fork; if you feel embarrassed by lodged food between meals, use the small blade of a jackknife. All other toothpicks sported in the mouth are only for show or instruments of a habit that is born of nervousness.

T. M. No, the glass of Eden Hall was never broken. It is now in the possession of a Musgrave, who is not 30 years old. Eden Hall is in Inglewood Forest, by Penrith. The original grantee was Fitzweine; from him the hall went to the Turpe family; a Turpe married a Stapleton, and Thomas de Musgrave married Joan de Stapleton, hence the little Musgraves.

The talisman is a glass cup which bears the sacred monogram I. H. S. The first use was evidently sacerdotal. But, whence the rhyme.

If that glass either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall.

The "Luck" is produced only on exceptional occasions. It is then filled to the brim with wine, and the guest should empty it at a draught. But the draught is not too large.

See July 29.

the straight, stiff shape hitherto so familiar. The points are loose."

It will be interesting to note the effect of this manner of wearing his hair on the domestic and foreign policy of the Emperor. The former moustache gave him a fierce, military look, and he was obliged to live up to this moustache, that defied humanity and even the dwellers in the sky. Hence his bellicose speeches, which kept Europe uneasy. The moustache must have been a source of constant vigilance, which in this case was not the price of liberty.

With the droop of the once waxed ends, Europe breathes freer, and may turn over and go to sleep, as soon as those foolish Boers and Chinese are weary of insisting on their freedom from foreign interference.

The growth of the beard will enable the Emperor to look more favorably on the great Socialistic Party of his empire. A beard of six inches will lead to honest apportionment of election districts; and when the hair is nine inches long, prominent Socialists will be called to give advice. Nor should we be surprised to hear that the Emperor has turned vegetarian. There is a kind of beard that suggests immediately a diet of shredded wheat, squash and string beans. In such beards do birds of the air fearlessly build nests.

The New York Evening Post says in a long and carefully considered editorial article:

"Our college boys still cling tenaciously to the ways of the professional. They too often spend an inordinate amount of time in training; they exhaust their physical and mental strength on it so that they are fit for nothing else. They also resort to underhanded tricks to win, because they place victory above everything else; they attempt to 'rattle' an opposing team by cheers; they lie to umpires and to each other; they sneak off to practise in secret because they know that both they and their opponents invent elaborate and disgraceful systems of spying. They are too often not gentlemen, but jockeys."

Moreover, we laugh at the Kings of Persia, who (if the story be true) will only drink the Water of the River Choaspis, by this means making the rest of the habitable world to be without water as to themselves. So we, when we remove to other countries, and retain our longings after Cepheissus and Eurotas, and are pleased with nothing so much as the Hills of Taygetus and Parnassus, we make the whole earth uninhabitable to ourselves, without a House or City where we can dwell.

A wise man named Plutarch once wrote a series of "symposiasts," in which he discussed many, many things—as "whether amidst our Cups 'tis fit to talk Learnedly and Philosophize;" "Why in Autumn Men have better Stomachs than in other Seasons of the Year;" "whether or no Wrestling is the oldest Exercise;" "Whether the Temper of Women is Colder or Hotter than that of Men;" "What is the Reason that the same Room which at the beginning of Supper seems narrow, appears wide enough afterward;" and many other subjects which would delight the walrus and the carpenter.

He is the Plutarch of the "Lives," the celebrated "Lives" which so many praise and so few read. If you examine the biographies of many great men you will find that they are represented

as born of parents incredibly poor, but the fortunate owners of Plutarch's "Lives." The great men as boys read by a flickering pine knot the deeds of Cato, Lysander and other worthies, and to this reading they attributed in their Congressional years the secret of their success; for they thought themselves successful. It was Plutarch who tempted them to strain their eyes as now some "historical novel" strains eyes by fish tail burner or electric light.

The Plutarch of the "Morals" is not so well known, in spite of the brave attempt made in Boston and Cambridge to boom the old essayist. Did not Ralph W. Emerson write a laudatory preface to a new edition? But Mr. Emerson was often unfortunate in his praise—witness that incredible anthology compiled by him and entitled "Farnassus." And the new translation was too formal and well-bred, even though it probably was more literal.

Just as you must read Plutarch's "Lives" in the brave translation of Sir Thomas North so you must read the "Morals" in the version of Philemon Holland or at least in the edition "translated by several Hands," and published in the 17th century. In this latter edition the "Symposiasts" are translated or "done into English" by Mr. T. Crech.

The Fourth Question proposed in Book III. of these Symposiasts is "Whether the Sea or Land afford better food."

Summer visitors at seaside boarding houses or cottagers by the sea may be interested in Plutarch's remarks.

He begins by speaking of Galepsus in Eubaea, "Where the baths are; a place by nature every way fitted for free and gentle pleasures; and withal so heautified with stately Edifices and Dining Rooms, that one would take it for no other, than the common place of repast for all Greece." This description shows that Plutarch would have made an adroit press agent. "Earth and Air yield plenty of Creatures for the service of Men; the Sea furnisheth the Table with variety of Dishes nourishing store of delicious Fish in its deep and clear Waters." And read this sentence: "This place is especially frequented in the spring, for hither at this time of year abundance of people resort, solacing themselves in the mutual enjoyment of all those pleasures the place affords, and at spare hours pass away the time in many useful and edifying discourses."

"Useful and edifying discourses"—such as are heard all along the coast from Bar Harbor to Newport, from York to Brewster, especially Bar Harbor and Newport.

There was a good fellow, Callistratus, of whom Plutarch said "twas a hard matter to dine at any place besides his house;" and Callistratus had the humor "to pick up all the pleasant fellows he could meet with, and put them in the same room. It was at his table that they talked about the respective merits of food provided by sea and land."

The arguments were more singular or far-fetched than convincing: As that the word for food is best used to designate fish; that the greatest gluttons are called by a compound word, into which the word "fish" enters.

"A dinner upon the shoar is of all others most delicious; not by reason of the Waves and Stormes in that place (for who upon the Sea-coast would be content to feed upon a pulse or a Caper?) but because their Table is furnished with plenty of fresh Fish."

Add, too, that Sea food is dearer than others, for Cato reproached the luxury of Rome by saying a fish was sold there for more than an ox.

Then Plutarch enlorges the virtues of salt; and he claims that a fish diet is the lightest of meat; "and it stands with reason that the Sea should produce the most nourishing and wholesome food, seeing it yields us the most refined, and purest, and therefore most agreeable Air."

Furthermore this sea-food is the most "lawful."

For we can claim no great right over Land Creatures which are nourished with the same Food, draw the same Air, wash in and drink the same Water that we do ourselves, and when they are slaughtered they make us ashamed of what we have done with their hideous cries; and then again by living amongst us, they arrive at some degree of familiarity and intimacy with us. But Sea Creatures are altogether strangers to us, and are brought up as 'twere in another world; neither does their voice, look, or any service they have done us, plead for their Life. For these kind of Creatures are of no use at all to us: Nor is there any necessity that we should love them. But that place which we inhabit is Hell to them, for as soon as ever they enter upon it they die.

When Plutarch said that the voice of no sea-creature excited pity, he did not know the beautiful poem which begins with the complaint of the lobster.

Consideration of the essay leads to this conclusion founded on experience: At seaside resorts of Massachusetts, the best and freshest sea-food comes from Boston.

My casement opening, lo! I Love espied
"All garland-decked, as tho' he came to woo;
Who, when I bade him enter, thus replied:
"Nay, if I come, then Sorrow enters too."
"Sweet Love! what care I so you come?"
I cried;
"I fear not Sorrow while you with me bide."

Thus many days beneath my humble roof
Hath Sorrow found a home for Love's sweet sake,
And ever have I borne her stern reproof,
All uncomplaining, tho' my heart should break;
And now, alas! Sweet Love hath flown away,
And Sorrow still stays on. Alack-a-day!

"Rare birds on Nora Wiggins" runs a headline. But her friends prefer them to flies.

It is a pleasure to see the Transcript lost in editorial and perplexed wonder over the art of Billy Baxter. It is true that the book is not precisely a book of the month, or even a book of July—but everything comes to him that waits—and to wait is the Transcript's métier, as our volatile Canadian neighbors would say.

We learn from the advertisement of a new "Encyclopedia of Etiquette"—"What to do, to say, to write, to wear"—that the book contains as a special feature chapters on bachelor hospitalities and children. It would appear, then, that inhospitable bachelors have no children.

"Many a mother, finding that the children of her friend and neighbor are not proper playmates for her own boys and girls, is at a loss to know what course to pursue. This family encyclopedia decides just such disturbing questions."

This reminds us of a story. In a short but fashionable street of Boston lived as neighbors a family of indisputable social position and a family of wealth of a far different, but respectable, position. Two girls of these houses were inseparable companions as children, nor was any effort made by the parents to check the intimacy. The girls grew up. The girl of Brahmin family became a member of the Sewing Society to which her mother belonged and still belongs. The other girl, of course, was not admitted to the snobbish clique. The Brahmin girl was finally told by her mother that she must have no further acquaintance with her playmate. She obeyed, like a dutiful, prudent, well-bred daughter, and when we asked her about it she answered as follows:

"Yes, I see nothing of her now. Of course I bow to her when I meet her, but I never talk with her. Her mother said that Rachel had erred a good deal at first, and I guess Rachel did feel badly about it. She's a good enough girl, but I should never see her at any of the houses I go to, so what's the use of knowing her?"

And thus did this girl, who has not yet come out, reason concerning social life and social obligations, with the cold-blooded prudenece of a Lady Kew.

It appears that the sole mission of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company is not to make money, but to educate the public.

It proposes as a branch of this education, to show how "a rapid transit system may be operated." Observe the use of the word "may," which the Boston Elevated Railroad Company prefers to "should."

"Must" is used by the said company only with reference to the duties of the public.

Furthermore, the public will be glad to learn that the Company has saved money by cutting down the number of platform men; nor will the public be disturbed by the fact that it must therefore step livelier.

The Honorable David Mills wrote some time ago an "outspoken letter on the lack of children in New England." Our friend the Earnest Student of Sociology has been making investigations. His report will be an elaborate one, he writes:

"I wish Mr. Mills would take on my Sunday afternoon the yellow car that goes through Charles Street to the Union Station. He would find certain streets crowded with boys and girls and babies, who fill the sidewalks and even the pavements. Dressed in their poor best, they pant for air and yet are happy under the contracted sky."

"The piazza-child is another variety, and is found in luxuriant abundance at all summer resorts. It is distinguished by amazing vitality, extraordinary lung-power, which in moving animate objects near by equals two-horse power, and a supreme disregard for the rights and the feelings of older persons."

This reminds us of another instance of the trade in artificially disfiguring children, which is rife in South Russia.

Two beggars were arrested at Matusoy in the Government of Kiev. With them were two little boys, eleven years of age, who had been stolen from their parents. One of the boys had his tongue cut out and both eyes destroyed. The legs and arms of the other were twisted in a surprising, fantastical manner. A third child died during the process of lucrative improvement. Purveyors of such artificial cripples receive several hundred roubles apiece.

When Victor Hugo described like disfigurements at the beginning of the 18th century, reviewers laughed scornfully and chattered in mockery. But such mutilation has, unhappily, been known through the ages.

Why is it that the "living-room" in a new house is usually the last room finished?

It is a little late for strawberries, but foreign newspapers are often late, and we make no apology for quoting the opinion of Mr. G. R. Sims concerning the proper way of eating the berry. He claims that the modern digestion is too weak for cream, and that many do not wish to buy a bottle of wine just to moisten the berries. Powdered sugar does not bring out all the flavor. "But there is another way which is excellent. Crush your strawberries with one pressure of a fork, then squeeze lemon-juice on them, and add a little powdered sugar." But why not add a dash of Cayenne and a drop or two of Worcestershire sauce?

He had invited the usual people, women whom she had once considered her intimate friends, and men with whom she had flirted. She remembered that she had once thought them all clever, and now they seemed to her like the toys the showman winds and allows to run a little way along the pavement before he picks them up. The vivid unreality of these people she attributed to the fact that they lived in the mere surface of life; in the animal sensation rather than in the moral idea; and she reflected that she had not only not been happy, but had never seemed to get even into touch with existence until she had decided that there was a right and a wrong way.

Mr. Marcel Barrière, the ingenious author of "Le Nouveau Don Juan," informs us that wintergreen is the favorite perfume of American women.

You read of Mr. Mortimer Hartney of East Cambridge who would fain go to the poorhouse because he cannot find work, and there is a kindly, parental government. The officers give in excuse for apparent hard heartedness that he is able to work and that he is a member of a family easily responsible. Mr. Hartney should console himself with the thought that even a poorhouse is not necessarily a haven of rest; the inmates have their crosses, their tribulations. Thus only yesterday we read in a London journal the sad case of a gentleman who wrote to the newspapers a complaint: that he was not allowed to wear a dress suit in the poorhouse. He once, in happier, far-off days, had the honor of dining at the Guildhall with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and he thought it hard that he should not be allowed to dress according to his taste when he was the guest of ratepayers.

Least the Providence Journal be tempted to drop the tear of sensibility or thunder in brevier against the insolence of British petty officials, we hasten to add that this gentleman appeared in shabby dress coat and trousers and an everyday waistcoat. This hideous solecism of the waistcoat settles it. As a Londoner remarks: "The workhouse ladies will next insist on appearing décolletées."

The master of this poorhouse told his guest to shed his raiment for something "less incongruous." But congruous attire is not always easily determined. Perhaps the informality of a poorhouse might wink at a detached waistcoat, whereas a waiter in a restaurant or a swell at a dancing party would be rebuked for the eccentricity. The same journal that tells us of the poorhouse incident says that during the great heat in London the coachman and footman of the Archbishop of Canterbury wore Panama hats and the horses wore sun-bonnets, while the Primate himself sported his heavy beaver. Surely the beaver, even though a badge of office, was incongruous that day, as are the hats, coats and stick-up collars of the Boston policemen with the mercury above 80 degrees.

We spoke the other day of the Emperor William and his hirsute conversion; how that he abandons the bellicose moustache and turns toward the nanny-goat beard, weeping-willow whiskers.

This reminds us that turning up the

mistake is considered to be the sign of predominance of one's self among natives of India. "Pratap, the Rana of Chittore"—don't you smell curiously turned chessmen, fans, evil-faced a-brac, drugs for necromantic?—Let us say the mouth-filling, ill-sounding words once more: "Pratap, the Rana of Chittore, when driven of his native town, took an oath he would not turn up his moustache as long as he had not recaptured the town. This he failed to do, the oath is still considered binding upon his heirs."

Paris there is fierce dispute over question whether the chauffeur motor-car conductor should wear a moustache. A proclamation, a trumpet call to agitation, was placarded on the streets. Paris was told that unless chauffeurs stood by each other, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, they would be degraded to the shaven level of a valet, while a cabman or waiter walks proud and erect in the consciousness of virile moustache.

are pleased to hear of our old friend the Wild Man. This time he is enjoying himself and generously giving newspaper copy at Berea, Cleveland. There is no mistake; description is exact. "He runs about naked, he is agile as a deer and the intervals of chasing people climbs and chatters there like a mountain." It is the same old interesting man that voted for Andrew Jackson and used to cross the Hudson on ice at Albany. But where is the serpent this summer?

Mr. Bourke Cockran declined to talk politics while he was with his friends just before the steamer sailed for Europe. Dr. Depew read this with signs of amazement, disgust, incredulity. How can any man refuse to talk of politics, especially when he will be for at least a week safe from comment? A certain English philosopher made arrangements for the publication of a free-thinking work, but he was dead and snugly tucked away. So there are timorous politicians, who talk freely on a pier, and then slip into the oblivion of the voyage. Dr. Depew is the only man who succeeded in performing the difficult feat of talking on several subjects synchronously, after the fashion of the multiplex telegraph. But we take into consideration the fact that he has practised incessantly.

There is a beautiful paragraph from the New York Evening Post: "Mr. Hall Caine, whose reluctance to publish himself or his writings to the attention of the public is well known throughout two continents, has at last yielded to the general clamor for details about his brilliant career. He has not only consented to allow his life to be written for a volume in the series entitled 'English Writers of the Day,' but he will himself contribute an introduction. By the singular irony of kind fate, the literary editor who writes this gratifying announcement fails to remark that the introduction is 'modest.' Why it was necessary to remind any one that Mr. Caine is all men in the world—is modest, forever remain a mystery, for no editor would deliberately stir the mind of an unsophisticated reader by the horrible suspicion that Mr. Caine has ever been anything but a sensitive plant."

444. 1901
THERE are things to interest the musician as well as the general reader in Mr. George Moore's "Sister Teresa," which is the second part of "Evelyn Innes." First of all, is the masterly characterization of an operatic soprano, who, of a musical family, is not at all an enthusiastic musician; who stages her life on account of the men in the door of the dressing room, rather than from any keen artistic elation; who is divided between the world, with its flesh and the devil and the rest, and the peace of life in the convent. "Her instincts were but a passing reason of her mother's spirit, whereas the true romance of her life was in the fleshly instinct." And what Mr. Moore of Evelyn may well be said of: "Her own desire of art had been curiously linked to her desire to see men. Three days ago she had looked down from the organ loft to see there were any men among the congregation, knowing she would not sing if she were only singing to women." And the only reason she learned to play the piano was on account of a man, who suddenly became her lover. Her struggle, still under the influence of her sojourn at the convent, she did not wish to hear music or talk about it, "the music with which she had been associated. So all her friends must be composers and conductors, tenors

and basses, all her fellow artists at whose rooms she liked to make appointments. All the adventure of rehearsals would henceforth be unknown to her, and all those whom she used to meet at rehearsals, various dilettante Bohemians and critics, all would disappear from her life."

But there was talk of a concert tour in America, that she might make money to clear the nunnery of mortgages. She looked over "The Messiah." She saw that it was beautiful, but it did not interest her. Mendelssohn, with his "Elijah," appealed to her less than Handel. "She turned to a modern score and discovered in it the original ingredients hashed up and kneaded into new forms. Then she took a score by Brahms from the heap. 'In Handel there are beautiful proportions,' she said; 'it is beautiful, like 18th century architecture, but here I can discover neither proportion nor design.' She remembered that César Franck's music affected her in much the same way. Shrugging her shoulders, she said, 'When I listen I always hear something beautiful, only I don't listen.'"

In this apparent paradox there is a profound truth. There are few composers who compel you to listen, who take you far away from the room and your neighbor in spite of yourself. Nor will mere elegance, nor will irreproachable technique take the place of a mastering individuality, however rough it may be.

Let us listen to Mr. Moore, while he speaks concerning music through the mouthpieces of his characters.

"The human animal finds in the opposite sex the greater part of his and her mental life. She had heard Owen say that the arts rose out of sex; that when man ceased to capture women he cut a reed and blew a tune to win her, and that it was not until he had won her that he began to take an interest in the tune for its own sake."

Mr. Moore describes a music-critic, whom, pray, does he depict? Surely not Mr. Run'imán or Mr. Blackburn. "He was a tall, thin, angular man, with a small, meagre, clean-shaven face, and pale eyes, in which a nervous despair floated for a moment, and then vanished, for his manner was high-spirited and cheerful. He spoke in a thin voice which suggested the ecclesiastic, and his eyes seemed to reflect back ritual, and his dry, rigid manner suggested one to whom doctrine was a necessity—one to whom rule was essential. He had written on Wagner, Palestrina and the plainchant. He had read all the books; he had been librarian in a ducal library, and curator in a museum. At parties a sudden lassitude often invaded his mind, and he strayed from the conversation to the piano; and when he returned to his lodgings after the party he looked round the room frightened, and hurried to bed, hoping to escape from thoughts in sleep."

Each irritated Evelyn in her present mood. "Sin was human at least, but the musical arabesques of the 16th and 17th centuries seemed to her to be divorced from all humanity."

And yet church music distressed her; for at a service "so inexpressibly dreary was the intonation, so like the strewing of ashes, that it seemed to her that her way must be with the sun and the lilacs rather than in the dim church, sickly with incense."

But do not think that Evelyn was one of the dumb cattle driven to and fro by managers and admirers. This strange woman was intended for the representation of ideal heroines whose love is pure. Her nature did "not allow her to depict the violence of physical passion, and the delirium of the sexes." This paradox is frequently found on the stage. The most profligate is often without passion in a passionate part, but as an enskied virgin she is the very image and the life.

It was Evelyn who thus wrote about "Fidelio": "Beethoven's music has nothing in common with the passion of the flesh; it lives in the realms of noble affections, pity, tenderness, love, spiritual yearnings for the life beyond the world, and its joy in the external world is as innocent as a happy child's. It is in this sense classical—it lives and loves and breathes in spheres of feeling and thought removed from the ordinary life of men. Wagner's later work, if we except some scenes from 'The Ring,' notably the scenes between Wotan and Brunnhilde, is nearer to the life of the senses; its humanity is fresh in us, deep as Brunnhilde's, for essential man lives not in the flesh but in the spirit. The desire of the flesh is more necessary to the life of the world than the aspirations of the soul, yet the aspirations of the soul are more human. The root is more necessary to the plant than its flower, but it is by the flower and not by the root that we know it." And this was the woman that dreamed of men and longed after them like the two women in Ezekiel. And it was this woman

who was sad to think that in the convent she would never wear any pretty underclothes.

"To live without faith, dear Mother," said Evelyn in the convent, "is a nightmare. Driving home in the brougham after singing, I never failed to ask myself, What is the use of all this? It is all over now. Sometimes before I went down to the theatre I used to say, 'In three hours—in four hours it will be all over, and then it will be the same as if I hadn't sung at all!'"

"She was so weary of singing Gounod's 'Ave Maria' that she had intentionally accentuated the vulgarity of the melody, and wondered if the caricature had been noticed. 'The more vulgarly it is sung, the more money it draws.'"

"One day she began to play the prelude to 'Lohengrin' from impulse and to see what an effect it would have on Veronica, and when she had finished, she asked her for her idea of it. 'It seemed to me,' she said, 'as if I stood waiting on some mountain-top, somewhere where there is no boundary. The dawn seemed to be breaking, light seemed to increase, the rays grew brighter and my soul seemed to be waiting amid the increasing light.'"

Then Evelyn went and confessed; she feared that she had played the prelude, and excerpts from "Tristan" and "The Ring" to trouble the lives of her sisters the nuns. The priest answered "I do not know any more devotional music than the prelude to 'Lohengrin' and the other music you speak of seems to me to be entirely unobjectionable." How pleased Wagner would have been at this benediction of his stage music!

D'Annunzio in his "Triumph of Death" introduces, say rather lugs in by the heels, a rhapsody on "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. Moore in "Sister Teresa" brings in with greater skill—as a prelude to Evelyn's frightful nightmare which leads to her dangerous sickness the wooing of the awakened Brunnhilde by Siegfried.

At last Evelyn catches cold, sings with an ailing throat, and then she sings no more. Louise Heilbron of the opera calls on her and they talk together in the garden of the convent.

"I remember a song of Handel that

you used to sing beautifully. Do you ever sing it now?"

"No, I lost my voice last winter; a heavy cold took it all away," and Teresa laughed.

"So this is the last stage," she said as she drove back to London. And then Louise thought of her own life. She was now 45, she might go on singing for a few years—then she, too, would have to begin her packing up, and she wondered what her end would be."

And this is the end of every singer's desire.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn speaks as follows of Mr. Huneker's first book:

We have been glancing through Mr. James Huneker's extremely clever but rather absurdly-entitled book, "Mezzotints in Modern Music," in its second edition, and once more realize the fact that very few adventurers into the pure esthetic of music have so fine an instinct, so proper an appreciation, so delicate a sentiment, and so courageous an utterance as this finely-equipped critic. He is best perhaps in his summary of the "Greater Chopin," which is distinguished by a finely elaborate comparison between Chopin and Edgar Allan Poe—a comparison, subtle, if at first blush an utterly distraught comparison. "They would have understood one another at a glance. Poe was not a whit inferior in sensibility to Chopin. Balzac declared that if Chopin drummed on a bare table, his fingers made subtle-sounding music. Poe like Balzac would have felt the drummed tears in Chopin's play, while Chopin in turn could not have failed to divine the tremulous vibrations of Poe's exquisitely strung nature. What a meeting it would have been, but, again, what inevitable misery for the Polish poet! That, in its way, is as subtle a piece of esthetic criticism—as apart from the ineffable stuff and nonsense which marks the writings of certain celebrated and superior critics—as you would wish to read on a summer's day."

Mr. Huneker assuredly belongs to that rare band of critics (who seem to be more numerous in the States and in France than in England) who regard their work in a serious artistic light, and who do not look upon themselves as reporters or dry-as-dust chroniclers of mere facts. He enjoys the handling of a phrase, the turn of a sentence, the balance of a paragraph in that these matters are made the honored servants of a beloved art. Attempt to make literature the handmaid of music here, and a horde of academics will denounce your ignorance of music, because they are not in sympathy with letters. This has happened a foretime in veritable fact; and it is because of the suffering which such attacks have inflicted—though we freely absolve the authors from "malice prepense"—that we write with feeling and admiration of Mr. Huneker's noble labors in a cause which we have much at heart.

445. 1901
When you are very old, and in your chair

At eve, beside the fire, your shuttle ply,
Singing my verses, you amazed will cry,
"Ronsard proclaimed my charms when I was fair."

No servant then hearing you thus declare
(Though o'er her labors tolling drowsily),

But at my name her weariness will fly,
Blessing your name with praise all time shall spare.

I shall a boneless ghost lie 'neath the ground,
My rest by myrtle shades forever found,
And you will o'er your life crouch old and gray,
My love regretting and your scornful hate;
Trust me, live now, nor for tomorrow wait,
But pluck life's roses while it is today.

Pictures of the Chase after Fortune and the Chase after Happiness have excited attention and they are described in guide books, but a more tragic and at the same time grotesque picture (yet to be painted) is the Chase after Health.

Noisy persons, screeching, cackling, yelling, guffawing on the piazza of a summer hotel protest against the croaking of frogs in the pool opposite and ask the landlord if something cannot be done to stop it.

The best place to study the habits of the tenacious wood-tick is on the neck of a friend.

His life had been an uneventful one. It had been passed in picking blueberries near a pond 12 miles from any village.

If this Frenchman's air-ship is perfected the fancy of Mortimer Collins may no longer be described as purely whimsical. In "Squire Slicester's Wmim," which was published in 1873, M. Achille Gilet steers his balloon from Guernsey to the English coast and descends on the Squire's estate.

"Very impertinent," said the Squire. "They are trespassing already. They ignore the important fact that the air above my manor is as much mine as the earth beneath."

"Ah, if balloons should become general," said Simonet, "that consideration would generate lawsuits. You would have to fence your plot of air, and set spring guns and man traps."

Why is it that you are thoroughly exasperated by the man who continually nods assent while you are talking to him? You may be giving forth your views in a masterly fashion on the future of the Boers—the Schley question—Schley, devilish Schley, Madam—or the advantages of net-work underclothes; he nods at the end of each sentence, and sometimes he nods at a semicolon or even a comma. Occasionally he smiles, and he looks straight at you with a fixed look that includes two glassy eyes. If he would only interrupt you, contradict you, leap from his chair in rage. But no, he nods, nods, nods politely, like the mandarin seated with glassware on a shelf behind the bar-keeper. You begin to grow red, to lose control of your sentences. Plural verbs are attached to singular nouns. You catch yourself from saying "He done it." Still he nods and nods and nods assent.

There is no arrogance like unto the arrogance of the second-hand clothes-dealer or that of the ready-made clothes-man as you go by the shop. He is in the doorway, and he knows your clothes at a glance; the quality, the fit, the price. His train of thought as men pass is as follows: "English suit. What a fit! He thinks they were smuggled in a barrel, and that he got them at a great bargain. The coat is a sight! And did you ever see such pants?" (Yes, he would say pants, never trousers, not even if he were put upon the rack.) "Ready-made suit, bought at a department store. I could give him a better fit for less money." "Swell tailor. Good stuff—and a fair fit for Boston, but no New Yorker would be satisfied with it. That fellow paid at least \$30 more than the suit is worth. How they soaked him!"

We commend to readers of Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee" a story that comes from England. A farmer was at work furring turnips near Arbroath. A swarm of bees passed over his horse's head, and when the horse happened to open its mouth the queen bee entered. The working bees swarmed round, and the agonized horse opened its mouth again. In went the swarm after the queen. The horse galloped madly about with the plow attached. Finally he fell down, and at the time of publication he was not expected to recover.

A writer in the Deutsche Revue considers the question, "Will the progress of science in the production of weapons tend to prevent wars or make them rarer?"

You have often heard that the weapons will soon be so deadly that men will refuse to expose themselves to sure death. This officer proves that losses in killed and wounded decrease in proportion as the weapons of war improve.

At the two bloodiest battles of Frederick the Great's wars, 43 per cent. of the combatants were killed or wounded. The bloodiest conflict in the Napoleonic

Aug 6, 1901

one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the
air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives de-
light;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

THE HAUNTED.

There was a man whose life was plagued by the children of others. In the city that they would prance and scream above or below him, and sometimes above and below him. They would yell and bawl on the common stairs. When Spring gave them greater license, they would shriek in the court of resounding, reverberating walls, and on the sidewalk they would play joyously the noisiest games.

The man was not by nature cruel; but he was nervous, his wife was nervous, and at the end of 10 years nervous, patience, good nature was exhausted. For summer brought no rest. Boarding house or hotel, such as their means allowed them, swarmed with children who were accompanied by indulgent fatuous parents accustomed to the internal din of their offspring. The veranda was the favorite playground. Babies that bawled until 2 or 3 A. M. were enabled by some singular feature of internal machinery to resume the cry at 5 A. M. There was no escape, there was no rest by day or night.

At last the desperate man found a little lot of land far from any public house, away from the road, with pleasant views of woodland, village, marshes, sea. And there he would sit and soothe his nerves. He heard the bob white, and at dusk the wail-poor-will. He heard ducks at sunset quarreling as to whether they should go home by the winding creeks. He heard the notes of various birds according to the hour. Far off a lazy voice said something in a sailboat. Crows made remarks as they passed over his head. Insects on the ground and in the air had their little say. Not a child was heard. And the man rubbed his hands quietly and smiled quietly. And he bought that little lot of land.

He went through the ordeal of house-building; he endured the delay that is more tedious than that of the law. The workmen finally left him, or he drove them away. His wife found many cuts; but he was satisfied, serene. No child could come near him. Nor was there need of man-trap or spring-gun.

This happiness was only for a day. As he sat on the piazza in the cool of the afternoon watching the changing colors of the marsh grass he heard voices of children, he heard squeals and cries. He rushed wildly about the house; he went down the natural road. Not a child in sight, and surely he must have been a-dreaming. He went back to the piazza, he sat down; the scene was indescribably tranquil. Again a bawl, again a gleeful whoop. In despair he went into his study and took up a serious book. He could not fix his mind on the text. He tried a novel. But he heard the dreaded voices, and it was as though children were stamping up and down the piazza, yelling under the windows. Again he ran about the house, among the pines, down the road. There was not a child in sight.

The cumulative yelling of 10 years had done its fatal work. On his own piazza, in his quiet bed chamber, in the railway train, at a Quaker meeting the unfortunate will hear those voices, those bawls, those screeches, those yells.

The good fairy who bestows the gift of silence had a pressing engagement the day that her sisters visited the cradle of Capt. Richmond P. Hobson. Only a little while ago this Captain announced that Rear Admiral Sampson was dying of a broken heart. He then declared publicly that the Fourth of July would be the great national day of rejoicing in all European countries within his lifetime. He then wished to head the list of subscribers to a loving cup for the gallant and dignified Admiral Cervera. And now in an address at Madison, Wis., he declares that "the principle of the Monroe Doctrine and the blessings of free institutions should be extended throughout the world;" that "this nation is the natural protector of weaker nations." All of this shows that Captain Hobson has neither silence, nor humor, nor tact.

Lovers of books were interested in the account of John Fiske's library and the removal of the volumes. The library of John Keats was moved in a clothes basket by a postman. This library included a folio Shakespeare, a folio Livy, Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," the works of Ovid, Milton,

Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Dante, Selden's "Titles of Honor," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," etc. All in a clothes basket.

To him that accumulates books moving is a nightmare. There is then a good excuse for discrimination, selection, rejection, but how hard it is to throw away any one of the volumes. The book that would not bring 15 cents at an auction is suddenly precious to him that thinks he must part with it. There is a shelf of guide books of 1885. The owner will not let them go. He has associations; he may use them as books of reference. (It is hard for him to realize that his days of work are numbered and few.) The book that is thrown away is always wanted within a month.

And the moving! The books are put into those narrow boxes as bricks into a hod. Then is there regrets because all books are not bound. What chance have pamphlets or foreign books in paper? And bindings are rubbed, and backs are broken, and volumes disappear. Those disappearing are always of a set, so the moved library might be justly called "A Library of Odd Volumes."

Now if you yourself examine a celebrated library, you are surprised to see how many books there are which you do not want. You read Latin with difficulty, and you have forgotten your Greek, so the fine old editions of the classics leave you cold. Nor do you care for the books without which no gentleman's library is complete. What! No books of memoirs, more or less scandalous, no early plays, no early editions of Swift, Fielding, Sterne, no French Spy, English Spy, Turkish Spy, Chinese Spy? What did the man read? You know of nothing drearier than pompously bound sets of Hume, Clarendon, and the other historians. You could easily spare Bancroft, Prescott and even Motley. Oh, yes, they are excellent writers, and if you wish to consult them you can go into the Public Library. But you could not be comfortable without such books as Walpole's Letters, Philpots on Oysters, Mortimer Collin's fantastical novels, the works of that most celebrated and witty Spaniard, Don Francisco de Quevedo, translated from the Spanish by Mr. Pineda, and many stories and essays by modern and ingenious Frenchmen.

Aug 7, 1901

Let him be mowing furze upon a mountain, and at the day's end his thoughts will run upon a pick-axe if he ever had handled one; let him leave the plow and he will think quietly of his supper. Agriculture is the tamer of men—the steam from the earth is like drinking their mother's milk—it enervates their nature. This appears a great cause of the imbecility of the Chinese; and if this sort of atmosphere is a mitigation to the energy of a strong man, how much more must it injure a weak one, unoccupied, unexercised. For what is the cause of so many men maintaining a good state in cities, but occupation? An idle man, a man who is not sensitively alive to self-interest in a city cannot continue long in good health. This is easily explained. If you were to walk leisurely through an unwholesome path in the fens, with a little horror of them you would be sure to have your ague. But let Macbeth cross the same path, with the dagger in the air leading him on, and he would never have an ague or anything like it.

When we were young we were proposed in all seriousness to be either a stage-coach driver, the proprietor of the Mt. Holyoke House, or a cider-mill man. When we arrived at man's estate, the stage-coach had disappeared in the county; the proprietor of the mountain house would not sell, and as for the cider mill, we had in the foolish flush of the early twenties outgrown our taste for cider. Sweet cider, we wisely said, was nauseating, and hard cider was a terrible drink, fit only for the use of desperadoes and the most extreme prohibitionists.

Of late years we have had a clearer, saner view. Perhaps it was first suggested by the poets; from Mr. J. Phillips with his Miltonic

Prepare
Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive, and a flexible saw-love entrenched,
Foundling, capacious of the juicy hoard,
to some American versifier of the
hearth and home, poor-house, divorce,
mortgages, cider-presses, husking-bees,
old-fashioned ovens and other topics of
true and romantic interest.

And did not Keats surprise Autumn in many attitudes?
Or by a cyder-press with patient look.
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by
hours.

But where are the apples and where the presses of yester-year? Mortimer Collins once said, that the Devonshire red-streak had grown from time immemorial. "They were ancient trees, bowed earthward by age; but they still bore ample fruit, and were game to the last. What is thoroughbred endures—whether a horse or a tree, a

come of many of the apples that cheered winter nights in the sixties? The very names of some are heard no more. The names of some that live are not able to glorify what is degenerate and base. There are "new" apples, new varieties, new experiments.

And so it is hard for us to believe that there are cider-mills of the good old kind. It is our sincere belief that cider is now largely a matter of chemistry; that the cider-mill man is a graduate with apron, spectacles, diploma, who goes about and smells and tastes and watches over the young assistants. There are lined vats and tanks and barrels; there are drugs and extracts and essences; and the cider, no doubt, is warranted against explosion, even when it is placed near a fire.

The Transcript assures us that although "to outward appearance" little is doing in Mrs. J. L. Gardner's "Italian palace," in the Back Bay, the building inside is a hive of industry.

"Most of the work is on the interior, where no man may place unauthorized foot." No—not even on the ceiling. And what would happen should a rash man set foot inside? Would he be shot down? Would he be dragged before the magistrate and then to the jail? Or, still more terrible punishment, will the master-builder read to him in chains the various newspaper descriptions of the "Palace," from the beginning?

Although no "unauthorized foot" may be placed inside, the Transcript assures us that "the work is carefully and thoroughly done." But tell us, oh tell us, is the plumbing sanitary and open? In Italian palaces in Italy the plumbing is shy, even in the palaces of the Doges and a stray Borgla. Mrs. Gardner's palace is so un-Italian on the outside that we hope it will be un-Italian as regards plumbing.

We turn green with envy when we read of the fossils found in pliocene deposits near Athens and sent to the British Museum. We could spare the machaerodus or the hipparon or the samotherium; but why cannot Boston enjoy a helladotherium, which is allied to the okapi and connected with aberrant antelopes of Pikermi?

I. W. T.: There are various explanations of the origin of the term, "Tenderloin." One given lately by the New York Evening Post is as follows: The old Twenty-ninth Precinct was considered the fattest detail in New York. When Capt. Alexander Williams went there from the Oak Street station to take command he announced, that he was tired of eating "chuck" steaks and proposed to live on tenderloin. He was at once understood. "Tenderloin" it was named and Tenderloin it has been ever since. That was about 1877.

Aug 8, 1901

Further down on the left is the bookseller, of whom there is nothing to be said except that he knows nothing about books.

"Literary journals" in despair of copy discuss the question, "What books would you take with you on a vacation?" or "What books would you take into the country?" Such discussions may be made profitable by rejoicing the hearts of publishers and tickling the vanity of authors.

If the scheme is not merely commercial, "various literary persons of importance" are asked what they should take with them on a vacation, and the replies are published. How many of these l. p. of importance are honest in declaration of choice? Here is Mr. Lecky, who wishes Grant Duff's diary, Craik's "Century of Scottish History," the Bishop of Ripon's "Church History," Ollivier's "Empire Libéral." What a delightful holiday he is having and what a gay companion he must be. Dr. Robertson Nicoll prefers "a large still book." We are pained to add him to the great gallery of poseurs. What is "a large still book?" Of course, the reading of it on a veranda or at the breakfast table impresses the other guests, who look at Dr. Nicoll for pearls of speech and are moved when he asks for a third soft boiled egg. We have never seen Dr. Nicoll, but we are sure that he has a great deal of hair on his face. At the same time he may be forgiven for this one speech: "A holiday to be complete must be a holiday from contemporary literature."

Now Mr. Clement Shorter is honest: "So far as my experience goes, I have frequently taken on a holiday a number of solid books of good literature that I had aspired to reread, and I have opened none of them."

That the ancient Romans took books with them into the country we know from the oration delivered by Cicero in behalf of the poet Archias, an oration that has cost many schoolboys weary hours. The orator, in his praise, ends his sentence "peregrinantur, rusticantur." But what did Cicero read during "the heated term?"

We know a woman who is struggling by the sea with Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." She says she cannot fix her attention, that the novel

well known as exciting and tragic, the woman is a woman of intelligence; but she is not reading the book at the proper time. What has the Russian's grim tale to do with a cheerful summer house, the scent of pines under a hot sun, the sight of the laughing waves, the sound of agreeable voices of the healthy and well-attuned? No, "The Crime and the Punishment" is a book for lonely, desolate hours, and one is never so alone as in the city. The day should be gray; there should be a hospital or a police station near by. A fog or a rain of three days will assist materially in putting the reader into the proper mood.

Furthermore, long novels are to be avoided from June 1 to October 1. This same Dr. Nicoll recommends "Clarissa Harlowe" as a summer-book. Did you ever try to read it? The romance of Richardson is now on the floor as we write: Nine volumes in three, with Stothard's plates (London 1784). For three years we have tried to read this book; and we got as far last year as the 294th page of the second volume. Is any novel written in the form of a correspondence tolerable or to be endured? Here is "Sir Charles Grandison," for instance, in seven volumes. The celebrated Miss Harriet Byron! But what a scribbler she was! It is a wonder that she did not write in the coach when Sir Hargrave was abducting her. And a good soul, too! Do we not find her writing to Miss Selby, "Your brother James, my Lucy, has written me a very kind letter. He is a very good young man; God keep him so! What a mischievous creature is a bad man!" Sir Charles is a prig of the first water, and yet it were as absurd as idle to deny the shrewdness and power of Richardson's observation.

There are letters that are delightful summer reading, but they tell no long continued romantic or tragic story. Letters by Horace Walpole and the famous Lady Mary and Keats and Flaubert. Add to them memories of not too solemn persons. The true summer book can be put down for a week and then picked up carelessly and opened at random with enjoyment.

Montaigne responds admirably to this test. And you would be surprised to find how much comfort is offered by the Arctic explorations of Dr. Kane, when the mercury climbs into the eighties; but stop there and do not read "The Love Life of Dr. Kane."

Some old and foolish book that in your city home was held to be rubbish may give rare pleasure in the country. Old magazines may repay transportation. Avoid works on science, treatises, books of a polemical and heating nature. There are many, many volumes of short French stories that will furnish amusement. Or a book of early ballads will show you how more direct, simple, passionate were the poets of former years.

Here is a strange story that comes to us from France. A man named Vlaud of blameless record was employed at Nantes. One of his comrades in the drapery establishment read out before him the winning numbers at a drawing of City of Paris bonds. Vlaud thought it an excellent joke to feign excitement and declare that he was the owner of the bond to which the prize of \$40,000 had fallen. His companions believed him, the report ran abroad, his name was printed by the journals. He was at once surrounded by friends, who advised him in the matter of investments. Many offered him advances. Vlaud yielded to temptation. He borrowed from his new friends; he lived extravagantly, to sustain the character of a man who had come into a fortune; he speculated, bought houses and lands, floated companies. He was almost insane with his arrogant schemes. And then a notary of Nantes thought it best to ask questions. He found out that the \$40,000 had been paid to one whose name was not Vlaud. The many and loudly-protesting friends found that they had been swindled. And then the police appeared.

A Duke whose name is Augustus Charles Lennox Fitz Roy has protested vigorously against the folly and the cruelty of docking horses' tails. This fashion, by no means a new one, was set by dealer or stud groom. We fear that even the voice of a Duke will not be heard by the "swagger" New Englanders, who think that a dock-tailed horse is a sure indication of nobility, or at least aspirations toward nobility.

Aug 9, 1901

And on Wednesday, June 21, Holiday Starbuck touched his hat and said: "'Pears to me, Captain, I sees an amazin' power of ice."

There are villages on Cape Cod, as there are plantations in Northern Virginia, where the pursuit of ice is an exciting winter amusement. There is the element of chance. If the freeze

a few inches be neglected, there may no ice for the next summer. If same ice be hastily gathered, later more severe weather will cause se rejoicing in full ice houses to sh their teeth with rage.

How the employment of ice to preserve meat, butter, milk, etc., and to wine was known to the ancients, you wish to read about the method of serving wine at Roman feasts, (Gabriel Pelnot.) The Greeks at the winter snow packed in underground cellars.

The Emperor Nero, at the height of tyranny, established ice houses. It well to remember this.

Romans were not content with this monopoly; they established a summer ice in snow, which was brought from distant mountains. But when ancient civilization decayed, the luxury of ice disappeared.

Americans were the first to think of using this use of ice—but the story of Mr. Tudor is a familiar one.

England has been most conservative in neglect of ice. About 1823 ice was imported from Norway. Mr. William Leftwich was the importer, Blackwood's Magazine for May, referred to him as follows:

"Ice comes now to us all the way in Norway, where a gentleman, we understand, is making arrangements to end cut even snow, at a far cheaper than it can afford to fall in this country. And this imported ice, jealous of sunshine, is foremost in our eyes now—of mornings, moving along huge cartloads from the below-wharves, and looking, as it lies bulk, like so much conglutinated salt."

It was about 1810 that the Wenham Ice Company began to send ice from England from Boston, but the presupply in England comes almost wholly from Norway, and chiefly from Alesund, where a lake has been named Iham.

An American visitor in England is patient with the niggardly use of ice. He remembers in 1878 a lump was excoated at the St. James Restaurant, where it attracted wonder and admiration; but ice was not in general use; it a curious luxury, and its possible payments were no better understood than time in London than the various uses of electricity. Even now it is a hygienic necessity. Only the use of it freely, and, during extreme-weather, it is hard for the rich to obtain a proper supply. Much of the furnished comes from the fishmonger and is cheap salt water ice, which is used for household purposes.

The cream or water ice was introduced into England by Gunter from the States, but not for many years after. It was included in a dinner course. A memorable dinner was given in 1852 at Lord Chesterfield. The menu was set by Count d'Orsay, to whom the suggested a triumph in ice cream. "I say would not listen to the idea; ordered vanilla soufflé and cheese. Hokey-pockey appeared in London-streets about 1870. The basis of it was turnip converted into pulp. "Ha'penny licks" were sold as far as 1850.

It is no doubt the American use of ice is an abuse. Especially are we sinning in the matter of gulping down ice water. Water cooled in bottles or others placed near the ice is refreshingly wholesome. But ice water, as known to the multitude, provokes and is injurious in many ways, and is not absolutely dangerous. The water is easily contaminated by

Ernest L. Harris, who seems to be an earnest promoter, looks forward to an "industrial awakening" in the Land. There are mineral treasures by the river Jordan, and we see regulators and experts and engineers gazing wistfully on the stormy banks of the Dead Sea also could be tapped into an industry. Possibly the dwellers in Sodom and Gomorah might come to light and be made for dime museums. Something might be done, too, with Lot's women even if she were used only as a warning example and to frighten little children. We are surprised that Mr. Harris says nothing about the trade in Sea Apples, for these apples are rated the world over and would fetch a pretty price in Boston, especially when the native crop is short.

Plowden, the Magistrate of the London Police Court, propounded an interesting question and answered in an eminently sound and philosophical manner. The problem was this: The man kiss somebody else's wife because he liked it, or to please the

Plowden arrived at the opinion that he did his kissing, "discriminate and discriminate," to please himself. He man having kissed the other's wife to please himself—otherwise,

If it was to please the wife the husband ought to be grateful—he deserved a thrashing, if there were no law, but there being a law, the thrasher would have to pay five shillings and the costs."

See Aug 5. 1901
wars was Aspern with 38 per cent. in the great war of 1870-71 the greatest loss was 16 per cent. at Mars-la-Tour; at Sedan it was only 12 and at Gravelotte only 8 per cent. These figures represent the losses on both sides. "The losses in the Transvaal war cannot yet be ascertained with certainty; but it is already evident that the English are disappointed with the effects obtained by the much-talked-of lyddite and machine guns."

The writer gives carefully prepared figures which show the losses in various wars from sickness and disease, and he comes to the conclusion that in future more is to be feared from disease than from weapons.

And so war may come to be regarded as a most entertaining sport, less dangerous than foot ball and only a little more expensive than golf.

Prof. J. K. Laughton writes in the Army and Navy Gazette of London: "In some letters from a midshipman to his family, written from the Mediterranean in 1798. I find the expression 'on be on short canny,' clearly meaning 'on ship's provisions' and possibly at 'six upon four'! Also 'Sir John Orde gave a grand chevaux, to which he was so good as to invite me.' 'Chevaux,' continues Prof. Laughton, 'is what sailors still speak of 'sheave-of'; but he does not know the derivation of this word or of the expression first quoted. Can any sea-faring man explain for the benefit of our readers?"

See Aug 10. 1901
Be sure never ask any Man about his own Calamities: 'tis irksome to relate his Losses of Children or Estate, or any unprosperous adventure by Sea or Land; but to ask a Man how he carried the Cause, how he was Carressed by the King, how he escaped such a Storm, such an Assault, Thieves and the like; this pleaseth him, he seems to enjoy it over again in his Relation, and is never weary of the Topic. Besides, Men love to be asked about their happy Friends, or Children that have made good progress in Philosophy, the Law, or are great at Court; as also about the Disgrace and open Conviction of their Enemies; for of such matters they are most eager to discourse; yet are cautious of beginning it themselves, lest they should seem to insult over, and rejoice at the misery of others.

After Mr. Santos-Dumont had escaped from his wrecked balloon, many ladies of Paris "clung to his neck and kissed him repeatedly." No wonder that as soon as he had recovered "he said he was quite ready to recommence operations."

But we see his end. He may not fall to earth and be dashed to pieces as the unfortunate Dante (who was not of kin to the poet), but he will be known as the Hobson of France.

We are glad to find earnest citizens and citizenesses protesting against "the feeding of the alligators in the Public Garden with live rats and mice." Such a diet is calculated to arouse the baser passions of the alligators and it may give them the bubonic plague. We recommend a mild and soothing regimen. For breakfast, blueberries, mush of some kind but not fried, a soft boiled egg and a little dry toast. For dinner a small piece of swordfish, string beans, and summer squash, with a simple pudding of rice or tapioca. For supper scrambled eggs, cold bread and a dish of stewed prunes. The alligator is better without tea or coffee or malt or spirituous liquors. Slippery elm water is cooling, and if it is taken in large quantities it will soften his skin.

Why should any one complain because little or no money has been contributed in this country to the proposed memorial to Sir Arthur Sullivan in London? Sir Arthur died rich and famous; he had known all forms of earthly happiness; he had given much pleasure to theatre-goers of more than two nations. But why should Americans be urged soon, if not immediately after his death to assist in building a monument which his countrymen should be proud to build? That his countrymen have not been eager to do this is proved by the statement "subscriptions have been discouragingly slow." Englishmen are too fond of looking across the Atlantic and uttering a Mesopotamian cry. A window or a tablet is to be put in a church; a statue is to be raised; a tower is to be repaired; or the house of a poet, painter, novelist is to be preserved; an earnest entreaty, which in some cases is more like a demand, is sent across the water; and there are always some Americans who, for the sake of newspaper notori-

ety for a day, urge their renow-countymen to assist "in the good cause."

"The painter found that women often wish to indicate the proper pose for their husbands, while he had never known a man to suggest a pose for his wife." Men know better. They know that the life of many women is a constant pose.

We spoke yesterday of Gunter—not the Gunter "according to Gunter"—but the cake and ice cream man, the confectioner, the purveyor of raspberry tarts and sirups of violets. This Mr. Gunter wrote a book: "The Confectioner's Oracle, containing Receipts for Desserts and with others for Pastry-Cooks, and an Elucidation of the Principles of Good Cheer."

"Elucidation of the Principles of Good Cheer"! Does not such a sentence inspire confidence in the confectioner himself?

The book is an extraordinary one. There are quotations from Latin and Greek authors; there is disinterested advice concerning digestion; and there is much pretty talk about love and the ladies.

Leigh Hunt once wrote—apropos of this very Gunter—that "of all the substances taken into the daring stomachs of men, the physicians tell us (and we believe them) that there is none so difficult to conquer, and so provocative of horror in the struggle, as the compound of flour and fried butter, known to the unsuspecting as pie crust. The boy goes on bearing it for a long time, but as he grows older, 'shades of the prison house' begin to close in upon him, as Mr. Wordsworth says—that is to say, of pie crust; for it is clear, by the speculative melancholy of that poet, that he has been a large eater of it in his time. 'The child,' he says, 'is father to the man'—that is, begets all the habits of the grown person, and pie crust, he may depend upon it, is the origin of much melancholy blank verse and theological dilemma."

Hunt wrote this long before the Americans were known in ethnology and anthropology as pie eaters. And there is a shining exception to his statement. Mr. Emerson was surely an optimist of the optimists, and he was an inveterate, a shameless pie eater.

We call attention for a moment to Gunter's sentimental side, which recalls the wooing of the French cook in "Pendennis." He claims that the eating of a delicate confection compared with that of a ragout is like "the finer feelings of a 'second love' compared with 'the undistinguishing ardor of a first attachment'; and an appetite which requires exciting is likened to 'the lukewarm heart of a husband,' made warmer by the 'caresses of his wife.'"

And, like Tommy Moore, he dearly loved a Lord. Lady De R— was the first who made fashionable the jelly candy, which "melts in the mouth, leaving a charming titillation on the tongue;" "English Meringues" were a special favorite with the Marchioness of C—, and jelly cakes were made famous by Lady H—, of whom it is said: "the change of her maiden name of C— arose from the very elegant manner in which a plate of them was pointed out to her by her present lord and the few words of his musical voice which accompanied the politesse of the moment."

But who, pray, wrote this extraordinary book to which Gunter's name is attached?

Leigh Hunt in his delightful essay has no doubt or suspicion. He accepts Gunter with all his sentiment.

THE story of the unfortunate Friedmann Bach is known to all students of music. Novels have been written about his adventures, and it is not surprising that to many he is a legendary character.

The Duke of Maddaloni wrote a drama and took this talented son of the great Bach for his hero. Librettists built on this drama, and the opera "Friedmann Bach," with music by Luigi Gustavo Fazio, a young Neapolitan pianist, was produced with success at Rome.

The story is wholly imaginary, and as it is singular, it is worth the telling.

In this opera Friedmann is young, ambitious, and about to bring out an opera on the stage. He loves a young girl Esther, and she loves him. He has a rival, who tempts the opera-peopple to ruin Friedmann's score, so that when the opera is performed it is a miserable failure. Friedmann goes mad from mortification and sorrow. Esther finds a way to re-establish the score and to bring out the opera at Berlin, where the success is overwhelming. Friedmann regains his senses for a time, but conflicting emotions kill him, and he dies murmuring words of love to Esther.

This story moves a Parisian critic to ask "Why take a historical character and the name of a great musician to burlesque the truth in such a manner,

without any gain in a dramatic action that does not stand in need of this?"

Henri Seguin, the long-admired baritone of the Mognale, Brussels, has left the stage to teach singing at the Liège Conservatory. Thirteen sculptors competed for the statue of Brahms at Hamburg. Prizes were given to Felderhof and Bernewitz.—A monument designed by Sand will be

raised in honor of Raff at Frankfurt. The dedication will be May 1, 1903.—There will be an exhibition of guitars at Munich next month. There will be an opportunity of seeing the progress made in construction during many years. Lutes, mandolins, harps will also be exhibited, and there will be an international reunion of European guitarists.—A new mass by Alberto Blomoni has been sung at Florence. The voice parts are of unnecessary difficulty, they say. Is the composer the son of the conductor who visited Boston with the ill-fated Mapleson company and conducted a memorable performance of "Aida"?

Mr. Vernon Blackburn thus praises Calvé, who appeared again as Marguerite in London last month:

Last night at Covent Garden the incomparable Calvé took the part of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." We had almost hoarded this article "A New Marguerite," but perpend, lest the Universal Correspondent might not immediately take up his pen and inform the world that actually Calvé has been seen in the part before in London. For this amazing and superbly intelligent artist, having some time ago astonished everybody by the daring originality of her Marguerite, in her appearance and in her conception of the character, took the oddest of courses. All of us had gravely argued the pros and the cons that beset her former interpretation, but beyond the fact that Calvé's beauty was generally acknowledged, nothing very conclusive was arrived at. Last night one's expectations were keenly aroused; and, behold, Calvé at once showed that she had undertaken to demonstrate precisely how great she could be if she followed the part upon the strictly conventional grounds to which tradition has accustomed us. She avoided audacity; she permitted herself to be conquered as the result of an innocently overpowering admiration, and she died the customary death

of the righteous; perhaps the only two subtle points she made outside the convention—and they were both worthy of her—were, first, her smiling for a transient moment when she appeared in the vision to Faust in the first scene, as though some remote and unimagined felicity were in store for her; and, secondly, her leaving the stage after the death of Valentine smitten with an almost maniac horror, instead of casting herself upon the dead body. But within the limits of that convention, how glorious, how unequalled she was, one would almost say unsurpassable! The burning intelligence, directing every gesture, every smile, every physical movement, and so cunningly concealed behind these outward actions that she never appeared to demand your attention to that intelligence, was wonderful to note—was, in fact, imitable. It is the most difficult matter in the world to make anything like a character out of Marguerite; and somehow her triumph of this impersonation once more proved its extreme difficulty. But one might continue such analysis for a dozen pages. She sang most beautifully, especially in the last act; it is true that her voice is, despite its clarity and beauty, inclined to lack flexibility of tone. Were it not for her superb dramatic instinct one might almost be inclined to consider it monotonous; under the circumstances that is impossible, and it is even verging on hypercriticism to say so much.

The celebration of the 25th anniversary of the death of the composer, Joseph Dessauer, revived this story: At Paris he had a dispute with Heine, the poet, who kept assailing him in the journals. One day Heine wrote to a German newspaper that Dessauer had sold to the publisher, Schlesinger, whom the poet disliked, two dozen songs for a gold watch. Some days afterward Dessauer went to Schlesinger to tell him that the watch would not go. "Neither do your songs. Look at that pile; not a copy has left the shop." Heine invented this dialogue, for at

that time Dessauer's songs sold well.—A young pianist, Bruno Eisner, is considered to be the most talented pupil of the Vienna Conservatory for the last 25 years. He has received all the first prizes, as well as a piano offered by Boesendorfer to the best pupil.—Dvorák has accepted the position of director of the Prague Conservatory. Some regret this because he will not be able to devote his whole time to composition. Others who look through clear glasses are sure that this regret is not well-founded.

A transposing clarinet, invented by Leoni, has been perfected by A. Rampone of Milan. By a mechanical device a clarinet in B flat becomes immediately a clarinet in A without any removal of the player's hands. It does not differ from other clarinets in respect to the positions, and it has perfect intonation.—The famous collection of musical instruments owned by the late Snoeck of Ghent has been

cought by the Russian Government, and it will be the foundation of a museum of musical instruments in St. Petersburg.—Mr. Morozof of Moscow has given by will about \$300,000 to his city for the construction of a theatre, with the condition that the prices of admission should allow the poor to see the shows.

Among the posthumous stories of Turgenieff is a wild tale entitled "Le Chant de l'Amour triomphant." A composer named Gartefeld set it to music, and the opera was produced at Kieff. They say that the music is most amateurish, weak, without savor or individuality, and that there are bold imitations of Verdi, Meyerbeer and others. It is hard to see how the story could be used for stage purposes.—The tenor Ibos who was here with the Ellis company has made his

reappearance at the Opéra, Paris, as Romeo.

A new opera by Massenet will be produced at Monte Carlo next winter. It will be in three acts, and the title will be "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame." The libretto is by a professor of philosophy, Maurice Léna. There will be no female character, "although one dominates the whole action, but in a symbolic state."—They propose to erect a public monument to Peter Benoit in Antwerp, and another monument over his grave. The committee in charge also proposes to publish all the works of the dead master.—Mancinelli, Mascagni, Perosi, possibly Slegfried Wagner and others will conduct concerts in Rome during November and December.

Faure, the baritone, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor; among those made chevaliers is Victor Capoul.—Rubin Goldmark, whose music has been heard in Boston in symphony and chamber concerts, is visiting his uncle, Carl Goldmark, the celebrated composer.—D'Annunzio has asked Antonio Scontrino to write incidental music for his new drama, "Francesca da Rimini."—The competition for the annual prizes at the Paris Conservatory does not appear to have been generally a brilliant one. The first prize for singing-women was taken by Miss Huchet, "une gentille blondinette," who sang with taste and grace and musical sentiment the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah." She is a pupil of Dubulle. The first prize for male singers was divided between Riquaux, pupil of Warot, and Geyre, pupil of Crosti. "Neither one is a formed artist, and their good luck provoked astonishment." The first cello prize was shared by Fournier, Julien, Gaudichon.—A citizen of Nice, named Verda, has asked that his name should be changed to Verdi.—Scotti was accused in London of exaggerating the shabby element of Don Giovanni's conduct, but Miss Paquot's Donna Anna was heartily praised. The part was brilliantly sung; her voice may, without exaggeration, be described as noble, and its brilliance and clarity were strikingly exemplified in this the most difficult of all vocal music.

Three new works are to be produced at the next Leeds (England) Musical Festival: one by Coleridge-Taylor, which is founded on Longfellow's "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cullié," a work for baritone solo and chorus by Dr. Charles Wood; a cantata by Glazounoff. The familiar works will be "The Messiah," "Beethoven's Mass in D," and Verdi's "Requiem." The festival will begin Oct. 9.

The Pall Mall Gazette is moved to say:

"And here we come to a matter which we cannot help treating somewhat gravely, because it involves, as we think, some distinct slight upon the memory of one to whom more than to anybody for many a long year the success of the Leeds Festival has been due; we mean, of course, Sir Arthur Sullivan. Even if there were some controversy as to the merits of Sullivan's choral writing, there is no doubt in the world that its popularity in the North, as indeed throughout the whole of England, is extraordinarily great, and when one remembers that 'The Golden Legend' was composed expressly for this festival, and that its reception in Leeds, which may be considered almost on a par with that of 'Elijah' at Birmingham, was among the most treasured memories of his later life, we cannot but complain of a neglect which indeed seems almost unwarrantable. We may add that Sir Hubert Parry's cantata 'A Song of Darkness and of Light,' and Dr. Stanford's choral song 'The Last Post' (that irresistibly comic title) are both on the list—a phrase which again comically and pathetically reminds one of poor Sullivan. Of the general selection the works of British, German, French, Italian and Slavonic composers are in the proportions of twelve, ten, five, three and three. The idea is, of course, to make a representative selection as far as possible from the works of composers of the nineteenth century; the notion is a happy one, and we trust it will be accompanied with success; but it leads us back to emphasize the fact that Sullivan was far and away the most distinguished British composer of that period."

Post an account of a visit paid Rubinstein in 1877 by Herman Ritter, the inventor of an improved viola.

"He wanted to show him his new instrument. In view of the fact that Rubinstein had written one of the finest works in existence for the viola, the sonata, opus 49. But Rubinstein happened to be in a bad humor. 'I do not wish to hear your viola alla,' he exclaimed. 'I am satisfied with the viola as it is now made, and love the way in which Sehumann wrote for it.' There was nothing for Ritter to do but to take his leave. Some time afterward the eminent violoncellist, Charles Davidoff, interceded in his behalf, and Rubinstein promised to hear him. 'Come in here and bring your instrument,' he said when Ritter called again. 'Davidoff wishes me to hear you.' 'What do you wish to play?' he asked when they were in the music room. 'Your sonata, op. 49,' replied Ritter. 'I am afraid,' retorted Rubinstein, 'I shall not be able to play it, for my eyesight is poor—but I will try.' He played the first theme by way of prelude, and said: 'One of my best chamber-music works. Too bad it is played so seldom. Well, let us begin.' Then the two played, and Rubinstein became so much interested and excited that ere long the whole household was gathered about the players. At the end Rubinstein jumped up and exclaimed: 'You must remain here for lunch.' Then he took his visitor to the dining room, where there was tea with lemon, roast beef, and a bowl of raw cucumbers—a typical Russian meal. The cucumbers were not sliced, and Rubinstein took one after another, dipped it in salt, and ate it. 'Eat cucumbers,' he said to his guest. 'They are excellent. I cannot do without them, and have them sent to me even when I am away from Russia.' Subsequently the conversation turned on Liszt, whom Rubinstein admired, and Wagner, whom he abhorred. 'Liszt's poorest composition,' he said, 'was his association with Wagner.' Finally, Prof. Ritter had occasion to discover that Rubinstein did not play billiards as well as the piano. His poor eyesight may have been responsible in part, but he said: 'I play billiards only for the sake of exercise.'"

Aug 12 1901

You ask me why I sing, my dear,
You ask me why I sing,
Whether it is because I must,
Or whether it is merely just
For that which it may bring,
For that which it may bring, my dear,
For that which it may bring.

This answer now I give, my dear,
This answer now I give;
Accept my words, I pray, on trust,
You can't well help it, for you must.
I merely sing to live,
I merely sing to live, my dear,
I merely sing to live.

And this is how I do, my dear,
And this is how I do;
I change, you see, my tuneful lines
For bread and beef and clothes and wines—
As other traders do,
As other traders do, my dear,
As other traders do.

A man seated on a veranda watched some of the guests playing at tennis; others were going to the links; and some had arisen early to go fishing down the bay. He was a man of middle age with gray hair, a tobacco heart, and the veranda habit.

He was prosperous so far as the goods of this world were concerned. He numbered among these goods a sumptuously upholstered wife and what are known as interesting children. He had no fear of any financial crash, and his cruise of Standard Oil was far richer than that known to Aaron or the justly celebrated widow.

And yet this man, envied by many, was profoundly unhappy as he watched the men, women and children.

He was a man that knew no game except patience, the "morosa voluptas" of the schoolmen.

He spoke frankly to anyone that was willing to listen.

"You would not think it, but I was a sickly boy. Not only did I have all the diseases of infancy and childhood; I had a weak constitution, and as a child I was almost always in the house. At school I tried hard to play all the games. At yard-sweep—a fine game—I was always caught, and so I was at deck. I was regularly skinned of my marbles. It was my top that was split. I never could learn to skate well; in fact, my skates never fitted me. How hard I tried to swim! At first in Mill River, where little boys made me ashamed; and then in the Connecticut, where I was nearly drowned. And only after I was forty years old did I learn to keep my legs up in the water. I have confidence, I have ambition, but my swimming is merely a feeble accomplishment of late years. I could not throw a snowball when it was made of ice, with any force or accuracy. And thus I was in ruin, although I had the good excuse for a year that I had broken my arm by falling from an apple tree."

"When I went away to school—to the Academy at Exeter—I tried to play base ball. By some accident and with my eyes shut in the left field I made a marvelous catch of a long and high fly. I was so surprised that I trembled and had goose-flesh. As a result of this,

but I was put on the class nine, and I played in a great match. I muffed everything—and I hit the ball only once—when I was not ready to strike. Oh, the disgrace of that day! It was about 30 years ago, and yet I flush uncomfortably when I recall the field and the spectators and the excitement and the shouts and the groans.

"I was always near-sighted, and this infirmity accounted in a measure for my awkwardness, which was pronounced in croquet, billiards, bowling, archery. Nor could I learn to row. Perhaps I was afraid of the water then; I know I am now. Fishing I always detested; and I am not moved by fine weather with an irresistible desire to go out and kill something.

"I cannot dance. My father had strange and deeply-rooted prejudices. He did not think—he knew that dancing was an invention of Satan, the abomination of desolation. Quadrilles were bad enough—but the waltz, the galop—flee! an ounce of elvet. I was for the most part obedient, and therefore I never learned to dance.

"I remember when tennis came into fashion. My friends persuaded me to try my hand; but they soon gave up asking me. Nor could I ever master the terminology. I once went over golf links—with my hands in my pockets. The walk was a pleasant one, and I wondered why men spoiled it by trying to hit balls and by profanity.

"Though I jest at those who find pleasure, and possibly health, in any of these sports, inwardly I envy them. For I feel as one set apart from my fellowmen, as though I were inferior or superfluous. When my youngest boy asked me to make him a kite, I blushed, put him off, paid the boy of a neighbor to make one; and then what did my brat do but give me away. I throw with affected ease a ball to my oldest, and I hear him say, when he thinks I'm out of earshot, 'Isn't Pa a duffer?'"

"There should be schools of all sports. It is true that at Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Columbia, the University of Penn., a young man can obtain instruction in rowing and at foot ball, but there should be still more catholic universities in which all sports are taught young boys; from duck to vingt-et-un; from bicycle-riding to kite flying."

Mr. Peter Jackson, the negro pugilist, did not enjoy the glory of declining years known to his predecessor Jackson, the friend of Byron and sports of the Regency. Nor is it likely that he will have so pompous a monument. Of late years a defeated or worn-out pugilist is dead the moment he leaves the ring. There is one great exception, Mr. John L. Sullivan, whose name is as a household word; Sullivan, whom the Government of Boston honored in public and thus honored itself; Sullivan, the pugilist, orator, play-actor, patriot, man-of-the-world, coiner of epigrams, philosopher, philanthropist.

The leading story in the number is "A Derelict," by Richard Harding Davis. It would be a bold man who should criticize Mr. Davis frankly; the violence of his style arouses physical alarm in the humble critic's mind. At the same time, we take the liberty of observing that manner may, as has proved the case with other greater lights of fiction, as well as of verse, outlast matter; and the effect of this possibility upon the writer is to lead him to exaggerate his manner more and more until it becomes unbearable, when his public finally deserts him. A great object of the school to which Mr. Davis belongs is to make blackguards and outcasts interesting, as in this story. But these blackguards and outcasts of his are not convincing.—New York Evening Post.

Aug 13 1901

The conductor, however, did not come in at the door. He only looked in at the window, and when he had got the tickets he climbed along to the next car.

"I should think he would fall off," said Marco.

"He takes care, I suppose," said Forester; "but I wish I had asked him something about the packet boats at Schenectady."

"Why, we can find out well enough when we get there," said Marco.

"Yes," said Forester, "but I expect there will be a great competition for passages."

We spoke the other day of books for summer, or late summer reading. Believe us, there are no more entertaining works for the middle aged or the old than "Marco Paul's Adventures in the Pursuit of Knowledge," by Jacob Abbott. The young would despise them, and fail to see the humor of situations and dialogue.

The quotation that heads this column today will give you a fair idea of the dialogue, which is of the battle-door and shuttle-cock variety dear to Euripides and the Swinburne of glorious years, of "Atalanta in Calydon," and "Erechtheus." Marco serves as a feeder to the wise Forester, who is a

tank of information, a wonderful man who would be invaluable in a newspaper office. Whether the travelers visit the Springfield Armory, the forests of Maine; whether they explore the mountain passes and jungles of Vermont or have wild adventures on Boston Common, Forester always has his pompous answer which is approached by Socratic examination of Marco.

It is true that the series does not approach the immortal Rolio books in the intensity of conception and the finish in detail. Marco is still more foolish than Rolio, who is not far removed from the gull dear to old Spanish story-tellers; and Forester is a pale figure compared with the heroic Jonas, the typical New Englander, a practical Emerson for every day use, one of the few individualities created by an American writer. Nevertheless, the minor works of some men are delightful, and the Marco series may well be recommended to those who are tired of queer adventures in Thibet or incredible tales of Siberian life.

Take the account, for instance, of Marco Paul's adventures on the raging Erie Canal. We read yesterday with a thrill the third chapter in which Forester and Marco refuse to regain the boat by jumping from a bridge; and how the helmsman caused the bows to turn in toward the shore.

"The boy whipped up his horses, the musicians commenced playing the Grand March in Abaellino, the boat began to glide swiftly along, washing the banks with the swell, which followed in her stern—and behold, Marco and Forester fairly embarked on the canal."

What was the "Grand March in Abaellino?" We asked our acquaintance, the music critic. He said: "It must be a misprint; at any rate the music probably sounded like a misprint."

This volume was entered in the clerk's office, etc., in 1852. Why do not Harper and Brothers publish a new and sumptuous edition of the series with additional pictures and with annotations? The map and the profile of the Erie Canal should be retained, and a full account of the naughty deeds of the members of the Canal Ring—some of whom now live highly honored lives in Syracuse—would make an entertaining appendix.

The days go by and yet no explanation is made why Mr. Alexander Harrison, one of the few really great painters of America, was utterly ignored by the jury at the Buffalo Exposition. So many beginners and daubers were honored by the extraordinary committee, that this omission is after all a crowning honor to the distinguished artist.

Some have wondered why there was no music at the funeral service of the Dowager Empress.

Too often music at a funeral enlarges the grief of the mourners. If the service is at the house—"at the residence of the deceased"—the singers often sit on the stairs or in a corner where the music could have no effect. There is the scraping of throats, premonitory hems and haws, the sound of one giving the pitch, and then the hymn tune, or sentence, or chant is dragged dismally, beyond endurance. Often the intonation is distressingly false. Nor is it true that sincere grief is oblivious to things that would at another time distract or annoy; on the contrary, eyes and ears and sense of humor and appreciation of the ridiculous are unnaturally awake.

Funerals as now conducted, with the professional and decorous sympathy of the undertaker and his men, with the clergyman making incongruous remarks—as when he refers feigningly to a dead wife as "our departed brother"—with the ghastly performances at the grave in a barbarous and repulsive manner afford little solace to the bereaved.

And at the church, where there is not a set ritual and where there is license given for extemporaneous prayer and address, a funeral service is seldom comforting. The hired and celebrated quartet, male or female, sings the last verse of each hymn with inaudible softness and then adds the celebrated and sentimental "Amen" as though the one word were heavy with meaning. The performance of the Requiem is to the faithful a service in which all take deep and awful interest. The sublime chant of the Episcopal service is most solemn; it arouses contemplation of the vanity of all flesh; it quickens the religious feelings, when it is not gabbled and when the organist is thinking of the service and not of his own prowess.

But a pompous dirge over the Empress would have been as mockery. She died, tired out, heart-broken. She craved quiet, and it was well that this quiet began before she was put in the earth.

M. Coquelin acted old Duval. Al-

ough he has, we believe, taken this character in London before, his impersonation is far from being so well known as is Mme. Bernhardt's. Last night he was rather surprising, and rather disappointing. For the first time we saw old Duval represented as a somewhat stolid, pig-headed, impassive fellow, very little moved by the discovery that, instead of the rapacious stress he expected, Marguerite is the most self-sacrificing of unwed wives. Very likely M. Coquelin is right in his rating; he is so intelligent, industrious, and conscientious an artist that he hesitates to think him at fault. It is a Duval who comes in to bully a man whom he credits with no good things at all, finds that she has no feelings that are other than good, and ends by appealing to those good feelings alone, is not only much more sympathetic, but imparts a variety and dramatic development to his share of the scene which last night were all but absent.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Aug 15, 1901

BABY COON SONG.

When Mother Sleep comes walkin' round (walkin' round, walkin' round)
Her feet move quick, but they make no sound—

When Mother Sleep comes round,
You did not guess you were tired at all,
But when she comes, as the shadows fall,
She takes you, makes you glad at last
Sleep till the long, long night is past.

When Mother Sleep comes softly round (softly round, softly round)
You never know, for you hear no sound—

When Mother Sleep comes round,
She takes you, makes you glad to sleep,
And to give her your heart to keep.
You sleep, and you sleep (go to sleep!),
And at last

You wake, and the long, long night is past.
We have received the following letter:

Boston, August 12, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
I wish to narrate a personal experience in the hope that some one of your readers may give me an explanation. I left my office the other night, and I shut the door, I was vaguely conscious that I had forgotten something. Suddenly occurred to me that I had left all my keys on my desk, and among these keys were those of my lodgings, which are over a shop in Boylston street. The shop would be closed by the time I got there; there was no janitor; my only neighbor could be of no assistance. Fortunately there was a transom over the door of my office. I went out, and a small boy who was selling newspapers, told him of my trouble, assured him that I was trying to break into my own premises. I boosted him, he went through and dropped; he unlocked the door and let me in. There were the keys.

I gave him a quarter, and opened the door for him to go out. "No you don't," said, "I ain't going to be hoodooed." "What do you mean?" I asked. "I didn't come in through the door. I ain't goin' out where I didn't go in."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that you insist on going back through that hole up there?" "Sure. If I didn't I wouldn't sell a paper this week." "I suppose I should have been firm. I could have reasoned with him. But I didn't. I solemnly boosted him back through the transom."

Now can anyone tell me how the boy got this idea into his head? He is a Polish Jew.
Yours truly,

B. L.

They that talk about the cruelty shown by the English against the natives are answered by the smug statement that the English have always been humane in their treatment of natives. These apologists forget the cruelties on Long Island; they forget the performances of the English in India; they forget many things that should be remembered.

George Borrow was a good Englishman, an adventurous Englishman, and in "Lavengro" he tells of the way in which French soldiers captured in the Crimean wars were fed on "rations of mutton and bread, from which have been seen the very hounds occasionally turn away."

When there were the straw-plait hats. Straw-plait was at that time a contraband, and it was manufactured in a certain quantity in the prisons which held the Frenchmen. Try now and then a descent was made upon them; "red-coated battalions" marched into the prisons, who, at the bayonet's point, carried havoc and ruin into every poor convenience. The ingenious wretchedness had been endeavoring to raise around it; and the triumphant exit with the mislaid booty, and, worst of all, the red bonfire on the barrack parade the plait contraband, beneath the glare of the glaring eyeballs from those roofs.

And these Englishmen have for centuries been taught to kill. Read the statutes of Henry IV. One enacts, "that the servants and laborers of husbandmen and laborers and servants of artificers and of victuallers shall have bows and arrows, and use the same on the Sundays and other festival days, and shall utterly leave playing at the ball, as well hand ball as foot ball, and other games called colts, dice, bowling, and kalls, and such unthrifty games," under penalty of imprisonment for six days.

R. W. K. Edwards is the name of a new poet. As Erasmus Darwin sang of botany, so Mr. Edwards is inspired by chemistry. He thus joyously teaches the student to test for arsenic and antimony. For Arsenic and Antimony search you wish to make;

A hydrogen-evolving apparatus you must take.

In with your zinc and vitriol put the salt you wish to try,

Then light the gas with proper care (That is, when sure there's no more air),
Hold to the flame a porcelain bowl, white, clean, and cool and dry.

Then will appear

On this porcelain

The tell-tale stain—

A proof most clear.

Now Sodium hypochlorite differentiates the two.

Only dissolving Arsenic, a statement always true.

Thus do we know

These metals best

By Marsh's test,

The poisoner's foe.

And this verse has a melancholy, haunting swing:

Oh, Cadmium! oh, Cadmium!

Your name is soft and mellow;

You are the only metal whose

Alkaline sulphide's yellow.

Ammonium sulphide add and see

If what I say is what will be.

The bitterness with which political and social questions are discussed in England may be judged from the fact that the Saturday Review published an article in which was implied the wish that the promoters of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill might soon all be dead.

That Stevensorian style, how I loathe it! Its smirking artifice; its laborious pomposity; its unnatural airs and graces; its first-personal-pronoun priggishness! Its intolerable hero, who defeats its more intolerable villain and marries its still more intolerable heroine! O lollipops and sugar sticks! Its comic relief, how sad! Its pathos, how crude! Its fighting, how jejune or how gory! It is the period of the pattern, the paradise of the imitator. Now I hold that literary mimics should be bludgeoned and that literary schools should be blown to atoms, and of all literary abominations I loathe the sickly, sticky, mawkish, sentimental historical romance.—John Davidson.

Aug 14, 1901
Twenty-eight young men bathe by the shore,
Twenty-eight young men and all so friendly;
Twenty-eight years of womanly life and all so lonesome.

She owns the fine house by the rise of the bank,
She hides handsome and richly drest aft the blinds of the window.

Which of the young men does she like the best?
Ah, the homeliest of them is beautiful to her.

Where are you off to, lady? For I see you,
You splash in the water there, yet stay
A stock still in your room.

Dancing and laughing along the beach came
The twenty-ninth bather,
The rest did not see her, but she saw them,
And loved them.

You read years ago as a schoolboy about beautiful maidens of the South Sea who were graceful on the beach or in the surf with only two artificial charms; cocoanut oil and a plank. As you read, you dreamed of making your escape at night, taking the main road, and making your way to the sea town and its ships. Nor even now is the spell broken, although you know many of these islanders enjoy the blessings of civilization, which include clothes that are ludicrous in cut and purpose to every free-minded lover of beauty, plug hats, corsets, strong drinks, and several contagious diseases. You forget this knowledge, you shut your eyes to facts, and you are again with Melville in the happy valley.

They say that Italian girls swim to perfection, "with a peculiar erect carriage of the head and shoulders, which raises them partly out of the water and is extremely graceful." You have seen French women at their coast resorts exquisite in costume and in the sea. You have also seen the women on the island of Jersey, in ugly bathing dress, as they enter the machines which are dragged down into the water; and there, as at English bathing villages,

is still found the long chemise of blue serge, which is well described by an English writer as a most indecent garment "which every wave takes mischievous delight in playing unholy pranks with for the benefit of neighboring field-glasses."

This serge garment is seldom seen along the North Shore or on Cape Cod. One objection to it is that it impedes, prohibits swimming. Nor for a like reason should any garment be worn wherein the trousers come over the knee and half way down the calf, for as soon as they are wet the trousers will wind round the leg.

A correspondent writes—and we assure our readers that she is charming in the water: "One of the prettiest and most comfortable forms of swimming-dress is to abolish the trousers, and in their place wear, under the tunic which reaches nearly to the knees, a complete maillot of thick silk, which goes from the tip of the toes to the waist, a far more complete and comprehensive covering than the trousers, which leave the legs and feet, of course, quite bare. The maillot should be the same color as the tunic, and the effect is both charming to the eye and ideally comfortable on account of the perfect freedom it gives to the swimmer. It also has the merit of taking away that bareness of leg which catches the eye by the contrast with the usually dark-colored costume."

We cannot wholly agree with her. Black stockings drawn above the knee; a modestly coquettish revelation of flesh between the top of the hose and whatever the rest of the costume may be: all this is a pleasant sight that puts the beholder, the lounge on sand or bluff, in amiable mood and cheers him for the day. Women should always wear stockings. We insist on this; not from any prudish feeling, but because very few women can afford to expose bare feet to the "gaudy, blabbing and remorseless day." (We quote from memory.)

Nor do we like to see an olfskin cap in all its crude horror. A colored Madras handkerchief, blue, or red, will cover this discreetly. And yet there are some women with hair that deserves the eulogy of Apuleius, who swim gallantly without wetting their superb ornament; and nothing is more beautiful in the water under a bright sun than golden hair when each coil rises amorous of the other.

We read in a foreign journal of a dress made for a famous Parisienne—or infamous Parisienne—it depends on your view-point. It was of navy-blue serge with lines of white waved woolen braid, placed horizontally at intervals around the tunic and bodice up to the throat. "The waist is encircled with a white woolen ribbon tied in a big upstanding knot at one side, and the sleeves are full puffs of dark blue serge gathered into a band and bow of the white woolen ribbon, which fits closely round the arm."

And another costume is copied from a bicycle dress. There are full zouave trousers made in one with the blouse, which fastens on the left side. "The garment is confined to the waist by a wide band of netted red silk, fastened with leather straps and buckles. Over the blouse is a little bolero vest with square corners, covered with lines of contrasting braid—white on red, or red on blue; and the same lines of braid edge the neck band and the bands of the full elbow sleeves. Add sandals and a big Manila straw sun hat, with bows of the braid."

When we read such descriptions; when we see on the beach interesting women disguised in monstrous fashion as for a wager; when even our dignified maiden aunt and eldest sister excite the laughter of their nearest relatives; then we like to think of the painter who was proud and fond of his wife. They lived in a little cottage by the sea, and sometimes they saw across the water Martha's Vineyard as a cloud, and sometimes they deceived themselves by thinking they saw Nantucket. They lived far from the village, and the summer boarding houses, and the games, and the shouting, and the children. And one warm evening when the tide was high he persuaded her to put aside her conventional bathing dress and to appear as Lady Godiva on the beach. After many blushes she consented; but when the air enveloped her and clung to her, she gave a start and a little cry, and she fled for shelter to the ocean that was impatiently awaiting her. Nor did the ocean punish the vain husband by taking the woman far off to some strange dwelling. He generously gave her back; and her color was heightened, and she shook back her hair, and shook from her the water, and stood for a moment, proud, rejoicing in her beauty, "noble and nude and antique."

Strange to say, the husband never

told of this sea-bath; not even in confidence and at the club; nor was there any peeping-Tom. A crow watched from the top of a scrub-pine. The ducks returning through the creek lifted their heads only to rest them. And yet the tale is whispered, without shrugs or smirks, and the little village has one more legend.

Salut, noble assemblée!
Je vous apporte un remède certain;
Fait pour une tête couronnée,
Il ne peut qu'être souverain.
C'est, messieurs, un paté!
Contemplez ce paté!
Attendez et regardez!
Chorus: Attendons, regardons!

You remember, you of the older generation, the pie of which Drogan sings in "Geneviève de Brabant." It was a wonderful pie of veal and ham, light though firm, refreshing, a tonic, the expression of good politics; a pie that was to assure the future of Brabant; each mouthful took away five years from the oldest eater; it produced an inestimable effect on the imagination, and through magical properties it made husbands amiable, even after 15 years of married life. Yes, it was indeed a wondrous pie, but—you also remember the wicked transformation and the sad fate of Sifroy, the Duke of Curacao, for whom the pie was made, to be eaten by him the day before he left to go a-crusading. And yet we doubt whether that famous pie was ever the serious rival of a pandowdy.

We asked some days ago, "What is the origin of the word 'pandowdy'?" And we now publish the answers of two correspondents:

Boston, Aug. 12, 1901.

Editor of the Talk of the Day:
"Pandowdy!" "Sit still, my heart—sit still." What mouth-watering reminiscences that word recalls! The irregular shaped symbols sprinkled with sugar, and with a suggestion of vinegar, were a feast for the gods! One plate—if you please! And the word "pandowdy"—where did it originate? In my grandmother's head—"but for goodness sake don't tell I told you!"
AZARIAH GRAVES.

This answer is mere rhetoric. And vinegar? Pray, where did Mr. Graves eat pandowdy? He knows not the dish that rejoiced our youth.

Here is a more serious answer:
Salem, Aug. 4, 1901.
The Editor of Talk of the Day:
I cannot give you the origin of the word "pandowdy" that you inquire about in yours of 22 July.

What was known as "pandowdy" in some places was known as "pan-pie" in other places. I knew it as "pan-pie." It was cooked in what was called a "four-quart pudding pan," made of earthen ware, same ware as bean-pots, made in the same potteries as bean-pots, glazed on the inside, in shape like a flower pot, but without the hole in the bottom. This was essentially a Sunday luxury; apples were sliced into the pan, rounded up above the top, and on this was placed a very thick crust of pastry, leaving a hole through the centre of the crust; the seasoning of cinnamon was generally put in when the pie was made, also a little molasses, and then the pan-pie was put into a brick oven and baked all night with the beans and brown bread. In the morning the crust was removed and broken up, and jammed down into the cooked apples, which were of a delicious dark red color; this was served mixed together, the crust from its long baking, hard at first, now deliciously softened by the juicy apples.

There is an eating house in Boston today that serves what they call "pandowdy," but it is simply an apple pie or an apple pudding with top and bottom crusts.

WILLIAM LEWIS WELSH.

This answer is more to the purpose. We recognize the article; and we are glad to find Mr. Welsh using the term "eating-house," and not that vile importation, "restaurant."

But Mr. Welsh frankly admits that he does not know the derivation of the word pandowdy.

There was an English dialect word "pandoulde," but that described a kind of custard. So, a "dowboy" was hard dumpling. Could the word originally have been "pan-dowboy?" Who will unfold this great mystery?

Highwaymen among the Adirondack Mountains will revive romance in that prosaic and conventional region. "Adirondack" Murray's once-famous book did much to rob the mountains of their fresh and picturesque charm. The Indian Pass no longer holds out terror; they play tennis and golf at the feet of the Giant of the Valley; the Gothic mountains are now accustomed, as they look down, to the sight of snugly shaved young men in boiled shirts and Tuxedo coats; and even the native

bread no longer reeks of saleratus. But this news of a highwayman holding up a stage-coach comes as a stiff east wind to men oppressed by August heat and stickiness.

We note the following philosophical reflection in an English Annual of 1826.

WARMTN.

The heat of the season, unless patiently endured, has a tendency to inflame the mind, and render it irritable.

Writers on ethics constantly point out divergences of legal from ethical views, though in the long run they coincide. They could hardly have a better illustration than a judgment of the Court of Appeal in a recent case (Re Urmston Grange Steamship Company), where it was sought, in effect, to remove a manager of a company on the ground of immorality in private life. The Court said that, "although immorality was a circumstance to be considered upon the question whether a person was a proper person to be appointed to the office of liquidator, yet gross immorality was not incompatible with consummate ability," and they declined to remove the official in question.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

There are reports of a tattooing craze in England, and there have been similar reports before. Men and women of alleged civilized races have been tattooed that they might expose their skin for gain. Boys in sea-port towns used to be tattooed that they might look like sailors. But when English aristocrats and noble dames are marked in this manner, it is not well to inquire into their motives, which interest chiefly the alienist and the student of perversions.

The Frankfurter Zeitung has published a Yankee A. B. C. for German spectators. "One or two letters," says the Evening Post, "are here transcribed for the benefit of American operators:

'Atchison, so say they all,
Will cut its rates before the fall.'

'Northern Pacific finds no buyer—
Burnt child dreads the fire.'

"The general public will probably
best appreciate the final couplet:

'There are no X's, Y's and Z's,
Thank God, one can't go wrong on these.'"

Bees in the privet deep
Drone and dream all day.
Honey and heat and sleep,
And the wind is away.

Bees in the privet swarm,
Sweets discover, distill;
Oh, for a saving storm,
Coming over the hill!

Bees in the privet hum,
Dream and drone all day,
The world's a honeycomb,
And the wind is away.

The Board of Health is pondering the question whether a stable affects morality. A stable breeds flies; flies breed profanity. Yes, a stable may be immoral, although it presents rare educational advantages to the young of the neighborhood.

Uncle Sam is not dignified when he pokes into the private affairs of a reputable woman on the pier and asks who gave her a gold neckchain, first or second husband, whether it were of European or American make, whether it would wash, etc., etc. No wonder that Americans abroad are paralyzed by the courtesy of customs officers.

This highwayman of the Adirondacks is the real thing. "Last evening an unclaimed sombrero was picked up at Coon Hill, the scene of the hold-up." The modern highwayman wears too often a plug hat and a house coat. He has no belt; neither does he carry a lirk. A sombrero! Oh joys of boyhood and tales of adventure! And "Coon Hill." Is not that the very spot for a stopped stage and a hoarse voice shouting "Stand and deliver?"

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Aug. 15, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

While perambulating through your beloved archaeological domains, did it ever occur to you that our future historians might be puzzled in determining the correct fashions of, say, this present period? For instance, what would you, as an artist (painter or sculptor) of the latter half of the nineteenth century, consider to be the representative style of feminine coiffure? You remember that only about 30 years ago the chignon was in fashion. The hair on top of the head was parted in the middle, for probably centuries, until some 20 years or so ago, that feature was discarded and the ever ugly "frizzed shock" took its place. Now we have the pompadour with its baggy

variations, so to be displaced by some other style, more or less grotesque. It is interesting, in connection with this, to compare our modern coiffures with those of the ancient Greeks and Romans, as exemplified by numerous busts and statues in the art museums. Some of the Roman dames look exceedingly homely in their closely-curling tresses, which must have called for an immense amount of skilled labor on the part of the hair-dresser, while the simple and natural arrangement of the not over-sumptuous tresses of the Medici Venus or the Aphrodite of Melos not only enhances the perennial facial beauty of these winners of the famous apple, but should be regarded as a standard coiffure for all time. Let your busy thoughts drift in the direction as here suggested and state the results of your gentle meditations.

VOLTA.

We leave the loathed town for a fortnight, and we shall discuss the matter with our distinguished friend, the Earnest Student of Sociology, who proposes to study the influence of mosquitoes on the morals of the inhabitants of Cotuit, the Harwiches, Truro, Orleans, Centerville and Marston's Mills. We now say that "Volta" is wrong in his judgment of hair as appreciated by the ancient Greeks and Romans. The most beautiful eulogy on hair was pronounced by Apuleius in his "Golden Ass." We write it out in the fantastic language of William Adlington:

"But what should I speake of others, when as I doe accustome abroad to marke and view the face and haire of every dame, and afterwards delight my selfe therewith privately at home, and thereby judge the residue of their shape. . . . Know yee that if you spoyle and cut off the haire of any woman, or deprive her of the color of her face, though shee were never so excellent in beauty, though shee were throwne downe from heaven, sprung of the seas, nourished of the fouds, though shee were Venus her selfe, though shee were accompanied with the Graces, though shee were waited upon of all the Court of Cupid, though shee were girded with her beautiful skarfe of Love, and though shee smelled of perfumes and musks, yet if shee appeared bald, shee could in no wise please, no, not her owne Vulcanus. . . ."

"Sometimes the beauty of the haire resemblith the color of gold and honey, sometimes the blew plumes and azure feathers about the neckes of Doves, especially when it is either anointed with the gumme of Arabia, or trimmely tuft out with the teeth of a finecombe, which, if it be tyed up in the pole of the necke, it seemeth to the lover that beholdeth the same as a glasse that yeldeth forth a moore pleasant and gracious comeliness than if it should be sparsed abroad on the shoulders of the woman, or hang down scattering behind. Finally, there is such a dignity in the haire, that whatsoever shee be, though shee be never so bravely attyred with gold, silkes, pretious stones, and other rich and gorgeous ornaments, yet if her haire be not curiously set forth shee cannot seeme affair."

A London cabman was summoned before the magistrate on account of some trouble with his horse. He defended his animal with native eloquence. "The horse was such as children might play with and drunken men roll about its feet." The counsel, when the thunder of oratory died away, said that the horse must be a regular paragon. "No, sir," said the cabman sternly, "its never been in a music hall in its life."

A Belgian engineer, Tobiansky of Alostoff, has discovered a means of turning smoke into light. His apparatus collects the smoke of any fire, forces it into a filtered receiver, where it is saturated with "hydro-carbure," and turned into a brilliant light. An ordinary kitchen fire can thus be made to produce a light equal to that of 50 Bees Auer, or it will warm four or five ordinary rooms, or drive a gas engine of four or five horse power.

FOREIGN music journals and certain English critics are never weary of sneering at American methods of journalism.

In connection with this foreign attitude, the following excerpt from the German Times is of contemporaneous and human interest:

"Messalina's name has come down to posterity as having belonged to an exceptionally 'bad lot,' and even now, after the best part of nineteen centuries have elapsed, she has managed to set two men of repute by the ears in connection with Mr. de Lara's opera 'Messalina.' The clever and well posted music referee, R. Peggio (E. A. Baughan), whose cute writings in the London Musical Standard are invariably good reading, under a heading of 'The Decency of Messalina' in the issue of July

6, had the 'awful presumption' to strongly characterize the composition in question, and notably the libretto thereof. Thereupon, among others, Mr. J. F. Runciman of the Saturday Review rushed into print. Mr. Runciman, by reason of his known partisanship for or against any given individual, is (more than others) apt to allow his logic to ambulate on two left legs. There could be no reasonable objection to his indulging in such weakness, but, in lieu of anything savoring of logical argument, he turned to abuse in the worst possible taste, asserting that 'Mr. R. Peggio is writing for a weekly circular issued by an excellent firm of second-hand booksellers; and he feels it necessary to play up to the audience which reads this circular, an audience of young suburban ladies who would be greatly annoyed if their fathers found them reading a line approving of an opera, written about so naughtily a female as the Empress Messalina.' The whole tone of Mr. Runciman's writing seems to suggest that he must have been studying the style of a certain self-selected music critic, who, in addition to personal attacks, is wont to 'pad' his scribbles with bombastic allusion to his own domestic affairs and describe in detail the sensations he experiences when afflicted with the snuffles.

"But R. Peggio more than gets level with him. Inter alia he says: 'Over and over again he (J. F. R.) has shown that he is a critic easily biased by personal likes and dislikes of the musicians of whom he has to write. These likes and dislikes are even extended to dead composers; thus Brahms "had not the intellect of an antelope." One feels inclined to retort the critic who could pen that phrase "had not the brains of a blue-bottle." . . . The thick and thin championship of "Messalina" shows that J. F. R. can like a man, just as the constant attacks on others show that the critic is an implacable hater. It is very magnificent, but it is not criticism.' Mr. J. F. R. suggests that the hot weather may have something to do with other (not top-sid) critics presuming to differ from him. It is not possible that the extreme heat may have converted him into a Rancid Man?"

Ludwig Engländer will write the music for a play, in which Daniel Daly will be the star. The leading actress will be Virginia Earle.—The new leading singers for "the Bostonians" are Allen Parr and Vernon Stiles, tenors, Allen Hinchley, bass, William Dorrington, baritone, and Gertrude Zimmer, soprano.—Puccini has arranged with Signor Plinio Nomellini, the eminent Italian painter of Leghorn, to paint the scenery for his new Japanese opera "Farfalla." It will represent a mountainous landscape, and the time chosen is night, as it merges from dusk into dark. Signor Nomellini was the winner of one of the principal awards at the Venice Exhibition.—The librettist Lena owes his chance (he is the author of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame") "to a peculiarly lucky hazard. He had not even the courage to post his manuscript, but dropped it into the loge of his concierge. Massenet pulled it out with two or three prospectuses that had been left in his box, and between the puffs of his invariable cigarette opened it as he was lazily on a seat in the Parc Monceau. The author was unknown to him, but the idea fascinated him, and he told me in a conversation many years ago that once an idea strikes him it goes on singing and ringing in his head, and it is impossible for him to get away from it."—What is the origin of the rumor that Réjane will appear in an "American Musical Comedy"?—They say Maurice Grau will give Calvé \$100,000 for six months.—New works at the Gloucester (Eng.) festival: Metet for double choir, "The Righteous Live for Evermore," by Dr. Lloyd, composed in memoriam of Queen Victoria; orchestral idyl by Coleridge-Taylor; "The Forging of the Anchor," by J. F. Bridge, for baritone (Plunkett Greene), chorus and orchestra; symphonic poem, "A Song in the Morning," by W. H. Bell; orchestral poem, "A Phantasy of Life and Love," by F. Cowen; "The Gates of Night," by Arthur Hervey.—An orchestral piece composed by Sandron and played at Palermo was inspired by "Quo Vadis."—There are four movements: "Lidia," "Orgia," "Incendio di Roma," "Morte di Nerone."—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of Mancinelli: "Mancinelli undoubtedly still remains, both nominally and actually—actually we mean in sense of merit—Covent Garden's first conductor. Quick, alert, and a thorough musician, you may always rely upon Mancinelli to get the very best out of his forces. We have no doubt that he has his limitations, but as he is so wise as never to conduct a work with which he may possibly be out of sympathy he does not give one the opportunity of detection; but there is

this to be said, that his feeling for orchestral detail belongs to a very rare order of musical talent. He has been, undoubtedly, one of the chief pillars of this year's operatic season."—The performances of operas during the season at Covent Garden were as follows: "Faust," eight; "Lohengrin," six; "Otello," six; "Romeo," five; "Carmen," five; "Tristan," five; "Tann-

häuser," four; "Aida," four; "Bohème," four; "Lucia" (mad scene), four; "Rigoletto," three; "Cavalleria," two; "Meistersinger," two; "Don Giovanni," two; "Hänsel," two; "Le 1 d'Ys," two; "Huguenots," two; "Sh. fried," two; "Messalina," two; "Mu Ado," two; and "La Tosca," one.—There are two piano teachers at Shanghai: one is a Spaniard, who teaches when he has nothing else to do; the other a Tagal from Manila. Both are growing rich.—Gustav Mahler, conductor, was praised for saving a man from drowning. "I couldn't afford to let him drown. He's a first rate clarinetist, and there's a vacancy in my orchestra just now."

"Lancelot" writes in the Referee: Antipodean artists are not credited with suffering from nervousness, but Miss Thérèse Siewright, who made her debut in England at the Lyceum Hall, on Monday, was manifestly prey to this affection to an extent that prevents a fair estimation of her abilities as a vocalist; but her phrasing and clear articulation indicated musical intelligence, and from the very fact of being so nervous she is probably a possessor of an artistic temperament for the factors that go to make the distinctiveness of mind are inseparably connected with what is commonly known as nervousness. The chief element of the artistic mind is sensitiveness, which causes a delicacy of perception and subtle intuition of what appropriate and rational. This in turn results in many mental ramifications—imaginativeness, nervousness, and susceptibility to surrounding circumstances. All this implies highly organized nerve faculties, an exceptional rapidity of brain impulse to the fingers, or, in the case of a singer, to the vocal cords. When it is remembered that a complete chromatic scale of two octaves and a half procured by muscular contraction relaxation of these cords, which is only about half an inch long, it will be perceived how delicate is the organization which effects the changes of pitch and how seriously the vocalist is affected by any mental disturbance.

The action of this disturbance is more or less paralyzing. In the instrumentalist it causes interference with the series of movements which have been repeated until they can be executed in the most complete manner without the detailed attention of the higher faculties of the brain.

A man will run down a flight of stairs he knows with scarcely a thought what he is doing, but should anyone bid him be careful he is likely to stumble, or at least his progress will be impeded. This is precisely analogous to what happens to the nervous pianist. He has played a passage many times, and he has played it perfectly, and he would only trust the mechanic portion of his brain it would execute the same movements with equal precision the hundred and first time, but he mistrusts it, and in doing so disturbs the sequence of the movements which have become habits. With regard to the vocalist, the action of nervousness is more disastrous, for the quickened pulse affects the breathing and the whole vocal apparatus is disturbed by the irregular supply of air precisely as the tone of an organ is disturbed by a spasmodic bellows-blower.

I have been tempted to go into the details in the hope of giving some assistance to young artists who suffer a painful extent from nerve disturbance at critical moments, because I have knowledge of some of the causes is to gain some power to dismiss it. What is wanted is not the repression or destruction of sensitiveness, which, on the contrary, should be developed, but the acquirement of greater control. It is not enough for the young executant to believe he or she can play a certain piece; they must be convinced of it in their own minds—in other words, they must know they know the piece. Concentration of thought is very valuable aid, and should be cultivated. The imagination, always an important factor in the artistic mind should also be indulged, for concentration and imagination are the enemies of self-consciousness and vanity. With regard to vocalists, the long breaths before commencing to sing will be found a great help. Above these things, however, playing (singing for the love of art, and conscientious desire to express the composer's intention, will be found the surest way to keep the nerves steady and under that perfect control in which the greatest artistic results can only be secured.

"All sorts of odd stories and criticisms of George Moore's new book 'Sister Teresa,' the sequel to 'Evelyn Innes,' are amusing and interesting to reading public, but up to the present I have seen no reference to a very curious coincidence in connection with the latter novel. In the 12th chapter, on page 56, under the names of 'Madam Savell' and 'Evelyn Innes,' the author depicts the first meeting of Madam Marchesi and Madame Melba in the very words used by the great singer and published in M. A. P. when I had the privilege of giving to my readers 'In the Days of My Youth' article. Beyond the incident referred to, there is nothing in the story to connect the characters with the famous artist mentioned.

"T. P. O'CONNOR."

Vacation
2 weeks
Sept 2, 1901

We have received a long letter from the Earnest Student of Sociology. It is not so much a letter as a volume of reflections presumably based on the personal experiences of this daring explorer of mental jungles and thickets. We publish today a few extracts—paragraphs that may be printed without castration in a daily family journal.

"Scorton Neck, Aug. 30, 1901.
Editor of the Talk of the Day:
"Dr. Johnson once said, 'The peace of bludge, the innocence of inactivity, and the unenvied security of an humble station, can fill but a few pages.' But he insatiate sea-drinker never spent summer on Cape Cod. My note books are full, and I have been obliged to jot down hints for elaborate chapters on a linen collar which I took with me for possible use on the Lord's day.

"I was amused by a conversation at table last week at the Golputt House. A bright-eyed little girl, vivacious, drill-voiced, one of the kind associated with picture-advertisement, told her father that she had seen a skunk in the woods that morning. Her mother, an elegant person who flaunts a modern historical novel on the veranda, at table, in a carriage, on a sail boat, and probably in bed, said to her: 'Polecat, lossie; polecat, not skunk. Skunk is a vulgar word.' A young man who has reported to be witty, said, 'Is not wood pussy a still prettier name?' 'I at once thought of Shenshire's 'Pastoral Ballad' and how it could, by the substitution of one word, be adapted and improved for local and modern use.

I have found out a gift for my fair; I have found where the wood pussies breed; but let me that plunder forbear, She will say 'twas a barbarous deed, or he ne'er could be true, she avers'd, Who could rob a poor skunk of its young; and I loved her the more when I heard such tenderness fall from her tongue.

"The child asked where wood pussies were in the day time. And no one answered. Years ago a negro minstrel asked where flies went in winter, and replied, 'They ought to go there in the summer,' which was considered for several seasons to be a pleasant jest. And where do spring poets go in the fall?

"I read in the Transcript—or did Mr. B. Sanborn say it—that Cape Cod has now visited chiefly on account of Thoreau's book about it. Truly a wild statement with straw in its hair! The book is a dull thing, unworthy Thoreau and the Cape. The author says nothing about the delectable region; he only speaks of sand and sea. And how many cottagers or ruffians in boarding houses and inns have ever read the book? Go to! like-see fudge!

"I was invited to dine on a houseboat at Barnstable. I did not go. The dinner was at 7 P. M., and I had no use coat with me. (He has no house at anywhere.—Ed.)

"If you wish to form an idea of the awful majesty of the United States listen to an Inspector examining a village Postmaster, especially when the former is conscious of the presence of fingers in the store.

"I went to the Barnstable Fair. Horses trot faster than when I was a boy. At Northampton in the sixties a man that owned a 2.40 horse was characterized as a distinctly immoral person.

"I met wanderers from Cincinnati, Baltimore, Cairo, New York, Auburn, the pines of Florida—but I cannot escape Bostonians. At a railway station I met last week a thorough Bostonian—a young wife, self-composed and her guard. She bowed to me and repaid the unexpected courtesy. She was gracious enough to say, 'Fine day!' The air was foggy and raw, but it was the kind of weather that agreed with her. She resumed her attitude of retelling boarders. Suddenly I noticed that she had eaten a soft-boiled egg for breakfast, and that some of the milk clung lovingly to her upper lip. Now, what was my duty? To tell her the disfigurement that suggested personal uncleanness? No doubt she hurried for the stage, nor did the kiss of old or husband wholly remove the evidence of breakfast. If I had told her, would she have thanked me? Could she not have cherished a resentment against me all the days of her life? Surely Diana had some flaw or

blemish which angered her against prying Aetæon, and we know the hunter's fate. I said nothing to the Boston woman. No doubt, she dismounted at the South Station with the buttercup glow on her lip; and when she was at her home or house of friend, she saw her face in a glass and for once was as red and mortified as a woman of another city. Even now I feel remorse for my silence. What should I have done? I must consult the editor of the Providence Journal.

"The ice down here is thin and dirty. The thinner it is the more it costs. I do not attempt to explain this phenomenon. Feemen have their own weights and code of morals. I remember some time ago you spoke of ice as known to the ancient Romans, and you mentioned Nero as the first ice-man. Seneca, who was bled once too often, wrote in protest against the absurd luxury of his rich countrymen. 'That which enhances the esteem of everything is the price of it: Inasmuch that water itself, which ought to be gratuitous, is exposed to sale in their conservatories of ice and snow. Nay, we are uneasy that we cannot buy breath, light; and that we have the air itself gratis; as if our conditions were evil, because nature has left something to us in common. But luxury contrives ways to set a price upon the most necessary and communicable benefits in nature: Even those benefits which are free to birds and beasts, as well as to men, and to serve indifferently for the use of the most sluggish creatures. But how comes it that fountain-water is not cold enough to serve us, unless it be bound up in ice? So long as the stomach is sound, nature discharges her functions without trouble; but, when the blood comes to be inflamed with excess of wine or meats, simple water is not cold enough to allay that heat, and we are obliged to make use of remedies, which remedies themselves are vices. We heap suppers upon dinners, and dinners upon suppers, without intermission. Ye gods! how easy it is to quench a sound, an honest thirst! But when the palate is hardened, we taste nothing, and that which we take for thirst is only the rage of a fever.'"

Sept 3, 1901

We sympathize with men and women who try to reason with owners of horses docked as to their tails, although we know such reasoning is in vain; we pity the poor horses; but when the statement is made that this docking is of modern fashion we are obliged to shake the head and say "Nay! Nay!" Witness this extract from the Memoirs of Laetitia Matilda Hawkins—the volume is dated 1834. "It is a fact that in one of the King of Prussia's wars, when our heavy cavalry were sent out with docked tails, the horses died in great numbers by the stinging of insects, while the German horses, who had their full tails, and could lash the insects off, were uninjured. It is on this principle that more is demanded for a horse sent to grass with a short tail than with a longer one, because it is found that his irritation makes him do more harm to the pasture."

But suppose you are invited to spend a few days at a country house. You find at the railway station a handsome pair of high-steppers. The horses have docked tails. If you are true to your conviction, you would refuse to be driven behind them. You would assume a sculptural attitude, point toward heaven with the right arm and put your left hand on your heart, and say, "Never shall I countenance such barbarity." But if you should do this you would be rude to the daughter of the house; the coachman would guy you in the servant's hall; and the house of your friend is at least three miles from the station. Your convictions are easily put away for a more convenient season. You climb nimbly to your seat with the hope that several acquaintances on the train are witnesses to your glory, and after you have gone a short distance, you are loud in praise of the horses and the manner in which they are kept and handled.

An aristocrat in England has been using his influence against that unnecessary and infernal device, the check rein. Mayhew thundered against the same torture before this noble lord was born, and to what avail?

Furthermore, a contributor to the Referee believes that cab companies, landed gentry, truck and express companies and others, should put out their horses "in a shady paddock for a month every year, and that month will probably add a year to the horses' working life." And she proposes a league to give Holidays to Horses.

Some months—or was it years ago?—you and your friends insisted that this Government should waste with flame

and sword the land of the Sultan, because his soldiers had treated Armenians in barbarous fashion. You did not even stop to inquire whether the Armenians had cleaned and repaired the rugs in a satisfactory manner. You called together meetings of indignation, you wrote letters to the newspapers, you were highly excited. The outrages were abominable, and your indignation, though futile, was creditable to vitality. Now suppose that subjects of the Sultan should insist that "something ought to be done" about the burning of live negroes by prominent citizens of Southern States. Would you not smile at the "Impertinence" of these foreigners, these barbarians? You have not thought it worth while to call your friends and neighbors together to protest against such hideous revenge, a revenge that will eventually bring all law into disrepute, whether the accused be white, black or copper-colored. You did show indignation over one of these affairs some time ago in Texas; but now you read the story of a burning as though the sufferer were not of your day, but of the brilliant period of heated theological discussion. You are accustomed to it all.

If it were announced authoritatively in the evening journals that at high noon of the next day a woman should be burned alive on the Common, you would not be able to make your way from Boylston Street to State Street, without a long detour, so great would be the throng. We made this statement here a few years ago, and we now believe it to be true. Even the young are now familiar with the fact that in this country men accused of crime are burned alive, and in some instances burned slowly for the greater amusement of the crowd and the surer instruction of the evilly disposed. Do you not think that if the announcement were made in Boston, the trains would be jammed with men, women and children, from the towns and villages round about, from Newburyport and Brockton, from Framingham and the Sandwiches? Your own little Edward would swallow his breakfast with unusual haste, and your Aunt Lorena would lament her lameness with the louder lamentation.

The Coroner is sometimes a philosopher, and not merely the subject of traditional jesting. Thus the Shore-ditch Coroner held lately an Inquest on a seven-months-old baby, named Violet Emily Dorothy Trewolla, who had died from convulsions. And he said: "Babies with many names very often do not live long."

It is the fashion to regard a trained nurse as a fountain of wisdom and a well-spring of health. She is supposed to know more than the attending doctor even when she condescends to marry him after his long and earnest wooing in the hospital. The following true story is therefore the more welcome. A nurse was asked how a sick room ought to be disinfected. "You seal up the room," she answered, "until the patient is dead or convalescent."

And here is one more story, which comes from Scotland, a country in which "incompatibility of temper" is not de jure a ground of divorce. When man and wife cannot agree, one leaves the other, and the deserted one is freed of her marriage bonds. In a case decided lately, the wife became sulky and hysterical after a short time of happiness. A doctor visited her and she confided to him that her husband "paid too much attention to dress," while his conversation was "just fitted for wives." She left her husband, and the husband after three years gained his divorce.

Sept 4, 1901

We publish today further extracts from the journal of that singularly endowed observer, the Earnest Student of Sociology:

"Bliss Centre, Aug. 30.
"The Editor of Talk of the Day:
"I regret the scarcity of fruit on Cape Cod. The beach plums are not ripe, neither are the wild grapes. These are the sad days when the reign of blueberries is over. What fruit comes to us comes in carts. Bananas are plentiful, but they are not of native growth. I looked at some peaches yesterday. They were brought from Falmouth by a strong, rude man whose very look compelled purchase. He said he had sold from Maine to Texas, and he preferred Coney Island to the Cape. A cloud passed over his face. 'And yet I lost \$43 at Coney Island.' 'How?' we asked in awe-struck tones. 'By betting on Fitzsimmons, and I'd do it again.' A woman asked how many peaches there were in a box. 'We never count 'em,' was his haughty answer; 'the price is one dollar, one plunk, a cold bone.' The peaches had journeyed from afar; they looked as though they had been fingered and rejected by hundreds;

nevertheless the man sold the boxes.—such is the power of individuality.

"How hard it is to get sound fruit in the country! What has become of the old-fashioned orchards and gardens? I read lately the letters of John Keats, and this passage, written to his sister Fanny, made my mouth water beyond redemption. A draught of gin prepared by Mr. Hoboken of Rotterdam which I took with me in case of an acute attack of Bright's brought no relief. Read these sentences and judge for yourself:

"I should like now to promenade round your gardens—apple-tasting—pear-tasting—plum-judging—apricot nibbling—peach-scrunching—nectarine-sucking and melon-carving. I have also a great feeling for antiquated cherries full of sugar cracks—and a white currant tree kept for company. I admire loolling on a lawn by a water-filled pond to eat white currants and see goldfish.' And again he wrote concerning fruit to C. W. Dilke: 'Talking of pleasure, this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the other holding to my mouth a nectarine. It went down, soft, pulpy, slushy, oozy—all its delicious embonpoint melted down my throat like a large beattified strawberry.' What a luxurious dog! No wonder that he described with infinite love the feast prepared by Porphyro against the awakening of Madeline.

"Even in the city fresh fruit is only for the very rich, who send for it from their country houses. The ordinary Bostonian buys at the street corner, and the stand is besieged by flies, covered with the nauseating dust from the unspeakable streets.

"I met Mr. Swiper yesterday. He owns a cottage near by and several acres of land. He invited me to sit on his piazza and look at the mosquitoes and the sea—which is the height of hospitality down here. It is strange what airs of importance a man will assume when he is able to sit by his own vine and cespool.

"I said to Swiper—'Don't you ever find time heavy on your hands?'

"He smiled and said: 'Oh, no. I get up about seven o'clock and slam doors until the hired girl—we brought her with us—cannot sleep any longer. Then I open the doors, unfasten windows, sweep piazza steps, take in the milk, until I am in a fine glow for my breakfast. Monday mornings I stretch the clothes line, and the next day I take it in. By getting up early and going into the kitchen I am sure of some fruit for my breakfast. After I have eaten bread and butter and one egg—eggs are 34 cents a dozen here—I strew the stove ashes on the road to the highway and bring drinking water from a spring about a mile off. The windmill back of the house is picturesque, but it is nearly always out of order, and I don't blame Don Quixote for his attack. I hired a man to attend to the machine, but I found he was greasing it with olive oil at \$1.25 a bottle. He said the girl gave it to him, and I do not doubt his word. I am quite an expert on windmills. I can take out the shaft and fasten it, and unscrew the important nuts, and look wisely at the packing. The only trouble is that I cannot charge myself as much as the local plumber would charge me.'

"'Don't you go in bathing?' 'Yes,' he said; 'but it's a mile to the beach, and as I cannot afford to keep a horse, the bath fills out the morning. In the afternoon I spend at least two hours in catching flies or driving them out of the kitchen. I forgot to include the minutes spent in chasing the carts of the meat-man, the milkman, the vegetable-man, the fruitman, the ice-man, the swill-man, and all the other men who forget to turn up this little hill road. I have exercise enough without golf or lawn tennis.'

"'What do you mean by catching flies?' 'Exactly what I say. The Cape Cod fly, horse or house, is fierce and gregarious. Our hired girl does not mind it if the kitchen is full; and she leaves the doors open so that they can see the house—we moved in only a month ago. I go into the kitchen about four o'clock—when she is bathing or taking a bicycle ride. I shut the blinds and drive them into the woodshed; some cling to the water pipes, windows, ceiling, walls. These I try to catch by manual labor; my right hand is at present the more nimble; but I am making rapid progress with my left. I wish Domitian, the Emperor, were alive; I should take lessons of him.'

"'Perhaps you think I have nothing to do at night. At least twice a week I spend two or three hours persuading the hired girl to stay until we are ready to go to the city. I do not have much time for books. I have read only eight pages of Plutarch's essay 'Of the Tranquility of Mind,' and I began it the first of August.'

"Poor Swiper! You will hear him at the Porphyry this winter talking about his summer cottage, and how he should like to live on the Cape the year round. It is the one place where I can be quiet, sir. No railway trains, no electric cars, no brass bands, no picknickers—it's the only place where there is nothing to do and where I can be absolutely quiet! And in alcoholic enthusiasm he will invite you to spend the next Fourth, or even a week in August with him.

"I was pained to learn from a newspaper left here by a drummer that monkeys are carnivorous. I was pained because I knew my vegetarian friends would be grieved. They have told me that if I were in a natural state I should be discovered—as the playwrights say—in trees, eating fruits and nuts, and pawing in wild joy at my left breast. I still room in Blossom Court and the trees on the Common and in the Public Garden would afford me scanty sustenance. Down here I see readily how even a thick-necked man might be a vegetarian. Beef is 2 cents a pound and free-drawing coal costs \$9.25 a ton.

"I was admiring at a discreet distance and with a respectful gaze a charming young girl who stood on the walk in front of her bathing house. Suddenly she ran down to the ocean and made her plunge. As she passed me I was conscious of a delicate but maddening perfume. Where had she applied it? Was it in her hair? Sure! It could not have been in her dress.

SEP 5 1901

"A little rum may be put on each slice of watermelon. This is recommended by cooking teachers."

And thus may a noble fruit—or vegetable if you prefer—be spoiled. Furthermore, we object to the word "slice" and all that is therein conveyed. A "slice" of watermelon should appear only in a moist and dingy boarding house.

A watermelon of generous size should not be eaten at table. It should be taken from the ice and cut into four sections. The face of the eater should be fastened securely against a section and it should grow to it as lips to the lips of the well-beloved. A veranda is a convenient eating-ground, and rejected chunks of melon may be tossed upon the lawn or thrown into a wastebasket. The face should be washed carefully before eating.

We have no specific "Notes and Queries" Department, and various letters received by us were probably intended for the Boston Transcript. We do not hesitate, however, to publish a few of the questions which will sound familiar to readers of that literary olio.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 10.30 A. M.
Who was the author of "Beautiful Snow"? I read it yesterday for the first time and was much impressed by it.
H. E.

What was the first name of the father of Zebedee's children, and was he a Jew or a Gentile?

CONVALESCENT.

I once heard a poem that began: "The old Indian sat on a moss-covered rock." Can any of your readers quote the remaining lines? Is the poem in any of the standard readers or speakers?

BERIAH MCGUE.

Is the old custom of sitting up Saturday nights with a best girl still maintained in Sunderland, Mass.?

AMORIST.

Is there any truth in the story still told at Lexington and at Lincoln that Mr. F. B. Sanborn was largely instrumental in the establishment of Mr. R. W. Emerson's fame as a philosopher?

SUMMER SCHOOL.

Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted is known to the younger generation as a landscape-gardener of high repute. The profession is an honorable one, although Dr. Johnson sneered at it in his most pompous fashion:

"Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make the water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden; demands any great powers of mind. I will not inquire; perhaps a sullen and surly speculator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason." Nevertheless Johnson graciously admitted that "to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement."

But in the fifties Mr. Olmsted wrote two books that showed uncommon powers of observation and description—the "Journey in the Seaboard Slave States"—and the "Texas Journey."

(He was also the author of "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England"). Now we do not pretend to be the discoverer of Mr. Olmsted at this late day. We leave such discoveries to the hardy Mr. Howells and the surprising editor of the Saturday supplement of the New York Times. A few days ago we were in a house where the library consisted of Scott's novels, Barnes's Notes to the Gospels, an old encyclopedia, the Political Text Book of 1860, a thick anthology of English poets in eye-destroying type, a few modern and paper-covered volumes by Kipling, Weyman, et al., a backgammon board lettered "History of England," and these books by Mr. Olmsted. As a boy we had skipped through them, but now in sheer desperation we read them from start to finish and were well repaid. Even today they are of absorbing interest. And when other writers of the period grew indignant and waxed hysterical, Mr. Olmsted made his points by calm statement and a judicial authority. Furthermore he was often saved from whining or shrieking by a pretty sense of humor.

His observation was far-reaching. Instead of sulking when he was treated shabbily at Gaston by railway company and incompetent landlord, he lounged along the river bank and took notes of the talk of train hands. Here is a sample:

"Nitrate of silver is a first-rater; you can get it at the 'pothecary shops in Richmond. But the best medicine there is, is this here Idee of Potasun. It's made out of two minerals; one of 'em they gets in the mountains of Scotland—that's the Idee; the other's steel-filings, and they mixes them eschemically until they works altogether into a solid stuff like salt-petre. Now, I tell you that's the stuff for medicine. It's the best thing a man can ever put into his self. It searches out every narve in his body."

"Dr. Isaac N. Love of the Medical Mirror thinks that in every house, instead of the motto 'God bless our home,' there should be hung a sign to this effect: 'Keep your mouth shut, breathe through your nose.'"

But Dr. Isaac N. Love is late, very late. George Catlin wrote about 20 years ago a book entitled "Shut Your Mouth." He claimed that catarrh, consumption and other diseases came from the habit of walking, sitting, sleeping with open mouth. There were pictures which might well have scared the children of that day. Catlin was prompted to send out the solemn warning by his long and intimate acquaintance with the daily life of the American savages—we refer to the copper-colored variety.

So, too, the correspondent of the Daily News, who claims that the spider is good to eat, is far behind the procession. From where he stands even the dust is not visible, and the trumpets and the shouting and the stragglers passed long ago. He sees the gourmands and the gourmets of the Southern Pacific, who first deprive the spider of legs and huck and then smear the remainder with butter and swallow at a gulp. But philosophers, musicians, learned men of the eighteenth century ate spiders immoderately. We have given their names in this column and spoken concerning preferable manners of serving. A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette states that the prejudice against the spider died out in France after a woman tried to poison her husband by putting nine fat arachnids into his soup—which was presumably dark and thick, possibly with the shrimp as the basis. The husband liked the soup and survived his wife.

We read in a London journal that Mr. Joseph Edward Gill, "a member of the prehensile fraternity," who died in jail, was the only one on record who stepped into the next world by means of a handkerchief and a wooden spoon. But a prisoner in northern England was ingenious. He fastened one end of his suspenders to the leg of the table and the other end to the leg of his bed. "He laid himself out on the floor of his cell, with the back of his neck on the stretched webbing, his arms folded on his chest." Thus he passed "comfortably comatose" beyond the disconcerting publicity of trial.

SEP 6 1901

The poets of Cambridge and Hough's Neck may peacefully adjust and wear the laurel; nor need they jump at the shrieks of wild-eyed professors of English literature who prance over the literary deserts of the great West and slake their financial thirst at oil wells provided by God-fearing capitalists. The poets may serenely weave their sonnets to the Charles River and Mount Auburn, or in a bolder flight sing of Nahant or kite-flying for the purposes of the Weather Bureau. For the Transcript will be their sworn defend-

er so long as they furnish genteel poems without price, or contributors agree with genealogical interest ask who was the first Coffin in Nantucket.

How nobly was Prof. H. W. Longfellow defended last Wednesday night against the brutal thrusts of a Chicagoan! What a pleasure to learn that the greatest work of art "appeals to all, the learned and the unlearned alike, the simple and the knowing." Therefore the "Psalm of Life" is a great work of art. We should like to hear from Mr. Barrett Wendell. We see him veiling his face; his shoulders rise and fall in agony.

Of course the gallant defender of the "Psalm of Life" holds "The Raven" as Poe's masterpiece. It would be indecent as well as ungrateful to speak of "The Haunted Palace," "To Helen," "The Hunchback," and the two famous fantastical poems. The admirer of "The Psalm of Life" always knows Poe—"poor Poe," as he calls him—only by two poems: "The Raven" and "The Bells."

So Mr. Richard Croker, who is indisputably the first citizen of New York—even Mr. John L. Sullivan would admit this—thinks of becoming an Englishman. "He is passionately fond of rural England, and some day he hopes to settle down at a little country house in one of the most picturesque counties." We like to think of Mr. Croker growing roses, mulberries and nectarines, watching dove-cotes, raising white peacocks. We see him in his lowly thatched cottage, living the life praised by the poet:

A serip with fruits and herbs supplied,
And water from the spring.

At night and at the village tavern he smokes his church warden, drinks his beer and chats affably about horses. Or if he dines with the Squire and visitors he gives wise advice concerning the best manner of conducting elections.

But the dream will not be realized this week or this month. "Some day he hopes to settle down." Ah, some day—some day—you know the tune. Meanwhile Mr. Croker is "trying to prove himself fit for citizenship with us by hard reading and an applied study of our manners and customs," writes an Englishman. We might ask why Mr. Croker never tried to prove himself fit for citizenship in the United States.

And what reading will fit him for English citizenship? Truth, the poems of Mr. Kipling, a full and detailed account of the war against the Boers, the story of the Mordaunt divorce case with the examination of the Prince who is now the King? These might serve as preliminary text books.

Occasionally some English writer will bewail "a Germanized England." A Crokerized England may yet furnish inextinguishable laughter for the dwellers in the sky.

Mr. John T. McDonough urged members of various labor unions "not to be envious of the millionaires." "You are as happy, and often happier, than they. It often seems to me that they are homeless people. One week you hear of them at Bar Harbor, the next at Newport, and in a week or two more they are at Monte Carlo playing the game."

Life at Bar Harbor is, indeed, a chill pleasure, unless you are of old Philadelphia or Boston stock. Even a first citizen of Salem is not wholly at ease. At Newport you run the chance of being knocked down by a fashionable automobile, and then there is Mr. Harry Lehr, the society clown, who tries so hard to kill time for the rich fliers—and yet, perhaps, his toll is not so severe as it would seem, for they laugh easily, oh, so easily! Monte Carlo—h-m-m-m! The man that breaks the bank is now merely a music hall character. The glorious days are over. Who is the successor of Garcia of the sixties, who broke the bank at Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, thrice in three weeks? He took 720,000 francs, the bank's daily venture, from Homburg in one night. And yet his end was destruction. He plucked pigeons, and forgot the French penal code.

Nor are rich men always able to make ends meet. There are "Sorrows of the Rich." Did not the Daily Telegraph of London tell us lately that a man with £20,000 a year is only a sort of elegant pauper, one to be pitied? The tastes of the rich have risen far higher than their incomes. "One does not derive benefit from a blizzar income, because the rate of expenditure has more than kept pace. Champagne was rarely seen on the tables of the rich half a century ago; now there are very few dinners ever given by persons in middle-class circumstances at which it does not appear. Of course the difference in price of Moët and the other brands then and now is considerable, but that does not fully account for it: it is the more expensive character of our thirst, just as it is of our clothes

and our House appointments.

And yet it seems to us as though a man with an income of \$100,000 a year might find some little enjoyment, life, some comfort in beer and skitt.

The happiest we know—Old Chin The Earnest Student of Sociolo Miss Eustacia—would be regarded penniless by the capitalists who thr about libraries and college profess ships as though they were packages pop-corn. It is true that the Earn Student of Sociology is financially mystery. He lives in Blossom Cot and yet he gratifies all his whil He wears rough, pepper-and-s clothes, but they are made for l In London. He is constantly, if sor times injudiciously, helping tram beggars, bums. He behaves as thou he were the author of a popular h torical novel, in which Aaron Bu Catherine of Russia, the Great Du of Milan, and Elizabeth Fry all amicably on a snowy night in a Per sylvanla tavern. Perhaps he ow Calumet and Hecla; perhaps he is counterfeiter. Old Chimes has abe \$5000 a year. Miss Eustacia has mu more. We are inclined to think th she adds to the material and phil sopheral composure of her uncle.

Now that the Green Mountain A gora Stock Company has been incorporated, we hope to see the formati of a company for Angostura goa which are far superior to the Angoi There are mountains enough in Ve mont for both kinds, and the sight the goats with their tinkling be coming down the hills at sunset wou delight the summer boarders. Furthe more the milk of the Angostura go would gladden the heart of even t fiercest prohibitionist.

SEP 7 1901

Again we are allowed to quote fr the journal of the Earnest Student Sociology:

"Shubael Pond, Aug. 2:

"To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

"I read in the natural history department of a daily newspaper the bill of a woodpecker is a powerful weapon. Here on Cape Cod a bird is distinctly malleous. He fr delight in boring holes into shingl not from any hope of worms, l from sheer wantonness. He thinks t summer cottages are built solely h his amusement, the destructive bl He comes in the early morning a you would swear that someone w knocking on the piazza door.

"The etiquette of the screen do has not yet been accurately determined. If you stand back in a st uesque attitude and wait for yo guest to pass, flies and gnats and m quitoes and certain singular wing things insist that you are holding t door open for them. Man is not t only egotist. It is better to shove t guest through the opening, even wh there is a step, a dark night, and even when the guest is near-sighted. T courtesy is an empty one at the be In fine old medieval days the he preceded the guest so that the latt might be free from the thought of dagger in his back.

"I note that September flies a filled with a reddish and offensi blood. Why is this? Do they chan their diet? Or is it the result of be tening for two months on summ boarders?

"Mr. Swiper pointed out to me fro his veranda a beautiful lot which r from the highway to the sea. Th ground was rolling and green, and o knoll commanded an extensive a varied view. Lots with sea-frontal are now scarce and command a hi price. The owner, an old farmer, w offered lately \$10,000 for three-quar of the lot. He is without w or child. When he was asked wh he refused, he answered, 'But wh shall I pasture my cow?' He is man of some originality. It was h habit to live in one room of his larg and weather-beaten house until the room was so filthy that he w obliged to move into another. Fina he decided to visit a relation in th West. He fastened all the window and doors from the inside, then mad his escape by the scuttle, slid down th roof, and climbed down a ladder.

"There are bores that are more tena cious of purpose than the just ma praised by Horace. There is the na with a new yacht; he can talk of no ing else even when he discovers th you do not know the difference be tween a sheet and a leg and vaguely think that the former should b wrapped about the latter. Anothe terrible fellow is the hardened golfe who describes his game for the las three days. But the man who ha built a summer cottage is a dangero rival. Take Swiper, for instance. In the city he is an amiable fellow, kind; unless his own interest he thwarted companionable; and he seldom talk

himself. Some years ago he had the habit of going to Cape Cod, to summer cottages, built, as he told, at a trifling expense. He had one with an air of "Let there be light!" After the trials and tribulations of six months, he moved in, ate his first breakfast and dinner on music furnished by four lusty waiters who were putting down a wood floor in the living room. This bored only him.

Now he takes his revenge. He insists that his friends shall see the house. He forced me to call on him, on summer as well as in other seasons. I do not like to visit or be visited (The E. S. of S. has one room in Blossom Court, Ed.) I had not been on the veranda two minutes before he wished me to walk every inch of his three acres. He showed me nine places where the house might have been put, and he made me look at 15 or 20 different views of the house together with the trees, poles, ash can and three waste cans.

When I was obliged to see every room, closet, nook and corner. He apologized for the appearance of the dining room. "All the furniture has come. Our orders have been filled. It is satisfactory this summer. Everything makes the same complaint." And went on: "As you see, there are pictures. It would be a pity to disfigure the walls, and then there are wonderful pictures of nature." I did not call his attention to the fact that the painters had daubed rude sketches with sweating hands. In the dining room he discussed the question, "Is a round table more suitable than a square one?" He took me through the butler's pantry—think of floor swipes with a butler—into the kitchen. The maid-of-all-work whose face had been saddened by the quiet of country life glared at me as though I saw a possible guest. Nor was I stirred the coal bin and the ice chest.

Upstairs we went and I was forced to admire the bed room of Mr. and Mrs. Swiper. The latter went with me, and I felt like apologizing at every step. Swiper boldly threw open the doors of three closets, and I was glad to see that his wife is well supplied with articles which I knew from exhibitions in shop windows. A very charming woman, this Mrs. Swiper! The spare rooms were shown. The beds were not made up, the air was close, and horse flies crawled on unshaded windows and arsenic-green shades.

"You must see the ball room!" cried Swiper, in excited tones. "I told the number this room must be right in every way." I saw at a glance that one of the most important articles of furniture was not one recommended by my learned friend, Dr. Charles Hargrington, in his exhaustive treatise on hygiene. Swiper directed my intelligent glance to each and every object, nor did he forget soap dish or towel rack. Just as we were leaving the room he noticed water on the floor about the waste pipe of the bath tub. "Strange," he uttered; "that happens every time we take a bath—six times this summer. I must write the plumber about it." "You haven't paid him?" I asked. "Yes," he answered, in tones that sounded like odds falling on a coffin.

"Perhaps I was rude, but I refused to climb by a step-ladder to the garret, although Swiper insisted that I should see the tank. I told him I had seen enough tanks at the Porphyry; but this sparkling witticism did not console him.

"I was led to the servant's bed room and the tank closet. I bumped my head in the exploration of dark holes or 'storing things.' I went on hands and knees under the veranda, where kindling wood and shutters could be kept.

"When we were again on the veranda Swiper said: 'Now, you have seen the house. How much do you think the whole thing cost me?' I mopped my forehead. What a dilemma! If I named too small a sum it would offend him. I was extravagant, and said: 'Three thousand dollars.' Swiper's face froze. 'My boy, it cost me nearer \$4000. Consider the plumbing alone. And you did not see the tank.'"

So there is to be a permanent school of opera in Boston, a school "to include all branches of vocal and dramatic art which will assist in the preparation of pupils for practical and artistic work in the operatic field." The head of this faculty will be Oreste Bimboni. The name is familiar; his personality is known. Bimboni was at first here as conductor of Col. Mapleson's Imperial Opera Company. He led

a memorable performance of "Aida," a performance of amazing fire. He also led a performance of "Lucia" when the opera was sung by persons of feeble talent. Perhaps you remember the night when "Andrea Chenier" should have been played, when Col. Mapleson and the baritone De Anna made ineffectual appeals, when the baritone addressed his wife who as harp was almost alone in the orchestra. The fates were against the gallant Colonel, who owed his orchestra "only a few thousand dollars," and the curtain did not rise that night.

Oreste Bimboni! There he was, far from Florence—a more tragic sight than Orestes pursued by the Furies. For Orestes could run; but Oreste was obliged to stay. The title of his tragedy would have been "Oreste in Boston" had not a Bostonian listened to the voice of his complaint, given him money, \$500 or \$600, so that he could reach his home. No wonder that Mr. Bimboni dedicated an Ave Maria to his benefactor; and is not an Ave Maria more to be valued than gold or drafts?

Mr. Bimboni has had wide experience as a conductor—at a Corsican town, in Milan, Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, Barcelona, Lisbon, Bucharest, Venice, Naples, London. He has written operas—one of them a continuation of "Cavalleria Rusticana." No doubt he is a good man for the place, and inasmuch as no American need apply for any im-

portant position in conservatory or orchestral society, let us be thankful that an Italian, not a German, was chosen.

It will be pleasant to think this winter of young ladies and gentlemen busied with operatic work: one practising the mad scene, another learning the grand duet in "The Huguenots," while a baritone from the District of Maine cultivates the sowl of the Count in "Il Trovatore."

We read, "During each year public performances will be given, in which all the soloists, chorus and orchestra will be of the Conservatory." The late Charles R. Adams gave operatic entertainments, and Mrs. Emma Eames-Story appeared at one of them as a pupil. Since the death of Mr. Adams pupils have not sung in costume and with scenery, and the performances promised under Mr. Bimboni's direction will surely enliven the gloom of wintry Boston.

Voltaire once said that vampires always came from Hungary. One is tempted to say the same of wandering musicians of today. This Hegedus about whom press agents are busily talking "flashed across the London season like a shooting star." Oh, did he! As a matter of fact he was brought out at a private show where criticism was not expected and where "kindly notices" were expected. Of course he is a "second Paganini," and when he is "playing some of the will immitable Hungarian music, it is curious to notice how his pale gray eyes light up with the look of some one awakened out of a sleep full of dreams to the realities of life." Yes, he is probably coming over.

The Kaiser is irrepressible. Some time ago he wrote a male part song, which, I believe, was sung here with the accompaniment of evening dress—it was a wild, fierce war-song, written before the Kaiser turned down the end of his moustache. Now he has written a military march, which will be the exclusive property of the Garde du Corps, and the regulation air on all full dress parades. Will Mr. Sousa be generous enough to add it to his collection?

The Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association will be held Sept. 23-27. Mr. Chadwick will conduct. The chief choral works will be Verdi's "Requiem" (Emma Eames, Clara Poole King, Van Hoose, Duff), César Franck's "The Beatitudes" (Shannah Cunningham, Mrs. King, Miss Griggs, Evan Williams, E. C. Towne, Stephen Townsend, David Bispham); Chadwick's "Judith"—a lyric drama (Miss Stein, Bispham, Towne, Duff).

The libretto of Mr. Chadwick's work is by Mr. W. C. Langdon. "Those who have seen the manuscript say that it is intensely dramatic, ranging from the voluptuousness of the ballet before Holofernes to the patriotic ardor of Judith." Inasmuch as the work was published some time ago, why this winking allusion to the manuscript? We are also told that "the stage directions are written in blank verse"; and so Sir Toby asked Sir Andrew "Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto?" Among the orchestral pieces on the program are Kelley's "Aladdin" suite, a suite by Widor, Brahms's third symphony, the overture to "Phedre," MacKenzie's "Coriolanus" suite, pieces by Schumann, Bizet, Wagner, Nicolai, Haydn.

The late Henry J. Lincoln was a dis-

tinguished example of the English music critic of the good old school. He appreciated Mendelssohn highly and "did not pretend to any sympathy with the new order of things." He was deaf during the last years of his active service on the staff of the London Daily News; but he attended leading festivals and wrote severely against Liszt and Berlioz.

The story about Edouard de Reszke paying the expenses of a Belgian-French tenor, a waiter named Duchesne, while he is studying singing with one Minkowsky in New York, is a brave advertisement for Minkowsky. The story seems incredible—not that Mr. Duchesne does not exist; but the bass singer has the reputation of being close, or near, to use a provincial term. This characteristic of Edouard is discussed freely by his colleagues, who say that whenever the brothers are together Jean pays the bills, and that today Edouard is far the richer man in consequence of his excessive thrift. No wonder that Edouard, when he is alone in this country, misses his little brother. Nor would the bass receive so easily an engagement were it not for the name and the influence of his brother. Edouard has deteriorated sadly of late years, and the attempt to create popular enthusiasm here last season by establishing an anniversary was of truly pathetic interest.

Beer is dear at Bayreuth, and unless there is a reform the festivals are undoubtedly doomed. I quote from the New York Evening Post:

"At the first Bayreuth festival, in 1876, visitors found it difficult to get lodging and food, but the prices were absurdly cheap, and one could get a good dinner at the leading hotel, the Sonne, for 50 cents. But times have changed so that recently the burgo-master of Bayreuth, Dr. Casselmann, felt called upon to protest publicly, at a meeting of the magistrates, against the prices charged at this hotel, and elsewhere, which, he feared, would injure the good name of the town and help to make the festivals unpopular. As samples of the charges he mentioned \$7.50 for a room per day, 75 cents for a few slices of cold meat, 50 cents for scrambled eggs, etc. The host of the Sonne did not deny these allegations, but intimated that he was acting on the principle *apres nous le deluge*, as he was going to leave the town anyway. He has probably found that the four fat weeks of the Wagner festival do not make up for the other 48 lean weeks of the year."

The announcement that Mr. Paur with his orchestra will give four concerts at Symphony Hall this season is welcome news, even when we read at the same time that Emil Fischer, the "veteran bass," will be among those that follow in his train. But what means the statement that Mr. Kreisler will play "for the first and only time with orchestral accompaniment"? Is the Boston Symphony Orchestra only a guitar? Mr. Zeldenrust, the Dutch pianist, will make his first visit here. Much has been written absurdly about his pre-eminence as a player of Bach, so that the reader is almost persuaded that Zeldenrust can play Bach without the aid of a spring board and with both hands tied behind him.

Mr. Emil Sauer's approach to this city was tromboned from afar. All the engines known to managers and pianomakers were brought to bear upon the newspapers, to convince them that Mr. Sauer was the greatest—the only genuine living pianist. The amiable and long-haired man came, played, and turned out to be a salon-pianist of unusual elegance. Mr. Sauer has been living in Dresden, but he was engaged lately to superintend the advance classes for masters in the Conservatory of Vienna. "The Society of Friends of Music, which assists largely in the support of the Conservatory, has offered Sauer a stipend of 14,000 kronen (about £600) yearly, while the Government bestows upon him the title of a recognized professor. The oldest teachers at the Conservatory, says the Daily Telegraph, only receive 1400 kronen, and even with extra lessons their incomes rarely touch 6000 kronen. Naturally, there has always existed a good deal of slumbering discontent, and Sauer's engagement on terms almost beyond the dreams of the native professors has caused the latent fires to burst suddenly into flame. The management of the Conservatory is endeavoring to obtain from the Government an increase of subvention, pointing out that the Vienna High School for Music is practically the only one in the country, and is almost entirely supported by private contributions." Three of the professors, Dorn, Epstein, Fischhof, have sent in their resignations.

Gallhard, the director of the Paris Opera—he was himself a singer—thinks that Italian music is not studied sufficiently in the schools. "The pupil should be saturated with music composed essentially with a view to vocal virtuosity, music by Mercadante, Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Verdi, Boieldieu, Méhul, Hérold, Auber. It is impossible for pupils to sing the grand declamatory music of Gluck, Beethoven and the moderns, unless they have been broken in by such preparatory work."—Allee Verlet, who was for a season in this country, has been engaged for the Monnaie.—Victor Charpentier, 'cellist at the Paris Opera, and a brother of the composer, has organized an orchestra of 50 players to give concerts from November to April at an exceedingly moderate price. He proposes to divide the program into two parts. He will direct the first, and sundry composers the second.—Prince Edmond de Polignac died at Paris last month. He was 67 years old. He was a highly gifted amateur, and some of his compositions show true inspiration and knowledge. One of his more important works is a lyric scene, "Don Juan et Haydée."—The pianist Marie Geselschap, who once lived here, will play in German cities next season for the purpose of exploiting pieces by C. H. V. Alkan.—Richard Kleinmichel, well known to piano teachers, arranger of Wagnerian scores, and editor of the Signale, died Aug. 18 at Leipzig.—Richard Strauss, with an orchestra of 100, will give concerts in Berlin which will be devoted exclusively to modern music. He will begin by performing all the orchestral works of Liszt.—Gabriele Wietrowetz has been chosen as violin teacher in the Royal High School of Music in Berlin, to take the place of the late Jacobsen.

Every person healthy in body and mind likes to read about eating, and invalids, real or alleged, read with still more furious eagerness about what food will nourish them and what will speed them to the grave. Even Plutarch talked wisely and amorously about victuals and drink. We read in a French journal that little dinners are given in France even on dog-nights. (Should cat-nights precede or follow dog days?) "Each hostess seeks to introduce a dish that will invite discussion and compliments." Now three sensations in one week were as follows: "Immature chickens served like quails; peaches stewed in a blending of liqueurs and ice; a hors-d'oeuvre composed of a large Spanish olive stoned and filled with pounded anchovies, placed on a thin slice of anchovy toast covered with mayonnaise."

It is only in France that such inventive imagination is rewarded surely by discriminating appreciation. Englishmen of reflection admit this. Did not the entertaining compiler of "Literary Notes," which are published in the Pall Mall Gazette, forget Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Rudyard Kipling and bewail the fact that there is in English no book on the art of dining—apart from mere questions of cookery, although Kettner's "Book of the Table" is an attempt. (He forgets Thomas Walker's "Art of Dining"—a series of papers in "The Original.") The reviewer asks: "How many Englishmen, for instance, could repeat off-hand the names of the six great sauces which are the very 'stolcheia' or elements of all made dishes? Or who knows that soup made of Jerusalem artichokes is called Palestine because 'girasole' is Italian for a sunflower? If such knowledge were more widespread, we might in time solve the more recondite questions why the public likes to dine in so-called 'grill-rooms' sunk beneath the level of the pavement, and why no restaurant-keeper ever offers his patrons a dinner not branded with the entire absence of originality."

We do not know the names of the six great sauces. We are willing to play the goat. We are willing to be it. What are they? But we do know the artichoke, which came originally from Sicily. It is agreeable to the drunkard and injurious to the singer. When the leaves are plucked and dipped in a sauce, they taste like a wet umbrella.

Our own tastes are simple. Two courses are enough for a meal, and one will serve. Yet do we confess to a passion for rice pudding with plenty of raisins. We could eat it three times a day. Cold tomatoes with sliced raw onions is another excellent dish. It corrects malignant acids, purifies the blood, clears the brain and puts the eater in receptive mood for concert, theatre, or any social gathering. Timotheus said when he had "a light and musical" dinner with Plato in the Academy: "They who dine with Plato never complain the next morning." What do you suppose was served at this dinner? We could spare easily the music, even though it came from Hungary.

There are country houses where meals are served at outrageous hours: breakfast at 10, luncheon at 2, dinner at 8. Thus do the guests lose the pleasure as well as the profit of country life. By 11 the air and the

ground are hot, and walking or driving is an ordeal! There are four hours between breakfast and luncheon and six hours between luncheon and dinner. The stomach craves food between six and seven, when the chill begins to creep down the mountains and the ducks make their way homeward through the salt marshes that go down to the sea. Dinner at 8 means a late going-to-bed and consequent late rising. The glory of the day is the early morning. The morbidly inclined prefer the mysterious hue, the threatening silence, the breathless anticipation of that daily miracle, the dawn. The lone dweller in the country may well believe that the earth is flat and that the sun moves about the earth. He is none the better or happier for scientific confutation of his errors.

Nor are all men and women worthy of association with Nature. For the scenery of this country, unlike that of the Rhine or Lake Como, is unconscious. The landscape, as Baudelaire said, is in the eye of the beholder, and there are many and wealthy beholders with lack-lustre eyes, men and women who are uneasy until they learn from the late-arriving newspaper the state of the market. Some see in a rolling country only the possibility of golf. Some lose sight of sea and land in their frenzy to kill something. And there are some who should take lessons in the art of enjoying a mist stealing over the water, a sunset in black and

red, the damaged moon climbing courageously above a malicious cloud, the evening shadows gilding gracefully over marsh grass, a pine tree stretching its arms at high-noon, a mountain not ashamed of its scars.

Some one said that the feminine mind is "as capable of an engrossing love of nature as the masculine; yet if you cast your eye back over literature you will see how rare are the women who can express it." This may be true or false; we are inclined to believe it to be true. But how much better the reticence of a Jane Austen than the polychromatic spurges of a William Black. Novel after novel was disfigured by elaborate word-painting of nature. And then there was an epidemic. According to these writers nature was always doing something for the special benefit of the heroine, was always on parade, whereas nature is not dependent on applause. Even the thunder-storm, which is inclined to be theatrical, will not respond with an encore.

Professor Skeat says that "game" leg is a corruption of "gammey" leg, which is derived from the old French word "gambi," and "gambi" means "bent" or "crooked." "Duffer" is the Lowland Scots "dowfart" with the connotation of stupid, spiritless, and inefficient.

"For God's sake let us sit upon the ground, And tell sad stories of the death of Kings." These lines cast a spell over Shelley and Keats, who were never weary of repeating them even on the most inopportune occasion. It is said that one of the two insisted on sitting on the floor of an omnibus and invited the company of the other passengers with these words of the unhappy Richard.

We read lately a record of assassinations and attempts of assassinations of rulers since 1870. It was long and striking. That peaceable and blameless lover of books, Gabriel Peignot, drew up a list of all the sovereigns, princes and princesses of Europe who died a violent death or were exposed to murderous attempts from 1437 to 1840. The preparation of this catalogue was one of the labors of his last years. He died before he had compiled the annotations. The few added show that the little volume would have been of singular interest.

Peignot began with the murder of James I. of Scotland and ended with Oxford's attempt to shoot Queen Victoria. Athol, the murderer of James, was punished thoroughly and ingeniously. He was led naked through the streets of Edinburgh; his hands and feet were fastened to a rope by which he was drawn up to a great height and then let fall suddenly; the crown of red-hot iron was put upon his head; his entrails were drawn out and burned; his body was torn with hot pliers; his heart was plucked out and thrown into the fire; after which his head was cut off and his body quartered.

Peignot says of Ravallac, who murdered Henry IV., "he was condemned to the punishment of regicides." He

says the same of Damiens. And then he quietly goes on to tell of Gustave III. of Sweden, who was shot by the jealous Ankarstroem, and after his death sang in Auber's opera. But what was this "punishment of regicides." James Howell was in Paris a few years after the execution of Ravallac and he left behind him two descriptions of the dreadful scene: one in his "Familiar Letters" and one in his life of Louis XIII. The latter book is rare, and we therefore do not hesitate to quote a description of barbarity that might chill the heart of a leading citizen of some town in Texas or Alabama, fresh from burning a negro over a slow fire.

"Every one did whet his invention to devise some exquisite lasting torment for Ravallac; The Butchers of Paris, who are habituated in blood, propos'd a way to flay him, and the torture of excoarlation should continue three daies; Others gave the draught of an instrument in form of an Obelisk where he might be press'd, and the torment should last a long time; Others found out a way to have his body cut quite off from his hips downward, and his bowels to be clapp'd presently upon a hot yron plank, which should preserve the other halfe of the body in pangs of agonie a long while." And there were Italian physicians that undertook to prescribe a torment that should last a constant torment for three daies. "But the court of justice thought it not fit to invent or inflict any other punishment upon him but what the lawes allowed," or as Howell says elsewhere: "He scap'd only with this:

"His body was pull'd between four Horses, that one might hear his Bones crack, and after the dislocation, they were set again, and so he was carried in a cart, standing half naked, with a torch in that Hand which had committed the Murther; and in the place where the Act was done, it was cut off, and a Gauntlet of hot Oyl was clapp'd upon the stump, to stench the Blood, whereat he gave a doleful Shrike, then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of Boots was provided for him, half fill'd with boiling Oyl, then his Body was Pinc'd, and hot Oyl pour'd into the Holes; in all the extremity of this Torture, he scarce shewed any sense of Pain, but when the Gauntlet was clapp'd upon his Arms to stench the Flux, at which time he of reaking blood, gave a Shrike onely; he bore up against all these Torments about three Hours before he died."

"This dismal sentence was executed to the very height of torture, and extended to the utmost length of time, affection of sense, and possibility of nature, there were waies invented to keepe him from syncops and fits of swoounding. . . . The people in general did love the deceased King so passionately that nothing but imprecations and curses could be heard echoing from them, so that none did pray with him when he was upon the scaffold for the salvation of his soule, and for his body, when it was torne by the horses, happle was he that could get any piece of it, so that he was burnt in more than twenty places up and down the ettle in several fires; so Nemesis had her glut."

Nor was this all. The house where he was born was razed to the ground, and no one could dare to build upon that piece of earth; his father and mother were sent from the kingdom; his brothers, sisters, uncles and others were forbidden to bear the name of Ravallac "under pain of being hanged and strangled."

Peignot mentions five attempts on the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Louis Philippe was in danger eight times. What became of Meunier, who shot at him in 1836? He was condemned to death, but the King commuted the sentence to exile, and then to banishment for 10 years. The King gave him 1000 francs, and in 1837 Meunier embarked for New Orleans. Did he settle there? Are there descendants now living? Other would-be murderers of Louis Philippe were not so lucky. Fleschi and two associates were put to death; Alibaud, Lecomte, and Darmes for their separate attempts shared a like fate; and Joseph Henry was sentenced to hard labor. Fleschi was badly wounded by his own infernal machine, and Sala tells us that even before the wretch was guillotined, a wax mask of him enveloped in blood-stained bandages was exhibited in a window in the Regent's Quadrant, "as he may seem to have appeared lying on his pallet in the prison infirmary." Sala, who was then eight years old, and his sister visited this window regularly in their morning walk.

Mr. Sims will not admit the great strides toward civilization, so long as the umbrella of the twentieth century is substantially the same as that carried by Jonas Hanway in 1750. He

dreams of an umbrella that will leave both hands free; protect the whole body; will not blow inside out; will not catch anyone in the eye; will not necessarily be closed directly the wind begins to blow; will discharge the water clear of the owner's clothes.

"Guinevere" in the Referee suggests these names for girls: Evanthea, Athena, Ione, Josceline, Selma, Helga, Jennifer, Urith, Avlice, Hildred, Herda, Hirtha, Tara, Lalla.

THE BELL-BOY.

He was a bell-boy, young, good-looking, popular with the guests of the hotel, much feed by them. In his own circle he was a leader and widely known as a "swell little dresser." He wore "the very latest," from the viewpoint of the Ten Little Tailors.

He had just spent his week's wages on a pair of russet-leather boots. Two hours after his purchase, entered tragedy: He discovered that low patent-leather shoes, laced upside down with red silk laces, tied in a large bow at the bottom, were the thing. The iron pierced his soul. He had no money to buy the "pats," and his reputation was endangered.

That night the rumor crept about the hotel that there was a "fierce jag" in Room 100. When the bell-boy arrived, at 8 A. M., he heard of the jag and he longed to be called to that room, for he knew the generosity of the jagged. He looked at his russets, tamely laced right 'side up in the brown laces; he saw his feet incased in wide, flat-heeled patent leathers, with red bows at the bottom.

The call came. He jumped and answered with winged heels. There was a thick "Come in." A youth in bed was dry as a covered bridge. The boy examined him with the authority of a specialist. He decided that it was a case of hang-over, an aggravated case. Looking about the room, he saw a new pair of low patent-leather shoes, with flat heels and red silk stockings—and he saw his soul's desire. The tempter whispered. The boy reasoned with himself: "This chappie is drunk; he was drunk last night; he was probably drunk when he bought those shoes; he probably does not remember what he bought. Those shoes look as though they were my size. I'll have 'em." A plan of exchange was at once engendered.

The bell-boy was insinuatingly and fascinatingly obliging. He hurried with a cocktail; he filled the bath-tub; he brought dozens of towels and two pitchers of iced water. He asked the youth if he'd have his russets cleaned, and at the word "Yes," he put the "pats" under the shadow of his coat.

Joy! In the "toilet-room" down-stairs the shoes fitted him perfectly. The size marked was the size of his russets. Each pair had been worn only for a few hours. With trembling, eager hands he laced the crimson silk, beginning at the top and ending at the bottom with a large red bow. The effect outstripped his dream. He polished his own russets till they shone.

He made his way to Room 100. He showed the russets to the youth in shirt and drawers. The youth looked at them hard. He rubbed his forehead. He was too perplexed even to swear. He ordered another cocktail and gave the boy fifty cents.

The boy smiled his fascinating smile and walked away. And his feet were upon the stairs like those of them that are upon the mountains. W. I. B.

We like to read of such young women as Isabella Caporal, Sweet Caporal, as the flippant would call her. In 1834 she was 21, and at New Orleans she married a theatrical manager named Freeman, who died in a few months from yellow fever. In order to keep the company in better order she married after a few weeks a playactor, a Spaniard, who was stabbed to death on the wedding night while trying to make peace in a boarding-house. Another playactor married her after an interregnum of three weeks. He was a Mexican, and the police were after him; therefore he jumped from a train and was killed. Thus Isabella was a widow for "the third time" in twelve months. No. 4 was an American militia officer, who was killed in the war with Spain. No. 5 was a lumber merchant, who was killed somehow by his own timber. No. 6 is a shadowy character, but we know that he was torn from the habituated arms of Isabella by a steamboat accident. A Madrid newspaper says that she will be married this month to a daring merchant of Charleston, S. C. Truly a woman worthy of admission to Thomas Heywood's great gallery of famous women, one worthy of a chapter, not a page.

Let us drop into poetry—real poetry, which was written by Mr. W. E. Henley and published in the North American Review:

IN SHOREHAM RIVER.

In Shoreham River, hurrying down
To the live sea,

By working, marrying, breaking Shore
Town,

Breaking the sunset's wistful and so
dream,

An old, black rotter of a boat
Past service to the laboring, tumbling
Lay stranded in mid-stream;

With a horrid list,
A frightening lapse from the line,
That made me think of legs and a br
spine;

Soon, all too soon,
Unhappily and forlorn to lie
Full in the eye

Of the cynical, discomfortable moon
That, as I looked, stared from the fa
sky.

A clown's face flour'd for work. And
and-by

The wide-winged sunset wanned and wa
The lean night-wind crept westward, c
ing and sighing;

The poor old hulk remained,
Stuck helpless in mid-ebb. And I k
why—

Why, as I looked, my heart felt crying,
For, as I looked, the good green ea
seemed dying—

Dying or dead?

And, as I looked on the old beast, I said:
"Dear God, it's I!"

J. S. W. writes: "Have you e noticed that often when one of Shakespeare's characters gets into a th place he cracks a joke, or makes rhyme, or puns? Not always may but very often. There may not ha been a rhyme for several scenes; a in one of his plays, I've forgot which, there are but one or t rhymes and they deal with death. 'Macbeth' are three instances that call to mind without referring to a play. Macbeth is about to be sl and he says, 'Come . . . co wrack, at least we'll die with harm on our back; and then 'Lay on Ma duff and damned be he,' etc.; and a other instance in the same play, Ma beth hears a 'bell that summons r to heaven or to hell.' When Hamlet duces Horatio says, 'Now cracks noble heart,' that may not contain pun, but it always seemed to me curiously worded phrase. Richard I is full of rhymes, to be sure, but there are several places where the character is in high grief and puns and rhyme Act V scene III, somewhere, ti Dutches says to the King—'A begg begs that never begged before.' Will out looking it up any further I thin there are two or three plays almo free from rhymes except where the character is about to die or someth dreadful is going to happen."

As regards the couplets, they oc cur almost always at an exit, an they are a frank appeal to the gallery. The playactor at the old Bowe Theatre, who bawled the famous couplets of Macbeth was in this instance the faithful interpreter of the play wright. We see no "pun" in "now cracks a noble heart." "Cracks" i a fine old word, and hearts crack throughout the whole Elizabethan drama. Why try to find something hidden, something cryptic in straight forward plays written deliberately for a theatre and for money?

Mr. Gillette is a master in the art of expression, and can communicate a greater thrill in the puffing of a cigar, the nervous twitching of his hands, than his collaborator in the play, Dr. Coran Doyle, can contrive in a page of writing. Withal Mr. Gillette is under no delusion as to the medium in which he is working. Rodomontad about art he meets with a calculated cynicism.—Fall Mall Gazette.

It is a mistake for a summer countryman to go to the city for a few days. Not because he misses fresh air, and early hours, and the crowing of the cock who ends his call with an artistic diminuendo, and the strange mutterings and creaks and sneers of nocturnal Nature; but because he finds in spite of himself that he is quickly a bond slave of the town. Just as Paris tempts with her voice the Louise in Charpentier's opera, so Boston tempts him that would escape the spell. "You forsook me, yet I forgive you. You slandered me, yet I take you to my arms. Come, see if there be any joy such as I can give unto you."

The noises and the smells about the great railway station disconcert him, even after an absence of three weeks. And if he is at the South Station he wonders how he can get anywhere; but the scheme comes back to his mind and he waits patiently. The first ride in an electric car thrills him. The sight of the shops and the streets and the jaded men and women pleases him as though he were a child, and he plumes himself because he looks healthier and stronger until he remembers that they can buy things easily, without endless discussion, without delay of sending, without cost of express. There is no garden in his village like the Public Garden. Nor is there any view like that of the State House seen above trees and buildings an hour before sundown or early in the morning of half-opened eyes.

He had been tired of the Porphyry and the members. He did not miss them; he was better without the ac-

ustomed potatoes. He had made a local application of a description by Yeats of a dinner party: "These men say things which make one start, without making one feel; they are all like; their manners are alike; they all know fashionables; they have all mannerism in their very eating and drinking, in their mere handling a dinner." He saw them from a distance and there was no mirage—alcoholic or social. Old Chimes was in his accustomed seat, oracular, Johnonian, and in spite of his bon homie's selfish as the other members. Mr. Auger was shouting what should be done with Anarchists. Hunkinton was talking about stocks. The same old talk, the same waiters, who brought him Plymouth gin when he asked for Holland gin—all this bred a melancholy equal to that suggested by an old pair of boots never to be worn again by the beloved.

They did not care for him; he did not care for them. And yet he ran up the steps of the Porphyry and peered eagerly into the chief rooms. How he had maligned his old comrades! How early the welcome of Old Chimes, how sane and instructive his conversation! Mr. Auger is an exceedingly well-informed man. Hunkinton is not a bad fellow; he has shown uncommon awareness in the market and he is ways quick to order for the crowd. And as the Amateur Villager looked about him, he heard a babel of conversation about art, literature, electricity, music, architecture, Chinese politics, ventilation—about all things which interest men during their little stay on earth. He, too, contributed his share. He gave the news from the country and was heard with courteous descension, until he began to speak out the incredible immorality of village life, when he found himself addressing intent listeners, and Old Chimes drew his chair nearer the speaker, a most unusual compliment.

Now this immorality is rather unpalatable. He was amused to hear one claiming that vice is proportionally greater in the town. In the village the immorality is, alas, often found among men and women, who live on and owned by grandfathers or even great-grandfathers, whose names were ignored in the community. These disregards of decency are the lazy and the bored, who have no other means of diversion than sinning against the seventh commandment and all its liberal extensions and ramifications. Their performances are tolerated by the neighbors, who too often cannot afford to throw stones of any righteous or condemnatory weight. No observer who has lived in villages holds up protesting hands against Zola's "La terre."

The Amateur Villager ate luncheon and dinner and he slept at the Porphyry, stayed another day. The food did not agree with him. It did not agree with a stomach accustomed to a simple diet, kept late hours, and when he went to bed he tossed about, for his blood was inflamed by alcohol. He woke early from habit, and so he did not have the necessary eight or nine hours' sleep. He began to think of the village, of the simple villagers who were gradually distributing his goods among themselves; and why should they not have a share, for they earn nothing in winter. He was impatient to hear gossip of the stage-driver while he sat on the seat with him, the front seat of the barge—and why barge, and who gave the omnibus such an idiotic name? Stage-drivers were always disinfecting persons, and their seat was a barber's chair. What an honor old times to sit by the driver of an English mail coach! What a race of men were the drivers of the old Broadway stages in the flush days of Walt Whitman! How instructive their conversation! How rich and picturesque their vocabulary! And was not the Porphyry of the village? He saw himself going for the meal after supper, armed with a candle-lantern, that he might dodge a skunk which was thinking favorably of his front porch for a winter home and breeding place. He missed his exercise—the swing of flies from the kitchen on a sticky, rainy morning. With a folded newspaper in one hand—the Transcript an admirable lethal weapon—and the cook's apron in the other, he leaped the ceiling, bent to the floor, ran to the windows, examined the water pipes, and shooed and squashed and poked and crouched till he was in a tick. On a rainy day such exercise is far preferable to lawn tennis, even if the cook does not give encouragement or applause, but says to the weary man who lets flies in again through the screen-door, which seems to keep them in: "You ought to see the old man just now; he is a sight; he was jumping round like a crazy man. I'm glad I ain't

his wife." Yes, he missed all this. He saw that the beauty of the city is paint and powder and enamel; that her eyes are darkened; that there are wrinkles under the bloom; that her laugh covers a yawn, and her breath is feverish and unclean. And, with relief, the Amateur Villager went back to his cottage to pull eel-grass and put ashes in the ruts of his road and lounge at the store, and at night read some old book his father read before him. Nor is it unlikely that the Amateur Villager may yet become the Complete Villager and run for Selectman.

Sept. 1901
An ancient poet sang of Rumor as a hideous monster who stalked about with head that hid the clouds. The poets of the eighteenth century imitated the description, and boys now construe the Roman verses to their infinite disgust. Today hysteria stalks and shrieks abroad. Because a wretched man tried to kill the President respectable citizens with orthodox whisks and sleek wives turn foaming Anarchists in their demand for the suspension of the laws in a particular case, and the gift to a citizen of the attributes and doubtful advantages of a Tsar. They lose all power of discrimination; they confound the worthy, honest Socialist of Germany, who is in reality a humanitarian, with the dangerous Anarchist.

We find a Western newspaper seriously advocating the introduction of the police spy system as practised in Russia and Germany. Every student in Berlin, for instance, made the acquaintance of this system. Did he go away for a summer vacation? On his return some sort of a policeman called at his lodging-house, and asked what towns he had visited, where he had stopped, and what he was about to do. In Munich, if you sign a paper and say that you are accompanied by your wife, the record of marriage is demanded, in case you make the city your temporary home. In Dresden—and no doubt in other towns—your name is on a police book; where you live, what you are doing, the names of your associates, the restaurants you frequent, the probable source of your income, etc., etc. At any time in a city that is practically governed by the military, a policeman has the right to enter your room, even though he be moved only by caprice or the curiosity to look at you.

And a citizen of Allston finds that the Boston Public Library encourages Anarchists because it contains books by Bakunin, Reclus, Kropotkin. But does not the library also contain books by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Jacob Abbott, and the late E. P. Roe? Mr. Nevin says in a fine burst: "I do not hurl scurrility at our library officials; I do not impeach them of carelessness even;" but like the Irishman in the story, "he might, oh, he might."

Nor should we be surprised to find an hysterical patient, from whom pen and ink have not been taken away, declaring that all cornet-players should be put under strict surveillance—this is the word that is dear to such sufferers—because Mr. Antonio Maggio, who made wild and foolish statements, is a player of that distinctly Anarchistic instrument.

The Americans have long been known as an exceedingly sentimental nation. For years they have laughed at and pitied the "hysterical" Italian or Frenchman. But are not the outbursts—even from the pulpit—which recommend lynching, or an "unusual punishment," symptoms of acute hysteria? How the negro-burners of Southern States must smile as they read the utterances of certain Northern newspapers, politicians, doers of public stunts, and clergymen!

Miss Emma Goldman is no ordinary woman. Her talk—as reported—is not unlike that which we have heard from Mrs. E. L. Voynich, the author of "The Gad Fly" and "Jack." When Mrs. Voynich was Miss Ethel Boole she went to Russia, after her musical studies in Berlin. She went to Russia as a teacher, but she had it in her heart to help the unfortunate and oppressed wherever she might find them. She soon associated herself with Nihilists, many of whom were highly educated, noble in life, perhaps too idealistic; no one was actuated merely by thoughts of personal revenge; no one was sordid or low. She was in plots of escape from prison, of succor to those under suspicion; perhaps she was acquainted with plots of assassination. The Russian Government finally told her to stay away from the country, and in London she found congenial employment with "Stepniak," a remarkable man, who lost his life all too soon. Anyone who thinks that Miss Goldman is merely a half-crazed, vulgar person who mouths to crowds in beer saloons is much mistaken.

We learn from Gail Hamilton's auto-

biography that she liked many persons. "The trouble with me is that I like everybody." And yet when she wrote for publication the reader would have sworn that she disliked everybody, except, possibly, Mr. Blaine.

And here is another instance of an erroneous impression. Here's Mme. Sarah Grand, the author of a novel about twins—or were there triplets? We thought surely that she was what is known as a high-feeder; that she liked game, indigestible sauces, the richest pastry, hot importations from the Indies. No; she lives—so she says—on the plainest food at dinner; she seldom touches sweets, fruits or vegetables; one dish at dinner satisfies her; and she is such a sensitive creature that she cannot drink milk. "The very notion of drinking a fluid that comes direct from an animal makes me ill." "I'll not 'sick,'" Sarah would not use such a vulgar word as "sick." No fluid that comes from an animal. This looks as though Sarah was brought up on a bottle.

The republication of Ainsworth's novels revives the question whether the description in "Rookwood" of Turpin's ride on Black Bess was written by Ainsworth or Maginn. As a matter of fact, Turpin never made the ride. We regret to find a reviewer, speaking of Jack Sheppard, our old friend Jack, as a "scoundrel." Why, Jack Sheppard is one of the most heroic characters in fiction. And what an example of courage, shrewdness, industry for the consideration of the young. Consider, too, the period he lived in. If he had been born in these more favorable days, he would be at the head of a trust, a railroad president, the endower of chairs in universities.

We looked over Ainsworth's "Tower of London" the other day, and we found amusement in it, although we skipped pages that begin something like this: "Ha!" exclaimed Northumberland fiercely—but instantly checking himself, he turned to the next peer, and continued: "I will pass on, then, to you, Lord Shrewsbury. What! do you, too, desert your Queen? God's mercy! my Lord, I have been strangely mistaken in you." The illustrations by George Cruikshank will always be a delight, especially the most horrible ones, as "The Burning of Edward Underhill on Tower Green," with the roaring flames, the nails of the victim in his flesh, and his mouth one elongated and shrieking "O"; "The fate of Nightgall," with Renard grinning through the loophole; "Mauger Sharpening his Ax"; "The Execution of Lady Jane Grey"; any one of these is a sure cure for nervous depression.

We hope that the word "casket" was not heard at the meeting of our last friends, the Undertakers. It is a vile term for "coffin." Imagine Walt Whitman's noble poem, "When Lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed," rewritten to suit the pseudo-genteel. Here is a specimen of the improved version:

Over the breast of the spring, the land,
amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where
late the violets peep'd from
the ground, spotting the gray debris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the
lanes, passing the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every
grain from its shroud in the dark-
brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of pink and
white in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in
the grave,
Night and day journeys a casket.
Casket that passes through lanes and street,
Here, casket that slowly passes,
I give you my spirit of lilac

Whenever there is a great calamity, a fire, a flood, a storm, an assassination of a distinguished man, there is always some one, editor, preacher, lime-light performer, professional orator, who seizes the occasion with both hands to pull himself into the attention of the moved public. He proclaims the lesson to be learned, he warns, he advises, he shrieks, he prophesies, he explains the purpose of Providence.

These itching mortals remind us of Mr. Thompson of Sunderland, England, who wrote his name in letters six feet high on Pompey's Pillar, at Alexandria. You could read his name a quarter of a mile away. You could not see the column without seeing the name of Thompson, and without thinking of Thompson, who had thus perpetuated himself. Perpetuated? He crushed the pillar by the splendor of his gigantic name. Future travelers, as well as those of his day, cannot escape Thompson. And Flaubert, who wrote angrily from Rhodes, added: "All imbeciles are more or less like Thompson of Sunderland."

You may remember that there was an exhibition of Pan Celts at Dublin some weeks ago. We have just learned the costumes worn properly by the Irish male. "It consists of a lena of dark green cloth or serge, with a border of gold thread embroidery, in zigzag pattern, round the neck and sleeves; trews of the same, and hose or oehrahi, bound round with crossed bands. Over this suit is worn a brat or mantle, properly bordered, or a short, sleeveless jacket,

like the Spanish bolero. The latter still survives in a modified form in Connemara and is part of the national costume of Brittany. Other essential articles of this Irish dress are a brooch to fasten the mantle and a cross or belt or twisted metal."

We publish this description in the hope that it will be adopted by thousands of our fellow-citizens on St. Patrick's Day. A Celt at Dublin appeared at the Mansion House in what seemed to be a nightshirt, and he thereby caused much wonder. We are sure that neither Mayor Hart nor Mr. Ernst would be moved from official dignity by such an apparition. The former has seen the bathers at Swampscott, and the latter is a cosmopolite familiar with the costumes of all nations. It might be well to assure the Watch and Ward Society that any arrangement or disarrangement of nightshirt on that day is distinctly Celtic and not indecent.

Mr. Willy Yeats, at the solemn meeting of the Pan Celts, informed the delegates of the existence of the Irish Literary Theatre, which intends "to send through the country a traveling company that would produce plays in Irish and English on Irish subjects in the towns, and even at the cross-roads." This is, indeed, good news. Many of our most prominent comedians will find at the cross-roads a legitimate field for the display of their talent, and there will be a knockabout and sympathetic audience for "knockabout artists."

We are also cheered by news from Charlestown. The Cooking Class in the Bunker Hill School should be encouraged heartily. More have been killed near Bunker Hill by soggy bread, leaden fishballs, fried meats, and blue, moist pie-crust than by British bullets or even the speeches of patriotic orators.

Mr. Samuel Pope, K. C., died lately in London at the age of 74 at 74 Ashley Gardens, and left \$17,000.

Mr. G. R. Sims knew an old gentleman who left behind him over \$1,000,000. He lived and died over his warehouse, and he never went out of London till he was 66 years old. But like the policeman in Gilbert's libretto he was always going, and once he was persuaded to start for Paris. His friends lured him to Charing Cross. "He took his ticket, the porter was just going to stick the label on his portmanteau, when, with a gurgling cry, my friend stretched out his hand, seized it, rushed off to a hansom, and before his fellow-travelers could stop him he was being whirled back to the city again."

Another kind of traveler was Flaubert's friend, who lived eight years in India, with occasional visits to France. When he was in Calcutta he passed the day sprawled over a map of Paris; when he was in Paris he was bored beyond endurance, for he longed for Calcutta.

We prefer another friend of Mr. Sims, who, every August, bought a Continental Bradshaw, mapped out tremendous tours, and always finished by going to Margate for a fortnight. His enjoyment was greater than if he had made the trip to Switzerland, the Dolomites, or the Volga. Few cities are as romantic as on the map studied in school. Baghdad should be seen only in the Arabian Nights, or in the poem by Tennyson; the Volga is more impressive, mysterious and superb in the song of the barge-men in the novel by Gordieff; it is better to climb the Matterhorn in a photograph. What a spell was exerted by the spots of red, blue, green, yellow, in the geographies! Deserts were often more attractive and richer to the eye than regions of forests or waving grain. Distinctive and picturesque costumes are fast giving way to ready-made boots, the frock coat, and the plug hat. No doubt you can find a cocktail in Jerusalem.

The Referee states that Mr. Stephen Phillips is writing for Julia Marlowe "a drama concerning the late lamented Joan of Arc." This filippancy is intolerable, especially as the brave maiden was burned alive at Rouen by Englishmen. But your Englishman was never a sensitive plant, and he persecuted the poet who wrote about one.

Yet we quote with pleasure this paragraph from the Referee: "Apropos of Mr. Greet's forthcoming American production of 'The Helmet of Navarre' a correspondent writes: 'When Mr. William Greet revives this much-lauded novel in dramatic form I hope that he will see that Felix Broux, a lackey of the time of the Guises, does not say, 'We had not gone a block from the

inn," as he did in the Century for October, 1900. A phrase like that rumbles—I should say rankles—does it not?"

Mr. George Paston tells in the Cornhill Magazine how Charles Lamb met a burst of enthusiasm on the part of N. P. Willis, a correspondent and writer, whose vivacity and charm of style were hardly appreciated at the time of his labor. Mr. Paston quotes from Willis himself: "I mentioned having bought a copy of 'Ella' the last day I was in America, as a parting gift to one of the most lovely and talented women in the country. 'What did you give for it?' asked Lamb. 'About seven-and-six.' 'Permit me to pay you that,' said he, and with the utmost earnestness he counted the money out on the table. 'I never yet wrote anything that would sell,' he continued. 'I am the publishers' ruin. My last poem won't sell a copy. Have you seen it, Mr. Willis?' I had not. 'It is only eighteen-pence, and I'll give you sixpence towards it,' and he described to me where I should find it sticking up in a shop-window in the Strand."

THE news of Emma Eames's inability to sing at the Worcester Festival no doubt disappointed many subscribers. She is a distinctly decorative singer, and her beauty, although it is conscious, is indisputable. She prides herself on her costumes—in opera as well as in concert; and at the Worcester Festival the eye must be gratified as well as the ear. That the failure of a prominent singer to keep her engagement, through no fault of her own, will bring the Festival to confusion, is unlikely. The report might have worked a disastrous result some years ago when a star shone in musical blackness; but the taste of managers and public has been improved.

Emma Eames was announced for Wednesday night, Sept. 25, in Verdi's "Requiem." It is hard to think of her as singing that music in a manner to satisfy wholly the soul; for whatever her talents may be, she is neither dramatic nor lyrically emotional. She was also announced for Friday evening, Sept. 27, the "Artists' Night," with an aria from Mancini's "Hero and Leander," and Schubert's "Die Allmacht." The opera has been heard in Boston, once, just once. The Hero was beautiful in her classic robe; but do you remember one phrase she sang that night? I remember, that is, I have a vague recollection of a shell song—I may be wrong; but I have not the slightest remembrance of tune, harmony, architecture or coloring.

The managers deserve thanks for the repetition of César Franck's beautiful and mystical "Beattitudes" (Tuesday evening, Sept. 21). Some had hoped that the Handel and Haydn would sing this remarkable work this season; they hoped in vain; we are to be favored with those new and intensely modern works: Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Bach's Passion according to Matthew, with many pages of Saharan dullness and "The Creation," which is still of zoological interest to dwellers in the suburbs.

The suite from Mackenzie's incidental music to "Coriolanus" will be played (the afternoon of Sept. 27) for the first time in America.

The feature of the Festival will be the first performance of Mr. Chadwick's "Judith." Mr. Chadwick recognizes the murderer of Iphigenes as a mezzo-soprano, and the murdered is a baritone. This work will be performed the evening of Sept. 26.

All in all the program of the Festival is one of unusual interest.

This reminds me that the Transcript published about a month ago a singular article concerning the Festival. This article, which was dated "Worcester, Aug. 13," was not signed. The writer found fault with the list of singers, "at once the shortest and in spots the weakest which has been offered to the Festival supporters in nearly a decade." "There can be no element of financial return reckoned upon in—" and then he named four singers, two of them Bostonians, oh my fellow-citizens. He had his sharpest knife out for poor Mr. Dufft, who sang "In seven successive Festivals, the last being '96. Why repeat him when there are so many good basses of acknowledged reputation who have not been heard here?" Gentle managers, tell him why? But would he not have been more courteous if he had waited till next week, to see if the objectionable singers really sing as badly as he hopes? Would it not have been well

for him to wait, if only to confirm his suspicions?

Harold Bauer will play here with the Symphony Orchestra at the concerts Jan. 10, 11.—A window in memory of D'Oyly Carte will be put in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and an annual scholarship endowed at one of the musical colleges in London.—Jesse Williams, who was once conductor at the Casino, New York, is writing the music for "Carmita," a new comic opera in which "Mdlle. Corinne" will be the heroine, and his mass will be performed at Peckham, Eng., on the Feast of St. Francis, Oct. 6.—Max Beerbohm, caricaturist, essayist, wit, wrote a play, "The Happy Hypocrite," which was produced at the Royalty, London. The play is to be made into a musical piece, and Charles Willeby is writing the music for it.—They say that an original opera by Offenbach, "Lazzarone Endiabli," will be produced by the manager of the Bouffes Parisiens. The story is fishy.—Kubelik, the fiddler, has been freed by the Emperor of Austria from all military duty.—Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" will be performed in Gorman at Düsseldorf Dec. 19. This will be the first performance since the original production at the Birmingham Festival last fall.

Coleridge-Taylor's "Song of Hwa-watha" has now a German text, freely adapted from the translation of Freiligrath by A. J. Jaeger.—Esther Palliser of London will sing in Boston and New York this fall. Unless I am mistaken, her first appearance here was in a performance of Sullivan's "Gondoliers."—Clementine de Vere is singing in Australia with an opera company.—Whitney Tew, who is described as an Anglo-American bass, will sing with the Handel and Haydn in that sparkling novelty, "The Messiah."—Many students remember pleasantly Blise, who led the concerts in the Leipzig strasse, Berlin. Among his chief players were Ysaye, Thomson, Kneisel, Haller, Hekking, Molé. He celebrated lately his 85th birthday.—The rumor is that Bemberg, the composer, is dying of consumption.—They say there will be an operatic season in New Orleans next year "under the direction of a committee of five citizens and stockholders."—They also say that Lilli Lehmann is wearing a short skirt in the Tyrol.—The Carl Theatre Company of Vienna proposes to visit Paris next spring. The company will number over 80, exclusive of orchestra and stage hands. Works by Strauss will be the chief attraction. Some of the Paris journals are disagreeable and hope that the engagement will not last four nights.—There were 46 Americans at Dresden Conservatory last season.—Foreign newspapers claim that a Miss Höller at Würzburg is the first woman to be organist of a cathedral.—English musicians are exercised over the coronation of Edward VII. Who will write the special hymn for the occasion; and who will be the organist in Westminster, for the chorus, by a fiction, belongs to the King that day. When Sir George Smart was organist at the coronation of Victoria, he put several rich men in the orchestra for £250 a head. He gave them fiddles and they made a brave show to the eye.—There is a "Rol s'amuse" which we know in opera as "Rigoletto." Now there will be a "Rol s'ennule" with music by Lorenz-Fabris. Louis XV. is the baritone hero and the Pompadour is introduced prominently.—A singer, Jane Marignan, has taken for motto "Everything or nothing." And managers will say, "Why, nothing."

Here is a sad story of a baritone, Mr. Otto Brucks. Chamber singer to the Bavarian court, he married the Countess of Larisch, a niece of the Empress Elizabeth, and thereby caused a great scandal. In his younger days he blew the snarling trumpet and thereby fell into the habit of wetting his throat. At Berlin he appeared as William Tell at an operatic festival, and indulged himself in his habit, so that the curtain was lowered and the money returned. The audience, at first vexed, laughed wildly at the end, because a wag urged it to await the solemn moment when a superb crown already behind the scenes should be presented to the gulper. The manager of the show proposes to sue Mr. Brucks, who states in the newspapers that he was suffering from an attack of colic.

This tale is told of de Marchi—evidently by a Wagnerite. The tenor had sung the part of Lohengrin. The next morning an Italian millionaire came to his lodgings and said: "A very pretty thing, that Lohengrin, yes; a very pretty thing! Only rather too simple—no colorature—this kind of thing, you know" (executing a trill). "In fact, it's all very much like a hymn." "But

the hero is a Knight of the Holy Grail," said De Marchi, delighted. "Oh, yes, that's all very well," said the millionaire; "but couldn't you work in something like the cavatina from the 'Barber'?" "You're crazy, man!" was the answer. The millionaire: "Not in the least. What is your pay, in round numbers?" "Five thousand lire an evening." The millionaire: "Not bad pay, but I'll give you ten thousand, if—" "If I profane 'Lohengrin,' you—" "Twenty thousand, thirty thousand," continued the amateur of music, as the door was slammed in his face.

The Maine Musical Festival will take place this year at Bangor, Oct. 3, 4 and 5, and Portland Oct. 7, 8 and 9, five concerts in each city. Mme. Suzanne Adams, Mme. Maconda, Mme. Schumann-Helk, Mrs. Jennie Kling Morrison, Mme. Isabelle Bouton, Willis E. Bacheller, Sig. Campanari, Gwilym Mills, Miss Anna E. Otten and Miss Carrie Hirschman will take part in it. The Maine Symphony Orchestra will perform several pieces. The choral selections for the festival includes "The Redemption," by Gounod; "Hymn of Praise," by Mendelssohn; operatic selections and a capella numbers. Choruses from Aroostook and Washington Counties will join the eastern division, and the western division will add recruits from Kennebec, Bridgton, Mechanic Falls and Livermore Falls. The same singers will appear in the same program at Manchester, N. H., Oct. 10, 11, 12, and at Burlington, Vt., Oct. 14, 15, 16.

The concerts of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, Victor Herbert conductor, will begin Nov. 7-9. Mr. G. H. Wilson, formerly of Boston, continues to be the manager. Among the works new to Pittsburgh which will be performed this season are Chadwick's 2d Symphony, Franck's Symphony, Glazounoff's 6th Symphony, Sinding's Symphony, Shelley's overture "Santa Claus"; dances from "The Prisoner of Caucasus," by Cui, music from Grieg's "Sigurd-Jorsalfar," Hadley's "Oriental Suite," Humperdinck's "Hänsel," Heilmesberger's "Storm Scene" (for strings), Herbert's suite for orchestra op. 34 (new), MacDowell's "Indian" suite, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," Fritz Stahberg's suite "Die Brautschau" (new), Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The soloists will be Suzanne Adams, Harold Bauer, Lillian Blauvelt, Campanari, Mrs. Hilssem De Moss, Gérardy, Plunkett Greene, Mrs. Dorothy Harvey, Henry Huss, Louise Homer von Kunits, Kreisler, Henri Merck (cellist), Schumann-Helk, Jessie Shay, Mrs. Zelsler, and others.

The German Times says of the new opera house at Munich: "As regards its fittings it far surpasses the Bayreuth house. The experience of the past 25 years has been utilized, and the newest and best stage appliances have been introduced into the new theatre under the superintendency of Herr Carl Lautenschlaeger. The stage is about 33 yards wide and 22 yards deep. There is also a back or reserve stage 18 yards wide by 15 deep. By simply pressing a button the whole scenery of 'Die Meistersinger' or 'Parsifal,' for instance, stands there ready at a moment's notice. The stage has eight great scene-drops of nearly 25 feet depth, by which the whole scenery for any performance, to the weight of 6000 pounds, can be drawn up and let down. All possible precautions have been taken against danger of fire, and the illumination of the stage is most ingenious. By means of electric and other appliances, the new Munich Opera House can give the most realistic representation of passing clouds, rain, snow, rainbows, sparkling waters, northern lights, and so forth. The very ropes used in the stage machinery, if knotted together, would be about 45 miles long."

Mr. Blackburn again waxes enthusiastic over one Melba of Australia, where the larkins grow:

The performance of "Romeo et Juliette" last night at Covent Garden may be described as an entertainment "de luxe." Melba, with her glorious voice as fresh and as golden as ever, was there to charm away sense by the exquisite beauty of her singing. Indeed, there are very few parts which become this rare singer so well as this Juliette. Melba is a singer first and an actress afterwards; in fact, we doubt if we are even allowed to describe her as an actress from any point of view. We say this in no sort of sense of disparagement, for where the counter influence of a noble voice is there to check criticism and to defy analysis, the consideration of her from a purely prosaic point of view becomes practically impossible. It is for this reason that Mrs. Melba is well advised to keep away from what may be called pure character parts, such as Brünnhilde or Elidelio. There are those who are so chary of their admiration in regard to what is beautiful in art that they refuse Melba the tribute of praise which is so definitely due to her on certain

grounds. Because, outside pure vocalization, she does not see fit to make wanderings, they will scarcely allow that she has a voice at all. They forget that in the house of opera there are many mansions, and because they choose to be on calling terms at one such mansion they look upon the other with something which the unkind world has chosen to call a touch of snobbery. Therefore, we will ungrudgingly praise Mme. Melba for the exquisite beauty of her singing last night. Strong, pure, natural and sympathetic, that voice

rang out with amazing effect through the passing of the evening. Melba is a most perfect example in this generation of the beauty of sheer vocal accomplishment as apart from training and educated influence. To hear her—for this is a paragraph of panegyric—is to forget criticism; it is, as one may say, a work of pure enjoyment, forbidding after thoughts, declining specialism, refusing distinction. Therefore we praise ungrudgingly, or, rather, we refuse to allow praise to be subdivided by the "pale cast of thought."

We have received the following letter from a deep thinker:

Lynn, Sept. 12, 1901.

The Editor of Talk of the Day: I was glad to read your words of warning to the fashionable gorgers in country houses who devour rich and heating food at lazy and voluptuous hours. Truly your words were as trumpet calls with a shattering of platters.

Even the English, gross feeders, male and female, are beginning to realize that three or four substantial meals a day are too much. A century ago good Dr. Fordyce preached the theory of one meal. Furthermore, he ate only one meal. Let me quote from a trustworthy chronicler, who recorded the precise nature of the repast.

"For over 20 years Dr. Fordyce dined daily at Dolly's chop house near Paternoster Row. At 4 o'clock he entered and took his seat at a table always reserved for him. A silver tankard full of strong ale, a bottle of port wine and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy were instantly placed before him. The moment the waiter announced him the cook put a pound and a half of rump steak on the grid-iron, and on the table some delicate trifle as a *bonne bouche* to serve until the steak was ready. This morsel was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish. When he had eaten this the doctor took one glass of his brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. When he had finished his meal he took the remainder of his brandy. (He drank the ale during his dinner.) He then took his bottle of port. He thus spent daily an hour and a half, and then returned to his house in Essex Street to give his 6 o'clock lecture on chemistry. He made no other meal until his return next day at 4 o'clock to Dolly's."

Some may object to the brandy, ale and port. Perhaps the amount was excessive; perhaps the mixture was imprudent; but who are we that we should judge our fellow-men? I am told that the climate of London is damp, and that the human body demands a larger quantity than does the stomach in Lynn or South Framingham.

Perhaps you recall the death a year ago—I think it was a year ago—of Mr. William M. Rice, whose conduct of life is of interest to us because he was a millionaire. And what did Mr. Rice eat? At 5 in the morning a preparation of wheat and an apple or two. At 12 he ate a plate of soup made from the finest tenderloin. In the afternoon he ate some baked apples and he drank a glass of milk. He was in the habit of having a pitcher of milk in his room, and he was exceedingly fond of apples. Thus did he keep his head clear and cool. You may say that only a very rich man can afford to live chiefly on the best of milk and good apples; but we can all emulate his sobriety and care.

I find that a soft-balled egg, a slice of buttered toast and some fruit—three or four bananas or half a watermelon—at 7.30 A. M.; a glass of milk and a slice of bread at 12.30; and a slice of meat, lamb preferred, and vegetable except potatoes and beets, and a large dish of stewed prunes at 6.15 P. M. promote a mindlessness of thought on my part that is not to be gained by sitting at the sumptuous dinners of shoe manufacturers or at the carelessly furnished tables of philosophers of Concord. But the prunes should be French, not Californian. Yours for health.

PINKHAM HUBBARD.

A VACATION. He was born in the dark quarter of the city. He went to work when he was twelve years old. His youth was sordid. At twenty he was clerk in the basement of a department store. He had never seen the real country; he had hardly seen the ocean; he knew

any freedom of body or of mind. the first time in his life he had vacation—a vacation of two whole days. But he did not know what to do with it. He had no money to spend on vacation far from home, even if he had come into his head. He tried to loaf about the streets, and cigarettes and drink beer. Someone told him about the L Street bath. He went to it, uninterested. He stood on the steps and blinked at the night, which was shining on the water. He wondered at the tanned and naked bodies which sprawled on the benches. Without desire or emotion he tried to try a bath. He went into the bath, he stripped, he came out into the sun. He was dazed, ashamed of his nakedness and of his pale white skin. He hesitated for a moment. The sun beat on him. The heat penetrated him. The sun filled every nerve of body and brain. For the first time he knew himself as a human animal. He went into the water; a deliciousness enveloped him, and he was conscious of every blissful inch of his body. He came out. The delicious fire of the sun thrilled every nerve. He reached himself face down upon the benches and pressed himself with all his strength into the burning, yielding grains; he gasped hot handfuls till his fingers were numb. All day he alternated between sun and heat. At night he was sun-burned, but he enjoyed the suffering. The next day he went again; and again his nerves were soothed and thrilled. He stayed till the sun went down, and the next day he was the same—twelve hours of his nakedness in the cold water and in the burning sand. At last, so for the 14 days. For 12 unoccupied hours he thought not of sun or drink, he was thoughtless, free, primeval, naked. And the last day he was proud of his rich, dark skin, he rejoiced in his nakedness. He had himself initiated—a worshiper of the sun. B. L.

And we drop into poetry. These by Ford M. Hueffer were published in the Academy:

TO A TUDOR TUNE.
In all the little hills are hid in snow,
And all the small brown birds by frost are slain,
And slow the silly sheep do go,
Seeking shelter to and fro,
And once again,
The familiar, silent, misty lands,
With the lockless door,
Across the drifted floor,
In the waiting, ever-willing brands,
Warm thy frozen hands
In the old flame once more.
Part's desire, once more by the old fire,
Stretch out thy hands.

Mr. Le Bargy, the playactor, was seen by Mr. Peck of Chicago as the champion in Paris who should go to Chicago to teach the citizens "how to be and look as though they had been in it." The Paris correspondent of the Referee advises Le Bargy to accept the offer and give a preliminary notice to the American colony in New York. The correspondent is an Englishman and we quote his remarks to show how blood is thicker than water. He could begin by pointing out that there was a popular European prejudice that your books looked better on the table than on the table; that a silk jacket just as well if the wearer did not understand every assertion with an allusion to the Almighty to strike him as that the trousers looked bulgy when he was addressing a lady the hands were dug into the pockets;—and well as there are many other suggestions that could offer to Le Bargy.

Yet the English are a simple folk. I read in a London journal that the new Kursaal at Southend there is a room where the hungry visitor may have tea, bread and butter, four of jam, and as many shrimps as he can eat for eightpence.

The New York Evening Post declares that the politics of the Atlantic Monthly is "jejune." And now contributors of that magazine will drop the pen to show the meaning of the adjective.

Sep 17, 1901

THE COUNTRY OF GO-WITHOUT.
I am and sojourn with me awhile,
In the country of Go-without,
Where the beds are hard, and the food is vile,
Where nobody grows too stout.
I would see what a life may be,
Solid and poor and rough,
And sojourn awhile with me
In the country that's full enough.

With a change from day to day,
Waiting for which to hope,
The night is dark and the morn is gray
And there's nothing to spend on soap.
To go where the flowers blow
In the sun sometimes comes out,
It's only the weeds that seem to grow
In the country of Go-without.

Some time ago stories about the Sultan were published. They were of a type to curdle the blood. And a portrait of the Sultan was published of them—the composite portrait of a voluptuary, police spy, assassin, victim of a kidney trouble. Truly unpleasant object! But we now know that this unutterable despot has a sense of humor, and therefore

he cannot be wholly bad. Furthermore this particular joke was on the doctors, and it will therefore be relished by the victims of specialists, throughout this Christian land.

When the plague broke out in his capital, the Sultan, like a good ruler, inquired into the cause. He was told that the disease was due to the condition of the drinking water. He at once said, "What, ho?" or he should have done so; but at any rate, he called for six empty bottles. They were brought and filled in his presence, all of them from the same one of the palace wells. He sealed them with his own seal, and then, without a word, he handed them to a prominent analyst—probably one highly esteemed by the Constantinople Faculty. The report sent in was that four of the samples contained plague microbes. The fifth was merely putrid water, and the sixth was wholly pure. And the Sultan exclaimed, "Verily, there is no might save in Allah, the Great, the All-Knowing!"

It was surprising that Marie Tempest should try to play Becky Sharp, but the attitude of the Pall Mall Gazette reviewer toward Thackeray's novel itself is still more surprising. He declares that it is the worst of the author's novels; that the story is confusedly and turgidly told, that Thackeray, not sure of his powers, self-conscious, was constantly showing his teeth, trying to bluff or coerce his reader. "He strove to conceal a pitiable self-distrust under a much more pitiable swagger. . . . The novel, the earlier part of it especially, is largely made up of sneers that earned for their maker the unjust reputation of being a cynic. They are poor, false things, and mostly of the 'it-always-rains-when-you-haven't-an-umbrella' order. Those who doubt this statement had better take the work in hand and try to compile from it a birthday book of sound apophthegms. They will not get much further than St. Valentine's Day. As a reproduction of life and sane views of life, 'Vanity Fair' is very little, if at all, ahead of 'Pickwick.' And, taken as a whole, it is infinitely less charitable and infinitely less true."

Thus does the criticism of the late forties and early fifties still survive. The reviewer surely idealizes and capitalizes the Good, the Beautiful and the True, and his pocket handkerchief is nicely scented.

There is a new game at Bangalore. The name of it is Vigor or Gryllo. We are heartily in favor of its introduction, for it is described as "not too vigorous."

Perhaps you have heard of the Devil Worshipers or Yezedis, who inhabit regions of Mesopotamia, Kurdistan and other sonorous named countries of the East. No doubt you shuddered and thought of human victims and obscene and blasphemous rites performed at midnight on some blasted heath or in a foul and sombre forest. As a matter of fact, the head of the sect, the Kak of the Black-heads, is said to have the disagreeable power of withering trees and spritling away corpses, but nothing can be more innocent than the rule of conduct prescribed to the rank and file: "They have only to wear white, never have anything of metal in their attire, abstain from using anything that is blue, and lead quiet, orderly lives."

The literary world was amused when

Mr. Frank Harris, ex-editor of the Saturday Review, playwright, essayist, author of a singular series of papers on Shakespeare, turned his back on the Muse to run an inn at Monte Carlo. But in Switzerland his present occupation would not cause amusement or surprise. The proprietor of the inn on the Rigi-Kulm, is Dr. Schreiber, a Doctor of Laws and a man of profound learning. Dr. Zimmerli-Glaser of a Lucerne inn is a well-known journalist and a contributor to solid Berlin magazines. Colonel Baron Pfyffer von Altshopen, a howling swell, is manager of another inn at Lucerne. And at the Goeschen buffet on the St. Gothard Railway Mr. Zahn, one of the most distinguished novelists of Central Europe, ladies out soup to the traveler. There is a saying that every man thinks he can play Hamlet, run a newspaper and keep a hotel. These journalistic innkeepers have not yet tried Hamlet.

Some who are shouting always for reform demand the quicker Anglicization of foreign words with unusual infection. Thus the plural of octopus is octopoda or octopods—is it not? And yet we saw in a magazine last month the form "octopi."

There are foreign words which should now be pronounced and written as English.

lish. You still find some persons who say "ongylopo" and "invalced," but they grow fewer and fewer. "The difficulty, of course, is to know how foreign words sound to people who have never been taught the language to which they belong and have never seen them written, and this sometimes leads to surprising results. Trying as the nasal vowel is to English tongues in French words ending in 'on,' for instance, one can hardly see how they could ever have sounded to any one like on. Yet some of the commonest French words that have become Anglicized have been thus disfigured. As witness saloon for salon and pontoon for ponton, while caisson, although the spelling is unaltered, is pronounced by every self-respecting engineer, civil or royal, as 'cassoon.'"

At a meeting of the Institute of Journalists, in London, a woman introduced a resolution expressing the opinion that editors ought to hold it unfair to invite contributions from contributors not in need of money. This led some one to answer that, according to the old theory, the money is merely a by-product; what the contributor aims at is a hearing. "The press is a platform from which whoever will may speak if he can find some one to listen; and whoever is listened to gets a payment. But the essential part of the business—the prize in the game—is to get the hearing, not the payment, and it is rather hard that the rich should not be allowed to play."

Sep 18, 1901

Will Capt. Albers of the Deutschland be allowed to carry out his threat? He proposes to display in the card-room of his ship photographs of gamblers as a danger signal to passengers. And thus may a passenger be cheered by the sight of a familiar friend. In some clubs photographs of honored members are displayed prominently in the poker-room, but we could never discover whether the display was for encouragement or warning.

To E. K.—Orloff is pronounced "Ar-loff." The Orloff diamond was bought by the Prince of that name in 1776. He was the special favorite of Catherine II., who admired the abnormal strength of his hands, which strangled Peter II. Orloff bought the diamond for her in Amsterdam of a Persian merchant, Khojek, and he paid 1,400,000 florins of Dutch money, a sum equivalent to \$520,000 at that time. So says Boyle, but the price was \$450,000 in cash and an annuity of \$20,000. There is a story that the gem was stolen from an idol in the Temple of Seringham, Mysore.

A soldier, 21 years old, sickened on a march in Austria, and, after nine days, died. They cut him open and extracted 60 stones from the right kidney and 400 from the left. The victim was accused of alcoholism. This case shows that in drinking it is wise to use only the right kidney.

We often read of the polite burglar, who breaks in and steals only for the comfort of his wife, darling child and respected grandmother. He dresses with sober elegance, his manners are irreproachable, he has a fastidious taste in literature and art. He dislikes to frighten ladies whom he awakens, and he weeps when he finds a silver ice-pitcher in a house of fashionable pretensions. But we read yesterday in a French newspaper of burglars in Paris who shine with a polish superior to that of our most accomplished artists. An engineer went to his works and found his office topsy-turvy, and the safe, which had been forced, lying on the floor. And there was this note of apology: "It is one of the drawbacks of our detestable trade that we are too preoccupied with other matters to put things in order again. Expecting the pleasure of never seeing you, we are, 'The Smart Burglars.'"

We saw a book on etiquette the other day, a book at least 50 years old. But the principles of etiquette are eternal, and the young Roman girls who wore cool green snakes for necklaces no doubt had their Mrs. Sherwood for guide, philosopher, friend.

The author of this English early Victorian book insists that no gentleman should be expected to escort any lady home on foot beyond a distance of three miles "unless the gentleman be positive and the lady agreeable."

Here is another bit of precious counsel: "Any lady after supper may (if she please) ask any gentleman who is apparently diffident, or requiring encouragement, to dance with her. No gentleman could refuse so kind a request. . . . To avoid unnecessary expense, refreshments should be limited to cold meat, sandwiches, bread, cheese, butter vegetables, fruits, tea, coffee, negus, punch, malt liquors, etc." But after negus, punch, malt

liquors, etc., what perfect gentleman would be diffident?

"Guinevere" asks in the Referee: "When a man is so desperately in love with a girl that he employs an expert to tattoo her name upon his arm, does he ever stop to think that she may possibly change her mind and marry another?" And then she tells this pathetic story: "I know of the case of a man who was so foolish as to quarrel with his wife, and to flirt with someone else. Unfortunately, the someone else fell in love with him, and when he announced his intention of going back to his wife, she resented it; and while he was asleep she had her own name tattooed on his arm. Now, this made subsequent explanations very hard for him." If the names of loved one must be tattooed, why do not the needle-prickers follow the example of doctors in the vaccination of women?

We published some time ago a story about the sale of that famous liqueur, chartreuse, made by pious monks. The truth of that story is now denied. It appears that the monks will continue business at the old stand; that the prices for the green, yellow and white will be the same, and that the secret of the composition is known to the monks alone. This secret was confided to the Chartreux of Paris by Marshal d'Estrées at the beginning of the seventeenth century and is unknown to the sellers of the liqueur as to the general public.

This story that comes from Italy is of contemporaneous and sympathetic interest. Queen Margherita received lately from Milan a box of the most delicate and artistic manufacture to hold the silk undershirt worn by Humbert at the time of his assassination. The shirt was perforated by the bullet and stained with his blood. The box is of solid ebony of cinque cento style, inlaid, and with ornaments and reliefs in silver. "In front are the Royal arms, surmounted by the Royal monogram: 'Umberto Rex.' At the corners one reads the word fert—so familiar in the arms of Savoy, the meaning of which even the members of that house cannot explain—together with the bow-knot of Savoy. On the

corner in inlaid characters is the date of the crime, and at the back a verse of Scripture: Juxta omnia in manu Dei sunt, et non target illos tormentum mortis." The inside is daintily lined with white velvet with the Royal monogram embroidered on it."

Mr. R. C. Lehmann left a pleasant memory here. We regret therefore that he has allowed a publisher to preserve, for a time, at least, some of his newspaper verses, which at the best do not rise above the level of undergraduate poetry stuffed with local allusions. Here is a couplet from an account of a foot ball match: Veitch has it now, the brawny-backed whose hair is black as coal,
On, on, like lightning, see, he kicks—
Whoo-oop! he's kicked a goal.

Does the correct person walk in or on Beacon Street? Does a train arrive on time or at time? Certain Englishmen insist that a train arrives at time, and it is fair to ask them if time is the name of a town.

A correspondent writes: "My friend in India tells me that crows find out by instinct unhealthy atmosphere over a house, and then migrate to a healthier atmosphere. 'My house is surrounded by a number of trees, where these birds are housed in hundreds. Last April they began thinning out, till they had disappeared to the last crow. Quite simultaneously with their migration, cholera broke out, and now that cholera is fast disappearing, the crows are again mustering in their former strength.'"

Sep 19, 1901

The glories of our blood and State
Are shadows; not substantial things!
There is no armor against Fate!
Death lays his icy hand on Kings!
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down;
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade!
The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See, where the Victor-Victim bleeds!
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb!
Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet, and blossom, in their dust!

This lyric, sung before the body of Ajax in Shirley's masque, is still today the noblest burial hymn for tsar or clown. Old Bowman sang it before King Charles II. and the monarch turned cold; yet when his own last day dawned, the graceful, graceless King made a brave ending.

This lyric of Shirley is noble in its impersonality, in its serenity, its dignity, worthy of the supreme Monarch of this earth. There are many fine poems associated with thoughts of burial, funeral odes. The familiar poems by Milton, Dryden, Shelley, Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," Swinburne's verses in memory of Baudelaire, Barry Cornwall, Sir Richard Burton, these, too, are admirable; and yet there is nothing that surpasses Walt Whitman's burial hymn of Lincoln—"When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd"—which Swinburne himself characterized as "the most sonorous nocturne ever chanted in the church of the world."

Lincoln was fortunate in his poets. Whitman also wrote in memory of him "My Captain" and an epitaph. Richard Henry Stoddard, who is, even in his old age, unappreciated by the crowd, wrote a noble Horatian ode, which begins:

So I should be he, of balanced powers,
The ruler of a race like ours
Impatient, headstrong, wild
The man to guide the child!

There is Lowell's tribute in the Harvard Commemoration Ode, Henry Howard Brownell's "Abraham Lincoln" is a poem of singular beauty and broad, clear vision. Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Hand of Lincoln" is at the same time tender and virile. Whittier's "The Emancipation Group" (Park Square, Boston) is mere psalmody, no more inspired than the statue itself. The fine verses published originally in *Punch*, and republished lately in the *Journal*, are credited to Tom Taylor, but some insist that they were written by Shirley Brooks.

There were many poems written about Grant, but is there one that clings to the memory? Perhaps Bunner's is the best. Garfield had his poets, but their names are forgotten except by their families.

Do you recall readily a poem in honor of Gen. George Washington? There is Byron's verse with the line "The Cincinnatus of the West." Mr. Stoddard introduces the first President in his ode to Lincoln:

The people, of whom he was one,
No gentleman like Washington—
(Whose bones, methinks, make room
To have him in their tomb!)

Mr. Sala, who saw many public funerals, notes the fact that the evening preceding and the evening following the funeral of the Great Duke were "nights of the wildest revelry that London had seen for many a year." This seems in contradiction with the old statement that the English take their pleasures sadly. Mr. Sala adds that an American would insist that the grandest funeral show was that of Abraham Lincoln—this was written in 1885—and then the experienced reporter waxes cynical: "I declare that with the exception of the Prince Consort's funeral in St. George's Chapel, Windsor—a ceremony infinitely simple, mournful, and touching, but which was witnessed by a comparatively small number of persons—the feeling which, to my thinking, appeared to be most conspicuous at the grandest funeral pageants which I have mentioned was one of the merest curiosity, mingled with an intense desire to eat and drink before and after the procession had passed." But Mr. Sala never understood the nature of the American people, although he visited us in the hour of our national trial and afterward when we were outwardly more civilized and less expectorative. The funerals of Lincoln and Grant were something more than a pompous show, and today, as on Tuesday, the predominant feeling was one of deepest sorrow.

Mr. Sala claims that the Ancients, in regard to their public funerals, were "candid and honest, and that we Moderns are, in the same respect, generally Humbugs." But the ancient burial rites were full of ceremony. They kindled the pyre aversely; they washed the bones with wine and milk; the last farewell was spoken thrice by the attendants; the Romans strewed roses on the tomb, the Greeks amaranthus and myrtle; they made use of music, they kindled no fire in their houses for some days after, they poured oil and put good omens on the pyre, and they sacrificed to the winds; and an archpriest attended the funeral train and imitated the carriage, gestures, speeches of the dead.

Whitman described in solemn verse the coffin of Lincoln passing across the country which he saved; the coffin passing

Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land.

With the pomp of the inlaid flags, with the

cities draped in black.
With the show of the States themselves, as of craps-vel'd women, standing
With processions long and winding, and the flambeaus of the night.
With the countless torches lit—with the silent sea of faces, and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces)
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn;
With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organ

But many who remember those days know that the mourning was also in the hearts of the simplest and the lowliest. There are occasions when this great republic grieves or rejoices as one man, when there are no parties, factions, or sects. And why should not such lamentation assume outward and impressive form?

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature.

Sept 20, 1901

We like to hear of the recognition paid abroad to American skill and daring. For 21 months the British Army in South Africa was without a dentist, and the trek ox and biscuit were deadlier than bullets or shells. Now four "dental surgeons" have been sent to care for an army of a quarter of a million men.

The men in despair were their own dentists. They would plug holes with tobacco, cayenne pepper, rubber scraped from waterproof sheets.

But in the Orange River Colony, there was an American dentist, who had no gas and no gold filling and would not look at a tooth under a guinea. He himself was an accomplished drunkard, and he was the envy of Tommy Atkins, who wished that he "ad'arf his complaint." Our compatriot without his gas and gold and many mechanical appliances made much money. No intoxicating drink could be bought in the town. Soldiers who insisted on gas were comforted by the dentist's brandy. One day a Corporal fainted three times while having a back tooth bored and filled and was brought to by three goes of strong drink. But that day there were no more patients. The bottle was empty.

September, the month that "strips the chestnut and treads the grapes," has seen in many centuries wondrous things. Thus in 1682, a man at the Isle of Providence, belonging to a vessel whereof one Wollery was master, was charged with deceit and in order to his own vindication, he horribly wished "that the devil might put out his eyes as if he had done as was suspected concerning him. That very night," says the reverend chronicler, "a rhyme fell into his eyes, so as that within a few days he became stark blind." His company being astonished at the Divine hand which thus conspicuously and signally appeared, put him ashore at Providence, and left him there. A physician being desired to undertake his cure, hearing how he came to lose his sight, refused to meddle with him.

We heard this story yesterday. A few years ago a young man in a village was betrothed to a girl. At the last moment he was callous; he threw her over and married another woman. The deserted girl went raving mad and was sent to the nearest asylum. Some time after the wife began to show symptoms of insanity and she was finally taken to the madhouse. The woman in the next bed was she that had been jilted. We did not learn whether the husband is allowed to visit the two.

A correspondent writes in complaint of public grief being used to serve the ends of personal advertisement. She forgets that even advertisers may be human, that they, too, may mourn with others. At the same time we know of persons who always have their best eye toward business; who would cry: "Now's your last chance," even on the Great Day. We read in a London journal of a singular instance. A child died and the death was duly announced in the newspapers. The mother received a mass of printed stuff—poetry and pamphlets, all of them morbid—and with them was inclosed a subscription blank for a work entitled: "Consolation for Bereaved Mothers," which was to be issued by a clergyman. After some "comforting thoughts" such as "What a blessing your case is not a deal worse," and "You are not alone in your grief," the bereaved mother was asked to fill in the form and send a postal order for 1s. 6d. to the author.

A correspondent who is back from a tour in Siberia writes that he visited a theatre in the town of Kansk, and

when the first play, actors made an appearance on the stage and bowed to the audience, the whole audience rose like one man and answered the bow most politely.

The late trial in the House of Peers provoked, and still provokes, plain talking. Mr. Sims remembers a jury once empaneled to try an exquisite, who had declared it was a beastly shame that he should be tried by a beastly common jury. The commanding officer heard of this speech and tried to meet the young man's objection. When the jury answered to their names it was found that among them were "a King, a Prince, a Duke, an Earl, a Marquis, a Lord, a Noble, a Baron, a Knight, a Bishop, a Dean and an Arch-deacon." Mr. Sims adds: "It must be remembered that the House of Lords today is largely made up of brewers, bakers and successful traders. The Peers of tomorrow will be grandsons of successful Dutch, German and Spanish-American speculators and manufacturers, with a dash of the English music hall and comic opera chorus thrown in. It is absurd to continue to the Peers under these circumstances a privilege which is an insult not only to common sense, but to the community."

The Watch and Ward Society should study the habits and customs of the Chinese. Any Chinaman who writes an immoral book is punished with transportation for life, together with 100 blows of a bamboo. The seller subjects himself to transportation for three years, and he starts with 100 blows. Readers are also punished, as are purchasers who have not read the book—100 blows of the bamboo. And if a writer, vendor, purchaser, or reader of immoral books is detected breaking the law, the Magistrate of the district is summoned before the Supreme Court and sentenced to at least 50 blows.

Women should heed the lesson taught by the sad experience of a dressmaker of Paris. She wished promotion, but her hair betrayed her age. She therefore bought a hair dye and the next day her hair was the color of ripening wheat. Her rejoicing was only for a moment; her hair no longer matched her complexion. And so she was forced to experiment with various dyes. She was determined to be a blonde; she tried every hue from delicate straw to richest auburn. In vain were her scrupulous efforts; the looking glass told her and all observers would know, that her incomplete youth was the result of artifice. The hair of the poor woman grew variegated; "she was a rainbow blonde with locks that ranged from carrot to cadmium." She tried a raven black. The result was a painful skin disease. She then went to the law for comfort; but her plea was dismissed. The Court handed down the wise decision that it is improper to interfere with nature, and that those who do so act at their risk and peril.

Sept 21, 1901

We have received the following letter:

Shouldamansett, Sept. 17.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

What shall I do to keep my servant girl contented until I return to the city? In the spring she was delighted at the thought of spending the summer in a cool and healthy manner. When summer came she showed interest in the preparations for departure. Our cottage is new and in good order. The kitchen has four windows and a steady breeze. The maid's room is larger and better than many I have slept in at summer resorts, and she has hot and cold water and other conveniences in a closet nearby; these rooms, and a third, in which she can store her trunk, are separated practically from the rest of the house, and there is a back stairway, so she is independent in every way.

A few weeks ago she began to sulk. I at once inquired whether the salt water was too hot or too cold, for she bathed regularly in the ocean and has our bath-house. "No; the water was all right." She surely was not lonely, for there were girls of all nationalities and coachmen and gardeners and village boys. "But there are no street lights, and there isn't a man here who is worth a yeast cake."

I don't understand the girl. She has a good place, easy work—that is, comparatively easy work, for any work is hard. She has gained in flesh since she came here in July, and her flesh is firm, her face is clear and ruddy, her eyes are bright. I suppose it is a little dull, especially in September. But land and ocean are most beautiful and the air is like strong wine. There is a public library here, and we give her newspapers and magazines when we are through with them. She is an in-

dependent girl. Why, then, does she not date her advantages? and what can I do to keep her here? MRS. J. H.

Pay her 50 cents or even a dollar more each week. Then you will see a happy, shining face; then you will see a springy motion in her gait. She will not be consoled by splendor sunset, carpets of marsh-grass, a cession of wild-flowers, frowns laughter of ocean, or ever changing clouds. A fifty-cent piece will turn northeast storm into sunny noon. She will even lead her to respect her maid and mistress.

And did you think for a moment that your maid-of-all-work would appreciate quiet, pure air, early hours? You should have known from the time she bangs in the kitchen that she has no nerves. She would agree with Milverton in Helps's essay: "It is probable that there is no form of man suffering which meets with sympathy or regard from those who do not suffer from it than the suffering caused by noise." She misses the roar and crash of the town, the din of electric cars and trucks, the whoop of ice men and milk men and grocers, who are noisy even in sudden courtship. The silence of the night even distresses her. Nor is she at all in this. There are men of large estate who cannot endure the quiet of true country life. They are uneasy by day; and by night they hear the wind on the veranda or by the window. They encourage the establishment of a casino; they long for the introduction of trolley cars; they "want thin lively."

If she appreciated pure air, would she be willing for a moment to live in an underground room in the city? Her room is necessarily cheerless, even when it is not damp and unhealthy. There is little or no sun, and probably a huge steampipe runs through with an inexorable degree of heat. The room is without circulation of air. You walked by a most respectable block apartment houses early this week. The day had been oppressively warm and girls made their appearance from the basement to breathe a moment. They were sitting on the steps, getting what air they could. And they looked like the poor fellows that climb up from the stove-hole to the deck at stated intervals.

Any appeal to appreciation of scenery, as we have said, would be vain. Scenery to Lena or Bridget or Ellen is a comfortably appointed house in the city, with jolly fellow servants, high wages, males in the kitchen, and the sight of a policeman standing by lamp-post. There should be schools for the proper appreciation of scenery. Remember that Horace Walpole and Thomas Gray saw neither beauty nor grandeur in the Alps; that you will find scanty recognition of any charm of Nature in the literature of the 18th century. How few of those who live among the mountains or by the sea care for those things which make so many men and women go pilgrimages. The skipper put his house in a sheltered place from which the ocean is not visible. He had seen enough of waves in his business; he did not care for them as a decoration in the landscape. The lot that commands a superb view of the ocean went begging for a long time; it was not fit for garden truck. It was not good pasture-land. The owner sold it at a ridiculously small price, as the city man says; but no villager would have paid half the amount, for the lot was "bleak and marshy." Nor are all city men and women on friendly terms with scenery. Some of them are afraid of it. A wide horizon, a far-off sky, the absence of any immediate neighbor—these things disconcert them. The howling wind, the clouded mountain, the frowning sea, the black and brooding night, convince them in spite of their money, their cleanly habits and linen, their approved clothes, their position established indisputably by some Social Register, that they are feeble, crawling things. The city, the great ant-hill, the "burgess-warren," where even the angriest lightning is dissipated by commercial wires, reassures them when they return; and they finally shake off their dread and again strut their way in street and parlor.

We infer from your remarks about sea baths and newspapers and magazines that you have spoiled your maid. We know a kindly, generous housekeeper of great experience and shrewd observation, a woman who has lived liberally in many lands. She gave it as her opinion that too many Americans ruin their servants and their own comfort by undue kindness and sympathy. "The more you inquire into

ishes and try to do them, are you give them outside of is justly due them, the more you show in petty ailments affairs, the less they will do you, the less willing they will do the appointed work. They money; I want work properly. So she said in our presence to a housekeeper who wished to the mental condition of her. This young mistress had talked familiarly on topics of the day, her books, called her attention to the wretchedness of the world, inquired about the condition of her comfort, and disregard of reasonable commands were the return. The older housekeeper said: "My girl is not comfortable, she you know and with no uncertainty. But don't anticipate any about open a Sheltering Home for aged Complacent Servants."

LONG the statutes of the streets passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was one by which citizens were forbidden under pain of imprisonment to blow a horn in the street or to whistle after the hour of 9. Wife-beating at night was mentioned as a special offence, as once to create a noise. Ah, those were good nights, as well as days!

M. Percy Pitt has written the music for Mr. George Alexander's new play "Pao and Francesca." There is a melody to each of the four acts, and the first runs into the incidental music of the opening act. The preludes and music accompanying the action, including a wedding march which ends at the end of the first act, is built up with representative themes, the most important of which are associated with Giovanni, the tyrant Paolo, the lover; Francesca, the lord; and Lucrezia, cousin of Giovanni. The different temperaments of the characters have provided the composer with good material for musical illustration, and he seems to have made use of the opportunities offered him, particularly in the scene where the lovers meet in an arbor in the grounds as the dawn is beginning to break. Some idea of the extent and fineness of Mr. Pitt's work may be gathered from the fact that the short score covers 85 pages.

Chalkowsky is a great favorite at the moment in London, greater than Wagner, would appear, at the Promenade Concerts.—Edward Elgar has turned "Pomp and Circumstance," one of the sections of his "Enigma Variations" into an original theme, into a separate intermezzo, and it was played for the first time in London August 1st. von Stosch has been fiddling with the delight of Londoners.—Mr. Chas. Hambro, who is deeply interested in a new opera, suggests "Ingomar" as a subject. Of course, the chief love scene will be "Two souls with but a single thought," etc.—Gregory Hust, an English tenor, who will visit us, is a chorister at St. Peter's, Vauxhall.—Dr. Elgar has in hand, and in the stages of approach to completion, a sextet for strings, a series of variations bearing the title of "Pomp and Circumstance," and a symphony.—Mr. George-Taylor has finished "A Rhapsody of the Sea" for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, entitled "McG Blane." The text is by the late Robert Burns.—Messrs. Novello are about to publish an interesting composition, entitled the ancient "Hymn of the Infarnation," "Adeste Fideles," with the Latin text, which has never before been published in its entirety allied to music. The peculiarity of the latest version consists in the accompaniment of each of the eight verses written by different composers.—Mr. Gladstone has provided the prelude to the first verse is set to the melody, restored to its simple form by Dom Samuel Ould of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland,

the originator of the scheme. The accompaniment to the second verse is provided by Mr. William Sewell, the third by Mr. H. B. Collins, the fourth by Mr. Walter Parratt, the fifth by Mr. Tozer, the sixth by Sir Hubert Parry, the seventh by Dr. C. W. Pearce, the eighth by Mr. S. P. Waddington.—Mr. W. H. Bell, who has written the "Walt Whitman Symphony," wrote the orchestral prelude, "A song in the night," for the Gloucester Festival. The motto was Wordsworth's lines: "All that love the sun are out of doors." The sky rejoices in the morning birth." Mr. Bell is about 28 years old. He was a chorister at St. Albans Cathedral at the age of 8, and when he won the Goss scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. As organ playing is an essential condition for admission to this scholarship, and as Mr. Bell at that time scarcely knew the organ, he had to learn it in a very short time. He has since that time made it his specialty, and it may be said that his tenacity to record

that he, by dint of extraordinary labor, was able, in the space of a fortnight, to equip himself with the accomplishment necessary to win the scholarship.—Rosenthal will play in Russia during the early part of the winter; he will play with orchestra, as well as in recitals, in Paris next January; and he may go to London later.—Anton Bennewitz, the teacher of Ondricek and Haller at the Prague Conservatory, has resigned his position as Director of that institution.—Godowsky will teach the piano in Berlin.—They say that Emil Fischer, the bass, will teach in New York.—Miss Mary Sheratt, "an American," will give a piano concert, with orchestra, in Berlin, Dec. 6.—Christine Nilsson wrote from Sweden: "I cannot understand how the newspapers have invented such an absurd story about me. I have, thank God, not been ill for years, and have been very astonished and rather angry about this ridiculous invention of the English press."

Gertrude May Stein was married early this month to Mr. Leon Orlando Bailey, now of counsel for the American Financial Trust Company of New York. Nevertheless—she will surely sing at the Worcester Festival this week. Mr. Bailey is her second husband. The first was an oboe player of distinction who has visited Boston as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company.

Here is a story from the German Times:

A short time ago lovers of singing at Moscow were thrown into a state of great excitement, having heard that a songstress like Adelina Patti had been discovered amongst the laundresses of the ancient Muscovite capital. It turned out that the individual in question did really possess a marvellously sweet voice, but her chances of rivaling the great artist had disappeared. She is already 35 years of age, so that she is too old to have her voice trained. Still, she might have proved an excellent singer for the chorus, and a rich patron was ready to send her to the Conservatoire and meanwhile to endow her with a sufficient income.

Unhappily all these plans were frustrated by the lady's spouse, who stubbornly asserted that a woman who went to the Conservatoire was of no use forever afterward. The husband was obdurate and refused to yield, and so the world will hear nothing more of this diva of the blanchisseuses.

Observe that in this tale there is no mention of a "washerwoman." For there are no washerwomen today; there are only fierce, wild things that destroy or lose linen.

Here is a beautiful example of the fine Italian hand of the Rev. Mr. Görnitz, most indefatigable of press agents. I quote from M. A. R.:

"When the question of the great American tour, on which he shortly embarks, was first mentioned to Herr Kubelik, he emphatically declined to consider it without the consent of his mother. In order to meet this difficulty, Mr. Görnitz and the young violinist set out for the mother's home, which lies a little way out of Prague. For a long time she hesitated, and it was only when she had been eloquently explained, the luxury and comfort of American trains and hotels minutely described, and the certain success of the venture fully set forth, that she eventually consented. The following day, during lunch at the Black Horse in Prague, a visitor was announced, and Mme. Kubelik was duly ushered into the presence of her son and his manager. She had come, not to withdraw her permission, but merely to ask that she might be included in the touring party, a request that can only be fully appreciated, from the manager's point of view, when one remembers the son as the idol of the fashionable and, if you will, the snobbish world, wherever he goes, and the mother as the warm-hearted, simple rustic, the widow of a struggling gardener, with no knowledge of any language but the most primitive Czech, and entirely ignorant of the world and its ways."

After all, the question is not one concerning Mr. Kubelik's m-m-m-m-mother; it is this, How does the young man play? And this has been answered in Europe in divers ways.

The New York Evening Post in a review of the first performance of "The Messenger Boy" at Daly's, Sept. 16, spoke in general of that class of works known as musical comedies, "Presumably on the lucus a non-lucendo principle," because they have little to do with anything even remotely connected with either comedy or music. And it then said:

"These modern musical travesties, void of all sense or invention, will scarcely bear comparison even with the degenerate burlesque of the later Lydia Thompson period. They provoke regrets for the verbal extravagances of H. J. Byron, and the trivialities of Reece, Danby, Royce, and others, and are, of course, immeasurably inferior to the really witty and fanciful productions of such men as John Brougham and E. L. Blanchard. To mention the work of Gilbert and Sullivan in the same breath with them would be almost a sacrilege. The deterioration in the quality of every form of burlesque, travesty, or extravaganza during the

last twenty or thirty years has been as steady and rapid as it is deplorable. In the multiplicity of counsellors, says one proverb, there is wisdom. Too many cooks spoil the broth," says another.

Six cooks, or counsellors, were concerned in the present hash, according to the program. Their wisdom is manifested presumably in the divided responsibility; their potency as spallers in the general result. To treat their musical or vocal nonsense seriously would amount to an admission that it is worthy of consideration, which would be absurd."

It praised Miss May Robson, "who contrived to impart some semblance of life to the dry and doleful carcass of the piece by virtue of her own eccentricity. She furnished some really good burlesque acting."

The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes:

An opera called "The Dream of Rosina," by Maestro Carlo Mussinelli of Spezia, has just been given with great success. A peculiar interest attaches to the new work, as the composer is totally blind, having lost his eyesight at the age of three, after an attack of measles. He is now 30, and it would seem that the light and color of his beautiful bay, upon which he looked for so short a time, have remained forever vivid and vibrating in his memory. He has risen above the prestration which this sudden misfortune might have engendered, through his love of music. His ear is ultra-sensitive to melody and the hidden harmonies of the soul, so that he lives in a species of fervid mystic exaltation. One who has visited him tells me that his life is passed on the banks of the Gulf of Spezia, in the midst of profound silence. As he sat at the piano playing selections from his new opera, from an adjoining room came the notes of a canary, which seemed to offend his ear almost as though he wished to hear nothing but his own harmonies. His hands, those uncertain ones of the blind, became, the moment they touched the notes, firm and secure, and of an energy almost violent and feverish. He does not brood over his infirmity, but is nearly always smiling, his heart being all in all strength, light and hope. The music of this blind Maestro is full of harmony, essentially Italian, with sweet melodies and formidable symphonies. His first opera has had success in a provincial theatre, and the Maestro considers it only as a step to some large centre and some more ambitious composition. I hear that the work stands on its own merits, not on the pathetic story of its composer.

An English correspondent writes: "The death of Signor Platti must recall forcibly to the minds of old opera-goers his playing in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre on the night of Jenny Lind's debut in 'Robert le Diable.' The whole house, occupants of boxes and all, stood up to applaud him. Strange things happened that night. Mme. Castellan omitted 'Robert, toi qui j'aime' (!). When, in the graveyard scene, that charming dancer, Caroline Rosati, was about to fall into the arms of Robert (Signor Fraschini), she looked over her shoulders as she was falling back on tiptoe, and saw him at the far end of the stage. By a marvellous tour de force she recovered her balance and danced on till it was his pleasure to receive her in his arms. He sang no more in London after that season. Agaln, Staudigl, who came over from Germany to sing in the part of Bertram, was taken ill before the opera was more than half over. Mr. Lumley was in despair. But he saw in one of the boxes Leffler, and captured him. He was at the time free from one of those passing ailments that have sometimes afflicted great singers, and he sang, with his superb bass voice, the rest of Bertram's part far better than Staudigl could have done. That was an eventful year. Covent Garden, though backed up by Mr. Gye's great company, lost what Mr. Lumley gained. I was offered a fabulous sum that morning for my orchestra stall."

We have received the following letter:

Salem, Sept. 21.
The Editor of Talk of the Day:
You mentioned this morning an essay by Sir Arthur Helps. I turned to my books, but found it not in "Friends in Council," "Companions of My Solitude," or "Realma." Then I thought of a book by Helps that is less known, "Social Pressure" and I ran the quotation and you to earth. The title of the essay is "Towns May Be Too Large." I read it again with delight, and I wish that you might some day reprint the whole essay. How pertinent, for instance, are the following sentences to the case of Bostonians today.

"It is contended that the metropolitan railways afford a large means of daily exit into fresh air for the London people. But this affects only a small part of the population, comparatively speaking. It is the thousands who go: it is the hundreds of thousands who remain. And this brings me to another very important branch of the subject. The fact of these thousands going away makes it worse for the hundreds of thousands who remain. Those

who have their homes out of London can hardly be expected to care much for their own neighborhoods in London."

Is it not true that men, yes, and women who now live comfortably in the suburbs of Boston and heed not the discomfort of citizens would, if they had been living in the city, have protested forcibly and perhaps successfully against the invasion of streets and quiet and light and air? Formerly there were citizens of Boston who were ever on the watch for encroachment on their rights, however plausible or speciously philanthropic the proposal. Now these men and others of like character are nummolested; they are far from the dirt and filth of wretchedly paved streets, far from the clangorous surface or elevated car. They read of the discomfort as they read of Armenian outrages, and then fold peaceful hands. Thus Boston has become merely an enormous railway station for the benefit of dwellers in suburbs and towns still more remote. The surviving inhabitants suffer, because someone wishes to go swiftly from Charlestown to Dorchester, or from East Boston to Newton. But how far are all these things from my little village!

Looking through "Social Pressure" I came upon Sir John Ellesmere's essay on "Hospitality" in twelve sentences. These sentences should be posted prominently in every summer home—for the instruction of the host and the consequent benefit of the guests. How admirable is this: "He should show no favoritism, if possible; and if he is a man who must indulge in favoritism, it should be to those of his guests who are more obscure than the others."

Perhaps it is because I am older than I was some years ago; perhaps because I need a simple diet and much sleep; but I have come to the conclusion after visiting many houses with rich owners that a man who proposes to play the part of host should be examined by a carefully chosen committee as to his qualifications. It is not enough to have money. Any rich man can order strawberries out of season and the melons of Montreal. Nor is it a question of size and decoration of bed chamber or suite of rooms. When Mr. Severne in Charles Reade's "Woman Hater" visited Vizard Court, he found his room had an oriel window 20 feet wide and three brass bedsteads with hair mattresses a foot thick, and washhand stands with china backs four feet high, and short towels, long towels, thick towels, thin towels, baths of every shape, a knee-hole table, paper and envelopes of all kinds; and there was an ante-room with a screened bath room, and a library of books, clocks, piano, harmonium; and the clocks were in perfect time, and the musical instruments were in perfect tune.

Now I do not ask for all this, and if I found a harmonium in my bed room, I should cover it with a comforter, if I did not disconnect the mechanism or throw the machine out of the window. I do ask, however, for the same respect that I pay myself in lodgings or even in a boarding house.

There are ideal hosts, hosts who know how to let you alone and thus win your confidence. To them you gratefully pour out the treasure of your learning, wit, reminiscence. But there are well-meaning hosts who treat you as they would be treated. They insist on their own favorite dishes, their own choice of wines, their own hours. I am an early riser; breakfast is not served until 9.30. Or I do not sleep soundly until 4 or 5 A. M.; breakfast is announced at 8. My host does not eat fruit, except at the end of dinner; therefore, I furtively buy pears or peaches and smuggle them into the house and keep them in a handbag, where they rot quickly, and eat them after I have shaved, and wonder what I shall do with the skins. There is a set hour for driving; but suppose I loathe a long, perfunctory drive? Champagne poisons me; but my host insists that I shall taste the brandy dear to him and his friends. I cannot sleep before midnight, but the rule of the house is that lights are out at 11 P. M., so far as what I may call the public rooms are concerned. It is not every guest that eats meat at breakfast, or likes a salad dressing in which vinegar drowns out oil, or prefers ice cream or a jelly or a rich pie to a simple pudding. And I may here say that the average host of large fortune has yet to learn that simplicity in cookery is one of the chief delights of the true amateur of life. The thing itself may be costly on account of scarceness or occasion, but it must be simply prepared and simply served.

Suppose a host should invite four men, or two men and two women, to his house for a week. Why should not each guest accept, and inclose a list of the dishes, hours, amusements

referred by him or her, and a list of things absolutely abominable. The host and his wife would then look over the lists, see wherein there is agreement, and then either repeat the invitation or frankly cancel that of the one who would probably be unhappy. Or they might cancel all the invitations and throw out a drag-net of hospitality. Any guest, who finally arrives at the house, should pin the list of his wants and dislikes on the chamber wall or on the hat-tree, where it might be consulted daily by the butler and the housekeeper.

Of course, such hospitality could be extended only by the rich. But I make it a point never to visit persons who cannot easily supply my wants. Think of the husband and wife in moderate circumstances discussing the appetite of the guest after he has gone to bed only half-satisfied; wondering before they go to sleep whether they ought to order two broilers for the next dinner, or whether by judicious abstinence, on their part one broiler would not suffice? And I do not like to walk to the railway station or jump on a crowded car or barge. Unless I visit the homes of the wealthy, I am far more comfortable in my own modest home. This is a selfish world, but let us get out of it all the good there is.

SALTONSTALL BROWNE.

When death draws near I hope no winter day
Behind the tortured elms will slink away
In hopeless sunset plagued with plangent wing.
My stricken soul would fear itself to find
Breathed forth to roam in the chill general grey.
Nor let the slow sad splendors of decay
Redden the misty land, nor blackthorn spray
Show the first eye of spring long yearning blind,
When death draws near.

Rather, I hope, when quivering noon holds sway
O'er sun-drunk fields, and bright scythes
Lip the hay.
So sated that I leave no joy behind,
While no regrets blow storm across my mind,
To part from nature in calm kindly way,
When death draws near.

You had not seen Ferguson since March, and it was in March that you began to ail and they put you on a strict diet and gave you medicines and subjected you to weekly and impertinent tests. You weighed yourself on your return to town last week and found you were lighter by 40 pounds. Your clothes now hang on you as though they had been made by a fashionable London tailor and smuggled in a packing-case or carboy. You are lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed, pigeon-breasted. Your belly is like the inside of a plate. Your legs are, as Hood said of Lamb's, immaterial. You are interested chiefly in your health.

Ferguson recognized you afar off. He pulled at once the face of compassion. He took hold of your hand gingerly as though it were of glass. "Why, what's the matter, old man? You look like the devil. How thin you are! I didn't know that you were sick. What does the doctor say? Have you got a good one, one that knows his business?" Loudness of voice emphasized Ferguson's interest. Two women passing turned and stared at you, and then talked to each other. You knew they were pitying you.

You answered in a chipper manner. "Why, everybody says I am in fine condition, that I never looked better. I am a little thinner, but that is because I have let rum alone. No more beer or whisky for me. That bloated can't be healthy. Just look at Smythe and Brown and Robinson—and you name other intimate friends. They are sights. I did go to the doctor, but he says now I am right as a trivet." (It would puzzle you if you were asked to define "trivet" or why it is a standard.)

You hate Ferguson, with his officious interest and lack of tact. You look into the first looking-glass, you look anxiously, almost tearfully. You are tired out, your flesh is pasty and pale. You creep homeward, but you must make a brave show before your wife, and so you are like unto the man mentioned in the epistle of James, the man beholding his face in a glass; "for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

To E. O. K.—No, we do not advise you to put cashmere bouquet on your moustache. Nor do we advise brilliantine or wax. Kaiser Wilhelm now allows his moustache to droop; he has abandoned cosmetics and the mechanical trainer that worked while he slept. It is a sad sight to see a man with drooping moustache look like the walrus on his walk with the carpenter in

the memorable poem; neither is it pleasant to see a moustache ornamented with soap, "like dew on a shrub," or with grains of buttered and salted corn, but a little care, a little twisting, a little brushing each day will remove you from fear of such prejudicial accidents.

But cashmere bouquet—never. The sickening, effeminate odor clings to the hair; it wakes you up at night. Strong men move away from you. The smell is more pestilential than that of cigarette, rock goat, garlic or exposed drain.

You are of an age, we infer, when you delight in the society of young women and are filled with matrimonial desire. You like to exchange with the adored one pretty sofa talk. All this is natural and laudable. We approve, therefore, we recommend to you, as a prudent person, who has at heart the best interest of your girl, this passage from Montaigne, as it is Englished by John Florio: "The common sort of bodies are cleane, and the best qualitie they have is to be cleare of any smell at all. * * * He that complaineth against nature, that she hath not created man with a fit instrument, to carrie sweet smells fast-tied to his nose, is much to blame; for they carrie themselves. As for me in particular, my mostachoes, which are verie thick, serve me for that purpose. Let me but approach my gloves or my handkercher to them, their smell will sticke upon them a whole day. They manifest the place I come from. The close-smacking, sweetnesse-moving, love al-

luring, and greedy-smirking kisses of youth, were heretofore wont to sticke on them many houres after." Your Angelina has an enchanting down on the upper lip; and what will she say to her parents when, after your departure, she ascends to the upper floor reeking with cashmere bouquet?

We have received the following note: Boston, Sept. 22, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
This seems a good time for reading President Roosevelt's "Winning of the West." Of course, when he wrote it, he was not President, and had no idea of becoming the first man of the United States. The book is the work of a young man. Young men sometimes say things and do things that we others had better mind with care. At any rate Mr. Roosevelt tells a good part of American history, and our Homeric age never had better treatment. The parallel between the characters in Homer and the "Winning of the West" may not have occurred to the author it is none the less striking. So is the general condition of things described by the two. Call it the heroic age, or pioneering, an era of ruffians, primitive or wild, rude, uncouth, savage, barbarous, it represents a necessary step, fraught with innumerable adventures, big with consequences, illumined by infinite cheer. One gets acquainted with the author, which is well, and with the origin of the great West, which is as well. Of wholly American books, dealing with American topics in an American way, we have few like this "Winning of the West." The execution is brisk; but the point to be mentioned is that the subject is worthy of Homer himself. XXX.

Here is a sad story about an elusive dog. The teller is W. F. W.:

He belongs to a friend of mine. Or, rather, it is a friend of mine who belongs to him. He is a bulldog, with all the "points" of the breed absurdly exaggerated. He was first observed seated on the pavement just clear of the observer's doorstep. He presented an opaque, gelatinous appearance, while his eyes gleamed as though they were lit up from within. It was night, and moonlight, and the moonlight seemed to go through the opaqueness of the dog. So did the observer's stick, and so, subsequently, did his boot. But the dog has never allowed this to happen again. He has become elusive, intermittent. A medical man suggested whisky as an explanation. But the other man is a teetotaler. It may be teetotalism. An oculist says it is something else. But there it is.

The London worm has turned. The successors of "The Belle of New York" have failed to charm, and "The Whirl of the Town" calls for the open remonstrance. Thus we read in the Pall Mall Gazette that Mr. "Hugh Morton" and Mr. Gustave Kerker have grown "threadbare and feetore."

"Whatever inspiration they may once have possessed has gone, and the dregs are represented by two acts and six scenes of dull tomfoolery. * * * No, there is nothing but a whirl of chatter, a succession of useless efforts to hold the attention for five minutes on end. A pretty mermaid (Miss Madge Lessing) gyrates helplessly through the

piece, and the low comedians after a time abandon the efforts to raise a laugh. The one bright moment in the whole evening was the dance of Miss Mabel Love as the 'Spirit of Champagne.' The rest of it is all stale beer; and which the house resented with a depressing and ominous silence. The fact is only too patent that American musical absurdity must take more trouble with itself before it can hope to compete with the English product such as Mr. George Edwardes can supply with so much inventiveness. The preference is not a matter of national prejudice. People will go to see the best amusement, whatever its genesis; but Londoners are tired, and rightly tired, of the olla podrida which, however well dressed, has no guiding spirit. If you throw things on the stage for your public, that public will in the existence of better amusements throw things back at you. Last night they were too disappointed to do even that."

We spoke lately of Benedictine and the future distillery on Elba. Now we learn that the Grande Chartreuse has sold its rights of distribution to a syndicate. This arrangement is no doubt on account of the death of Pere Garnier, whose signature on the label was a guarantee of good faith. He was a shrewd business man, and vigilant in protecting the rights of his fellows. The Chartreuse asked the price of \$16,000,000.

There are four kinds of the liqueur; the Elixer; the Liqueur Verte; the Liqueur Jaune, which is less strong; the Liqueur Blanche—the "Balm of the Chartreuse." At least 50 plants, seeds, flowers are used in the making, and the chief ingredients are shoots of the pine, mountain-plink, mint, halm, thyme, angelica and wormwood. There is a good deal of absinthe in green Chartreuse. — *Servant*

Worcester, Sept. 25.—Various explanations are given of the lack of popular interest in the Festival thus far. Some say that the raise in the price of subscription tickets chilled the enthusiasm of former patrons. Some say that the sickness of Emma Eames was a severe blow to the well-laid plans of the managers, and that worshipers of stars were not consoled by the fact that Suzanne Adams, the substitute, came not many years ago from Darkest Cambridge. An advertising agent told me that "the show had not been properly presented to the public." Others claim that the tragedy at Buffalo excresced a quiet but deep influence. Last night a citizen of Worcester explained the decrease in attendance by mentioning the eager anticipation of a "Society Circus" which will soon delight those in search of amusement and those who are curious to see how "society people" behave outside of the columns of the Sunday journals.

Whatever the cause may be, the attendance thus far has been smaller at rehearsal as well as at concerts. It is too early to say how this fact will affect the financial results, for there is praiseworthy curiosity to hear Mr. Chadwick's lyric drama, "Judith," and on "Artists' Night" the hall may be packed. It must also be remembered that Emma Eames commands a higher price than that which Mrs. Adams Stern at present receives. The managers are more hopeful each day.

The concert this afternoon does not call for detailed criticism. The orchestral numbers, the overture to "Die Meistersinger," Brahms's Symphony No. 3, and Massenet's overture "Parsifal," are familiar to the audiences of Boston. The Symphony, one of the most genial works of an austere composer—and I here use the "genial" with the common meaning of the word—was played for the first time at the Festival. It is a singular fact that Brahms's first symphony—the toughest nut of the four—was the one first played here—in '86, and the second, a far more popular work, was not played until 1898. The prelude to "Die Meistersinger" was played today for the fourth time, and the orchestral works of Wagner that preceded the first performance of this brilliant piece—brilliant in spite of muddy patches—were the overtures "Rienzi" (of course), "Tannhauser," Kalsarmarsch (1882) and, what seems incredible, "Faust." The overture by Massenet, appropriately feverish, but filled with a spirit essentially Parisian and not Greek, has been heard here before.

There are reasons why it would be futile to speak at any length concerning the prevailing character of the orchestral performances at these festivals. The orchestra comes together for the first time after performances in popular concerts and after vacation, spent by some of the members in work among the mountains or by the sea. No matter how admirable the players individually may be; no matter how willing or zealous they may be, no one will deny that this famous orchestra does not shine to full advantage until it has played in several Symphony concerts under a rigid drill-master. Then think of the work done by these men at a Festival. Rehearsals, the Monday night and each morning with chorus or soloists; concerts afternoons and evenings. Furthermore, on account of expense orchestral rehearsals of such difficult works as "The Beattitudes" and the Manzoni Requiem are necessarily limited, and the finish demanded imperatively by the composer is impossible. It may also

be said without disparagement, more important orchestral parts for more detailed rehearsal than can be received.

On the other hand, the presence of an orchestra justifies the appearance of certain orchestral works which would otherwise remain unknown to the audience at large; and the gro of popular taste and appreciation in regard to orchestral pieces is one of the most striking features of the his of these festivals. At the same time it is only just to note the fact that the performance of Brahms's Sympl this afternoon was one of unparal dullness.

The solo singers were Miss Adel J. Griggs of Boston and Mr. E. Towne, who was born in Providence, believe, and now lives in New York. It was Miss Griggs's first appearance at these concerts. She chose Berlioz's "La Captive," which was sung fully here by Miss Marguerite three or four years ago, although fact is not recorded in the record the end of the program-book. Griggs had, in the main, an execution of the composer's intent. Her lower and middle tones were warm, but her upper tones were elined to be shrill or below the pitch. It seemed at times as though her physical and technical resou did not respond to her artistic poses, as in phrases which suff from want or proper control of br

Mr. Towne gave an unaffected, ma reading of the romance from gloomy opera of Ponchielli, from wh Mascagni and his fellows derived many ideas, now marshaled under banner inscribed "Verismo." Towne's performance was hom straightforward, effective. The feat of the afternoon, however, was the choral accompaniment to "La Cive," as conducted by Mr. Kneisel.

The work performed this evening Verdi's "Requiem"—the sixth performance here. The solo singers were J. Cumming, Mrs. Clara Peole-King, J. son Van Hoose, Carl E. Dufft, J. Peole sang here at festival concert in '88, '89, '90, and Dr. Dufft in '91, '92, '93, '94, '95, '96, so they n justly be called veterans.

If there be any great work wh requires an attention to detail t should be almost slavish, and requi at the same time fervent devot, dramatic enthusiasm, and a passion realization of the awful hymn, t work is the Requiem written by Verdi of the period that began opically with "Un Ballo" and culmi ted with "Aida." How seldom, th is there an ideal performance! And their inability to understand to w extremes the art of nuancing may carried by a skillful and imaginat leader, some critics, conductors, pl ers and singers mock openly the ferent stages of piano as expressed Verdi in this "Requiem" and Tschalkowsky in his "Pathetic" sy phony. Some conductors, as Gerlicke, who saw Verdi conduct work and are still haunted by marvelous results, know that dynamic indications were deliberate, fanciful. But Verdi was a condue of incredible authority, as Paris well as Vienna and Italian cities kn and remember. Nor is it neces to go so far from home. The re performances in Boston proved t effects, long held to be impossil are not only possible but absolut necessary.

When these facts are taken into e sideration it is a pleasure for me add that the choral and profound religious work—a work that must ranked not only among the mast pieces of Verdi, but among the mast pieces in the musical literature of world, was far superior to the performance of "The Beattitudes" on night before. There was through the evening a much closer observ of dynamic indications; there was better balance of parts; there was greater confidence in attack and uthority in delivery of the phrase. opening chorus, for instance, which too often gone through Ly the sing as though they were rough-shod a perfunctory mourners, was given praiseworthy accord with the spirit the composer. If only the orches had paid like consideration! And it was only one of many instances. It was true that the performance was without flaw. The orchestra, though was under better control than on preceding night, was often too nu in evidence, and on the other hand t accompaniment to "Pieni Sunti," el in the "Sanctus," was not distinct marked, while the chorus was too lo and without a truly satisfactory lega The crescendo of the trumpet fanf was not worked up effectively, because there was not a dramatic celeration of the tempo for a doz or so measures before the tremendo crash in which the basses of the ch out. But on the whole the perform ance was one that reflected credit the chorus and gave legitimate plea ure to the hearer.

The soloists were always earnest a often satisfactory. Mrs. Cumming voice is without sufficient body present to do full justice to the mus Mrs. Peole-King's phrasing varied times against the spirit and the lter of poet and musician, but she all the singers displayed more of a grand style than the music demand Mr. Van Hoose, in spite of a tenden to pinch certain tones, was at tim effective without too great effort. I Dufft sang with evident appreciat of text as well as music.

There was a comparatively sm, but enthusiastic audience. Before the "Requiem" the funeral march from "Goetterdaemmerung" was played in memory of Preside McKinley. The fitness of the ch may well be questioned. The music so heavy with thought of heroes a heroines of "The Ring" that it hardly to be accepted as the expion of general lamentation. A mar of absolute music, such as Beethov

in the Heroic Symphony, or the Dead March in "Saul" would be more to the purpose.

program Thursday afternoon include Saint-Saëns's Prelude to the "Deluge," Kelley's suite "Aladdin," Schumann's Overture, Scherzo in A-flat, and the Bell Song from "Die Lorelei," which will be sung by Miss Estelle Liebling. Thursday evening, Adick's "Judith" will be performed for the first time and the soloist will be Gertrude Stein, and Miss Bispham, Towne, Duft.

Sept 27

Worcester, Sept. 26.—The program of concert this afternoon was as follows:

"The Deluge".....Saint-Saëns
"Aladdin".....Kelley
(Conducted by the composer).
Bell Song from "Lakmé".....Delibes
Estelle Liebling.
Scherzo and Finale.....Schumann
Edgar Stillman Kelley is best known in Boston as the composer of comic opera, "Puritania," which, as the music was concerned, had a better fate, and by his inclusion of music to "Ben-Hur." His song, "The Lady Picking Her Pearls," has been heard in concert. But his music to "Macbeth," his "Aladdin" suite and his "Israel" have been given, although I believe some of the "Macbeth" music in storm or other were performed at the concert.

program-book tells us that the "Aladdin" suite is founded on Chinese music during the sojourn of the composer on the Pacific Coast. It was first played under his direction in San Francisco and (in part) at a concert of the Manuscript Society in New York April, 1891. Seidl was the next to play it.

Though we now know that the enchanting tale of Aladdin and the wicked magician, the Princess won by jewels, and the place that was reared in a night of one of the genuine "Thousand and a Night," although we are that the hero's name should be "Aladdin," the charm of the story is unbroken and no notes of an apocryphal interest can add to the story of children, young and old. The story again in Burto's translation the other day, I dwell in a city of the cities of the East, a man which was a tailor, with a super, and he had one son, Aladdin. The charm of the spell he was wrapped in. I forgot the story of the Worcester Festival and I gladly have abandoned work to the old familiar tale, and others more surprising, perhaps, at ease, in the light of the sun and by night. And then the thought of Mr. Kelley's musical illustrations in the story of Aladdin is a consolation.

Kelley's suite is in four movements. The first tells of the wedding of Aladdin and the Princess, that pearl that sheeny sun. The second scene is in a Pearl Garden. In the third, the wicked magician, the Marid, or slave of the lamp, above the palace, with the Lady Al-Budur in it. The finale celebrates the return and the Feast of the East.

On younger days we saw Aladdin atomlike, and the most striking was one taken from Flotow's "Aladdin." Music was written for it in various stage forms by Isouard, Gyrowetz, Guhr, Ricciardi.

Kelley in his suite has employed some, sometimes modified, he says, the heard in temples, theatres, the callings of the Chinese in San Francisco, and he has also hinted at harmonies and orchestral instruments of the same people. It might not be paradoxical to say that Oriental scenes are best suggested by a rare use of exotic themes, a harmonic and instrumental effect to produce realistically or rather to translate exotic music for the benefit of Western audiences, constant use of inherent and characteristic motifs of Oriental music should be avoided. The monotony which is not unknown but is natural and beautiful in the Oriental is indescribably in the nervous people of the West. Moreover, it is a dangerous thing to imitate liberally and faithfully Oriental music, the composer is on safer ground when he imagines his Oriental hero evolves his camel from his unconsciousness.

The suite of Mr. Kelley, a man as well as a musician of varied acquirements and indisputable ability, is interesting in many places, nor is it a succession of floating pipe-reams. The first movement charms by its then the abuse of thematic repetition brings at least the suspicion of weariness. The chief theme of the suite is charming, but the third movement is to me by far the strongest of the four. There is the thought of incantation, of the triumph of the magician, and then the palace of alabaster, sumak, marble, and gold is borne aloft and far away. The point gives the impression of a rest of the mighty structure of the creatures of the lamp, while the upward flight is ingeniously expressed by a series of ascending chords. And then the song of the Princess with the alabaster. At last eye and ear can follow that which was just a speck. The last movement is a form of strictness that would not any prying pedagogue, but as a whole is ineffective.

Miss Liebling made her first appearance, and it would not be fair to pick of her at length. Perhaps she was nervous; perhaps she escaped from the school to try her German opera-houses. It may be that her intonation was not pure and that her bravura work was not always clean cut. The voice

is pretty and flexible, and the personality of the singer is agreeable. The "bells" in the accompaniment were played in a slovenly fashion.

Mr. George W. Chadwick's lyric drama "Judith" was performed to-night for the first time. The singers were:

Judith.....Gertrude Stein
Holofernes.....David Bispham
Achior.....E. C. Towne
Olas.....Carl E. Duft
A Sentinel.....E. C. Towne

How often the story of this violent and bloody woman has inspired musicians as well as painters! Operas and oratorios there are innumerable; stage music, symphonic poem, melodrama, ballets. The list of composers is one of many nationalities, and among these composers we find the names of Jommelli, Arne, Mozart, Salieri, Seroff the Russian, Lefebvre, Marcello, Cimarosa, Martin Roeder, who was well known in Boston, wrote a "Judith," but I believe it never was given.

The story is a short one. Thomas Beard, the schoolmaster of Oliver Cromwell, told it in a sentence in his "Theatre of God's Judgments."

"Whilest Holofernes besotted his senses with excess of wine and good cheer, Judith found means to cut off his head."

The apocryphal book has no historical basis according to the commentators. The situation, the incidents, the characters are purely fictitious.

Judith was a widow, a woman of a goodly countenance and very beautiful to behold. She was rich in gold, and silver, and men servants, and maid servants, and cattle and lands. And in her patriotism she determined to free her people from the Assyrians. "She washed her body all over with water and anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head, and put on a tair upon it, and put on her garments of gladness." Furthermore, "she took sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets, and her chains, and her rings, and her earrings, and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely, to allure the eyes of all men, that should see her."

Thus bedecked and bedizened she made her way to the tent of Holofernes, who received her warmly. And on the fourth day the Assyrian General "took great delight in her, and drank much more wine than he had drunk at any time in one day since he was born." That night the woman took down the fauchon from the pillar of Holofernes's bed, took hold of the hair of the General, smote him twice upon his neck with all her might, and took away his head from him. She went to Bethulia and sang a song of thanksgiving unto God in which she vaunted her own beauty which had weakened Holofernes. "Many desired her, but none knew her all the days of her life." She was 105 years old when she died, and she was buried in the cave of her husband.

A sister in Israel of Jael was this Judith. Neither of them was a woman to be praised highly except by fellow members of a savage tribe. Jael was the meaner, the lower creature, for she violated most sneakingly all rules of Oriental hospitality and decency, and even Rabbits found no excuse for her except by inventing the absurd story

that Sisera had tried to assail her honor. Yet what a song was sung in her praise by Deborah and Barak!

The libretto of Mr. Chadwick's lyric drama is Mr. William C. Langdon, now a Professor of English in a New Jersey school. Here is a specimen of his mastery over metaphor in lines put into the mouth of Judith:

The storms of Asshur burst o'er Judah's hills;
Their rolling thunder every valley fills;
Like rain we fall!
O send us shelter from the fiery blast,
And clear the sky that death has overcast,
Spread Thy strong wings o'er us till storms are passed.

Yea, spare us all!

The story is retold in conventional "opera" verse. Holofernes grows maudlin, and loses his head after he has expressed highly improper desires and indulged in language shocking even in a bluff Assyrian. Judith goes to Bethulia and sings a song of three verses, to which there is a friendly chorus. Here is one verse:

The monster woo'd with foul intent—
I took his jewelled sword.
The monster woo'd with foul intent—
But red the light of his tent
As 'cross his drunken throat it went,
And blood with wine was strangely blent—
Jehovah be adored!

No, even the Judith of the Apocrypha was a finer woman than the heroine of this libretto. Mr. Langdon's Judith suggests the heroine of the panel-house, of the badger game.

The author of the old story describes Judith's costume, but he was vague. The following paragraph, which appeared in a Worcester newspaper this morning, gives further information. "The gown Miss Stein will wear in her appearance as Judith tonight is very well adapted to the part. It was imported specially for her from Paris, and is of pick liberty satin under tulle with a Renaissance lace collar. The tulle is covered with long wavy lines of oval gilt and silver spangles, and, as the gown is made in Princess style, its effect on Miss Stein's tall, graceful form will be sinuous—just the desired effect for the character." Truly a garment of gladness!

Mr. Chadwick has written what may be called a biblical opera, in which there are pages that might well appear in oratorio of the conventional form, and also pages that suggest comic opera. The first act would be far more effective in the concert hall than on the operatic stages. In this same act appears the chorus "God, Jehovah, We Who Sinned," one of the strongest and most truly musical numbers of the work. The opening of the second act is more in the manner of comic opera than grand opera, and the same may be said of the entrance song of

Holofernes. The two leading characters are not sharply defined, they are not strongly characterized, they are not heroic, either in lust or patriotic devotion. Judith has no sensuous strains; and for this perhaps the librettist is at fault, but surely she might be allowed to give Holofernes some little encouragement. In the apocryphal story Holofernes sighed and pined for four days. In the libretto his infatuation, drunken slumber and death are the events of one night. The librettist makes him sing sentimentally of the honey-bee and meadows of flowers and soft music, when, as a matter of fact, the Assyrians were passionately fond of noisy music, and delighted in shrill-voiced sopranos. Mr. Chadwick has set pretty music to these sentimental words, and the song may well be a favorite in concert halls and parlors. But this act, which should be the most powerful, is on the whole monotonous and without any dramatic distinction. No one without the libretto would know from the music that a man and a woman were swayed by mighty passions, that a cruel tragedy was enacting. And yet there is one effective touch in this act at the very close—the "All's well" of the sentinel, a dramatic effect not unlike that which emphasizes a somewhat similar situation in the old play, "The Tower of Nesle." The third act is short and it is effective chiefly in choral passages.

This Biblical opera as a whole is tedious. The best musical effects are gained by the use of the chorus and occasionally by ingenious orchestration. Dramatically the work is weak, both in character drawing and the portrayal of emotion.

The performance was on the whole one from which a fair idea of the opera could be gained. The chorus was often pitifully nervous in attack, and at times a few singers seemed to be carrying venerable deadwood on their shoulders, but in the more solidly-built and broadly-planned pages the chorus answered the demands. Miss Stein sang bravely, for she was suffering from a sore throat, but she sang without her customary warmth and spirit, and therefore her Judith was a lamenting widow with a strong tendency to whine. Mr. Bispham refrained from accentuating the most marked characteristics of Holofernes, possibly out of deference to the ladies in the audience, and in his pretty song about the honey-bee his intonation was not always sure. The other parts were appropriately taken.

There was a large and very applause audience.

There is doubt as I write whether the steamer bearing Suzanne Adams will arrive in time for her to sing here Friday night. There is also a rumor that in case of her absence Miss Estelle Liebling will be substituted.

The Festival will end Friday. The program of the afternoon concert will include Mackenzie's suite "Coriolanus" (first time in America); Liszt's Concerto pathétique (arranged for piano and orchestra by Richard Burmeister, who will play the solo part), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 2. Mr. Van Hoose will sing an aria, "Adieu, donc"—from Massenet's "Hérodiade."

The concert in the evening will be as follows: overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor, Nicolaï; variations from Haydn's Kaiser Quartet; Bizet's suite "Jeux d'Enfants"; Chabrier's Marche Joyeuse; Suzanne; Adams, with the permission of the steamer, will sing "Ah, fors è lui" from "La Traviata," and a "Valse printemps" by Mr. Stern, her husband. The other solo numbers will be: Aria "Jean d'Arc," Bemera (Gertrude Stein); aria from Goring-Thomas's "Swan and Skylark" (Evan Williams); Iago's creed from Verdi's "Otello" and "Quand' ero paggio" from "Falstaff" (David Bispham).

Sept 29

Worcester, Sept. 24.—The 44th annual Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association, George W. Chadwick, conductor, began tonight in Mechanics' Hall. The officers of the association this year are Charles M. Bent, President; Daniel Downey, Vice President; G. Arthur Smith, Secretary; George R. Bliss, Treasurer; Luther M. Lovell, Librarian, and these directors: Edward L. Sumner, Arthur J. Bassett, J. Vernon Butler, Charles I. Rice, Samuel W. Wiley, Samuel E. Winslow, Paul B. Morgan.

The annotated program-book was compiled by Walter M. Lancaster, who died only a few weeks ago. His death is a distinct loss to the association and to all lovers of music throughout the county, for he did much by his pen and by his personal influence for the cause of the art which he pursued from pure devotion and not from selfish interest. As music critic of a Worcester newspaper, he was often placed in a difficult position. He was too honest to call good that which was bad, and yet he was obliged to remember that impartial criticism and deserved censure are sometimes mistaken for otherwise reasonable belings as personal spite or a lack of patriotism, for patriotism is the word then used, whereas the true word is parochialism. He was not deeply versed in the theory of music, nor was he a professional musician; but he had naturally a good taste that had been cultivated by active experience as a writer in other cities; he had a sense of proportion; he was cautious and accurate in statements of fact; he was most industrious in preparation for his work; he was kindly and courteous even in the expression of his dislikes. His program-books were not a vain show; they were of real assistance to the average concert-goer; they told the story of each work and when the composer was comparatively or wholly unknown there were interesting biographical sketches. The last labor of importance done by Mr. Lancaster

was his articles in a Boston newspaper concerning a opera as given by the Grau Company in the Boston Theatre last spring.

The life of Mr. Lancaster was gentle. Overworked, he did not show impatience. Distressed when there was violent enthusiasm for that which was positively bad, he kept cool and still used ink instead of vitriol. He was never ashamed to ask for information; he was never so small as to refuse to visiting correspondents the knowledge of facts that might benefit them. He was an exceedingly busy man, but he could always find a moment to do a favor. For 10 years or more he made the sojourn of newspaper men during the Festival pleasant by his voice, his face, his little acts of courtesy. And now the Festival, which to him meant doubled work and petty vexations and musical pleasure, will know him no more. Hall, and Farewell!

I first met Mr. Lancaster at the Worcester Festival of 1891, and this reminds me of the marked change made in the character of the programs during the last 10 years. There was in those early years of the nineties an opening concert in the afternoon, when organists, singers, who craved "only a hearing," and other wild-fowl, had their few minutes of nervous joy. Not that all the organists were of inferior worth; some of deserved repute took part; but the pieces played were too often wretched arrangements, or unorgan like things of a sensational nature. Ten years ago, for instance, Mr. Geo. W. Morgan played a transcription of the "Tannhauser" overture and 14th and 8th notes were as alike to him as the coons in the once popular song. There was a harp-player, his daughter, who played gracefully upon an ill-tuned harp, and wore a Grecian costume, something mystic, wonderful. There were female singers with scanty breath, applaudive friends, and return tickets. I remember that Mr. Herbert Johnson sang delightfully. The oratorio that night was Max Bruch's prolonged shriek—choral and solo shriek—"Arminius," which was supposed to be of fierce box-office caught. And the novelty the next night was Dr. Bridge's "Repentance of Nineveh," one of the dreariest works ever laboriously built even by an English Mus. Doc. This oratorio found little favor, chiefly on account of the slight attention paid the true hero of the story, the whale.

The "opening concert" is a thing of the past. It is as dead as King Pandion. Little by little the whole character of the programs has been raised, until now the managers need not be ashamed of the old reproach, "a pretentious singing-convention."

The work chosen tonight for the opening concert was César Franck's "The Beatitudes," which was sung for the first time in English at this Festival last year (Sept. 27). Then the solo singers were Sara Anderson, Gertrude Stein, Jean Foss, Evan Williams, E. C. Towne, Gwilym Miles (Christ), Julian Walker (Satan).

Franck's remarkable work has been analyzed and described more than once in the columns of the Journal, and it is not necessary now to enter into a long discussion. There was a performance in Boston at the People's Temple, Oct. 29 of last year, but that building is unfavorable to wholly satisfactory choral effects.

The work will always bear cutting, and judicious cuts enhance the beauty of the whole. Franck, in his rapt contemplation of celestial visions, sometimes forgot that time and space are appreciable quantities. His life was lonely, save for the devotion of family and a band of faithful pupils who did not dare to criticise their master. His works were seldom performed during his lifetime as he wrote them, and when they were performed the criticisms were not of a kind from which he might have derived benefit. Eternity was so near to this sweet and simple soul that he at times wrote as for an eternity of performance.

A Belgian by birth, he was fond of losing himself in thought of divine mysteries. There is in his sacred music the sentiment of Ruysbroeck, as the peace of Franck is also found in certain essays by Maeterlinck. Like Sir Thomas Browne, he lived to pursue his reason to an O altitude!

And yet how human, how compassionate, this music! Hampered by a wretched text—and the translation into English is still worse—Franck looked beyond and considered the oppressions that are done under the sun, and the tears of such as are oppressed, and the power on the side of the oppressors; but unlike the Preacher King in Jerusalem, he did not turn and praise the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. He heard the voices of the "complaining millions of men;" but he also heard the voice of the Christ on the mountain, the voice that blessed the poor in spirit, the mourners, the meek, the pure, the peace-makers, all those reviled and persecuted, and all hungry and thirsty after righteousness, and then all the stormy and discordant voices died away, and even the voice of Satan himself was hushed and the celestial Hosanna was sung not as a promise to mortals but as the tempted signal that the old things had passed away, that all things were made new.

The performance this evening was one of singular unevenness. The chorus often plowed its way roughly, and spurned all guide posts to light and shade. Passages of delicate, ineffable beauty were thus completely ruined. On the other hand the singers, who roared lustily when the occasion demanded that they should sing with gentle, prayerful reverence, were often weak and loose-kneed, when they should have been defiant and tempestuous. There were times when it seemed as though rehearsals had been

low, to little purpose, and unintelligently conducted.

On the other hand and toward the end of the work there was choral singing of excellent quality. The orchestra was often rough, and it, too, showed the results of inadequate rehearsal. The

performance as a whole was without inspiration, nor was there any sufficient degree of mechanical finish to make amends.

The solo singers were Mrs. Cumming, Mrs. Poole-Kling, Miss Adelaide Griggs, Evan Williams, E. C. Towne, David Bispham, Stephen Townsend. The honors were borne away by Messrs. Williams and Bispham. The former was in full control of his voice, which was fresh and tender and virile. He sang all the music allotted to him with marked intelligence, with a breadth of style that was always free from exaggeration, and in the great solo of the Fourth Beethoven he sang with superb and thrilling power.

Mr. Bispham was a most dramatic Satan, and he read the music with a spirit and an authority that were a model to young singers as well as a keen delight to the audience. Mr. Townsend improved during the course of the evening, and he often phrased with taste. His intonation was not always sure, and his early solos were marred by a lack of repose, which sprang possibly from too ardent desire to prove his right to the exquisitely beautiful part.

As Mrs. Cumming and Mrs. Poole-Kling will have more to do this week I prefer to speak of the matter. It is enough to say that Mrs. Cumming's voice this evening was shrill in the upper tones and without special character in the tones below; that Mrs. Poole-Kling's voice sounded worn, and a soft and sustained passage seemed foreign to it. Miss Griggs fulfilled satisfactorily a slight task. The quintet, "The Peace Makers," was not well sung. The voices were not balanced, and the reading was of the go-as-you-please description.

The audience was moderately enthusiastic and smaller than that which customarily gathers here on the first night of the festival.

At the concert Wednesday afternoon (2.30) the orchestra will play Brahms's Symphony No. 3; Massenet's overture "Phédre"; and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Miss Adelaide Griggs will sing Berlioz's "La Captive," and Mr. E. C. Towne will sing the Romance from "La Gioconda." Verdi's "Requiem" will be given at night (8 o'clock) with these solo singers; Mrs. Shanna Cumming, Mrs. Clara Poole-Kling, Ellison Van Hoose and Carl E. Dufft.

Worcester, Sept. 27.—The program of the afternoon concert was as follows:

Suite "Coriolanus".....Mackenzie
Concerte Pathétique.....Liszt
(Arranged for piano and orchestra by Richard Burmeister, who played the solo part.)
Aria, "Adieu done".....Massenet
Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven

Mackenzie's suite which was played this afternoon for the first time in the United States is taken from the incidental music written for the production of Shakespeare's tragedy at the Lyceum Theatre, London, April 15, 1901. The suite itself was first performed at the Verdi Memorial concert in London, June 8. The chief theme of the Prelude is, of course, supposed to characterize the grim hero, the stern, courageous, insolent Roman swell. There is a theme of softer nature, typical of the women of his family who ruined him by their appeals and entreaties. Then there is a theme of war. Another movement describes or suggests the march of the Volscians and voices of Roman women begging the Roman leader in the camp of the enemy for mercy. Another movement depicts Coriolanus before the house of Julius Andronicus while he recalls past glory in the service of his country, and there is a funeral march. Then there are voices again, voices of the turbulent mob.

The composer who is inspired by the story of Coriolanus has to do with two emotions, indomitable pride and feminine entreaty. There was no sensational note in the appeal of the women to Coriolanus; and any truly characteristic appeal should be white and plaintive, yet at the same time dignified, as in the story told so nobly by Plutarch and his interpreter, Sir Thomas North. Then the composer may justly fill in with music descriptive of popular fury and the shock of battle, and there is inevitably the thought of a dead march.

Beethoven, who himself was one of Plutarch's men, wrote an overture to Coriolanus' drama, but his mind was saturated with Shakespeare's play. How tragically he told the story in few but immortal pages is known to all. Others have written music illustrative of the subject—operas, stage-music, overtures; but when the musician hears the word "Coriolanus"—and the word itself is as the trumpet of Beethoven.

I was afraid that Mackenzie would put "Hoot mon!" into the mouth of the Roman hero, for Mackenzie is desperately Scotch; that I should hear bagpipes in the triumphal procession; that I should see Tullius Andronicus serving his arch-enemy with haggis. But the Coriolanus of Mackenzie did not even wear a Scotch cap or a kilt. This music is simply respectable kapellmeister music such as is made daily by any Schmidt or Mueller; music without a trace of spontaneity or imagination. I can understand readily how Mackenzie wrote it. What I do not understand is why anyone, except Mackenzie, should think it worth the playing.

Liszt's "Concert" Pathétique has a

Singular history. It was at first composed as a "Grosses Konzert" for one piano and it was in one movement. It was then arranged in 1865 for two pianos. Later it was played in 1877 with additions by von Bülow at the Tölkensier Versammlung at Hanover, and it was played by Liszt and Mrs. von Bülow. It was then arranged for piano and orchestra by Eduard Reuss under Liszt's direction in the early eighties and revised in 1885. It is my impression that Josephy has played a version of this arrangement. Mr. Burmeister is one of the pianists who have a passion for arrangements, which are sometimes disarrangements. It is a question whether the attempt to galvanize a work that Liszt seemed content to consider as moribund if not absolutely dead is worth while, no matter how much technical skill may be displayed in the operation. As a general principle such arrangements should not be countenanced. The original intention of the composer, the manner in which he presents his thoughts, should be respected or let alone. In the present case, it is enough to say that the concerto in any form is not to be reckoned with seriously as one of Liszt's more important works. Pathos and passion are worn lightly as on the sleeve.

Mr. Burmeister is well known in Boston as a pianist. He is a man of dreamy, poetic appearance, who often forces tone and suggests the hammer and anvil. This afternoon he played with delightful ease and with an appreciation of dynamic values that surprised those who knew him chiefly as a robust virtuoso. It is a pity that he did not choose another work.

Mr. Van Hoose sang the aria "Adieu, done" from Massenet's pornographic version of the story of Herod, Salome, John the Baptist and the charger. Mr. Van Hoose, during the Festival, has sung in a manner to call forth respectful attention. He is not only earnest and sincere; wretched singers often possess these estimable qualities; but he has a voice of good compass, one that, under favorable conditions, would lend itself easily to the expression of contrasted emotions; and he shows intelligence in technical and aesthetic management of this voice. At times, as I have remarked before, he has a tendency to pinch certain tones, but this afternoon he sang freely and with dramatic fervor.

Formerly at this Festival the night of Thursday was devoted to the procession of "artists," each armed with a more or less deadly weapon in the shape of an aria, and this night saw the culmination of joy and enthusiasm. The performance of some oratorio the night after was as the application of a soothing, soporific drug. But last year this order of things was changed. Enthusiasm is now supposed to break loose on the last night of the Festival, when there should be a "blaze of glory," to use the language of old-fashioned pantomime play-bills.

The orchestral numbers this evening were the familiar overture to Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," the variations from Haydn's Kaiser Quartet; Bizet's delightful suite "Jeux d'Enfants." A motet by Mozart, "Gloria, Honor, Praise and Power," served as finale.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience. Each singer was warmly greeted. Mr. Evan Williams sang in his best manner the aria from "The Swan and the Skylark." Mr. Cumming sang, by request, an old-fashioned aria from Spohr's forgotten "Faust." Mr. Bispham gave a most dramatic reading of Iago's creed from Verdi's "Otello," and he delivered vivaciously Falstaff's recollection of the days when he was a page in the service of the Duke of Norfolk. Suzanne Adams, who had hardly left the steamer, showed true wifely devotion by singing a waltz by her husband, Mr. Stern. She also sang Mozart's "Batti, Batti" in amiable manner. She kept her promise to the Festival Committee. As no woman, jumped suddenly from a steamer to a concert stage, can do herself full justice, detailed criticism would be unfair and unkind. Miss Stein sang Bemberg's "Joan of Arc."

In view of the Worcester Festival of last week, the comments of Mr. Vernon Blackburn on the Gloucester Festival may be interesting and instructive.

"A three Chors Festival is always a matter about which an English musician should concern himself somewhat intimately. There is the universal reproach (which one naturally likes to live down) of our being a nation caring nothing for music; there is, too, the fact of a certain provincial aspect which must inevitably lie at the doors of such a celebration; there is the local color (alas!), the color provided by the crowds which hang about the cathedral just for 'interval' purposes; there is, too, a tendency to exaggerated praise, which must as assuredly follow the fulfilment of a local scheme as glorification follows the carriage of a local magnate. And yet, with it all, the thing is English; it is part of our church system, part of our mode of thought, part of our workaday sentimentalism—the phrase may pass, despite its paradoxical savor—part of the scheme of life which lies outside London, which provides a stile for young musicians, a stepping-stone for men known to some advantage, and a pulpit for the veteran. All these things form the greater portion of the reason

why, as we have said, one should be concerned intimately with a 'Three Chors Festival. There is, of course, the secondary reason of the charity scheme in the interests of which these celebrations are arranged; but that, although of the most vital interest to the organizers of the Festival, naturally does not enter into the point of view of the musical critic. For, of course, the appeal of the thing lies finally with musical art. Visitors in crowds are not dragged to one of the loveliest of buildings—and who will deny that this Gloucester Cathedral is anything else?—just for the admiration of an interior. They come to hear, and through the appetite they are asked to assist. 'Per stomachum,' Gregory the Great, aseth, though he was, used to say, 'Itur ad cor,' substitute 'oules' (aures) for that more vulgar avenue to generosity, and you find why such a celebration as this rightly appeals to one's sense of gratitude and appreciation.

This morning (Sept. 11) we began with Brahms's C minor Symphony, that work of many moods, of mingled dryness and beauty, of the finest distinction, and of the most arid dullness, of splendid workmanship throughout, at times (you would say) touching the stars, at times slushing through muddy morass. It was played admirably, but was, alas, followed by a very tooth-ache interpretation of Cherubini's Mass in D minor. The Mass itself, full of excellent academic writing, is (pace the good Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory) not a work of inspiration, but it is a work that demands care in the rendering—and that is a care which it did not receive. Mme. Albani sang as though she found difficulty in her labors, with the sad effect that at times, in unaccompanied passages, the solo quartet deserted the pitch quite deplorably. This was, however, to a large extent equipsided by a very excellent rendering of a scene from Sir Alexander Mackenzie's 'Rose of Sharon,' in which the chorus was at its best. Why has this composer not done more, much more, in this vein—so fine is the writing, so quick the inspiration, so full and emotional is

the framing of the picture? The ripeness of the orchestration is so musically that you feel that his touch is unerring, his instinct faultless. Musicians wait for another 'Rose of Sharon.' Dr. Lloyd's Motet, 'The Righteous Live for Evermore,' which was composed specially for this Festival, went prettily and without a flaw. It is well constructed, and has no particular difficulties; but it calls for no particular comment.

Tonight the Shire Hall provided a more secular treat for the very numerous audience who filled the interior. A Symphonic Prelude by Mr. W. H. Bell, about which, in the purely narrative vein, I recently wrote in these columns, was given for the first time, and I confess myself to be thoroughly disappointed with it. The scoring is inappreciable enough; but the thing is turbulent, and lacks entirely what has so well been described as 'the cream of form.' Inchoate, and not neat in construction (though very ambitious), it is a work which does Mr. Bell no discredit, marking as it does in a promising career a milestone which he will speedily forget. He has not, in a word sought for beauty; rather he has reached out too ambitiously, and has not won the prize he desired. But I am convinced that he has the stuff in him for future success. He has knowledge and vitality; I believe he has the power to apply his gifts rightly in the end. Mr. Ben Davies sang 'On a way' from Mr. Coleridge Taylor's 'Hiawatha,' quite magnificently, and Mr. Andrew Black sang extremely well a descriptive ballad, composed by Mr. Arthur Hervey, the touching words, simple and effective, being contributed by Mr. B. W. Flindon. Mr. Hervey's music is admirable, finely constructed and musically. Mr. Edward Elgar's 'Cockaigne' overture went very well under the composer's own direction. It is a work of marvelous ingenuity, at times rising to a pitch of sheer orchestral splendor that once more proves how seriously great Mr. Elgar is when at his best. He has something so very like genius in his writing that I do not care to make a distinction in the matter; the thing is great—particularly in its summary ending—and more need not be said.

'Sir Hubert Parry's 'Job' rightly ranks as one of this writer's sincerest and gravest contributions to his art. He has read the noble book of his choice with an emotion that he has finely interpreted in his music, and, as everybody knows, he has produced something that vastly resembles a masterpiece. The scoring is throughout, if a trifle robustness, the work of a strong and assertive mind. Somehow or other, I do not look in Parry's work for the beautiful so much as for the virile elements of art. He avoids sentiment so surely and so definitely that finally the very suggestion, the shadow, of prettiness is with him a 'vade-retro-Satanas' business. Mr. Plunket Greene took the part of Job very little to my liking. He sings so spasmodically, with outbursts of emotionalism that are not beautiful but possess a considerable show of vitality. At times he worries his phrases as if he would shake the life out of them, and he has nasal moments that are by no means attractive. I mention these defects partly because they seem to grow upon him, partly because they are by no means incurable, and partly because they definitely destroy a great deal of the effect which his undoubted artistic temperament is capable of making. Mme. Ella Russell sang the small soprano part very well; and Mr. William Green was completely successful in companionship with Mr. Lane Wilson.

Mr. Brewer's new work, 'Emmaus,' composed expressly for this festival, was given. Mr. Brewer is clever and ingenious; but his work (perhaps rightly, from his point of view), inclines a trifle too much to the wrong side of

conventionalism. Nevertheless, I writes well. He has knowledge and feeling; he even is able to infuse son dramatic feeling in a work which has little temptations to drama. The final chorus is dull, but, oddly enough, this is soul chorus which lies outside any dramatic feeling, a point which tells loud in Mr. Brewer's favor. At evening (Sept. 12) concert finished with a performance of Mendelssohn's 'Lo gesang,' a score which always appeals to me on these occasions with particular directness when the noble feeling which inspired the work seems to part of the feeling which inspired the builders of the structure in which is then given. Mendelssohn lived very close to that sort of inspiration.

On Sunday afternoon (Aug. 25), M. Jean Lorrain and Ferdinand Herold tragedy, 'Prométhée,' the music of which is by M. Gabriel Fauré, was performed in the Amphithéâtre at Béziers for the second year in succession, the attendance being again enormous, full 12,000 persons having been present. A de Max again acted finely in the tryin title rôle, but his partner, Mlle. Berth Bady, of the Odéon, made an indifferen Pandore, by no means comparable with Mlle. Laparcerie, who 'created' the part last year, the performance thus proving in some degree a failure, although Mlle. Dowe made a charming Hermès. Of the musical portion, conducted by the composer in person, reports are more favorable, and Mme. Flérens, Mmes. Bourgeois, Flahaut, MM. Roussellère, Fontex and Vallier created enthusiasm among the vast mass of auditors by their fine singing. The huge scene, painted by M. Jambon, described as highly effective. A grand ballet, entitled 'Bacchus Mystique,' by young Max d'Ollone, a composer of 2 who carried off the Musical Prix d Rome, was also given under the author's leadership, and was favorably received. M. Fauré and d'Ollone had to mount the stage at the close to enthusiastic cheering by the immense audience. The program was repeated on Tuesday under equally favorable conditions. The cost of the two performances amounted to about 1400 rather less than last year.—Paris not respondent of the Era.

"There is this sign in the window of a shop in Buffalo," the Earnest Student of Sociology writes.

PANTS.
99 cents per leg. Seats free.

A correspondent asks for information about Johann Most.

Some time ago we saw in a foreign journal a sketch of this singular man. We do not vouch for the accuracy of the statements, although the journal is generally trustworthy.

Johann Joseph Most was born at Augsburg, somewhere in the early forties of the 19th century. (The word "Most," by the way, means must grape juice, new wine, and in certain parts of Germany the name is given to fruit wine, home-made, or domestic wine.)

Most was by trade a bookbinder, and he was well versed in practical bibliography. But he turned rather to the study of social conditions and problems, and before he was 20 years old he was a traveling "companion" in advanced socialism, and did the German Austrian, Italian, Swiss round for five years. Then he settled in Mayence where he worked as a newspaper man.

From Mayence he went to Berlin and contributed to the Free Press, a Socialistic paper. He was a member of the Reichstadt from 1874 to 1877, and he might have been re-elected if he had known the value of temperance in speech. His own party rejected him. The police became too attentive, and Most went to London, where he had his newspaper, Freiheit. It was printed in a cellar in Soho.

The police of London either did not know about this newspaper or they were shy in their German; but at last it was reported that the editor, Most, was apologizing for regicides in general and hurrahing over the sudden removal of Alexander II. The press stopped work, and Most stopped in jail for 10 months.

He and Freiheit crossed the Atlantic. It was in 1886 that Most was arrested, fined \$500 and sent into seclusion for a year. When he again returned to the busy haunts of men he applied for naturalization as an American citizen. The application was refused because he declined to respect the law for the future.

A correspondent writes: "I am glad to find you speaking so kindly about the crow, a much-abused bird. (It is true that I am not a farmer.) The bluejay is a far greater pest and his voice is not so reassuring to the lazy in bed. The voice goes with the early fall; it fits the landscape, the smell of burning wood, the haze, the chill that melts into warmth and comes again with sun down. It is the fault of the poets that the crow bears such a foul name. The Vedas tell of his fall from Paradise—how Indra hurled him down through all the hundred stories of his heavens. In Thibet there is an evil city of crows. Did not Hlawatha know of a land of dead crow-men? Yet Menu, the great

... says, "A good wife should be a crow." Furthermore, crows landmarks and boundaries. One crow keeps on one side of a s the Elbe. But the poets have the poor things. I remember in behood some verses that fright- beyond hell.

... is the creaking gibbet's beam, the murderer's bones swing bleach- the clattering chain rings back again the night-wind's desolate screeching.

... the deeds of fearful crime; the o'er the partridge's head; watched the sire who, mad with ire, of his child hath shed.

... and plague bring joy to me, love the harvest they yield; the fairest sight I ever see the crimson battlefield.

... wide is my charnel range, the carousal I keep; I come to my gibbet home, merrily rocked to sleep.

... now as I write, I feel the old Although Shakespeare put thickens; and the crow makes to th' rooky wood" into the of a murderer, nevertheless the ve out in some unaccountable the verses I have just quoted."

... were distressed to learn lately unsatisfactory financial condi- Mr. John L. Sullivan and Mr. e. Are Republics always un- el? Is the great People always el?? Think of the latter years illustrious pugilist, John Jack- tter known as Gentleman Jack- friend of Byron and George 1820 he was presented with "a id of plate of the most magni- description * * * to which all e contributed, from the Prince to e-lighters." Four years later, age of 65, he gave up his sport- rms and retired into private life. d a house in Grosvenor Street, he enjoyed the "unabated con- of his old friends." And after ath at 86, a great monument— ochant lion and a naked athlete eng)—marked his resting place mpton Cemetery. But what was mson in comparison with John nce Sullivan?

... people of England smoked last between 83 and 84 million pounds tacco—twice as much as was d half a century ago.

... press agent of Kugelik, the fid- s enlisting the parents of the man as well as a picturesque andpa with a basket of vege- in the service for the American nign. But the agent of Marie st, who is playing Becky Sharp, m far behind in originality. We dm an English newspaper: "On ayday morning, after partaking of srooms for breakfast, she was z with symptoms of blood-poison- hich caused two attacks of faint- water on in the day. During one e attacks she fell and cut her n in the corner of a stool; but, in t of the pain, she contrived to play art of Becky as brilliantly as "

001-1, 1901

THE WATCHER.

... y loved task laid down, I take my Into the silent land ba that watch continually, and pray, And understand;

... rills no laughter and earth's tongues dumb,

... River and bird and bough, I hear your soft voice calling, "Come, I need you now."

... ntic I will be heedful lest I fall Once in God's seeing eyes; be that I shall not hear you call Till the dead rise,

... orlds be rent and sternest trumpets ng;

... Then, when your name is cried, you call me, proudly I shall spring To your dear side.

... not shrink from all the swords that re

... About the judgment throne, the sad-eyed saints, nor any there Save God alone.

... of the hardest things to carry is "it" spring or fall overcoat. Yes, it eler to carry than a bird-cage-to- with the bird. You throw it only over an arm and sally forth and-bag and umbrella. You think re holding the overcoat grace- ly something after the fashion of e those Spanish fellows in a bull- ht Suddenly you are aware that the collar is trailing on the side- You try to recover the first n without putting down the bag, e overcoat slides as though it were ead. Again you make an attempt,

a successful attempt. A drop of sweat starts behind your left ear; yet it is a cool morning. You walk a block. You then discover that a frayed ardu- hole is exposed to the gaze of rude toys. In attempting to put the best side toward the public view, a package of sandwiches, prepared by your devoted wife, which you took with ill concealed reluctance, drops in a wet spot on the pavement. You kick the pack- age into the gutter, as though you had never seen it before, yet feared no concealed and humorous brick. And so it goes until you reach the station. The overcoat is a fiercer mocker than wine. You are in a muck. Your collar is moist and crumpled. Your chin and neck are like a working silver-plated ice-pitcher in August. Your drawers are at half-mast. And you remember that in your moist, unpleasant under- clothes you must ride in a car, probably near a window kept open by a person who is apparently in the last stages of consumption and then take a wind- swept stage drive of six miles.

The following strange advertisement appeared in a Vermont newspaper. If we are not gravely mistaken, the advertiser is the widow of Bishop, the mind-reader.

\$500 REWARD!!!

Nicholas Manor, City of Montpelier, Vt. The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the party who have again commenced breaking my windows, and torn into pieces the British Union Jack and portrait of our beloved and lamented Imperial Queen Victoria, which was nailed on our manor in loving remembrance of a noble woman.

I deny ever having ordered, or received anything from our servant, George Wheeler, or City Fund, for the Langdon or Honorable Anastasius Nicholas family.

Lady Eleanor, (NOT DORA) the faithful and inhumanly persecuted wife of Lucas Langdon Nicholas, niece of the late Vice President of the Central Vermont Railroad, James Robbins Langdon.

Prof Haeckel says that the physiog- nomy of the hylobates leuciscus or "human monkey" of Java reminds him of "the manager of an insolvent bank pondering with wrinkled brow the results of the crash." Say rather, study- ing the time-table of a railway or a steamer list.

Emma Eames arrived in New York Sept. 29. "She is in good health." This is welcome news to the managers of the Worcester Festival.

The tar-paving in Hampstead, Eng- land, was lifted lately in three places by clusters of mushrooms. Each patch of pavement was displaced about one foot square. The mushrooms were collected and eaten for breakfast. The Street Department of Boston has no such luck, although occasionally a cow in Massachusetts Avenue invites milk- ing.

The Archdeacon of Westminster con- tributed a strong article on Anarchism to the Pall Mall Gazette that appeared on the news of President McKinley's death. In it the Archdeacon said: "The second cause of Anarchism is the instability of the equilibrium of the whole commercial system of civil- ized nations. America, for example, is, in the truest sense, a noble coun- try, with the potentiality of elevating by her influence and example the hu- man race; but she is not without the defects of her qualities. In no coun- try in the world has it been more man- ifest that national prosperity has en- riched, not the many, but the few. In that vast self-governed community is discoverable one of the very conditions obtaining in ancient Rome before the Huns and the Vandals burst upon her undefended gates, namely:—

Wealth, a monster gorged, Mid starving populations.

"Where individual wealth is the leg- itimate result of pre-eminence in en- ergy, invention, business capacity, and habitual thrift, it is not an evil but an encouragement, and lifts the stand- ard of a community. Where it is the result of 'rings,' 'corners,' 'combina- tions,' all tending abnormally to en- hance the price of the necessities of life for the masses, it strikes at the root of civilized life, sings against the brotherhood of the race, and becomes a plague centre of furious vitality pro- lific of the disease of Anarchism. It is within the memory of all how a 'wheat corner,' engineered by a small ring, already wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, became the direct cause of the bread riots in Italy, whereby many lives were lost. Fortunately, through the faithfulness of one of their confederates, that 'cor- ner' in wheat failed; but, base and brutal as is this crime of the assassin

Czolgosz, I consider that the specu- lators who, for their personal aggrand- izement, were prepared to bring to the verge of starvation thousands of their fellow-men, are criminals of a far deeper dye."

Which is the more wretched fate: To have no money with which to buy peaches, or to have plenty of money and yet be unable to buy a peach worth the eating?

601-2 1901

We read a tailor's circular that is disconcerting. Not that he threatens customers who wear proudly the mo- to of Dando—"I never pay"; for the tailor is courteous even in long delayed demand. But his definition of style sets one earnestly a-thinking.

Style is that which in selection of material and design, and which in fit and finish, makes one appear becom- ingly dressed. Is style worth any- thing? No enlightened person can deny that it is. Style may be ignored by the careless and eccentric, but it is essential to fastidious people, and is important in business.

Many have attempted to define style, as Walter Pater, De Quincey, Arlo Bates. We know an author of great reputation—in Boston—who was once asked by a young essayist, "What is style?" He replied: "Style, my dear boy, is—is—h'm—it is what I have and you haven't."

The tailor's definition seems to us admirable. It is wide-reaching, it is all-embracing. It covers clothes, es- says, poetry, the drama. The stylist chooses words of brave texture and color; they fit his thought exactly and send it before the world in alluring and resplendent guise. The dandy in literature deceives no one; the overdressed, the lover of that which is lush, the deliberately eccen- tric—these are at once revealed; their garments cover only poorly nourished or rickety bodies; they betray the vain and foolish mind.

The tailor proceeds to remark: "Some men carry style naturally better than others. However, some degree of it is within reach of everybody." And this is the sentence that is disconcert- ing; this is the fly in the ointment. Disconcerting only to a sensitive man. Nearly every customer—or client, as some prefer—will say to himself, "I am the man. I carry style naturally. My shoulders are broad and of the same height. My chest is well propor- tioned, my belly is not aldermanic, my legs are truly remarkable for their symmetry. Now, look at Fitzjones, Bolivar, Hinks, or Jerkberg. No wonder that their clothes never fit them, no matter what they pay." There are sensitive men who are not necessarily like unto the lean kine of Pharaoh and yet apologize for their supposed personal deficiencies. They say to him measuring: "Be careful about the left shoulder; you see it is higher than the right; I am told this is so with most men." In like manner he blushes for his paunch and he hastily anticipates any criticism by the sartorial eye and mouth of his anatomy.

"Obviously such clothes cannot be had at ready-made prices." And so it is in the literary world. There are ready-made books—historical novels, problem novels, essays on living au- thors, "appreciations." They are made as by machinery for the great public. They are ready-made and without style. For in these days few books written earnestly, the product of sweat and blood, find publishers, or what is more to the point, readers; for the name of the publisher is not always Barabbas.

Mr. Finnerty lives in Boston when he is not on Deer Island. But his vacations in Boston are not so long that they persuade him to active em- ployment. His wife is proud of him even when he returns home full of con- versation-water. She was asked by a friend what Finnerty did in his spare hours. "Oh, he's never idle when he's at home. He loves to sit smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers to see who's gone down to the Island."

A good illustration of the seamy side of social life. The police court records are to Finnerty as are the Sassiety columns to the initiated and to them that 'ave 'opes. It is only a matter of degree.

To go back to the tailor a moment. "Style has business value. Men who appear stylish have an advantage."

A deep thinker once told us that the goal of his ambition was to be able once and completely to impress a hotel clerk. (There is no such thing as an inn clerk or a tavern clerk, just as there is really no such thing as a hotel landlord. There is a "hotel proprietor," but the landlord goes with the inn or the tavern. They needed no clerk in a true tavern, a place of comfort, a refuge from annoyances of the world, a source of inspiration to

poet, dramatist, adventurer; for the landlord kept the reckoning; and when the guest was known to have money the bill was in the head of the land- lord, who used chalk on a board when the consumer was diseased with hard- luck.)

Nobody can impress a hotel-clerk un- less he shows style in dress, and no one of such an unerring judge of style as known to tailors as is this same clerk. Happy he who is the friend of a clerk, who can call upon him for advice and criticism! The most con- servative tailor is nervous in the pres- ence of such a counselor.

One of the most fascinating figures in the great portrait gallery of life is Mr. Michael O'Leary, who was jailed for neglecting to maintain his wife. (And yet he followed the example of many men who bear the reputation of being whole-souled and genial.) The last time that he showed a preference for prison he wrote his wife a note in which he said that jail life agreed with him and he had gained seven pounds in weight. He inclosed a piece of prison bread as a commentary on Mrs. O'Leary's ability as a bread- maker, and before the Judge he refused to pay any money at all. Therefore he went back to jail, to gain still more in weight. Meanwhile Mrs. O'Leary is said to be growing thinner each day.

The press agent of Miss Florence Collingbourne must be added by the impartial to the Rev. Hugo Görtitz, the agent of Marie Tempest and other dis- tinguished barkers. Miss Florence, who sings and dances, never received a dancing lesson in her life and shunted her vocal gifts. She had recently an attack of blood poisoning which showed itself in a blister on a heel. Then a leg pained her so that she was laid up for five days. Then her cab collided with a hansom, and she narrowly es- caped a shaft. Again her horse bolted at sight of an automobile. The final touch is always the same: "Luckily for the public Miss Collingbourne escaped," etc., etc.

No nation is truly civilized until in its restaurants the guest is allowed to choose his fish alive and swimming in a huge bowl-vase or tank, as at the Hermitage in Moscow. As Mr. John Hollingshead says: "Fish destined for food have two enemies, one being blocks of ice and the other a chef full of the received traditions. The ice hardens the fish and destroys its natural taste; the chef's ambition is to make a 'dish' in which this natural taste, what little remains of it after packing, carriage and unpacking, is finally subdued by sauces."

601-4, 1901

You meet your employer when you are in unusually cheerful mood. You have been working hard and you are sure that he appreciates your ability and industry. It is true that you do not give him your whole time. As you often tell your associates, you have other irons in the fire. "If anything should happen here, it would not phase me." They envy you, when they ex- claim: "Lucky dog." Only last week someone said to you, "That's great work you are doing for the Bugle. They ought to pay you well for it." And somehow or other your work seems easier to you every day. The em- ployer looks at you as though he had composed his face for the occasion. "I am sorry, but we shall not need your services any longer, after two weeks."

You are game, and for the moment you really do not care. You go to your desk and figure out what your other work will bring you. There are weekly articles for which you are well paid, but these are only for eight months. For a certain kind of work you receive \$600 a year, but you doubt whether you will have this job another season. Then you receive about \$500 for hack work, and this depends on the success of a doubtful adventure. You realize suddenly that the position you held so lightly was worth to you all other sums put together; that the salary was steady; it came to you as regularly as Saturday. Furthermore you realize that in a way your other work depends on the position which you have just lost. You have signed the lease of a flat which now you probably cannot afford. How can you tell your wife of your dismissal? You see her attempt to be brave, her as- sumed face of encouragement, her tears when she is alone.

And with a start you awaken. The chill of the hour before sunrise is in the room. You hear the regular and confident shrieking of your wife. Far off is the shriek of a car rounding a curve.

You are awake. Yet your security is only a dream, the dream of a few months, or a few years. You are no longer young. You are a creature of routine, a piece of old machinery. And your comfort, your decency, your health, your happiness—these depend

on the price of an employer whose position may not be fixed in granite, or of a corporation which is necessarily without bowels.

We are sorry to find an American newspaper referring to Mr. Wilhelm Gerike as "Herr Gerike."

Teresa Carreno, they say, is about to be married to a Mr. Arturo Tagliapietra. This Venezuelan and passionate pianist is somewhat addicted to husbands. The first was Emile Sauret, the violinist who married again and is now living in London. Then came Tagliapietra, the baritone, who sang "The Palms" with a force that broke windows, and even disconcerted the ushers. He is now married to the daughter of a prominent New Yorker. The third was d'Albert, the pianist, who brought to this country two complete suits of Dr. Jaeger's underclothes, that he might be properly provided for a long wintry season. Here the brain begins to reel. D'Albert, we believe, has had three wives and he has been divorced from two; but we do not dare to name them in order. The future husband of Carreno is said to be several years younger than his betrothed. This is as it should be. Carreno does not hesitate to admit that she has learned much musically and technically from each one of her husbands. In connection with this, it is instructive to know that Arturo is a typewriter.

We found in French's "English, Past and Present" (1855), the word "trek" fully recognized as good South African English; but the word is spelled "treck."

"The best thoughts come at night." The best ideas may come after the sun has gone down, but they are like will-o'-the-wisps. They glitter, they fascinate, but they are not to be caught and they lead to bog or impenetrable thicket. Are these thoughts the best? They seem so to him that has dined well and sits musing, pleased with himself, before a wood-fire or even near the singing-radiator. The thinker thinks extremely well of himself. He is too lazy to go to his desk and work out the idea. He may take notes and admire the fertility of his brain. In the cold gray of the morning his notes are either as written in an unknown cipher or they seem utterly silly. Yet he drank no fire-water the night before.

We know a successful maker of light plays who was so impressed by the idea that a jest might escape him when it ran toward him in a night-watch that he kept paper and pencil by his bedside. One night the joke was of such extraordinary brilliance that, finding no paper, he jotted his crack with soap on a looking-glass. The next morning he hurried to the glass. "There it was," he said, "and it was a rotten one."

An American woman who lived in Paris was famous for her cook. Her dinners were popular and celebrated, and the conversation was largely a tribute to the chef. The day came when she should return to the United States. Could the cook be persuaded to go with her? "What! leave Paris? Never!" But she offered him a salary that was incredibly, preposterously high, and he went with her. She had hardly settled her house when she gave a dinner-party that she hoped would be sensational. Not one dish was fit to be eaten. The hostess, almost hysterical, after the gloomy meal was over, rushed to the kitchen to find out whether the cook's art was a matter of Parisian atmosphere. And then—and only then she discovered that her famous chef had never cooked a dinner for her in Paris, that he had got it all from a world-famous boulevard restaurant.

Mr. Thiebault-Sisson of the Temps (Paris) thus discusses the picture exhibition of Mr. Childe Hassam, who is well known in this city: "He is everywhere amusing, full of seductiveness and refinement. But—for there is a but—we have to keep from thinking, on the charm evaporates, and the seduction to which we are giving way has vanished. In fact there is not one of these pictures which does not inevitably call up a remembrance and disclose, if not an imitation, at least pronounced preoccupation, with the effects obtained by our own Impressionists. With Mr. Childe Hassam there is not a landscape which does not bear irresistible witness to the influence of Sisley, not a garden nook animated with figures which does not recall Manet or Monet. Even the 'Steps of the Piazza di Spagna,' with all its sprightliness of composition and refined harmonies of color, smacks at once of Whistler and Raffaelli. In final analysis, what is

left belonging to Mr. Childe Hassam? He is a debutant, whose prodigious cleverness trouble us; a clever artist, whose vision is not personal. Every one ought, first of all, to drink in his own glass; and Mr. Childe Hassam drinks in all glasses. Has he mislaid his own? Or has he none of his own? This is what we should like to know. Perhaps time will tell us—may it dispel our doubts."—We quote this translation from the New York Evening Post.

021-5-01

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrow of your changing face.
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

A foreigner appeared lately in a London court. He wore a black eye and a face that had been scratched viciously by finger nails. And he complained of his wife; he said that he was afraid of her, for she was exceedingly strong and had contracted the habit of knocking him about. After the last game they had played together, he crawled to bed, and he stayed there for three days. The Magistrate would not grant a summons against her, and he told the poor foreigner to go home and make it up.

See how justice is administered in an English court, when a foreigner, a Dago, asks protection! Nor was the press more sympathetic. "After all, the man may have provoked her; and it is not unpleasant to think that Englishwomen married to foreigners are able to look after themselves and a little more." But is he not a man, a husband, and, therefore, a brother? We hope that "the League for the Protection of Husbands Against Their Wives" will look into the case, and hold up the offending Magistrate to the execration of the world.

There are men who gain the reputation of being domestic monsters because their voices are raucous and megaphone. When one of them says it is a pleasant day, you look out of the window to see if there is not a thunderstorm or a nor'easter. "Darling"—for such men are often extremely sentimental—is in their mouths as the curse of a baffled pirate. Any vocal expression of respect or love sounds as though it might have come from Victor Hugo's priest as he at last let go the lead high up on Notre Dame. But the crudest speeches are those made in soft tones when sugar covers the sneer, when the dagger is wrapped in velvet. Or the speech seems to an outsider as a courtly, flowery compliment, and only the wife knows the potency of the malice in the diabolical suggestion, and her helplessness before a stranger, who, she is convinced, realizes the attack, but is too well bred to make a sign, even a sign of remonstrance.

Why is it that certain words used in connection with disease fill the soul with shame as well as alarm? In the good old days Jones went frankly mad. The worry of business, a terrible affliction, or a line of ancestors whose beliefs were not wholly unacquainted with bats—whatever the cause—he went mad. A man of correct life, a model citizen, a teacher of the Young Ladies' Bible Class in the First Church, he broke out one morning in frightful blasphemies at the breakfast table, although the fish-balls were excellent and the coffee beyond reproach. He then told singularly improper stories to his little girl, and went to the office, arrayed as to his head with the sub-bonnet of the hired girl. At the office he told his chief clerk to order at once 18 locomotive engines, to be sent by mail and not by freight. (Now, Jones was a wholesale grocer.) The doctor was summoned, and Jones, after examination, was sent to the Nut Factory at Worcester or Northampton, where he remained for two years.

But, now, if a pale and amiable young man, who is gentle, serious and free from the suspicion of humorous habits, asks at dinner for a steamboat when he wishes a potato, and promises to give each one of the boarders a million or more dollars the next day, he is confronted with an alienist. The moment the alienist enters, mystery enters with him. The agreeable qualities of the poor young man were, after all, more blinds. His life was surely corrupt and sinister. "Alienist." There is thought of perversion, degeneracy, and the modern erotic-medical literature of Vienna, Paris, Lyons, Berlin. The alienist is a storage warehouse of family secrets. He is sometimes accused

even of receiving hush-money—a charge that no doubt is, in almost every instance, outrageously unjust. The old-fashioned doctor at the insane asylum was bluff, hearty, hopeful. The alienist is portrayed by popular imagination as thin, tall, spectral, with a tight, shiny forehead and colorless lips, with eyes that give out no light. He is always in the shadow. He examines his patient with a dark lantern.

An Englishman makes much of the fact that many words which denote violent action begin with "sp"—as spunk, spark, spasm, speed, spill, spin, split, splinter, splutter, spring, spurn, spurt. "Is it possible that the effort necessary for pronouncing effectively words beginning with this dipthong in itself suggested the idea of violence? If so, it can only be to English ears, for Italians and Spaniards manage to slip out sp's prettily enough."

About 75 years ago the author of "Warrentana," a collection of amusing parodies in praise of Warren's blacking, represented a member of the House of Commons as complaining of the profligacy of the Government. One

passage at least is worthy of quotation:

"The allowance that they make to the officers of the Guards is ruinous beyond all bounds. Not content with a wholesome and sensible repast, they must needs give them coffee, ham, eggs, chocolate, orange marmalade, and gooseberry jam, according even to their own bill of fare, which I have seen, and which actually measures 36 feet 9 inches and seven-eighths in length, by two feet seven inches and three-fourths in breadth. In the patriotic days of England, in the days of Elizabeth and Burleigh, our military would have scorned such effeminate luxuries; but on the simplest and cheapest species of food, would have cherished a stomach fit either for fighting or for feasting. * * * I call upon the house then to desist from these ravenous attacks; I call upon them to do justice, though late, to an impoverished nation, and by way of commencement, to limit the Guards to one pound of fresh meat and one pint of porter per diem, convinced that none but a shark or an Alderman could possibly digest more."

We were reminded of this by the letter of an English soldier in South Africa to his father. The young warrior asks those at home to remember him by sending a "currant rolls pudding"—can this be a roly-poly?—two short-cakes, home-made cakes, a tin of "golden surp"—which, we believe, is sirup-cooked ham, a tin of milk, cocoa, brown sugar. "We can't get no stores, and no bread, and have to live on two cakes a day, and we have to soak them from breakfast to dinner, and we are living on the top of the mountain, six miles from a town, and can't see no thing but bushes and monkeys and wile beasts and Boars."

021-5-01

To F. E. C.: No, we have not heard that Miss Maude Adams will play Cleopatra toward the end of the season.

Do you suppose that Mr. Hall Caine really looks like his latest picture—or like any one of his pictures?

Francesca da Rimini has never been a popular heroine on the stage, either in drama or opera. Boker's tragedy was only an "occasional" play. Ambrose Thomas's opera was a failure, and lesser pieces have had only their little night. The symphonic poem by Tchaikowsky is the most successful attempt to immortalize the woman who met her lover for the apparent purpose of literary discussion. And now the woman will appear again upon the stage. Gabriele d'Annunzio has finished a tragedy in more than 4000 verses, a tragedy of which he says modestly—by telegraph: "I hope to have done a work not too unworthy the great memory of Dante." The first performance will be on Dec. 5, at the Cestanzi, Rome, with Duse as Francesca. He has chosen a town that has always been cold, if not hostile, toward him.

Sarah Bernhardt will play Francesca at her own theatre in Paris. Mr. Marion Crawford wrote the play in English, and then made a rough translation into French, which he read to Sarah in London last summer. Her acting version will be prepared by Marcel Schwob, who translated "Hamlet" for her into French prose. "Mr. Crawford has drawn his play from the true story of Francesca da Rimini, and not from the current legends."

The late Lord Morris had a pretty wit. The counsel for plaintiff had soft-scaped the jury for great moral and

intellectual virtues, which were repugnant to their countenances. The counsel for defence was not content until he had added buter and nicelasses to the soap. When the Judge was allowed to speak, he repeated what had been said, and added: "All this may be true, gentlemen, but you don't look it."

We spoke of Sarah Bernhardt. Dr. Hartenberg says in the Chronique Medicale that she is very nervous; her teeth, on the first night of a play, chatter and rattle so that the words are almost lost. This statement has been contradicted. "When she leaves her loge she is absolutely calm, and, as a rule, plays with more assurance before the critics than on ordinary occasions. I have been on the stage of many theatres on first nights, and what has always struck me has been the remarkable indifference of artists, except in the case of the debutante."

Perhaps you have never heard of Professor Yung of the University of Guel, Switzerland. The University itself is not distinguished for its lectures on athletic sports. The deep-thinking professor has concluded, after years of speculation, that the human race is dicky about the legs, and that a million years from now our descendants will not have any legs at all.

Some of the favorite coloring matters used in stomachic and beneficial liqueurs are Prussian blue, sulphate of indigo, burnt sugar, spinach or parsley green, cochineal, logwood, saffron, and bumeric. Chloroform, aloes, spirit of nitrus ether, acetic ether, ammonia, are also used. Ah, those good old monks!

"Guinevere" of the Referee writes indignantly concerning the indecency of publishing the nature of the bequests left to relations and friends. She was moved to this by the discussion of the contents of the Empress Frederick's will. She refers to the statement concerning the morganatic marriage as unkind and probably untrue. "A morganatic marriage is not a particularly nice sort of union; it is a kind of compromise with Christianity by which the wife usually has to bear the suffering which is incidental to all Christian women whose marriages are not strictly regular." This definition is excellent; but it does not, therefore, follow that no British matron of the aristocracy would not contract such an alliance. The records—even the judicial records of high social life in England—contain queer, incredible reading, and Thomas Hardy's group of noble dames is easily paralleled in real life.

"The bodies at the Paris Morgue are preserved in exactly the same way as New Zealand mutton." In one of the drawers of a room is a cut up body—the result of a crime that startled Paris many months ago. It is waiting there in hopes of at last meeting the carver. In another drawer is a woman who was found stabbed to the heart in her bedroom seven years ago. The limit of the preservation of a body is 10 years and a day, and then the murderer may boast of his guilt; no one can touch him, unless a process has been begun against him at some time during that term of years.

We spoke yesterday of Mr. John Hellingshead and his opinions concerning fish. Let us again quote from the copy of this journalist—copy that is always meaty, if it is sometimes wormy.

"Restaurants have made fame and fortune by the bedevilment of a sole, which gives the fish as much chance as it gets with the saffron of the 'houillabaise' concocter. One day it is a 'sole maigre,' another day it is a 'sole Marguery.' We all know the 'sole au Gratin,' the 'sole Normande,' the 'sole (or 'Filet de Sole') Diéppoise.' What are they? Simply 'dishes' with a disguised fish basis. The fish, as the lawyers put it, is 'ancillary,' like the oysters in an American stew or a rump-steak pudding. * * * The 'harvest of the sea' is not kindly treated by the high priests of cuisine. They overcook it, as they do game. * * * The rude railway excavator, or 'navvy,' is nearly, if not quite, an unconscious gastronomic discoverer, when he eats his dried haddock raw for breakfast. When 'fried sole' is represented by a mixture of grease and the contents of a pin-cush-

ion, and 'Mackerel à la Maitre d'Hotel' is little more than buttered string, one thinks of that happy country, where, in the words of Andrew Marvel, 'The fish come to the table, not as a meat, but as a guest.'"

There was an Englishman who was cursed on his lawn by a gipsy woman; neither he nor his three sons should die in bed. The cursed one laughed, for he had only one son; but by the

he was brought home by a nurse
ad three. The eldest was mortally
aded at Chillianwalla. A round
knocked into splinters the charpoy
which he was carried, and he died
of the quasi bed. The second son,
Bayer, won a great case, and as he
ed on the hearth rug, with a coffee-
in his hand, and told his wife how
everdict meant riches and fame for
him. Death struck and mocked him.
The third was a scientist and expert
his-player. He fell sick, and, with
and companion, he played his favor-
came as he was between the sheets.
One day the crony found him, in dress-
gown, in a chair, at the chess-
board, dead.

NEW symphony (in D, No. 2, op.
11) by Hugo Alfvén, was per-
formed at a Promenade Concert,
London, Sept. 17. The Pall Mall
said of it:
The work is, as one might imagine,
based according to an ambitious
scheme, and is achieved also by a
young man of nine-and-twenty—a work
equal in its accomplishment, and
altogether original in its inspira-
tion. That last fact is, of course, by
no means to be recorded as against the
work in general. M. Alfvén has rightly
shared in the luxury of admiring the
works who are after his own heart;
and for that reason there is a good
deal of Wagner in his score, a certain
quality of Puccini, and at times such
miscellaneous of an earlier school as
re-crystallized in the work of Sullivan.
(We do not for a moment, of
course, mean by this that he has any
particular knowledge of that English
master.) In the earlier part of the
composition under consideration there
is a great deal of rather unmeaning
action, which succeeds finally in
giving a profound sense of irrita-
tion. Habit nearly always compels one
who is accustomed to hear phrases
repeated to assign to them certain
vowel sounds (as may be noted
particularly in Wagner's "Lohengrin").
This was also the case though not
by any means confined to the same
advantage, in M. Alfvén's symphony.
The last two movements, however, after every-
thing mentioned is accounted for, are
pieces of work, and were
written in a manner befitting their
musical motives, no less than the
genuinely clever and promising
composition. The final movement in
particular, with its almost daring
interplay of a chorale set among three
parts, could have been written, not
for its mere technique, but also
for its artistic sense of beauty, only
the master of his craft. Mr. Wood
directed his forces through its inter-
action with much insight. The time
passed when one can call the in-
fusion of even so peculiarly modern
work as this into these concerts a
bold proceeding, and it is only
recorded, therefore, that the
music was received with general
enthusiasm.

Flodor von Frimmel in his biog-
raphy of Beethoven relates that the Lon-
don Philharmonic Society, upon hear-
ing of the straitened circumstances and
illness of the great composer, sent him
Beethoven forwarded an acknowl-
edgment of the gift with a letter of
thanks, and died a week afterward.
The Athenaeum remarks upon Frim-
mel's work that it appears from the
date of March 28, 1827, that another
musical action was planned in Lon-
don, which, however, remained unful-
filled owing to Beethoven's death.
The Athenaeum had heard of a concert at
London, where one of Beethoven's
symphonies had been played, that the
master lay ill without necessary
attention and nursing. The King im-
mediately promised to send Beethoven
£100 but the reported death of
the composer frustrated this scheme.
The Athenaeum remarks that no Bee-
thoven biographer reports this generous
action of the English King.

The title of Basil Hood's and Edward
Lynn's new operetta for the Savoy
Theatre, "The Merry Widow," is still another
example, Kun Ardard, a seven-year-
old child, was fiddled to the delight of Ber-
lin in the performance of "The
Merry Widow" at the Central. The new Al-
bion ballet to be produced to-mor-
rownight is "Gretna Green." The
scenario is by Charles Wilson and the
music by G. W. Byng. The piece is also
an operetta. "The scene reveals
Gretna Green, and the squire of
opposes the marriage of his lov-
er to the girl of his choice. In his
stress the young man appeals to the
blacksmith, who hits upon a
plan for obtaining the parental consent.
The blacksmith, who complains of bad
luck, the squire tenders £50 for the en-
gagement of runaways, with instruc-
tion that the first couple to be joined
by the anvil shall receive the
sum as a dowry. The squire's
takes the gold, and everybody is
ultimately happy."—The critic of the
Athenaeum was much impressed by Saint-
Saëns's "Danse Macabre." "The scor-
ing of this extraordinary work is so
artistic that a lady said to me that

whenever she heard the work she al-
ways smelt a mouldy odor. Such is the
power of music!"—Arthur Somervell
has been appointed Inspector of Music
for the Board of Education, to succeed
the late Sir John Stainer. The position
is worth £700 a year and the Inspector
is allowed traveling expenses; but the
position is by no means a sinecure.
"Lancelot" describes the methods of
English conductors and the way in
which each sings his themes. "Mr.
Brewer makes use of a falsetto tone,
Sir Hubert Parry hums like a bumble-
bee, and Dr. Cowen indulged in syl-
lable enunciation, of which remarkable
examples are 'Lum par,' 'Pom pom,
pom,' 'Par da te tum,' and 'D-a-ar-
tee-er.'"—Dr. Cowen, by the way, is
writing a cantata on "Gareth," a
Knight of the Round Table.—Alvarez,
the tenor who was a favorite in Bos-
ton and was therefore heartily disliked
in New York, has been engaged by Mr.
Gran for two seasons.—Perosi is at
work on an oratorio to be entitled
"The Apocalypse." It will be performed
in Milan.—Rose Adler Relda, a San
Francisco girl who appeared once or
twice at the Opéra Comique, Paris, has
signed an engagement for three years
at the Royal Opera House of Frank-
fort-on-the-Main.

The Musical Courier says: "All the
world has been complaining of the
prices charged for everything at Bay-
reuth this year. Such complaints are
absurd when the hotel price list con-
tains such prices as the following for
the unique objects enumerated:

	Marks.
A bed in which Niemann slept 25 years ago (On the jubilee night 20 marks additional.)	50
A bed made after the master's instructions for Brünnhilde's room.	65
A room with a window in the direction of the Villa Wahnfried.	100
A room in the same direction, without a window.	50
A quart of mead in a horn (horn modeled after those used in the "Götterdämmerung").	7
A slice of goose à la Lohengrin.	5
A bit of the springing, very nearly "Flying Dutchman."	5
A steak roasted at Siegfried's forge.	12

Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt celebrated
Oct. 2, the 25th anniversary of his es-
tablishment of a publishing house. Mr.
Schmidt, who was born at Altona, Ger-
many, in 1846, opened a small music
shop of his own in Winter Street in
1876. From the day of his establish-
ment he was interested in the welfare
of American composers, and he has
constantly published works by them
with unusual attention to elegance of
workmanship. He has thus done much
to bring into notice works by Mac-
dowell, Paine, Foote, Chadwick, Beach,
Lynes, Marston, Johns and many others.
His catalogue, which numbers
6000 works, is, indeed, representative of
American music at its best. John K.
Paine's Spring Symphony was pub-
lished in 1880, and it was the first or-
chestral score ever published for an
American composer. Many other or-
chestral scores were in turn published
by Mr. Schmidt.

Arnold Mendelssohn has written an
oratorio, "Samson."—A young physi-
cian, Alfred von Bary, will make his
debut at the Dresden Opera House as
Lohengrin.—An unusual monument
has been raised to Vogl, the tenor, in
the cemetery of Tutzing. There is a
portrait medallion. And there is a cross,
at the base of which is the Holy Grail,
while above the cross there is a dove.

The Municipal Council of Prague
voted its thanks to Dvorák on his 60th
birthday. Some of his chief works were
performed at the National Bohemian
Theatre.—Offenbach's "La Belle Hé-
lène" has been revived with great suc-
cess at Rome.—A monument to Carlo
Gomes, the composer, will be raised in
Campos, Brazil.—The proofs of the
first edition for piano and voices of
"The Flying Dutchman," with many
autographic corrections by Wagner, are
offered for sale in Bayreuth for a sum
equivalent to \$625. There is a story
that a family named Verdi, now living
at Thebes, insists upon claims on the
property of the great composer.—Alex-
ander von Fichtel, who has lived on ac-
count of his health in Rome, is now a
teacher in the Stern Conservatory, Ber-
lin.—Although there were many vis-
itors at Bayreuth this year, the man-
agers lost money. Some say that the
total expenses were about \$150,000 and
the receipts about \$130,000.—Who is
Feldt Spielmann, the pianist? German
newspapers say he is engaged for 100
concerts in North America, Cuba and
South America.—Lola Beeth, the hand-
some soprano, who sang here in Me-

chanics' Building, appeared twice in
Hamburg and then disappeared. They
say she did not get along well with the
critics. They must have worn blinders.
—The late publisher, Fritz Simrock,
bequeathed the autograph score of Mo-
zart's "Marriage of Figaro" to the
Royal Library of Berlin.—Certain Ger-
man newspapers are shocked because

new scenery was refused for "Lohen-
grin" at the Brün Theatre, by the au-
thorities, but allowed for an Offenbach
cyclo. Cannot Cosima or Mr. Heery
T. Finck do anything about it?—An
orchestral work, Rapsodie hollandaise,
by Van Anrooy of Utrecht, was per-
formed with success at The Hague. The
Rapsodie is founded on the air "Piet
Hein."—Maud Powell, the violinist,
was enthusiastically received at Sohe-
veningen. She will give three concerts
with orchestra in Berlin.—Charpen-
tier's "Laise" will be produced at Co-
logne this season.—The Prussian na-
tional song, "Ich bin ein Preusse, kennt
Ihr meine Farben," is 75 years old. The
poet was Thiersch, a professor and doc-
tor of philology, and his verses were
set to music by Nethard of Berlin in
1830.—Arthur Nikisch, as conductor of
the Philharmonic Society, Berlin, will
bring out this season the Barbarossa
symphony by von Hausegger; a sym-
phony with chorus by Scriabine; a sym-
phonic poem, "Elain und Lancelot," by
Anton Averkamp, a young Dutchman;
two orchestral pieces by Sibelius.

Music from Tschaiakowsky's first bal-
let, "The Swan-lake," was performed
for the first time in England, Sept. 14,
at a Promenade Concert. Mr. Black-
burn wrote:

"The work was composed so long
ago as in the summer of 1876, long be-
fore the master, of course, had come
to any wide recognition of his power.
It is exceedingly interesting, as show-
ing Tschaiakowsky quite undeveloped,
and yet containing the seeds of all the
characteristics which made his ulti-
mate work so nobly unique. You have
here the beat and the savage rhythm,
together with the constant repetition
of the same phrases which belong to
the barbaric element of music, as yet
undistinguished by the beauty which
slowly filled his musical capacity, as
a rare wine might be gradually poured
into some orientally barbaric flagon.
It was, therefore, rather as a matter
of interest than as containing the ele-
ment of fulfillment that this perform-
ance of the work was so full of signifi-
cance."

On another occasion Poschinger told
Bismarck of Wagner's disappointment,
and asked if it would not have been
possible for him to do something for
Bayreuth. Bismarck replied that he
had received Wagner with all the

deference due to so illustrious a guest,
but with empty hands. The promotion
of art and science was not, he thought,
the special affair of the Government.
True, contributions had been voted for
Schliemann's excavations, for the Ger-
manic Museum, and for certain liter-
ary enterprises of a national character.
The Reichstag might, therefore, have
done something to assist the Bayreuth
festivals. But at the time when Wagner
made his appeal the circumstances were
not favorable. "Moreover," continued
Bismarck, "I am not sure but that, if
we had taken any action in the matter,
the King of Bavaria might have
thought we were poaching on his pre-
serves. A Maecenas is in such mat-
ters more useful than the complicated
apparatus of Bundesrath and Reich-
stag." As a matter of fact Bismarck
had very little taste for music, which
he looked on chiefly as a remedy for
nervous excitement, whereas Wagner's
music produced such excitement. He
neither cared for operas, nor had he
time to attend them, so he knew Wag-
ner's music only as performed on the
piano or by military bands. Nor can
he be blamed for being sceptical as to
the importance of Wagner's pro-
jects. Did not nearly all the news-
papers he read tell him that Bayreuth
was a humbug? It was the experts,
the critics, and other professionals to
whom he lent his ear who were at
fault. They were responsible for the
fact that poor Wagner lost a large
sum of money at the first perform-
ances of the "Nibelung's Ring" and
"Parsifal," which are now, with his
other operas, the chief sources of in-
come at all German and most foreign
opera houses.—New York Evening
Post.

Some celebrated writer once observed
that if any man, however humble his
calling or station, should write out his
thoughts, deeds, adventures, for one
day, without any attention to the con-
ventionalities, without attempt to make
himself a hero, the report would sur-
pass in imaginative interest the wild-
est flight of a professional romancer.
There are already autobiographies of
Joud pretensions to unvarnished truth.
Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Cellini, Cas-
anova, Rousseau, have told the story
of life by day and night; but they
were more or less imaginative, and the
reader at times suspects them of em-
bellishment as well as forgetfulness.
There are other men of whom we know
much—as Montaigne.

Now there have been men and wo-
men of much less brilliancy in life and
thought who have left behind them
journals or letters which are full of
gossip, information about household
details, scandalous remarks about the

Squire and his Lady, the clergyman,
and other leading village characters.
The name of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu
is not familiar to the readers of the
younger generation, yet her letters
were published in Boston in 1825, and
sold well in those sleepy days. She
was a blue-stocking, a tiresome per-
son, according to her contemporaries,
although her nephew in the preface to
her letters says: "It was reserved for
the influence of the steady principles
of Christianity, to correct the exuber-
ant spirit of her genius." Her nephew
also speaks of her extraordinary beauty
as a child. These letters are by no
means dull reading now. Mistress
Elizabeth makes many priggish reflec-
tions at the age of 20 and indulges in
worsted-work maxims—as when she
asks in 1740: "What will this world
come to now! Duchesses drink gin and
frequent fairs?" We learn that she
did not dare to be inoculated; that
cherry color is best suited to a dead,
antiquated beauty; that she was fond
of reading Cicero; that Pegasus hates
a side-saddle; that Love is covetous
and selfish—an odd jumble of shrewd
remarks, dismal platitudes, observa-
tion quickened by youth and high
spirits, and occasionally genuine, flash-
ing wit.

But Mistress Elizabeth was not an
inconspicuous person. She had her
world. She knew Dr. Middleton, Dr.
Young, and other big-wigs, she was
flattered. Take the case of Mary
Taylor of a little town in Staffordshire,
who kept an account book 170 years
ago. She was closely connected by
marriage with the family whence
sprang Walter Savage Landor.

Mary lived as a paying guest with
some of her nieces and a nephew to
whom she paid yearly £11 14s. She
engaged her own washerwoman and
provided her own tea, sugar, medicine,
coals. Her tea cost about 18 shillings
a pound; her lump sugar seven pence-
halfpenny a pound; her coal ten pence
or a shilling for "a horseload." The
washerwoman received six pence or
a shilling. We know that she was not
young when she began the book in
1731, for there is an item for snuff,
and snuff was the luxury of women
of mature years. Yet, was she not too
old, for she paid sixpence that year
"for taking in my stays."

She played cards for money. It was
the custom. But she lost only small
sums, and forgot to enter her win-
nings. She gave liberally to the ser-
vants in houses where she visited.

She must have been fastidious in her
dress. She liked muslin handkerchiefs
and silk shoes. Here is an item: "Pd
Mr. Robinson for 13 yards of green tab-
by for a gown bought in London £4 7s.
6d. Pd for 18 yards of blue paduasoy
at 11s. a yard £9 18s." She wore scarlet
stockings and she had night-gowns of
blue and red satin. She rode horseback.
And here is an odd item: "Pd for a pair
of everlasting shoes to Bailey, four
shillings."

And she gave away much in charity—
to sufferers by fire, to a man who had
lost his cow, to workmen. She was sick
and then she paid a nurse 12 shillings
for attending her for six weeks. A Mr.
Moss received a shilling for bleeding her,
and she took such remedies as harts-
horne. Her books were few, but she
owned the Spectator and Dr. Young's
"Night Thoughts," and she knew the
pleasures of the circulating library.

Suppose that this gentlewoman had
kept a journal as well as an account-
book. Suppose that she had dared to
record her aspirations, her revolts. For
does not even the sweetest old maiden,
whose very look suggests sweet laven-
der, know cruel revolts of womanhood
that was supposed to be at peace or
under submission? The saint could
write the stormiest book. There are
no more passionate natures than the
pathetic figures in New England life
as drawn by Miss Brown, Miss Wilkins,
or Miss Jewett. Even the women in
the French literature designed solely
for exportation are in comparison pale
and feeble things.

There has been much talk of late con-
cerning John Henry Newman's "Lead,
Kindly Light," which was first pub-
lished in 1834. The following remarks
are of pertinent interest. They were
written by "Asterisk" in the Pall Mall
Gazette:

"Probably no composition of the kind
ever gave rise to so much controversy,
and, more or less, impertinent specu-
lation. Readers between lines read
into it all sorts of doubts and
fears, from which they were pleased
to assume the author must have been
suffering when he wrote it. They saw
in it the torment of a tossed soul,
yearnings towards the old Religion—
all sorts of hidden meanings. The
controversy fairly raged, and New-
man, with other and more important
matters to attend to, seems to have

let it rage. But, at last, the disputants insisted upon knowing what the poet meant from himself, and so constituted that hard and inconvenient situation for a bard which Byron had something to say about years before. And, in the end, they 'drew' Newman. H. wrote, from the Oratory, in 1873, to Dr. Greenhill, and the letter reads pretty much like the sort of letter Byron would have written if he had been holding Newman's pen. As it was Newman who wrote, he did not quote Byron. He preferred to instance Keble. Keble, I think it was, who said that poets were not bound to give a sense to what they had written. Though I am not a poet like Keble, I am not bound, either, to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of 50 years. It would be quite tyrannical if one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient states of mind which come upon one when one is home-sick or sea-sick, or, in other ways, sensitive or excited. I wonder what the controversialists thought of that letter? Greenhill must have appreciated it. The 'sea-sick' is quite Byronic.

Oct 8, 1901

A citizen of Catskill, N. Y., died the other day without knowing that his stomach had been removed 14 months ago on account of cancer. The surgeons never told him. Their conduct seems to us singularly cruel. No doubt the patient alluded familiarly at home and at the corner grocery to his stomach-ache, spoke of his stomach-ache, complained of having a delicate stomach, and possibly took occasionally a glass of fire-water for his stomach's sake. Thus unwittingly was he a man of false pretences. On the other hand he was precluded from the joy of talking about the operation and his loss. Did you ever see a man cut for appendicitis who was not happy to tell you about his experience and to recommend the operation, after the example of the fox in the fable? There are mutilated beings, we are told, who wear the removed appendix proudly and set in gold as a watch-charm. A stomach would be too large for such a display; but it might serve as a curio on centre-table or mantelpiece.

It is reported that Senator Platt looked "somewhat irritated" after his dinner at the White House with President Roosevelt. This irritation was not necessarily the result of political difference or disappointment. Perhaps the soup was scorched, the joint overdone; perhaps there was salt in the ice cream, or the champagne was sweet. The success of a political party may hang on the ability or the indifference of a cook, or the tact and courage of the guests.

There is a memorable instance told by Thackeray, an old-fashioned writer who enjoyed an inexplicable popularity in the fifties and sixties, as we learn from magazines of his period. There was a diplomatic struggle between the English and the Russians at Constantinople. The representatives of these governments met at a dinner given by the Pasha of Roumelia. One of the chief dishes was a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, assafoetida, capscums, and other condiments. The Pasha ate of it hugely and pushed spiced morsels with his own fingers into his guests' very mouths.

"I shall never forget the look of poor Diddloff when His Excellency, rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball, and exclaiming 'Buk Buk' (it is very good), administered the horrible bolus to Diddloff. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received it; he swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and seizing a bottle next to him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he drank off nearly a pint before he knew his error. It finished him; he was carried away from the dining room, almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summerhouse on the Bosphorus. When it came to my turn, I took down the condiment with a smile, said 'Bl-mallah,' licked my lips with easy gratification, and when the next dish was served, made up a ball myself so dexterously, and popped it down the old Galeongee's mouth with so much grace, that his heart was won. Russia was put out of court at once, and the treaty of Kabobanople was signed. As for Diddloff, all was over with him; he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and Sir Roderick Murchison saw him, under the No. 3667, working 'in the Ural mines.'

No, a true statesman is a grateful, appreciative guest, even when no pie is served.

Now that Mr. Jean de Reszke approves of Miss Lucienne Bréal and actually wishes her to sing in his company at Paris, she will undoubtedly be warmly applauded in New York this

season. The eminent Polish tenor has told the New Yorkers what they were unable to find out for themselves.

You look about hurriedly for a book to read in the train. There are books enough in your library—novels, essays, histories, poems, plays—but there is not one that at the moment answers your purpose. Those that you have read seem stale; those you have not read look dull. And yet, at your leisure, without the thought of a tiresome journey, any one of the books would give you delight.

The Referee suggests as a fitting subscription for the bereaved wife to place on President McKinley's monument the epitaph written for Sir Philip Sidney by his sister: "Great loss to all that ever did him see, Great loss to all, but greater loss to me."

A young play-actor in Paris pointed out to the manager that he had only a dozen lines to speak. "You forget," said the manager, "that you have to marry Mlle. Tel ou Tel in the last act; and if that is not enough for you, I don't know what is."

This reminds us that a rich American woman in Paris, who wears her hair a shrieking shade of red, is known as "the vermillionaire." Mr. G. R. Sims states this solemnly, therefore, it must be true.

One of the most striking things is the growth of hotel life in London. We confess we had not suspected one, at least, of its virtues until we heard a speech the other day, which Fame, unhappily, has left unrecorded. The speaker put forward the claim that the hotel is the great domestic pacificator. Instead of dining at home on Sundays, the good man takes his wife to the hotel restaurant, and there, charmed by the surroundings and the goodness of the fare, there is no caustic allusion to club hours, or, on the other side, to the length of the dressmaker's bills. Family jars are avoided and Sir F. Jeune is not invoked. This may be true, but what about the other days of the week, when the family chicken is not up to the mark and the omelette looks as if it had had an accident? Will not the comparisons be more than ever odious?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Oct 9, 1901

Croker Harrington in Mr. Pinero's new play "Iris" is anxious to become "an ideal club secretary," and he gives this admirable definition of the "ideal": "A fellow who sees that the members have every opportunity of grumbling, and no cause."

How few in any calling have the zeal, the heroic devotion of Carême, the cook, the illustrious inventor of sauces! Wearing by his labors, broken in health, he went to the physicians. They told him to work less, to coddle himself. And what was his reply? "The coal fire kills us; but what of that? A shorter life and greater glory!" In one of his treatises he admits that he was a gourmand: "but my profession was so much to me that I have not even stopped at eating."

Carême invented many sauces and was praised. But are not all departures from nature deplorable? The waiter serves the raw oysters and then brings you various kinds of pepper, horse-radish, sauces, lemon, etc., etc. Wretched is the condition of the oyster that should be disguised. There are unfortunate women who from some stomachic ailment, from catarh, or from unwholesome teeth take violet-tablets; and there are silly women who have tried to benefit themselves with cologne.

The more piquant the sauce, the staler the fish, might hang as a motto in many restaurants of Paris. We have observed even in Boston that certain lobsters wash themselves with carbolic soap. If the taste of the fish itself is not palatable, why should it serve as the bread which a child drowns in molasses? Is there no virtue in corned beef without chow-chow?

The sauce-habit grows on one. It becomes a passion, a vice. We know a most estimable man, one highly respected and rewarded in his profession, a delightful companion, who at the age of 50 became infatuated with Harvey sauce—or is it Hervey? (We are far at this moment from the tempting bottle, and cannot verify the name.) He calls for the sauce before he orders soup, fish, or meat. He ordered at first with reference to the sauce; now, hardened, brazen, he pours the sauce as a madman scattering firebrands.

And so we have the spectacle of Harveyized meat.

Perhaps there was greater discretion in the use of Worcestershire sauce from the fact that the recipe was prepared by a nobleman of England and therefore the consumer felt the need

of a certain elegance in his accentuation of inherently prosaic food.

The Paris newspapers publish important news.

"This winter skirts will still be desperately tight around the hips."

There will be no revolutionary changes in hats or chiffons.

"The new corsets are imperative." Imperative is a good word, just the word. We knew these corsets needed the Flaubertian inevitable adjective, and at last it comes across the water.

"The latest fashion is to wear your hair almost in ingénue fashion; well down the neck, with a cunningly arranged stray curl creeping out on the left side." Here is a return to the coiffure of long ago. You will see such headress in an old-Keepsake, Token, Friendship's offering. The woman in the picture has also languishing eyes and wet pouting lips. She has a book, or a flower, or a fan. And the woman of that type had a long roller on which she formed the curl. Mrs. Shanna Cummin wore this curl at the Worcester Festival last month.

This reminds us of a story published in the Referee. We quote it to show the simplicity of the English mind in all matters of humor. The readers of the Referee are even now convulsed in recollection, although the jest was printed in this form—Sept. 22.

"A certain member of the peerage is of parsimonious habits. He is also possessed of an enormous fortune. To the assistants of the hair-dressing establishment whither he daily repairs, when in town, to be shaved and generally looked after, he has never been known to give any sort of gratuity—well, tip is a simpler word. One day an assistant—one of the cleverest in the establishment—inquired honestly, and without any idea of guile, 'Shall I cut your hair, my lord?' His lordship said, 'Do you mean that seriously?' 'Yes, my lord,' said the mystified

barber. 'Very well, then,' replied the peer, 'I have a very good joke against you. I wear a wig.' However, it is only fair to state that on this occasion the barber received a present of a snilling."

But the Era employs the services of an unconscious humorist, an editorial writer. This keen analyst finds that "the Belle of New York" was written to point the moral of "the vanity of riches exemplified by the helplessness of the capitalist to save from folly and extravagance his son." "Seldom has a more impressive picture been set on the stage than this of the prodigal son placed by his command of cash in the reach of every temptation, surrounded by a crew of parasites, and about to perpetrate a marriage which will, in all probability, result in a life of misery." As you remember, Harry marries Violet Gray, and now listen to the Era man: "It is difficult to imagine a more inspiring theme than this of the redemption of erring man by pure and stainless womanhood, when all the preachings of verbose hypocrites have failed to reform him." Furthermore the writer believes that the libretto, should it descend to future generations, "may supply valuable material for a thoughtful study of life in New York in the 19th century."

And so Mr. Dan Daly is, without his knowing it, what Artemus Ward would call a moral actor, and Edna May is a problem actress. And Mr. "Hugh Morton" wrote the book from a purely philanthropic motive, while Mr. Gus Kerker was dissuaded with difficulty from setting the various hymns to the plain song of the church.

The sea serpent has been seen again—this time about 10 cables' length from the Chuk Chao Islands, in latitude N. 22 degrees, 8 minutes, 30 seconds, and longitude E. 113 degrees, 43 minutes, 40 seconds. We like to be precise in an important statement. (The Chuk Chao Islands are about 20 miles southwest of Hong Kong with 10 to 12 fathoms of water.) We speak as though we had summered and wintered on them, but we assure you we never heard of them before 20 minutes of 11 A. M., Oct. 8, 1901. It was the same old serpent—with a kind of crest on its head and two fins high up on the neck just behind the jaws; 40 to 50 feet long and about a foot in diameter; dark colored back and lighter on the belly. And now we await fresh news from the white moose of Maine, and the Wild Man living on apples and raw cauliflower in the woods between Sandwich and Cotuit.

Oct 10, 1901

The garden literature is still growing. After the Kallyard school, the brothers and sisters of Elizabeth all lent a hand in aid of needy publishers. And we find pages in this vein: "Oct. 9.—Today is a cool, fresh offering from October. How pleasant it is to know that the golfers in their red jackets are far away; that I can now watch

Nature without thought of neighborly afternoon teas, sewing parties for the Public Library, etc., etc. There is a sound save the gentle complaining of the wind. I might be 100 miles from human beings. But I must leave you my journal, for a moment. Hilda says that the milkman has not come, and we have no cream."

But such swash is no worse than the flood of personal reminiscences which is poured into the market. We are told what Jones did and thought from the time he was twenty years old till he reached the grueful age; what Brown thought of Cardinal Newman, Lyd Thompson and Thomas Hardy; how Robinson met Thomas Carlyle in tobacco shop and what was said in turn by Robinson, the tobaccoist and Carlyle, and especially by Robinson.

There has been excellent parody in the Cornhill of such reminiscences; a the "Jottings from a journal, 1890-1900" by the Rev. Lancelot Ludovic Soulsby M. A., Vicar of St. Ursula's, Stucco Gardens." The opening entry is "Browning is gone, and Tennyson is going; I shall soon be left alone." Here is an extract:

"April 1.—I preached on the yearly resurrection of Nature, and quote from Thomson's 'Seasons' the beautiful line—'Come, gentle spring! Ethereal mildness, come!' My wife's undergraduate brother, who was staying with us, said he thought that the line described the sermon, for he had not heard anything so mild for a long time. Was this wit or humor? My wife said it was only impertinence."

And still another: "Nov. 1.—Winter is approaching. Today I walked over the Serpentine Bridge, and was much struck by the sunset over Kensington Gardens. It was both red and misty, and reminded me of a picture by Turner, who, next to Burne-Jones, is my favorite painter. As I looked at it a curious quattrain recurred to my memory:

A sunset at night
Is the shepherd's delight;
A sunset in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning.

"Is this folk-lore or nonsense? It sounds like folk-lore. Not being quite sure that I had got the lines accurately, I referred them to my learned friend, Mr. Carp, fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. He wrote back: 'How carelessly people do quote! The true version is, "A rainbow at night, etc.," and added a reference to Lord Dunsun-dreary which I did not understand.'"

If a man says "How?" Instead of "What?" he is looked upon by some as unfit for polite society. Dr. Holmes, we believe, was largely responsible for this supercilious attitude assumed by genteel Bostonians, who look down upon the ant-heaps of ordinary mortals from the top branches of family trees. Dr. Holmes did not study the case sympathetically, as one wishing to help his brother man, nor did he show any philological or antiquarian interest. He wrote insolently concerning the offender, as though he looked at him through a lorgnette. Now, a Cornishman says "Haow?" If he does not catch what one says; but that which is quaint and picturesque in "dear old England" is vulgar in Boston.

The politest Frenchman, the most conservative grande dame, who does not recognize the existence of the Republic, says "Comment?" And what is this same "comment" but "how?"

We read yesterday a short article by the "Comtesse de Montaign" concerning books bound in human skin. The author tells several entertaining stories. The prettiest is one of a French Countess, a ravishingly beautiful creature, whose shoulders made Flammarion forget to look upward at the stars. She rewarded his admiration by leaving

him the skin of the lovely shoulders to do with as he pleased. Now, he might have worn it in the shape of slippers, or he might have sharpened razors, or used it as a tobacco pouch. But "the renowned astronomer caused a volume of an edition de luxe of his 'Terre et Ciel' to be covered with the adorable epidermis of the sprightly Countess. The edges of the leaves are of blood red, sprinkled with golden stars. On the dedication page one may read: 'Souvenir d'une Morte.'" Thus did the Frenchman burn incense to his own vanity. Query: Does such skin in the shape of binding preserve the feminine perfume?

This is not the first time that we have been told about books bound in skin. There are curious pages about such binding in certain French novels; how pornographical works are bound in the skin of women of various colors, etc., etc. But there has little been written about appropriate and personal bindings. Two or three copies of a biography might be clothed with the skin of the subject, just as a set of

might be preserved until the
of the author, whose skin could
narrate an "author's copy" of gen-
worth. A cook book would be
appropriately in the skin of the
ridget that vexed the soul of the
me and wasted his substance.
father Bill and Aunt Clarissa
enhance the value of a "History
Ferguson Family." There are a
and ingenious and symbolical de-
can such blinding.

is Octave Mirbeau, who in his
ovel, or collection of sketches,
s Vingt et un Jours d'un
athénique," describes General
ard and his plan of settling all
bins of colonization. The walls
d General's room were hung in
it of fine grain, from which an
at the same time pungent and
pi was exhaled. The leather
ne from South African negroes.
eneral extolled it as far superior
it of Cordova; "It is handsome,
ndestructible." One piece was
ed from about 109 men and women,
population of a little village. "But
o the skin is not used—there are
e of skin from parts of women,
r, more supple, from which one
make porte-monnaies, valises,
n loves—mourning gloves. I know
y one way to civilize those people,
t to kill them. Whatever be the
o which you submit the con-
er, protection, annexation, etc.,
es always trouble; the scoundrels
ot keep still. If I massacre them
aump, I put an end to further
eties. But so many corpses take
rm and are unhealthy. Epidemics
come. So, I tan the killed, I
k leather out of them, and you
f yourself that it is superior. Do
k about the flesh? Unfortunately
e negro is not edible!"

Oct 11, 1901

Extract from the great work (as yet
published) "Cape Cod and Its Rela-
ship with the Universe," by the
hosopher of Barnstable. "The un-
tr sense of proportion in the di-
n plan is admirably illustrated by
he skunk—the common, piazza skunk.
suppose that the skunk were as large
s horse, were vicious, and could fly
moment from Gaff's Bluff to East
Lodge! The mind shudders at the
r thought!"

They say that no one reads George
today, that one discusses learn-
and at length her amours but not
r books. There was a time, and
d-haired women of today remember
hen "Valentine," "Indiana," "Je-
were devoured in secret and with
nighty zest. Now "Indiana" would
ken for a dialect story. The
ors of revolt which seem dull today
er followed by the romances, "Mau-
rat," "Derniere Aldini" and the for-
dible "Consuelo," and these were
ecoded by stories of country life,
n which the flour on a miller's face
ully rice-powder." Some ask for
ve because she represents a daugh-
r of the aristocracy, palpitating at
ght of a lusty workman planing
and sweating at his work. They
rg that George Sand fell in love
Dr. Pagello, when she saw the
dble manner in which he applied
ecs. It is true that many of her
ve are already far down in the
sion of time, but there are others,
er of country life, which remain
tful; and the serenity, the au-
ony, the charm of her style would
ve the name of a far less tem-
stus woman.

Two Georges—and is George Elliot
as much as in former years? Per-
s the name George has something
d with it. It was just the name
eneral Washington—but for a
? George Shakespeare? George
George Hardy? George
et? Impossible! Yes, there is
or Meredith—but we firmly believe
t his name were Henry or John
rhard, he would write more in-
telligently and be more widely ap-
preciated. Look through Dr. Johnson's
y of Poets: what poets are
ecoded by the name George? Step-
ranville, Lyttelton. Have you
read two lines by one of them?
n though we are told that the
e compositions of George Step-
ade grey authors blush, it is a
rager to lay odds against your
ing even the name of any poem
n.

One have lost the contour of youth
e proud firmness of riper years;
es a gap far back in upper or
er jaw and on each side of your
t your eyes are like tired oys-
t; he check-flesh is pasty, and
es a stringy dew lap; your hair
ang—it covers your coat by day
ur pillow by night; and now you
cribed by your wife or by the
ne of your own family as "disting-
h-looking." They say: "No, Wil-

Ham is no longer young; he is past
his first youth; but he has such a dis-
tinguished appearance!"

In every large or small village there
is always one man who is the lord of
the manor, the baron of the district.
Sometimes his name is Adams, some-
times it is Forbes. (Sometimes there
are two or three—as in Easthampton,
Mass., in the sixties, when Messrs.
Williston, Knight and Sawyer ruled
the village.) His wish is law, until
some uneasy soul of uncertain origin
comes from another county and sows
the seeds of revolt. The idea that be-
cause a man lives in the country and
yet has some mysterious business in
the city, he is therefore rich, takes
root and is fixed. His interests and
those of the village must be opposed,
for, as the revolutionary cobbler or
stone mason argues, there cannot be
anything in common between rich man
and slaves. Then squabbles, jack-o'-
lantern plots, rows in town-meeting.
A healthy, sensible opposition should
be courted by the village lord, as a
reminder that he, too, is mortal; for
there are villagers who are eager to
burn incense and sound the trumpet
whenever he goes to his hen-house or
examines the condition of his cess-
pool. There is no boot-lick like the
free and enlightened citizen. In a
larger village, like Boston, for instance,
individual names still go for much, al-
though the name may be as a weather-
stained tag on a barren tree; and the
fashionable portion of the community
is governed always capriciously, often
ironically, by some restless woman,
greedy of notoriety. When you get to
New York you escape all this. The
town is too large. There are too many
"prominent persons present."

A studious child, one of an investigat-
ing mind, may find material even in
the minor items published in the lead-
ing journals. Here is an illustrative
instance. A singularly exact old man
died lately at Vienna in his 73d year.
"From his 27th year he kept accurate
account of everything he bought and
what he paid for it." In the 27 years
of his "convivial life" he consumed
28,786 glasses of beer. Now how much
beer did he average daily?—and, of
course, leap year must not be forgot-
ten. What would the average be, if
Sundays were omitted? Or suppose
that he began drinking beer when he
was 14, how much would he have con-
sumed up to the time of his death?
As a matter of fact, he gave up drink-
ing in his 54th year, but he kept on
smoking, and he smoked 628,713 cigars.
Why, there is no end to the problems
suggested by this precise old man,
whose life was not lived in vain; for
though dead he furnishes speculation
to little ones across the sea.

W. H.: "Esperanto" is a universal
language, which is now supported by
the Marquis de Beaufront, and the
"Touring Club de France," a powerful
bicyclists' association. Free lectures
and lessons are given in Paris at the
"headquarters of the club." But the
language is not new; it was invented
15 years ago by a Russian, Dr. Zamen-
hoff, who borrowed the most familiar
roots of the chief European tongues,
Latin or Germanic, for the basis of his
language. Some of his radicals are
"am" enjoying the idea of love, "land"
that of country, "dauer" that of dura-
tion, "attend" that of waiting, "goj"
that of joy. Spelling and pronuncia-
tion are phonetic. There are only 16
rules; the addition of a termination
converts a root into a noun, adjective,
verb or adverb as desired. Thus, "am"
gives "amo," love; "ama," loving;
"ami," to love; "ame," lovingly. In
distinguishing the tenses of the verbs
"i" stands for the infinitive, "as" for
the present, "is" for the past, and "os"
for the future. Tolstol says that after
studying a grammar and dictionary for
two hours he was able to read a news-
paper printed in Esperanto with com-
parative ease.

One man hopes to write an immor-
tal poem before the ground covers
him; another would fain be known as
the author of a little volume of essays
which will send Montaigne and Haz-
litt into limbo; and another hopes
for undying fame as the author of
a pamphlet on "The Secret History
of the Spleen."

We are not ambitious. Pegasus is
high-fied and skittish. The mule in
the brick-yard who does each day
the allotted task is on the whole the
more satisfactory animal in the great
scheme. And yet—and yet there is
one book that we should like to write:
"Heroines of the Cook Books."

This book should be illustrated hand-
somerly after the manner of "Hero-
ines of Goethe" or "Women of the
Bible." The favorite and most char-
acteristic recipes of each woman
would make the work one of utility
as well as elegance.

"Aunt Caddie" should lead—dear
Aunt Caddie, with her cake in which
enter 1-1-3 teaspoonsful of clove—not 2,
not 11-2, but 11-3, as a precious in-

gredient. We see her now—rather
port, plump, with silvered hair and
orkscrew curls. She wore a cameo
brooch and bracelets that fastened
with a qucer catch, which was in-
clined to pinch the flesh. Hair jew-
elry had no fascination for her; she
escaped that fever which swept New
England. Her bed-chamber, at the
southwest corner of the house, was
heated in winter by a pipe hole,
through which you could look down
into the living room. Her books were
few: "The Course of Time"; "Childe
Harold," with illustrations; a volume
by Willis; a translation of "Paul and
Virginia." When and how did she in-
vent the cake that still bears her
name? To answer these questions
might take weeks of research. Aunt
Caddie has for some years watched
quietly in the church yard the pro-
cession of the seasons and the wooing
of young men and maidens who sit
enarmed on the wall next the high-
way.

The articles concerning Miss Parloa,
Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Ward—the inventor
of the sponge cake that calls for 10
eggs—Miss Farmer—and others of the
noble band—these could be written
with comparative ease—but they should
be composed in loving spirit—with plen-
ty of frosting.

And pray what woman created
"Wrentham cake," which irritates the
kidneys, ravishes the palate, and goes
so sympathetically with peaches and
cream? Who first made the mathe-
matical calculation for pound cake?
Did General Washington ever eat the
ple or the cake that bears him name?
Is patriotism fostered by a diet of Jack-
son balls? Or is it true that these
balls, more deadly than those of the
Mauser, were not named after the he-
roic Andrew? Now all these questions
would be carefully discussed in this
work, which would be not merely a se-
ries of entertaining biographies; it
would be a history of the country, of
the race.

The Mohawk Moore and Burgess Min-
strels celebrated in London the amal-
gamation of these troupes. And "amal-
gamation" in connection with the event
is a good old-fashioned negro-minstrel
word. To mark the event some of the
songs which were popular in the six-
ties were revived. "They had an old-
fashioned ring, chiefly caused by the
repetition of the words, but there is
life in the old tunes yet, and 'Sally
come up, and Sally come down, and
Sally come turn your heels around,"
proved as inspiring a daisiel as she
did when she made her first bow."

But was Sally asked to "turn" her
heels around, or to "twist" them
around?

The evening must have been a mourn-
ful one. Look over the old songs, the
comic and sentimental ditties that de-
lighted you in your youth. Could the
once irresistible "Ham-Fat Man" bring
a smile to you in 1901? And yet the
man that sang it gave you a pleasure
that Coquelin never afforded. The in-
tense modernity of a popular song
marks it for early death, and when it
is dead it defies resurrection, for it is
lapt in lead. Nothing is more ironical
than the attitude of one generation
toward the amusements of one that
preceded it. The coon song is fast go-
ing; the most popular have already
gone into night. In like manner pages
of Wagner are already old-fashioned,
and to the audiences of 1900—if concerts
are then given—the most outrageous
symphonic poem of Richard Strauss
may be hum-drum, ineffective. Critics
of that day will quote from the articles
of the men of 1900, and add: "It does
not seem possible that music like this
should ever have excited discussion.
The remembrance of this should make
us guarded in our opinions concerning
the music of today." No, Sally should
neither come up, nor come down. Let
Sally rest, with the men and women
who once applauded her.

W. F. W. contributed this careful
sketch to the Pall Mall Gazette:

"There is something wrong about the
man in the red tie, I take it. When I
see him in the Soho quarter I know
what it is that is wrong with him.
When I meet him in Piccadilly, or
when his neckwear catches my eye in
the smoke-room, I can be more specu-
lative. It does not necessarily follow
that he is one of those whom society
would be better without. I can in-
stance the case of a man who wears
a red tie every day, except hunting
days, and all day long till he dresses
for dinner; who goes to church in it;
who sits in Quarter Sessions in it; who
appears in the park in it, and who is
yet of blameless life and conversation.
What is wrong with him is probably
merely a constitutional inability to ap-
preciate the force of color. To him
that red tie constitutes a neat and ef-
fective finish to his get-up. You are
not to read his mind's complexion
round his neck. The thing, however,
is worn with many differences. The

wearer is always wrong somewhere,
but not always to the same degree of-
fensive. He may not always 'mean'
that red tie. He may not always
mount it aggressively. It is when all
its redness is meant and its aggressive-
ness is evident that his offence is rank
and flares to heaven. It is when that
red tie is the complement of a thun-
der-and-lightning suit and yellow boots
and a certain cut of beard that you
realize its full significance. Then you
understand that there is not only
something wrong about the man, but
that he is himself a 'wrong one,' who
flatters himself he is all right."

Oct 13, 1901

G. SCHUMER of New York has
published "Beethoven's Piano-
Playing, with an essay on the
Execution of the Trill," by
Franz Kullak. This essay was origin-
ally a preface to Kullak's excellent edi-
tion of Beethoven's piano concertos.
The translator is Dr. Th. Baker.

The first 13 pages will interest the
general reader, the musical amateur, to
a greater degree than those pages de-
voted to the general rules for the per-
formance of the concertos and the ex-
haustive consideration of the trill.

For there is always interest in specu-
lation concerning a composer's own in-
terpretation. In some instances the
composer is a miserable interpreter, be-
cause his technic is inadequate. Thus
Brahms was a coarse and nerve-ras-
ping pianist. But we have all heard
much about Beethoven as a pianist, and
critics say today of a performance:
"It was not in the spirit of Beethoven."
Fortunately for them, no one asks:
"Pray, tell us what you mean by that
beautiful phrase?"

Now Beethoven was urged to severe
piano-practice at an tender age. He
appeared in public when he was eight
years old. One of his teachers said:
"He plays the piano with vigor and in
a finished style. Beethoven visited
Mozart when the former was about 17
years old, and he complained that
although he took lessons—probably in
composition—Mozart never played to
him. Later he heard the Abbé Sterkel,"
one of the foremost pianists in all
Germany. "Beethoven, who had never
before heard a great illustrious pianist,
was unfamiliar with the fine shadings
in the treatment of the instrument;
his playing was rough and hard." Nevertheless
he played his variations on "Vieni Amore"; "also a great many
others not less difficult, and to the
extreme surprise of his audience, in
precise and perfect imitation of the
elegant style which had impressed him
in Sterkel's playing." Another wrote
of him in comparison with Vogler:
Beethoven is, "aside from his dexterity,
more eloquent, imposing, expressive—
in a word, touches the heart more;
he is, therefore, as fine in Adagio as
in Allegro." This writer declared that
he had struck out an entirely new
path.

Mozart had delighted by his clear-
ness, roundness, tranquillity, delicacy.
Beethoven surprised the Viennese by
his vigor, fiery expression, grandeur.

Now here is a significant fact: "As
Beethoven's creative genius continually
sought greater and loftier tasks, his
careful attention to the details of
technic appears to have been relaxed."
And then his deafness increased.

J. B. Cramer, himself a great pianist,
the only pianist praised by Beethoven,
said of his friendly rival: "All in all,
Beethoven was, if not the greatest,
certainly one of the greatest and most
admirable pianists I have ever heard."
He heard him in 1799-1800. Cherubini
heard him five years later and charac-
terizes his playing as "rough." Clem-
enti described it as "but little culti-
vated, not seldom violent, like him-
self, but always full of spirit." The
prevailing opinion was that his style
was admirable, his technic adequate
and his touch too forceful. His real
crose as a virtuoso was in 1808, when
he played his G major concerto. Reich-
art bore witness that he played "with
astounding cleverness in the fastest
possible temps (sic). The Adagio, a
masterly movement of beautifully de-
veloped song, he positively made to
sing on his instrument, with a deep,
melancholy feeling that thrilled me as
well."

Czerny, the famous man of the ex-
ercises and the teacher of Liszt, took
lessons of Beethoven. He said of his
master (1800-1805), that no one rivaled
him in the swiftness of his scales,
double trills; that his attitude was
tranquil and refined, "without the
slightest gestulation (except bending
over as his deafness increased)"; that
he used the pedal a great deal, "far
more than is indicated in his works";
that his titanic execution was too
much for the pianos of the period.

Ries, another pupil, says: "In gen-
eral, he played his compositions most
eccentrically, though usually keeping
strict time, only occasionally hurrying

ing the tempo somewhat."

Nisile wrote, "As a player he is, to be sure, inferior to many others in elegance and technical accomplishments; besides, being hard of hearing, he played rather loud. But one lost sight of these defects when the master disclosed the depths of his soul."

Here surely are opinions at variance. It must be remembered that some of them come to us through the speech of several, and that in some instances the original speech was the recollection of a man who heard Beethoven years before he was asked about him. Some years ago Busoni was praised here for his delicacy, while by others he was condemned for his violence, his pounding. And on which side was the truth? Or partisanship enters, as when Paderewski playing outrageously is extolled as Paderewski at his best.

It is a pity that Beethoven cannot play some of his sonatas to us. Would we recognize them? Would there be complaint of lack of temperament? Would anyone say, from force of habit, "He is a fine pianist, but he should not attempt to play the works of Beethoven. It would be a pleasure to hear him interpret the music of Liszt?"

The remaining 83 pages of this book are of a technical nature. It is enough to say that they show erudition, industry and a sense of proportion; that they are invaluable to all teachers who wish to explain thoroughly and intelligently the piano music of the 18th century and the early part of the 19th. In fact, no piano student can afford to be without this book, which will repay slow and long-continued study.

Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus played Tchaikowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor, Sept. 17, and the Pall Mall Gazette said of him: "The concerto has had a varied career of acceptance, but not many will question the wisdom of Rubinstein in desiring to fulfill the soloist's task after his primary refusal. Mr. Backhaus played with wonderful skill and intelligence. He has the real artistic pianist's touch—that touch almost indescribable which makes the instrument a living thing under the hands of the player. He is sensitive and strong, an admirable combination of gifts; and of his playing much, very much, more will be heard. He has a rare gift of moulding music into plastic forms, which is infrequent even among elaborately gifted technical players on the most difficult instrument of his choice." The Rubinstein referred to is Nicolas, not Anton.—Josephine Cazaubon, the new London prima donna and the Pauline in "Mignonette; or the Gardener's Bride," is Miss Casaboni, who used to dance at the Alhambra. "She is a brunette and her dark, expressive eyes and oval face suggest her Spanish origin, and her musical gifts are probably due to the fact that she has the blood of the chosen race in her veins."—The new Alhambra ballet is "Gretina Green." T. Murray Ford wrote the libretto of an opera of that name, and the title is by no means new to the operatic stage in Paris and London.—Coleridge-Taylor has finished a concert overture, "Toussaint l'Overture." It is dedicated "To my black friends across the water," and it takes about 20 minutes in performance.—Argyle Saxby has written the words and music of "acoon song," "The White Piccaninies," and he says "now the nigger piccaninni boys have surely had their day" and it is time to sing about "little white boys." But what do the English mean by "white coons" and "white piccaninni boys"?—Efrancon Davies will sing in Bach's mass in B minor to be given by the Philharmonic Chorus in Berlin Oct. 21.—The Sing-academic Choral Society, Berlin, will perform this season, Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes," Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," Handel's "Acis and Galatea," Albert Becker's Mass in B flat minor, Brahms's "German Requiem," Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and Haydn's "The Seasons."—Leo Slezak, the tenor, will sing at the Vienna Opera House this season.—Paderewski will not play in Berlin this season. The Berliners really have the impudence to claim that he is not the greatest, the only pianist in the world, and so he proposes to punish them.—A posthumous opera by Ponchielli will be published at Milan. The title is "I Mori di Valenza." Ponchielli died about 15 years ago and the librettist, Ghislanzoni, is also dead. The instrumentation will be made by Annibale Ponchielli, son of the composer, whose "Gloconda" is heard all too seldom.—Siegfried Wagner declares that he will not allow any German theatre established on the principles of the Bayreuth Opera House to perform the works of his father before 1913, when the copyrights will expire. Mr. Wagner's conduct reminds me of the vul-

gar person who after he had helped himself to pie spat on what was left.—At Compiègne they danced a minuett of Handel in honor of the Tsar.—"The Chimes of Normandy" was performed lately at Dresden at the Royal Opera House by the leading singers. Thus the Gaspard was Scheidemann. Ten to one the performance was not half so good as one by an ordinary operetta company.—The performance of Saint-Saëns's new opera "Les Barbares" is announced for Oct. 15 at the Opéra, Paris.—They say that the Netherland Opera Company of Amsterdam has accepted an invitation to give performances in New York.—"Carmen" suffered a strange transformation in Jauer. The announcement was made: "Carmen, the young gypsy, romantic drama in 4 acts by Melliac and Halévy, music by Bizet and Ralda." The managers called attention to the fact that the play with the operatic music is much more interesting than the opera itself.—Martau, the violinist, played Jacques-Dalcroze's concerto in Berlin, Friday.

Lidya Nervil made her début at the Opéra Comique the third week in September as Lakmé. The Ménestrel said of her: "She comes from America, a good hall-mark for singers, as all know. She already has in her throat the crystalline qualities and the bird-like ease which are usually found in the great 'stars' of her land. If one searches well, he will also find bundles of bank notes, as they found in the windpipes of Patti and Melba; these bank notes are far down just now, but they will soon readily come to the surface. This means that the future of the new singer can be reckoned with. She needs only the assurance that comes from experience. Intelligent, apt, she will soon be at her ease. The audience, charmed by her strong qualities, gave her the warmest welcome." Is not this Miss Nervil a Miss Chapman?

The Daily Chronicle tells a strange story about a clergyman who lives not far from the Crystal Palace. "The hymn book in use there is 'Church Hymns,' the editor of which was the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. A lady of the congregation has discovered—somewhat late in the day—that many of her hitherto favorite hymns are the compositions of 'a man who wrote comic operas and dance music.' This discovery seems to have so shocked the good lady that she has demanded the withdrawal of the hymn book. Being a person whose benefactions have always been of service to the church, the vicar did not at once refuse. He has been taking the opinions of other members of his flock. Whether the vicar will yield remains to be seen."

A Munich critic, Oscar Merz, has enlightened the readers of the Neueste Nachrichten as to the reason why Fraulein Ternina never ventured to sing Isolde in Germany till this year (Sept. 13). In America, he explains, the audiences do not insist on correct performances of great works of art, and the singers, instead of interpreting operas in the sense intended by the composer, adapt them to their individual tastes and capacities. Such rude and barbarous folks as ourselves, it was, therefore, easy enough for Fra. Ternina to please in any role she chose, including Isolde; but in civilized Germany she preferred to wait until she could sing this role under such exceptionally favorable conditions as were afforded by the opening of the new Wagner Theatre in Munich! It must be admitted that Fraulein Ternina has good reason to talk scornfully of American taste and intelligence, for she must be aware that she was overpraised for her performances last season. But was it grateful toward her American admirers, or wise, thus to take the German critics into her confidence?—New York Evening Post.

Oct 14, 1901

We know an elderly man who is rich and envied. He is no longer in business; he does not employ workmen, except the two or three on his place. He has never sought political distinction; he has never foreclosed a mortgage. His wife has no brother or brother-in-law. This elderly man with his snow-white hair and courtly bearing is afraid to sit at night near a window, even near a hotel-window, unless the shade is pulled down. He is afraid that someone—the someone of Tartarin—will shoot him. And yet, as we have shown, he has no enemy. But when this elderly man was young, when a moustache was considered as an outward mark of dissipation and whiskers heralded a league with Satan, a man in the town was shot and killed as he sat by the fire with curtains raised, killed by someone who fired through a window-pane. We say someone, for the murderer was never known. Our elderly friend, in bed at the time, dreamed that he was shot in like manner; the

murder with the strange coincidence of the dream affected his nerves so that even now he is unreasonable, if not insane, on this one subject.

Such dreams, or transferences of thought in dreams, are not of exceeding rarity. Flaubert gives two curious instances in his Correspondence. When he was a child of six or seven years in Rouen, he saw the guillotine on his way home from school. The machine had just been exercised; there was fresh blood on the pavement, and they were bearing away the basket. Long afterward he passed through the same square; he remembered his youthful fright, and that night he dreamed of the guillotine. Furthermore, his little niece dreamed of it also on the same night.

Some years before this Flaubert dreamed of lions; and "at the moment when I dreamed, a vessel carrying a menagerie passed under my windows." "At the moment" is vague; for who can tell the precise moment of a dream? Is it immediately before waking? If lions roared on the vessel, no wonder that Flaubert dreamed about them; for he loved the East, the desert, and beasts of prey and kept them steadily in mind.

"You ask the secret of the charm and strength of my literary style?" said the advertising agent, "I acquired my style during the last year by giving all my spare time to the study of historical novels written by talented young ladies and gentlemen. The literary critics employed by publishers have also helped me."

"English as She is Taught" is pleasant reading. It is a collection (new edition) of genuine answers to some examination questions asked in our public schools, collected by Caroline B. Le Row. Perhaps this answer is an old friend: "Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar," but the following is a joy forever: "Samson Augusta was one of Chaucer's principal works, as it contained his life, giving a full account of it. He also wrote something about Paradise."

Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was excused from jury duty during the present term of court in New York. "Justice Fitzsimons said he had received a letter from Senator Depew in which ample reasons were given for Mr. Vanderbilt's non-attendance." So Dr. Depew continues to be Alfred's guardian. The doctor will be talking; and his betrothed, we learn from a leader in society, is adding carcais to her trousseau.

Young Mr. Vanderbilt should have followed the excellent example of practical citizenship given by Mr. J. Montgomery Sears of this city and sat on the jury. Only the self-conscious find the duty irksome. The Earnest Student of Sociology, the philosopher, the inquirer into the perverse and the morbid, the peeper into dark corners—these, and such as they, delight in watching the ludicrous or the accused. The lawyers also furnish legitimate amusement in their endeavors to deceive each other, the Judge, and the 12 men in a box, and they are the most amusing when they least suspect it.

J. R. writes: "Why is a certain dish called Poulet à la Marengo? Why should a dish celebrate a battle? And what is the precise nature of the dish?"

Not because the dish is a blood-pudding; not because there is much carving.

Remember the battle. It was one of

great importance. Napoleon was First Consul. The Tsar Paul withdrew from the European Coalition, and Pitt in behalf of England and Austria rejected overtures for peace. Marengo was the result. Up to 3 P. M. the French were beaten. Napoleon stood across the road and raised voice and riding-switch at the fugitives. He shouted something about "Reserves." Desaix arrived at 5 P. M.; Kellermann's cavalry charged, and there was a poulet à la Marengo, for the conqueror was hungry. "The customary chicken was called for. It was responsive to the call, and it was fat and well-liking. But there was no butter. Of oil, however, there was, naturally, an abundance. The Consular chef covered the bottom of his casserole with oil. On this unctuous bed he bestowed his chicken; thereto he added a pinch of garlic and a dusting of mignonette. He moistened the whole with white wine, and he garnished with crisp toast, and with mushrooms, and with morels, in default of truffles; and he served hot, and scored a victory."

Ah, no dish tastes as this description sounds!

The modern cook uses bayleaf, thyme, or parsley for the pinch of mignonette. He admits garlic but softens it with shallot. Mushrooms serve as a decoration; morels are passed by.

To the wind the poplars sigh,
And the wind makes answer again;

The tides of the deep are drawn to the sky,
And the clouds give back the rain.

My heart, too, calls for thine,
Over land and over sea;
O wandering one, thine heart incline,
Give love for love to me.

Oct 15, 1901

We referred a day or two ago to Mr. Octave Mirbeau and his last book, "Les Vingt et un Jours d'un Neurasthénique." The man is a writer of singular force; his irony is bitter, often savage; he is neither moral nor immoral. "Le Calvaire" is the weakest of his novels. It is the old story of a sentimental, sappy Frenchman who wrecks his career, health, estate by insane devotion to a woman who, as he knows, is utterly unworthy. We object to the book, not on account of the subject, but because the subject has been treated as well by inferior writers; and such a story is not worth telling unless it be told with supreme authority. Fielding in his comparison between the world and the stage mentions his own Black George as running away with the £500 from his friend and benefactor: "Some of the author's friends cried, 'Look 'e, gentlemen, the man is a villain, but it is nature for all that.' And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, etc., called it low, and fell a groaning." But Fielding and his magnificent dazling irony are far above Mirbeau for the latter is without the intense humanity of the Englishman, whose novels, unexpurgated, should be used in every public and private school. There are fine pages in "Le Calvaire"; the pages which tell of the early years and military experience of the hero.

"L'Abbé Jules" and "Sébastien Roch" need not detain us. They are unpleasant, unnecessary books, studies of that which is unutterably morbid. I is only fair to say that the author shows no sympathy with the pervers that the offenders suffer terribly; and indeed, nowhere in his books, even in the most audacious passages, is Mirbeau erotic or corrupting.

"Le Jardin des Supplices" is a fantastic story of extreme cruelty, with a strong dash of Sadism. The story and the situations—the Chinese garden which is enriched beyond belief by the blood of the tortured—the head executioner, with his amiable bearing and despondent philosophy—the insane Clair and her friends—are all incredible, as though they were seen in a pipe-dream or told of in an Eastern market place. Cruelty plays a great part in all of Mirbeau's books; but in none of them does it so dominate the stage as in this repulsive yet fascinating tale.

"Le Journal d'Une Femme de Chambre" has had an enormous sale. No doubt many elderly gentlemen and restless foreigners, who are willing to hunt laboriously through dictionaries in search of that which is foul or unclean, aided in swelling the sale; but the book itself compelled popularity. It is a masterpiece. The gradual revelation of the servant's heart, the story of the spell exerted by the mysterious and dreadful Joseph, the drawing of the characters that surround this pal of villains—all this is masterly, thrice masterly. The satire is terrible, but it is by implication. The remarks of the chamber-maid concerning her dear friend Paul Bourget are more caustic than any measured and scholarly condemnation of his books and his art. Nor is it surprising to find the chamber-maid and Joseph firm believers in the guilt of Dreyfus.

It would be a pleasant task to speak of Mirbeau as a playwright; of his "Mauvais Bergers," which made a sensation; but let us consider for a moment "Les Vingt et un Jours d'un Neurasthénique." The book is no a novel. It is a collection of sketches, some of them personal, as the description of Emile Ollivier, who is pilloried by name. Mirbeau represents this man, hated by all French patriots as the chief cause of their humiliation in the Franco-Prussian War, talking in a railway carriage. The satire is so vitriolic that the tough-skinned Academician rebelled. His son valet challenged Mirbeau to a duel. The more practical father is suing the publisher to compel him to omit the sal interview from further editions of the novel.

The writer is supposed to be sick and at a watering place in the Pyrenees. There he meets all manner of men and women, and he hears strange stories about them, strange stories told by them. Types are introduced: the General with his scheme of colonization; the bluff Marquis who is popular with the country voters, a man of unsurpassable meanness and falsehood; the quack doctor, etc., etc. There is a jaded American, fabulously rich, but—say—and unhappy. Once he thought it would be the height of

ss to smoke a cigar made of
af. "My dear sir, there is noth-
bad. It's absolutely unsmok-
He was the author of a quan-
dramas written by a young
is constant companion; he made
ons of the most sumptuous
me he ordered electric gardens;
rd to buy Belgium, everything
smokable—"In-fu-ma-ble!" "Ah,
ne is as rich as I am, he sees
ckly the bottom of everything.
comes something horribly mon-
ons, there is nothing unforeseen,
erich, to be too rich—O saddest
at!"

Pyrenees themselves gave the
ar no pleasure. "My chief re-
against the Pyrenees is that
e mountains. I recognize the
mis and savage poetry of moun-
ut they symbolize for me all
elucurable sadness the universe
tain, all the black discourag-
il the unbreathable and deadly
ore. I admire their grand for-
and the shifting lights—but I
ntened by the soul of it all,
dscapes of death are surely
d of mountains. . . . And
akes with their false, cruel blue;
that is neither the blue of
or of the sky, nor of blue, and
ot accord with anything which
is or is reflected! These lakes
nted—O nature!—by M. Guil-
ubube, when this artist, ad-
M. Leygues, raises himself to
nabolic and religious composi-

a bitter book. But the bitter-
wholesome. Mirbeau here wars
pretension, meannesses of all
potent philanthropy, injustice,
eshness that sits with folded
d looks complacently at the
r and the strife of the "com-
illions of men." This is
a book for exportation.

Oct 16, 1901

is is a curious story about Mrs. La-
rand her intention to sojourn here
ashe may become acquainted with
husical condition of the city. She
surre about a dozen years ago and
s. De Pachmann played the piano
e old Chickering Hall—would it
er now in use! She played in a
ert given by her strangely gifted
and, and she played more Brit-
no, with exasperating coldness and
lon. Her married life was check-
but never dull. Who could be
in the house that contained De
ennann? Has he not all the ele-
es? Is he not a well-spring of
ses? It is a pleasure to know
e and the brave Labori and Mrs.
i are all on the best of terms,
hat Mr. De Pachmann visits and
and sups most amicably with
appy couple when he is in Paris.
achmann, as a player of Chopin
schumann is unequalled—yes, he
elle princes. As a pianist he
all hearts, he even steals away
udgment. We should not like to
of him merely as a jealous man,
distorted face, bristling hair, and
e in his sleeve—especially as his
y would be posthumous.

reminds us that Mr. Pader-
s the eminent Polish hypnotist,
isit the United States this season
e of all stories to the contrary.
e acquainted with the fact that
anxious to come, so anxious that
s already made proposals to a
er. While Mr. Paderewski was
with the production of his opera,
course neglected his practice,
he criticisms in Germany and at
on were unfavorable, and in some
ces severe. Let us hope that
e this magnetic personage does
his, he will be the Paderewski of
st season, not the Paderewski of
st, when he was the noisy and
ealous shadow of his former
ess.

h American Museum of Natural
ty has received as a gift from
useum of Stuttgart a perfectly
aved example of a fossil Ichthy-
us quadricissus. It is not sur-
that this fossil came from
hart, for that town is the favor-
ating place of fossils. They are
palace, in the theatre, in the
ants (where most of them are
bly pickled), in the streets. The
art Conservatory of Music is
oil of fossils. Stuttgart could
spare several, and, indeed, pay
assage to this country, Java or

Laurent Tailhade, who was
ed to prison and the payment
ame for an article in which he
omended the assassination of the
e Loubet and others for the public
beneficial bloodletting—a whole-
remedy for the public body, as
ake brimstone and molasses in
ring—this same Tailhade some

years ago was sitting in a café when
a bomb thrown by a practical Anar-
chist caused the poet to rise suddenly
from his seat and did some slight in-
jury to his sacred person. At that
time Mr. Tailhade made coarse re-
marks about Anarchists and their
hellish deeds, and swore that he would
play with them no more. And why
did he not keep his vow? Probably he
saw a good opportunity of "making
an article"; and Zola is right, Tailhade
writes extremely well; he is a master
of sentiment and rhythm and his satire
withers and destroys. A year in prison
will do him no harm, as poet, journal-
ist, man. He will have time to read;
he will not be bothered by brother and
needy bards; he will be able to con-
centrate his mind on an immortal
work.

Loie Fuller was interviewed in Paris,
where it was understood that she knew
Emma Goldman. Miss Fuller is a deep
thinker as well as an accomplished mis-
tress of colors and gestures. She de-
fined Anarchism as easily as she be-
comes a butterfly. "Anarchism, ac-
cording to my mind, is the fanaticism
of the Socialistic spirit, and Socialism
is the fanaticism of the Biblical spirit."

Let us speak of one more Parisian.
Rostand, who stole his "Cyrano" from
a gentleman of Chicago (see Chicago
newspapers), wrote an ode of welcome
to the Tsar and Tsarina, just as
through he were the M. Austin of
France. This ode was recited by Mrs.
Bartet at Compiègne and it excited
ridicule. Edmond Drumont insists that
the Government should prosecute the
poet-dramatist for chaffing the imperial
visitors: "No man in his right mind,
and not even a poet, would be guilty
of such stupidity as making carpets
talk to themselves when the Tsarina
walked on them, and chairs thrill with
joyous exclamation when one or other
of the imperial pair sat down."

Blanchini has an ingenious idea
which he proposes to carry out this
winter. He has a nursery of 400 mar-
ionettes, which represent all characters
in French life—Senators, Mayors, cab-
men, waiters, etc. He intends to bring
out a living evening newspaper. The
moment the evening editions are pub-
lished he will reconstruct the events
of the day with his little puppets.

The consumption of beer in the
United Kingdom last year amounted to
31.7 gallons per head of the population.
In Germany and the United States the
consumption in 1899 was 27.5 and 13.3
gallons, respectively. In France it was
6.2 gallons. In 1899 the Bavarians drank
54 gallons and the Belgians 47 per head.
The consumption of wine is as follows:
France, 25.4 gallons; England, 0.39;
United States, 0.33; Germany, 1.15.

The New York Evening Post sings
the praises of apples. "If the fruit
were rare and costly, we would work
hard to get it and esteem it much more
highly than we do now." But what is
the writer's definition of "rare and
costly"? We priced apples the other
day on Cape Cod and they were 65
cents a peck. To us they were as dear
as the apples guarded by the dragon or
those for which fleet-footed Atalanta
stopped.

Certain Englishmen call the delay in
the execution of Czolgosz "dilatator-
iness." They cite with approval the
ease of Bellingham, who, on May 11,
1812, shot and killed Mr. Spencer Perce-
val. Bellingham was tried and sen-
tenced May 15 and hanged May 18. The
court refused an application to post-
pone the trial on the ground that evi-
dence of the prisoner's insanity could
be produced. Such haste seems to us
Oriental, if not indecent.

The public is told that Czolgosz eats
heartily breakfasts. This is the habit of
degenerates and perverts after they
have killed and are jailed, although
Lombroso may not have noted the fact.
Nearly all murderers in this country
eat heartily the morning of execution.
The bill of fare is given by the more
enterprising and wide-awake news-
papers. "The unhappy man partook
heartily of the breakfast provided by
the jailer's wife—coffee, chops, boiled
eggs and rolls—and then thanked the
jailer for his kindness." This is a for-
mula of long standing, but the mur-
derer sometimes prefers dry toast.

Habit is too deeply rooted to be
moved by even great calamity or im-
pending death, just as living itself is
only a long habit. Many years ago we
were in a little village of Vermont.
The station master was about to eat
his dinner at his mother's house. A
boy, who was visiting them, found a
gun and began to play with it. The
station master amused himself by drill-
ing the boy, and, knowing full well
that the gun was not loaded, command-
ed him to fire. The boy pulled the
trigger—he was only a few feet away—

and filled the station master's face with
peas as hard as shot. (The gun had
been loaded for squirrels.) The blood
spurted, and the man cried, wildly,
"I'm shot! I'm shot!" They could not
stop the blood. Some one jumped on a
horse and went for the doctor, who was
two or three miles away. The wounded
man grew fainter and fainter. He
gave his watch to his brother and said:
"I don't think I shall need it any
more." It was a fearful thing to hear
the mother weep. But it was the hour
for dinner, and the help, with her apron
to her eyes, said the meal was ready.
The mistress had a reputation through-
out the neighborhood as an excellent
housekeeper. Now, even when she was
sure that her son was dying, she
pressed food upon the guests, upbraided
them for not eating more, was afraid
that "the victuals did not give satis-
faction." We remember distinctly her
uneasiness because we did not accept a
sixth doughnut toward the end of the
meal. And when she was not urging
her guests to eat, and when she herself
was not eating with sturdy appetite,
she moaned over her boy. To satisfy
the curiosity of any reader we add—
although it is only a detail—that the
doctor came in time, the man is still
living, and is now prominent in the
county.

We read the other day that on the
Gilbert and Ellise Islands murder is a
pastime and imprisonment a distinc-
tion; that imprisonment is never fol-
lowed by social ostracism but tends to
enlarge social position. "Discharged
prisoners, on returning to their homes,
are looked upon as traveled and ex-
perienced individuals."

And this reminds us of a striking
case reported lately in the newspa-
pers: A man of excellent standing in
the community proclaimed publicly the
fact that he had been blackmailed for
years by persons who knew that he
had served a term in prison, when a
youth, for an assault with intent to
kill—the result of some quarrel when
the blood was hot or the provocation
great.

It is easy for you to say: "I'd like
to see anybody blackmail me." There
are various kinds of blackmail. In
certain cases when a woman stands
behind the blackmailer, you might
have the splendid courage of Alexander
Hamilton, although we doubt it, for
his bravery was most conspicuous. He
said in effect: "I have told my wife,
and she has pardoned me; I care not
what others may think or say." Sup-
pose that as a young man you had
stolen money; you did not intend to
keep it; you knew you would replace
it in a week or two; but you were
detected and you served your term.
Now you are rich and honest, as this
world goes, a leading citizen of a
Western town; and a scoundrel comes
along and whispers: "I know where
you were in 1868 and I want \$25,000."
What would you do? Would you not
try to compromise for \$10,000? And
then you would shiver in fear of his
next call.

Why, you yourself would not engage
a young man who frankly told you
that he had served a term in prison,
although he had sorely repented his
folly or crime and given proofs of abili-
ty and zeal. And how many business
men would help an ex-convict to lead
a decent, useful life? The man that
pities the lot of Jean Valjean would be
the first to frown on an ex-thief.

This reminds us of a story told lately
by Mr. G. R. Sims. An ex-convict suc-
ceeded in obtaining a good position in
the city. Nothing was said about his
misfortune, and the firm took him on
the guarantee of a well known man
who recommended him. The firm was
robbed, and an employee was suspected.
A wise detective from Scotland Yard—
where the melodramas come from—
said the job was the work of an old
hand. The chief employer was shown
the portrait book of convicts which is
kept at the yard. There was the face
of the new clerk. The employer said
nothing, but when he was at the of-
fice he called the ex-convict and told
him what he had heard and seen.
"But," he added, "I am perfectly con-
vinced of your ignorance, for I know
that you could not possibly have had
anything to do with the robbery. The
secret I have discovered I shall keep
to myself." The employer kept his
word. And the ex-convict who told
this story to Mr. Sims added in his let-
ter that the preservation of these por-
traits was unfair to men who are
trying to redeem the past. "If you
could find room for the insertion of
this letter you would learn that there
are hundreds of others similarly sit-
uated to myself, who, having suffered
the law, are haunted day and night
with the fear of exposure through the
unfairness of our present police
methods."

Oct 18, 1901

Mr. Hall Caine remarks—and anticipa-
of nothing, not even boots—that his
work is done at odd times—in uncon-
ventional fashion—at breakfast—in the
night watches—or as one fixing the
wind-mill—or tarrying in the bath.
He carries a stylographic pen—a
weapon as deadly as a Toledo blade
or the wine of the Borgias—"and
writes, when the opportunity occurs,
on such bits of paper as may be at
hand. When the heart of a hook is
reached, however, it wholly absorbs
him." This being interpreted means
that he does not square his elbows or
strike his gait until about the 150th
or 200th page. We print this fact for
the benefit of busy men and women
who will now have no excuse for wast-
ing time over beginnings and end-
ings. When Mr. Caine is thus ab-
sorbed—and Mr. Caine is in a state of
absorption should stay in the conser-
vatory or possibly the hot-house—"he
will not even look at a newspaper." This
leads the Referee to say: "Pub-
lishers who have now and again ex-
perienced a sudden and unaccountable
drop in their circulations may take
this piece of information to heart.
What the drop really meant was that
Mr. Caine had at last reached 'the
heart of a book' and was 'gnoshing'
it."

Here is a pleasant paragraph which
was published in the German Times
(Berlin): "What truth is there in the
weird stories of the gambling and
opium-eating of a certain great con-
ductor who is very popular in Berlin?"

There is a misuse of the word
"weird," but there is no doubt as to
the malice of the paragraph. "Con-
ductor" is surely orchestral or chorus
conductor, not train conductor, for the
paragraph is printed among "Musical
Notes." Now, the chief conductors in
Berlin are Arthur Nikisch, Richard
Strauss, Muck, Ochs, Weingartner.

We spoke yesterday of prisons. To
know one as a boarder, not a visitor,
is not always a disgrace. Nor is the
life there always irksome. There was
an editor in London, celebrated in his
day and generation, who was obliged—
he could not pay his debts—to spend
some time in jail. He said afterward
that those days were among his pleas-
antest recollections. He was not
obliged to pay attention to any real or
fancied social duty, he was free from
bores, he could keep early hours, and,
above all, he had time to read. You
hear a busy man say: "No, I never
read that book; I'm saving it for my
old age." Why should not a young
man, one on the threshold of life, make
out a list of approved and long-winded
books and say: "I reserve these
for jail." Anyone may thus amuse
himself. We should head the list with
Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Ro-
man Empire," "Clarissa," and the com-
plete works of Mr. Henry James, the
novelist. Books that have to do with
prison life, as "Les Misérables," "Never
too Late to Mend," "For His Natural
Life." The story of Casanova under
the leads, Silvio Pellico's Adventures,
and such as these are read with more
enjoyment in freedom, for here the law
contrast enters.

Think of the great and good that have
been imprisoned—even here in Boston.
There died some years ago in this city a
man of unusual parts who had served
faithfully and brilliantly the Common-
wealth. He had been high on the edi-
torial staff of two of the most prominent
newspapers in New York. He had been
intrusted by the National Government
with a delicate mission to a South
American republic. He was a man of
singularly fastidious taste. Yet he was
proud of the fact that he had once been
imprisoned in Charles Street Jail, and
that his disgrace might be more humili-
ating he was chained by night to a
negro. For there were in former years
man-hunters from the South who track-
ed their prey to this city and here were
welcomed by Judges and officers of the
law. And there were jails for them
that tried to hide, protect, save the
hunted.

It was Mr. Lackington, the bookseller,
who married within two months of the
death of his first wife and made me-
taphorically this note: "Thus I repaired
the loss of one very valuable woman
by the acquisition of one still more val-
uable." In connection with this the epi-
gram published in Figaro by the Man
with the Iron Mask may well be quoted:
"He that marries for the second time
does not deserve to have lost his first
wife." How much kinder is the spirit
of the Englishman!

"The Tsar is much interested in all
improvements in ships." And so was
Peter the Great before him (see that
pleasing comic opera "The Tsar and the
Carpenter").

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks of the
two-fold interest in Mr. Fitch's play,
"The Last of the Dandies." "As a
reproduction of the life of the parties

with the men in high coat collars and tight trousers, and the women in skimpy petticoats and straight-topped bodices, it is certain to be beyond criticism." But the other point is of greater importance: "Interest centres on the author's handling of the problem of D'Orsay's relations with Lady Blessington. Fifty years ago London society was divided. One section, the elite of the intellectuals, thronged Gore House, fully believing that the hostess was a much maligned woman. The other, in which women predominated, credited the worst and stayed away. Yet the point has never been elucidated. Will Mr. Fitch bring a new light to bear upon it?" How should he? Surely he never held the candle.

We quote the following singular marriage notice from the London Times of Sept. —, 1891: "On Tuesday, the 15th inst., at Bottesfield, Lincolnshire, John Kirk, an occasional preacher in the Methodist Connection, to Susanna Seaton of Burlingham, mantua maker. The patient bride had kept company near two years with a blacksmith of the same place, and was actually published with him in the church the very Sunday preceding her marriage; but for the reasons best known to herself, eloped next day with the preacher; true is it that we know not what a day may bring forth."

Poor Spain—its chivalry is gone! The pleaders at bullfights will now be mounted on automobiles. Why not mount the bulls on castors?

To J. H.—We do not know, but it is our impression that the largest warehouse in the world is at Liverpool. It is to house imported tobacco. The warehouse is 725½ feet in length, 165 deep and 124 feet 10 inches high. The ground area is 13,300 square yards, and the area of the several floors 174,098 square yards.

1919
BALLADE OF SLEEPLESSNESS.
When the night is white, and flitting sleep
Flutters her wings and flies away,
And over the fence go a million sheep—
O for the light and the life of day!
In the flaming hours we work and play,
Fret and fume and bark and bite;
Sick of it all, Ah, God! how we pray—
O for the dark and the stars of night!

Wounded and weary to rest we creep,
And by the doom of doing we lay;
But eyes that would slumber only weep—
O for the light and the life of day!
Our feet are torn by the stony way
That leads to the land of Heart's Delight;
The sky is brass, and ever we say—
O for the dark and the stars of night!

We are, alas! the watchers that keep
Vigil vain till the morn breaks grey,
Till door-break nothing, the mouse's creep—
O for the light and the life of day!
We are the toilers the strong fates bray
Fine as dust in the mortar of fight;
Or, stark and quivering, stab and flay—
O for the dark and the stars of night!

ENVOI.

After the dreams that daunt and affray—
O for the light and the life of day!
But after the horror of futile fight—
O for the dark and the stars of night!

A man killed himself the other day in a Connecticut village. His paternal ancestors for four generations had committed suicide, and 15 of his family in all had gone forward to meet death. A lad is told or becomes aware of such a heritage. He grows up familiar with the thought of self-murder. Does he gradually convince himself that it is his duty to follow the example of his ancestors; that he would reflect on their judgment or character if he were to await placidly the approach of pneumonia, typhoid fever or Bright's? Does he hear neighbors whispering, "No, he will never go the way his folks did; he hasn't got the nerve"? Or does he shudder at the old men whom he sees about him, rheumatic, deaf, half blind, narrow-minded, miserable, greedy, suspicious, "unrady to part with anything when they are ready to part with all, and afraid to want when they have no time to spend"? At night a ghostly procession encourages him, one with a bullet hole in his head, another with cut throat, another holding a halberd, another with bloated face and dripping clothes. They do not speak; but they smile on him and say, "You see there are many ways of joining our family gathering."

We have received the following letter.
Boston, Oct. 12, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
I read lately the following quotation from the Philadelphia Press:
Towne—"I was talking with Subbubs about the style of the houses out this way. He says queen Anne is the main thing."
Brown—"The idea" is that the way he pronounces it?"
Towne—"Pronounce it at?"
Brown—"Quite."

But the late John Stetson had a copy-right on this; for did he not speak of the "daisiest Quinine Porch" on the Globe Theatre? When will a volume of Stetsonianism be published? It would command a large sale.

The Kaiser has been studying the life and incomplete works of Mr. Josiah Quincy; for after attempts to regulate the drama and applause in theatres of Berlin after rules and regulations concerning music, in addition to original compositions for brass bands and male choruses—they should always go together—he now appears as an art critic. He refuses to sanction the erection of three ornamental fountains designed by one Hoffman, the municipal architect. He objects to the artistic design, not to the height or volume of the squirt. Furthermore, the jury of arts had proposed a large gold medal for Mr. Hoffman but the Kaiser grants him only a small one.

We hope that President Eliot did not speak exactly at Harvard Union as he was reported: "Men in narrow circumstances will here be placed on a level with all. In their college life they can win the society of wealthy men." And is this the end of life, "to win the society of wealthy men," to be "little brothers of the rich"? The society of rich undergraduates is not always worth the wooing, nor are such students always healthy companions for "men in narrow circumstances." The richer the student the more likely he is to win at poker. And this breeds discontent.

Poor old Krueger after all is not so unhappy. His favorite luncheon is cold grouse with a little cayenne pepper and a bottle of dry champagne.

Here is a good mosquito story, and it does not come from Cape Cod.

Brookline, or New Jersey. In the Camargue and Beaucaire districts of France the vineyards have been so infested by mosquitoes that nearly every man, woman and child engaged in the grape harvest became sick with fever. A large part of the crop has had to be abandoned to rot on the vines. No number of mosquitoes have ever prevented the hardy Cape Codder from gathering clams or tending the cranberry bog, or driven the Brooklinette from his low-taxed veranda, or frightened the Jerseyite from bottling the lightning that has made him famous.

To E. L.: You have won your wager. There are well authenticated instances of peacocks who have lived beyond the age of one hundred.

Here is sad news for Mr. W. D. Howells. An Australian circulating library reckoned up the tastes of its readers for one year. Thackeray—the now despised Thackeray—headed easily the list! Bulwer Lytton came second, with Sir Walter Scott close behind him. Dickens was fourth, and only a little ahead of Captain Marryat and Charles Lever.

Why is it that so many worshipers are absent-minded? No fewer than 1750 hymn-books have disappeared from Norwich Cathedral, although the covers bore solemn warnings against theft.

A Russian, Count Suzor, the President of the St. Petersburg Theatre Safety Commission, has been examining the theatres of Europe. He is severe against the London theatres and claims that greater precaution against fire is taken on the Continent. (H-m-m!) We remember the fate of the Ring Theatre in Vienna and of the Opéra-Comique in Paris. And are not nine-tenths of the Parisian theatres death-traps? He insists strongly on isolation; he thinks that the iron curtain should descend for every entr'acte; for the greatest danger is during the process of scene-shifting. Nor does he approve of emergency exits. "All exits should be available for ordinary use at all times. A panic-stricken crowd never stops to think, and the rush would always be for the doors that were most familiar." He believes that "before every performance a theatre should be examined by an expert appointed by the authorities, and that there should be the institution by law of a fire brigade at every play-house." What would the Count say to hundreds of halls in this country built over shops and approached by only one long, steep stairway, with admirably contrived resting-places for the crushing of a frightened mob, stations of slaughter?

1919
ENGLISH newspapers tell us, apropos of the funeral of the late President, that Chopin's Funeral March has been superseding the time-honored Dead March in "Saul," even in England, where Handel is chief among the musical prophets. The Pall Mall Gazette well says that Handel's march for "weird if somewhat ponderous lug-

ubusness" is still hard to beat. Some claim that the tempo of this march is "that of the early military march in England. The old English march of the Foot" had become familiar to other than English ears before the days of Elizabeth. When the French Marshal Brion objected to it as being too slow and solemn, Elizabeth's Sir Roger Williams could point out that it had gone from one end of Brion's master's dominions to the other, notwithstanding."

And one of the strangest facts in music is that Handel's march, so unutterably mournful and solemn, is in the major key that is held by many to be exceedingly brilliant and joyous, a key fit for royal festivity.

They say that Chopin's well-known march was first orchestrated by Reber and played at Chopin's funeral at the Madeleine. It seems to me that this march, although it is beautiful music, is hardly suitable for a State occasion, any more than the march from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," which is, after all, not a funeral march in the ordinary sense of the word, but a summing-up, as it were, of the events in the life of Siegfried; a march which depends largely for effect on the acquaintance of the hearer with the whole "Ring." Beethoven's march in the "Eroica" symphony is more to the purpose, for it is solemn, dignified, noble—the mighty lamentation of a mighty nation for its chief.

In London at a Queen's Hall concert, the program was altered as a tribute to the memory of President McKinley. Sullivan's "In Memoriam" overture—a cheap and sentimental thing with a brass-band finale, was added, and the symphony was Tschaiowsky's "Pathétique." Of this "Lancelot" in the Referee said acutely: "It can scarcely be accepted as appropriate in a concert in memory of a Christian man's death. Of the terribleness of life it may be a vivid musical picture, but there is nothing in the music which breathes the loftiness of hope in the Christian belief. In a future state, or even the heroic resignation born of confidence in an all-wise Father. I make these remarks because there seems a tendency to utilize this work on such occasions as on Thursday, and the association of ideas is certainly neither healthy nor helpful."

The hymns sung at funerals are usually those loved by the dead and fraught with association to the living. And it is meet and proper that the familiar tunes should then be sung, even though they do not appeal to the musician either in musical structure or as a fitting expression of the sentiment of the hymn. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" is a case in point. There are settings by Dykes, Spratt, Smart, Arthur Sullivan, and arrangement from Handel—no doubt there are other settings; but the only one known to the people at large in this country is Lowell Mason's. To substitute one of the better tunes at any funeral, state or private, would provoke grief and indignation.

The following editorial article was published in a Manchester, N. H., newspaper:

CALL HIM PLAIN BILL

It is always sad to contemplate the ways of prima donnas and premier dons who stand in the glare of the limelight. It is with undisguised alarm that we view the attitude of those who seek glory in adulation from the great, palpitating American public. It is sadder still to look upon the methods by which some of them seek to bring upon themselves a stronger light than that produced by the hissing machine we mean not to disparage. By hissing machine we mean not the disgruntled spectator and auditor, but the apparatus which refuses to work silently till it has been coaxed by the deft handler of the gases, hydrogen and oxygen and, for aught we know, bi-chloride of mercury.

We maintain that the aforesaid prima donnas and others sometimes use curious means to attract a whiter light of publicity. When Mary Dooley discovers that she has a voice and sings in a theatre, she becomes Marie de Lulu, and when James Hobbs gets an engagement as leading juvenile in a comedy company he becomes Ormonde Wentworth. Would William Shakespeare have written Romeo and Juliet in a higher key if he had been called Gwilym? Would Mr. McKinley have been a greater martyr if he, too, had spelled his name Gwilym? Would the musical criticisms in the Boston Transcript be any more effective if they were signed Gwilym F. Ap-Thorp? And would not the foul assassin have hesitated long if he had known that his intended victim was called Gwilym Patterson instead of Billy? Would the language have been enriched by so vigorous a phrase as "whoa Bill," if we had to remember that it was contracted from "stand still, Gwilym?"

No, distinctly, No! The festival program book of the Manchester Musical Festival says frankly that Mr. Miles's father was Prof. William Miles. Doubtless the singer who is with us now was named after him. We do not know.

What we do know is that the name suggests an inevitable parody of some of Eugene Field's verses:

The Welshmen call him Gwilym, abbreviated,
Gwili

The lairs call him Gwilym, but the towns call him Bill.

Perchance he sings better when he spells it "Gwili." As the immortal "Cy" Salloway is apt to remark, it is a darn poor man that can't spell a word only one way. In any event it is none of our business how he chooses to spell it, and we wouldn't have said anything about it if it hadn't pained us to observe good people at the concerts trying to pronounce the name under Mr. Miles's picture. They looked as though they thought the fault was the printer's.

The program of the Symphony Concert Saturday night will include Volkmann's overture "Richard III"; Burmeister's arrangement of Liszt's Concerto Pathétique, played by the arranger; Symphonic variations on a chorale, Georg Schumann; Symphony in F, Goetz.

Here is a pleasant paragraph about a singer well known in this city. I quote from the German Times (Berlin): "Theodore Bertram, the well-known Munich baritone, just engaged for five years at the Vienna Opera, has asked for his release from this contract. The reason given is that his artistic dignity was offended because Director Mahler asked him not to spoil the ensemble by such generous use of his very voluminous voice. The real reason of the stout singer's departure can be found in the fact that he is literally loaded down with debts, and is being constantly pursued and harassed by his creditors. The fat salary which Bertram was to earn in Vienna attracted the gentry in shoals. Bertram will probably keep moving for the next few years. He is old enough—and fat enough—to know better. He is fast drowning his voice in the wine-room."

Arthur Hervey's descriptive ballad "The Gates of Night" is a setting of an episode in "Vanity Fair," where George Osborne leaves Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo.—Wagner will have one of the finest monuments in Berlin. It will be in the Thiergarten strasse and in an open place. Ten out of 61 competitors have been chosen to compete once more.—Mr. C. M. Loefler's concerto for violin and orchestra will be played at a Richard Strauss concert in Berlin this season.—Bruno Walker, a secondary conductor at the Berlin Opera House, has accepted a similar position at Vienna.—Carl Itallr will fiddle at the London "Pops" Monday and Saturday in November and January.—The report that Gabilowitsch, the pianist, will visit the United States this season, is denied.—Bronislaw Huberman, the violinist, who visited us some years ago as a child-wonder, will reappear in Europe this winter after an absence from the stage of nearly five years.—Charpentier's "Louise" will be produced in Berlin this winter.—Who was it that said of Mr. Arthur Friedhelm, the pianist: "He has never quite recovered from a stay of two weeks in Brooklyn?"—Edward Elgar will write the music for the new play "Diarmuid and Grania," by George Moore and W. B. Yeats, which will be performed in connection with the Irish Literary Theatre at Dublin. Is it not in "Evelyn Innes" that Mr. Moore speaks of this subject as admirable for an opera?—"The Scala, Milan, is in difficulties. There are 120 artists in the orchestra alone, and there is a separate orchestra for the ballet. The scenery is all painted in the city, and all the silks, velvets, gloves, boots and shoes, and the thousand and one necessities of an opera house holding 4000 persons are all of Milanese manufacture. The boxes, which form almost the whole of the seats, are private property, and, therefore, bring in nothing but the entrance fee. Cheapening the representation is out of the question, and the expenses remain enormous."—Mrs. Jennie Norrell, a Swedish soprano and a pupil of Delle Sedle, sang for the first time in London last month at a Queen's Hall concert with marked success.—Mr. Blackburn said of Mr. Charles Manners's "Mephistopheles": "He behaved like the perfect gentleman of Gounod's ideal with the one possible exception of his exit at the end of the second act, in which he was inclined to act somewhat in the manner of a provincial interpreter of melodrama."—Nor did the opera itself escape: "Somehow or other at this time of day 'Faust' seems exactly suited to the lands of Suburbia, and Marguerite seems to have lapsed into the position of a heroine among her own class, for she essentially lived in the suburbs."—Liapouloff's "Solemn Overture" does not run very far beyond that manner of composition which makes for gravity, responsibility, and for determined assertiveness, without touching the higher art of things.—Rebeck of Berlin has celebrated the 40th anniversary of his musical birthday, and Slinger of Stuttgart his 40th; indeed, the latter has taught the violin for 40 years at the Stuttgart Conservatory.—Schott's Sons have published a cheap edition of the orchestral score of "Die Walküre." Other operas will follow.—"Les Huguenots" was produced

God decreed that every man living should sneeze but once, and at the moment of sneezing his soul should depart without any previous sickness. Jacob wrestled a second time with the Lord and obtained the favor of being excepted from the decree—for he wished to settle some family affairs and put his conscience in order. His prayer was heard, and he sneezed without dying. "All the princes of the universe, being acquainted with the fact, unanimously ordered that, for the future, sneezing should be accompanied with thanksgivings for the preservation and wishes for the prolongation of life." Hence the ejaculation: "Tollm Chaim," or "vita bona."

The Siamese, a genial folk, wish long life to sneezers for this reason: They believe that one of the judges in Hell keeps a book in which is entered the duration of men's lives, and when he looks on any particular leaf of this book, all those whose names happen to be entered on that page immediately sneeze.

And the Moslems have their explanation. When Allah put the soul into Adam, the clay became flesh and bone, and Adam sneezed and said: "Alhamdulillah." Gabriel politely replied: "Allah have mercy upon thee, O Adam!" Mohammed, by the way, enjoyed sneezing, because it opened his pores. It was he that said of it: "If a man sneeze or belch and say 'Alhamdulillah' he averts 70 diseases, of which the least is leprosy."

Many have inquired into the origin of this custom. As Pliny: "What moveth us to wish health and say, God helpe or blesse, when one sneezeth? for even Tiberius Cæsar, who otherwise was known for a grim sir, and the most unsociable and melancholick man in the world, required in that manner to be salved and wished well unto, whensoever he sneezed, though he were mounted in his chariot. And some there be who in this case do ceremoniously salute the party by name, and thinke there is a great point of religion lies in that." This reminds us that when the King of Mesopotamia sneezed, acclamations run to the most remote regions of his domain.

Montaigne in a characteristic passage refers to Aristotle's theory that as men consider the head to be the chief seat of the soul, they carry their respect even to sternutation as the most manifest operation of that head. Sneezing is something sacred, and "a sign of sanity in the diviner part."

We remember a passage in which sneezing was represented as the outward token of a struggle between the good spirit and the evil spirit fighting for entrance into the body of man. It was the act of a Christian to rejoice at the overthrow of the evil one, who departed, baffled and sulking, with the sneeze.

Many of the old books on Etiquette give directions to the sneezer. Thus in the "Rules of Civility" (1655), a translation from the French: "If his lordship chances to sneeze, you are not to bawl out, 'God bless you, sir,' but, pulling off your hat, bow to him hat, solemnly, and make that obsecration to yourself."

On the other hand, read these lines from "The School of Slovenry" (1655): "When you would sneeze, strait turne yourselfe unto your neighbour's face: As for my part, whereto to sneeze, I know no fitter place; It is an order, when you sneeze 'good men will pray for you.' Marke him that doth so, for I thinke he is your friend most true. And that your friend may know who sneezes, and may for you pray, Be sure you not forget to sneeze full in his face alway." But when thou hear'st another sneeze, although he be thy father, Say not 'God bless him,' but 'Chock up,' or some such matter, rather."

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Only a year ago today
One sunny morning we both remember
Love was a bird that came to stay,
Only a year ago—today.
Wings a-flutter, 'tis flown away
Like summer swallows in late September,
Only a year ago today
One sunny morning we both remember

It is a pity that "Hannibal" is not alive to charm visitors at New Haven by his oratory and maintain the dignity of Yale. "Hannibal" was at the zenith of his powers about 1875; but even in his declining years—for even the Roman Empire declined—his brother Boeker T. Washington would have recognized the force of his inexorable logic, the irresistible persuasion of his entreaty. And he could be humorous, although he never played the clown in calling attention to his wares. This humor was not in any coinage of words—after the manner Mr. T. W. Lawson; it was quiet,

subtle; and he prefaced a character sketch or a story with these words: "And I tell it to you gentlemen, for it is enough to make a man laugh, all alone, by himself, in the woods."

Last week we published a letter from a reader who found the Philadelphia Press using—surely in good faith—Mr. John Stetson's "quintine" pronunciation of "Queen Anne." We now publish a reply.

Boston, Oct. 21, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

Thirty-three years ago I had the pleasure of doing the city work on the Saturday Evening Gazette, then under the editorial charge of genial, big-hearted Ben Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"). One Saturday evening while waiting for the latest "good night," our chat turned upon "Parthustoniaisms" and Mr. Shillaber objected to some of the "bad breaks" which were saddled on her over-burdened shoulders.

"Why," said he, as near cross as it was possible for his good nature to be, "if there is a story at all shady, it is charged to the account of Abe Lincoln, God bless him! So, too, anything of the Mrs. Malaprop order is laid at the door of poor old Mrs. Partington" ("God bless her!" interpolated I) "and I object." * * *

John Stetson made many lingual ruptures, but, like Lincoln and Shillaber, he could plead "Not Guilty!" to a majority of those with which he is accredited. I knew John Stetson from the days when he ran foot races with John Grindle and others. After he got his first lift from the man who stood by him when he needed such help, one of our leading and most respected managers today, and all through his theatrical career later on I was, more or less, brought into contact with him, and I claim some right to speak concerning him. He was grossly misunderstood. Of such men was he of whom Shakespeare wrote: "The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones."

This was most true of John Stetson, for there was much good in him, much to admire, to respect. Having no education, scarce able to write legibly when he entered upon his theatrical career, he fully realized his deficiencies, and with a zeal that was heroic, he set about repairing them. Late at night, long after "all the world was wrapt in sleep," he pored over his books, and with his pen scratched his path along the line of intellectual development. And, thus struggling, "there's no such word as fail."

While admitting what he himself did not deny, many of the verbal monstrosities with which he has been charged, "a volume of Stetsoniana," containing only what were his utterances, would not be sufficiently voluninous to deserve or "command a large sale."

Stetson committed many sins against the "United States language," but he also did many things, worth remembering, and we must not let the evil live after him and bury the good with his bones.

FRANK N. SCOTT.

Mr. Scott is a faithful friend, and many might envy Mr. Stetson such a champion; but in this instance he mistakes the point. It is from a desire to preserve the good and keep it from burial that many would like to see a volume of "Stetsoniana," handsomely printed, soundly bound, and at a price that would put it within the reach of all. This volume edited, annotated, and revised by a friend—say Mr. Scott—would be a more enduring memorial than even a "Beacon Biography" written by some enthusiastic college graduate. It is true that stories have been recklessly attributed to Tabarin, Rabelais, Lincoln, Travers, Sophie Arnold, Stetson, Dr. Johnson and—Dr. Depew. There must be chaff among the wheat; but there was enough rich wheat in Mr. Stetson's comments on life, men, women, art, and things—especially things—to warrant the publication of a large edition.

We have received a circular which announces "Practical Lessons in the Art of Carving," and if we were not on the brink of "financial stagnation" we should rush to the "studio" of the "Professor." Such a course of lessons is not unprecedented. There was a Roman gentleman long, long ago, one Trypherus, most eminent for his skill in carving, which he taught in a public school. All manner of provisions for a feast were counterfeited in wood, and the pupils hacked and hewed and made a great and joyful noise. Juvenal mentions this master. We quote from an old and anonymous translation. The satirist is speaking of the simplicity dearer to him than imperial sumptuousness: "I'll have no Carver more skillful in his Art than all the Trade, a Pupil to the dextrous Trypherus, in whose whole school we see

cut up in wood the large fiddler of a Sow, the hare, the Boar, the Pygarg, Pheasants, the huge Phoenixopter and Gaetulian Goat, choice Dishes carved with a blunt, dull knife, so that the wooden Feast resounds o'er all the Street."

There is much to be said on this subject, but we must wait for a more convenient season.

Sousa, with his band, made a great hit as well as a loud noise in London. Mr. Vernon Blackburn found his method of conducting "masterly"; he has the qualities of a great conductor. And how delightfully Mr. Blackburn began his article.

"At last Sousa has come. Last night at the Albert Hall a crowded audience gathered to hear the much advertised brass band, which, to judge from preliminary announcements, one might think had been specially engaged for the Judgment Day;" and Mr. Blackburn speaks of the people "who assembled, partly to do honor to the business capacities of Mr. Sousa's advertisement manager."

"Advertisement manager" is good, conservative English for "press-agent." And if the press is the lever that moves the world, as we read once in a copy-book, is not the press-agent the lever that moves the press?

Oct-24-1901

The Journal published a week ago the statement that the Board of Health in Hawaii has found out a way of preventing the lepers and their relatives and friends at the Molokai settlement from embracing and kissing each other. Visitors are led to a corral with a double fence. The lepers gather around and talk through the bars.

Some may wonder that anyone should wish to kiss a leper. And yet the Scrivener in Swinburne's poem found delight in kissing the leprous mouth of the noble damsel Yolande de Salles, who was abandoned by father and mother and lover—she was then so ugly and abominable; and he kissed her even for six months after she was dead.

"Bread failed; we got but well-water
And gathered grass with dropping seed.
I had such joy of kissing her,
I had small care to sleep or feed."

Yet some maintain that leprosy is not contagious. But how did it come from the East? By the Crusaders, with their filthy camps? The Arabians—who, by the way, have a most singular custom—attribute the disease to undue diet, "as eating fish and drinking milk." The Moslems regard it as a Scriptural malady, and in Mediaeval Christianity there was a prevalent idea that the Saviour was a leper. In the 11th century there were nearly 40,000 leper-homes in Europe. There were about a hundred in sheltered England, and the last British leper did not die until 1741 or 1798 (for there is dispute concerning this). Now how did leprosy die out if not by isolation?

Sir Richard F. Burton studied leprosy in Brazil in the sixties. In some districts it spared no age, sex or station. In other districts it was comparatively rare among the higher classes. "As in India and Africa, I have never seen a European affected by it or by its modification, elephantiasis. * * * Some derive it from the Morbus Gallicum; others from diet, especially from excess of swine's flesh; so in Malabar it is supposed to attack those who mix fish and milk, which is held to be the extreme of bile-producing alimentation. All agree that it is hereditary. * * * Every drug has been applied to arrest its progress; even the bite of a rattlesnake has been tried. In certain stages it is held to be highly contagious and those suffering from it usually separate from their families."

If you perchance fear lest in spite of opinions against possible contagion you may have been exposed by sitting near a brother-man in street car or theatre, look at your wrist, for there the swelling will first be noticeable. There is also a peculiar thickening of the voice which betrays the disease. Policemen, under the reign of Judge Dewey, should not confound this with the mixed-ale voice.

Mr. Maurice de Fleury has drawn up a program for the benefit of literary men. If you follow it, he claims, excellent results will follow. Get out of bed at 7, work till 8.30, breakfast and read letters and newspapers till 10. Then work till 11.30 and rest till 12, then take your luncheon, sit still for half an hour, walk a half hour. The afternoon should be spent in reading with the necessary interruption of business or social engagements. Dinner at 7, after which no work should be done. This allows a minimum of only 18 hours a week, which might prolong the life of newspaper men.

Mr. de Fleury is strong in the opinion that literary men should not smoke. Goethe, Heine, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Michelet, the elder Dumas were on his

side. He mentions Byron, George Sand as smokers, but claims that they were all more or less neurasthenic. Balzac, it is true, never smoked and he held smokers in abhorrence, but he was an extravagant drinker of coffee.

Now the late Ameer of Afghanistan, was passionately addicted to tea and tobacco, and yet he was most diligent in his business. He was distinguished for his courtesy and his shrewdness. Sir Salter Pyne asked him: "Have ever told you a lie?" "I have never found you out in one," was the answer.

Mr. Charles Heidseck—you may have seen the name—declares that this vintage of champagne is far from satisfactory, and that it "will not rank with any of the great years." This is glorious news for the New Jerseyites.

Some one has sent us an old play printed by Marden & Co., 32 Congress Street, and asked "What is the date?" The upper half is missing. But we learn that "Part III: The Embarkation," has to do with Bunker Hill. The last sentence reads: "At this moment the flames are seen ascending from Charlestown, which gradually increase (sic) and concludes with the destruction of the entire town—the whole forming a scene of unparalleled interest, and followed by the most competent judges to be a perfect simile of the real scene."

Previous to this entertainment was "Continuous Moving Panorama," I began with the entrance to the Isle of Cyprus, changed to a "terrific storm scene on the Merrimac River," and concluded with a moonlight view of the city of Lowell, "in which the factories are seen lighted up and at work; at ringing of the bells the lights are extinguished and the scene closes." Mr. Hardy's Silk Loom and the Mysterious Gypsy Girl were also exhibited.

It is our impression that this play bill was published by the "Boston Museum of Fine Arts," which at first was in building at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets; that the entertainment which pictured Bunker Hill, etc., was Maj. Stevens's "Diorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill," and that the year was either 1841 or 1842. Still, we may be wrong, we may be wrong.

Do not think that all the Englishmen are hurrahing for Sir Thomas Lipton. The Referee (London) took little notice of the race, which it regarded as "commercial sport." It recalled Mr. Soule, who got up and endowed a sculling regatta to advertise Hop Bitters. And then it spoke right out in meeting:

"Let Lipton & Co., Limited, praise their founder for getting the name known wherever newspapers can advertise it gratis. They are the people to lift up their voices in praise. What the remainder of the community will be thinking and saying when sausages, pills, whisky, ale, manure, insect powder, and other vendibles, carrying enough profit to leave margin for copious advertisement, make their influence felt, goodness only knows. Of one thing we may be sure, that some of those so enthusiastic now will be feeling pretty sick. May not a man in business do what he likes with his money? Certainly. Why not? What's the use of holding it unless you can play with the stuff as you like? But there is no need to go hero-worshipping the party who is benefiting his own interests. Neither is there for the British public to allow itself to be carried off its legs and persuaded that it cares a great deal about what it does not even understand. For the Lipton boom the firm ought to be truly grateful to the Sun, the Star and the Daily Express, who have interested the public by furnishing them with gratis diversion a-nights. Wonderful is it what a taste for the intricacies of yachting have gratis spectacular and other eleemosynary bulletins induced. The same might be done in similar way with Plug-Peng, but that would, I fear, scarcely make any of us better sportsmen."

Oct 25

We spoke the other day of a course of lessons in carving to be given here by a middle-aged man who brings with him flattering testimonials. We also spoke of the Roman gentleman Trypherus who gave object lessons in public by means of choice meats counterfeited in wood.

In ancient times it was not considered a matter of small concern "to uncase a hare" or spoil a fowl. The wooden models, as some suppose, were fastened together by threads or glue, and the pupil separated them with a blunt instrument, but we like to think of him chopping lustily, hacking solid wood with an axe, as a Boston gentleman of today carves a puddle-duck.

The accomplished carver at Roman feasts carved in strict time to music. "The carver," says Petronius—not in "Quo Vadis"—"lacerates the victuals

It makes such gesticulations that you could think he were fighting Darius, while the music is playing."

We do not propose to relate the history of carving—how the art fell with the Roman Empire, but fell to rise again; how after the dark ages the knife, or the son of the knight, took the place of the slave—as though the carver were not always a slave—and how the task fell to wife or daughter. (See the poem in Percy's *Reliques*.)

Now when this lord he did come home,
For to sit down and eat,
He called for his daughter deare
To come and carve his meat.

Burton, Robert not Richard, says that the opinion of some men a wife is only "to bear the office, govern a family, to bring up children, to sit at lord's end and carve." And yet the tale of a high-strung, neurotic New England woman with a large knife and thin lips is to us a fearsome sight.

Nor are surgeons necessarily skillful carvers. The anatomy of a capon and human being is not always the same; nor can one and the same cut be made variably on woman and mutton. We could have little confidence in the carving of our old friend Jack-the-Ripper. He was a specialist, an egoist in surgery.

There were schools for carving in the genteel and graceless days of Charles II., and the necessity was regarded as an imperative accomplishment, an art, which should be mastered by him who counted himself a gentleman. Even to the last days of Louis XV., the carver was a man "ad hoc" who held the first position among retainers, and wore a sword by his side; while at the table of King and Princes the duty was assumed by a gentleman. The Revolution, they say, killed the art of carving in France. The sudden guillotine was so much in favor that other carving seemed slow and finical.

Let us look for a moment at carving as it was practised in France. In the time of Louis XI. the carver used his fingers, instead of a fork, for the fork—an instrument even now imperfectly understood by the Germans—was exceedingly rare. Charles VI. had only one in the palace—and it was used only to eat certain fruits, as pears, cherries. The carver presented the fruit on a knife to the Prince, and it was his right to eat that which remained in his hand after carving. *Chiville* relates proudly that he carved one day at the table of the King of Navarre, and Saint Louis was served in like manner by the Comte d'Artois.

And these were considered the best leeches:

The wing of birds that scratch the ground with their claws.
The thigh of birds that live in the air.
The white of large roasted birds, geese, turkeys, etc.
The crackling and the ears of sucking pigs.
The back and the thighs of hares and rabbits.
Large fish, as salmon, pike, were cut in two, and the portion near the head was held to be the more delicate. The middle of such fish as the sole, fish with a central bone, was preferred. The tongue of a carp was a special mark of honor.

In a book of etiquette written by Anne de Courten published in 1665 we read: "As it is easy to learn to carve and serve when one has eaten three or four times at an honorable table, it is nevertheless not a shameful thing to make excuses and pass the duty to another if one is not skilled."

And carving is an art. As a master of the table wrote: "It is an art necessary not only to hosts, but often very useful to guests, for it often takes the place of wit and amiability. A man who knows how to carve well, even though he be hardly presentable in other respects, is not only received everywhere, but he is sought in preference to others."

You know the man, perhaps, who at a dinner party watches intently the host and then tells loudly of the prowess of his own father or grandfather who put fork in turkey or chicken, held the bird in air, dismembered it without separating entirely thighs and wings and removed all meat without taking out the fork; and that he could then pass the bird to each guest, who easily secured a portion. But this practice, once fashionable in France, was discouraged by the judicious even at the beginning of the 19th century. The author of the *Almanach des Gourmands* wisely said: "To hold a piece in air is to hasten its coldness, and a roast can never be eaten too hot, especially when it is fat, as is the case with good capons and pullets. To pass about at the end of a fork a big

piece, disgusting with its juice and grease, is to expose the tablecloth and the clothes of the guests to spots."

A good carver is trained young. Even a course of lessons is of little help when the pupil has heard 99 strikes. There are some who cannot possibly play billiards, shoot, or carve. Montaigne tells us without shame that he could not close up a letter, make a pen, carve at table, make ready a horse. Since you are so hampered by nature bear your cross gracefully. Let your daughter, expert at tennis and golf, relieve you and your guests. Furthermore, women are not so selfish as men, and the best pieces will not be prudently put aside during the operation.

Oct-26, 1907

We have received the following letter:
Boston, Oct. 23, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
Should Patrick A. Collins read Greenough and Kittredge's "Words and Their Ways" he might say the authors would have made a very good book had they left gin alone. They derive gin from the city of Calvin. Not once, but twice, and so, with all their good caution about things made in Germany, they tell a story of "Sprachgefuehl" that no Philadelphia lawyer can make out. Mr. Collins might intimate it was all due to gin. It is a good book, welcome and trusty; but why must we hear so much of "Sprachgefuehl"? As will happen in this world, nobody is less able to understand what the authors mean than a German. Moriz Heyne surely knows German, and defines the word very properly as denoting one's sense for fitness in language. Some persons have this sense or feeling and others have not. But Hoiner will nod, and the sun must have spots. The book is a treasure, and might be a gem if every German word were left out. X. X. X.

Gin and Geneva—ah, what memories cluster about these words! Geneva, where John Calvin burned at the stake Sergetus as a final argument; Geneva of the watches, heat, orchestrons, hotels and boarding-houses, music-boxes, bands, Biolo, cross, gown. But, as our correspondent well remarks, the word gin is not derived from "Geneva" the city; it is a shortened form of "geneva"—a spirit distilled from grain and flavored with the juice of juniper berries—and this "geneva" is an adaptation of the Dutch "genever" which was derived far back from the Latin "juniperus," juniper. This accounts for the smell, but not inevitably, for gin-drinker's liver.

And geneva is made in Holland and is also called Holland's, while gin is a spirit of British manufacture, and is not necessarily flavored with juniper. In 1751 the ordinary British gin was made of the coarsest spirit obtainable and oil of turpentine.

There was also a participial adjective in use: genevied, applied by unsympathetic persons to fellow-beings who had quaffed immoderately or on an empty stomach.

It may be regarded as symbolical that in Norway the road to the grave is strewn with juniper buds—but gin would here be used in general, in a broadly inclusive sense; for the Norwegians are not especially addicted to this drink. (For years they found delight in potato brandy.) And there is no doubt as to the medical beneficence of juniper. The old leeches recommended it in diseases of the chest, in hysterical convulsions; it is calefacient and alexipharmic; but some insist, as Galen and Dioscorides, that it is bad for the stomach and useful in coughs. It also kills nits. The berries were regarded as a preservative against poison. "In case the eels do water much by reason of a continual rheum taking to them, it is good to apply a liniment unto them made therewith." Pliny recommends four berries in white wine or 20 of them boiled in wine as a remedy for sciatica.

It is unlucky to dream of a juniper tree itself, especially if the dreamer be sick; but to dream of gathering berries in winter denotes prosperity. To dream of the berries signifies that the dreamer will arrive at great honors and become an important person. To the married this dream foretells the birth of a male child. Elljah rested under a juniper tree (I. K., xix., 4, 5), and apparently without unpleasant effect.

The drink "geneva" is not mentioned in English literature before the beginning of the 18th century. We find "gin" soon after, as when Mandeville in his "Fable of the Bees" writes: "The infamous Liquor, the name of which derived from Juniper-Berries in Dutch, is now by frequent use . . . from a word of middling length, shrunk into a Monosyllable, Intoxicating Gin." But think of the list of words that have followed, from gin-spinner and gin-

slinger to gin-drinker's liver; from kindling to gin-crawl as in Chevalier's song of the reformed costermonger:

I used to do a gin-crawl every night,
And very, very often came home tight.

Not for a moment do we defend or seek to encourage a passion for gin. We confine ourselves to windmill-water when we are able to procure it, and when that fails we prefer English breakfast tea, which has been trodden under the feet of coolies. At the same time it is only fair to consult the authorities.

Mandeville is abusive against it—liquid poison, "which in the rag-end and outskirts of the town is sold in some part or other of almost every house, frequently in cellars, and sometimes in the garrets." Then he treats the subject from his distorted economic view-point; he mentions the gain to the revenue and to all employed in the production of the spirit: "Those who can enlarge their view may in a hundred places see good spring up and pullulate from evil, as naturally as chickens do from eggs." Then there are tracts and caricatures, ballads and cartoons of all kinds, against the Gin Palace.

But if old Eccles drank gin so did Lord Byron and Thackeray taunted him for his choice. Byron went so far as to sing its praise in cynical—humanitarian fashion:

From thence to Holland's Hague and Helvoetsluys,
That water land of Dutchman and of ditcher,
Where juniper expresses its best juice,
The poor man's sparkling substitute for riches.

Serates and sages have condemn'd its use—
But to deny the mob a cordial, which is
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,
Good government has left them, seems but cruel.

William Maghrib says little or nothing about gin in his "Maxims of Odoherity" in which every young man should be letter-perfect, ready for sudden examination; but he wrote a poem of 37 verses with as many rhymes for "gin-twist," and in this poem he extols the virtues of the drink beyond measure. He made no mistake concerning the derivation:

"Don't think, by its name, from Geneva it came,
The sour little source of the Kirk Calvinist—
A fig for Jack Calvin, my processes alvine
Are much more rejoiced by a jug of gin-twist."

Brockden, Brown, Cleobulus, Kit North, Hazlitt, Hunt, Howard, Walpole and others enter into this extraordinary poem. And lovers of Scotch whisky may ponder this verse with profit:

Farintosh and Glenlivet, I hear, are the boast
Of those breechesless heroes, the Sons of the Mist;
But, may I go choke, if that villainous smoke,
I'd name in a day with a jug of gin-twist.

To go back to X. X. X.'s letter. Why "Sprachgefuehl"? Does the word not mean "a linguistic feeling, a grammatical instinct"? But there is no "Sprachgefuehl" in the derivation of gin from the name of a town in Switzerland.

Oct-27, 1907

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

A Serious Novelty by Schumann,
Not Robert—Mr. Burmeister as
Arranger and Pianist.

The second Symphony Concert, Mr. Geriecke conductor, was given in Symphony Hall last night. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Richard III." Volkmann.
Concerto Pathétique Liszt-Burmeister.
Symphonic Variations on a choral George Schumann.
Symphony in F major Götz.

George Schumann's Symphonic Variations on the choral, "Leave God to order all thy ways," was first performed at Bremen early in 1899. The matter of production was an easy one, for the composer was the conductor of the Philharmonic Society of that city. The piece was first performed in this country at Chicago a year ago this month.

Schumann is a serious person. He took a prize as a young man; he wrote chamber music; and then, as if proof were still wanting, he took the old German choral, "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten," and made variations with a prelude and a fugue-finale. Yet he must have strayed into the opera house, for no sooner is the theme hinted at by cellos and double basses than we hear familiar sounds, and lo and behold, there is a thematic lift, a theme boldly lifted, from "Tristan." And not only is there a startling thematic resemblance—but the coloring and the mood are reproduced. What, pray, have such thematic and harmonic thoughts to do in the sober and scholarly treatment of a choral?

There was a time when every German organist-schoolmaster turned out choral variations by the dozen. That time has happily passed, although even now some graduate of Stuttgart or some musician of Elselöben may write compositions of this nature, 24 pages in length. To accomplish the feat successfully, to say something in the variations and at the same time to remain

at an easy distance from the church is as great a tour de force as to write an essay in the style of the men who met at London coffee houses in the 18th century. It is not enough to be ingenious in counterpoint, fertile in contrapuntal thought, unerring in expression. Music should be something more than a series of something—it should move, it should thrill, or it should induce contemplation, which is not necessarily synonymous with sleep. Last night we heard a prelude, 12 variations and then a long fugue-Finale which ended with the appearance of the choral proclaimed by brass, supported by the organ, and ornamented with figuration of the strings—in a word, the choral was supported by the whole strength of the company. There was no element of surprise in this Finale. Every student present knew that it was coming, and the apotheosis turned out to be one of the conventional pattern. The variations do, indeed, show contrapuntal facility; they do not display marked imagination; they are rather the honest and laborious work of a good, solid musician who walks safely in approved paths.

Liszt's "Concerto Pathétique" had a curious fate. He wrote it at first for piano solo, but there is no record of a performance by him or anybody else. He wrote it as far back as 1850, but fifteen years after he tinkered with it, turned it into a piece for two pianos, handed it over to von Bülow for revision, and in this form it was played in 1877. And then a pupil, Reuss, made an arrangement for piano and orchestra which interested Liszt mightily a little time before his death. (This was the version Joseficy used in New York.) Now comes Mr. Burmeister, who has done all sorts of things to the original version for two pianos; he has changed the order of passages, omitted revised, enlarged, added measures of his own, and orchestrated the new piece. This pianist seems possessed with a mania for arranging. Some time ago he came here with his own scoring of a concerto by Chopin, and he is reported to be at work on some incredible task.

It would seem, in spite of the letters written by Liszt in his senile days to Reuss, that he himself was never satisfied with the Concerto. If he had been, he surely would have played it, for opportunity was not lacking. And the question comes up, "Was it worth while for Mr. Burmeister, a man of indisputable talent, to spend his time on such a task?" This question may be answered—and not after one's hearing alone—in the negative. Nor is the fault probably that of Mr. Burmeister; it is the fault of Liszt. The Concerto is not to be named in the same breath with the two frequently played, nor is it to be ranked with Liszt's other serious works for the piano. The themes are seldom of real interest and the treatment is often vain and bombastic. Mr. Burmeister himself says that the Andante contains "one of the most beautiful and inspired melodies of Liszt." This is his opinion, and he proves his sincerity by the charming manner in which he played it; but is not this melody, after all, sentimental to the verge of commonplace? Neither the opening movement nor the finale is musically effective; when either is effective, the point is made by theatrical means. Mr. Burmeister was at his best in the Andante to which I have already referred.

The Overture, "Richard III." of Volkmann and the Symphony by Goetz are familiar pieces. The overture is today distinguished by the Ghost music, which is spectral and in no ordinary manner. The Battle of Bosworth Field is panorama music, and only until the appearance of the Ghost theme just before the death of Richard is there any bold stroke. The music of the battle itself is ordinary stage music and it suggests weariness on the part of each contending army. The sentimental passages are weak in comparison with the opening pages, which are supposed to portray Richard. The symphony by Goetz has charming passages, but as a whole it hardly deserves the eulogy with which it was greeted in many cities some years ago. The Intermezzo is delightful in its simplicity and there is the thought of outdoor life—even with the inevitable German male chorus. There are pretty things in the first movement, but the themes do not bear such apparently endless repetition.

The orchestral performance was an improvement on that of a week ago Saturday. The men were closer together in sympathy; there was more marked precision; there was greater spontaneity.

Philip Hale.

AN American by birth will sing at the Symphony concert this week, an American tenor will sing "solus" and in duets from works of Richard Wagner. The event is worth a word; for some have been led to believe that only Germans should even attempt to interpret "the Master."

Mr. Ellison Van Hoose was born at Murfreesboro (Tenn.) in 1869 of Dutch and Scotch-American descent. As a boy he sang alto, but his serious study began in New York in 1894 under Perry Averill. He was a choir singer until 1897, when he became a member of the Damrosch-Ellis Opera Company ('97-'98) and then he was with the Ellis Company of '98-'99. His first appearance in opera was at Philadelphia in 1897 as Walther in "Tannhauser." He sang in London in 1899, and he has sung in concerts conducted by Lamoureux, Richter, Wood, Manns. He took part in the Worcester Festival of last month.

Perhaps Mr. Van Hoose's most important part in this of

...in "The ... at the ... The other ... were Galski, Bishop, ... The performance as a whole ... of the ... there was ... of the ... Santa and the ... man, and I remember that the ... Chorus was sung as though it were a chorus of Amazons with Gile King of Ithaca as the funny man. The part of Erik is an un- ... one at the best. He is represented as a person of singularly rude manners and an inclination toward hysteria. I have never seen a actor who made the part sympathetic, who led me to pity Erik as an ill-used man, thrown over for the sake of a gloomy stranger whose only recommendation is a chest of treasure obtained, no doubt, by burglary, piracy or sacrifice. The Erik familiar to opera-goers is a lad with the cap and boots associated with hockey. He should wear a tippet and then the costume would be complete.

Mr. Van Hoose had a good, manly voice; but he had not gained the use of his stage legs. Singers in this country are as a rule pitchforked on the stage before they have been drilled carefully and intelligently in stage-action. It is now a pleasure to know that he will be given a fair opportunity to prove his mettle on a dignified occasion.

There will be many concerts of interest this season. Mr. B. J. Lang proposes—and his courage and ambition are great—to perform with the Cecilia Bach's Mass, which the hardened Bachites claim is another instance of plenary inspiration—every note as from above. The Cecilia also talks of giving Massenet's latest oratorio, "The Promised Land," which had what may be described as "mixed success" in Paris. Massenet's "Eve" is distinctly pornographic. His "Mary Magdalene" is endurable only where there is thought of amorous deeds.

"The Promised Land" is not one for immediate colonization—it is not in Africa; it is not Alsace; it is Canaan. The work was first performed at the Church of St. Eustache March 15, 1900. Mr. Pouzin was lost in wonder, love and praise. He is the editor of *Le Ménestrel*, which is published by the house that publishes the works of Massenet. But Mr. Pouzin has the reputation of being an honest man, so let us hope that "The Promised Land" will prove to be a "sane, noble, lofty, strengthening work"—to quote from Pouzin's article.

There are other works that the Cecilia might well produce. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" is difficult, but

is it not a work of eminent importance? Gabriel Fauré's "Requiem" might give pleasure if something by a Frenchman is expected; and there is this advantage in producing such a work as this "Requiem." There is no need of an English text, which in nine cases out of ten distorts the meaning of the librettist, or deals a sad blow to the music.

Lilli Lehmann will give a recital at Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 16. Although she is now nearly 73 years old, her enthusiasm is not abated and she is as interested in art, literature, science and the rights of birds to their feathers as in the early eighties, when she reveled in coloratura. Her manager, Mr. Graff, will take her to Western cities—"to introduce her to audiences who have long read of her fame but have never had a chance to listen to her voice." Mr. Emil Fischer is now in New York, or soon will be, to teach the art of German song. Why should not these veterans—I had almost written war horses—of Wagnerism be heard together?

Then there is Mr. H. Whitney Tew, an American bass, who has lived for 29 years more or less in Europe, chiefly in England. He will give a recital in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening, Nov. 6. He has sung in concert and oratorio; he has written, I believe, an opera; he has led an active musical life. He is a bass and he comes to us from England. Why will he not sing "The Wolf"? It has not been sung in concert here for some time; and it is well worth doing, even if the words are English, not German. Tickets for Mr. Tew's concert will be on sale at Symphony Hall Monday morning.

Miss Pauline Weltman, a well-known contralto, will give a song recital in Chickering Hall Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 20.

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeiser will give two piano recitals in Chickering Hall on the evening of Nov. 20 and on the afternoon of Nov. 23.

The Longy Club—Messrs. Longy, Abbot, Lenon, obbe; Lebally, clarinet; Debuchy, bassoon; Hackebarth, horn; Maquarre, flute; and Gelhard, piano, will give a series of three concerts at Chickering Hall this season. Interesting novelties will be produced, among

them a piece by Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

Mr. Leonard Liebbling claims that Henry Marteau, the violinist, is undergoing a transformation. "Somebody has convinced him that a tenuous tone, a matchlessly brilliant technique and a dashing temperament are not the most desirable qualities for a great violinist. He has become a disciple at the shrine of Joachim. He has eliminated self from his playing. He is objective." This is indeed to be deplored. When Marteau was last here he showed that he was in the first stages of Jochimization.—A new piano concerto in B flat minor by Felix von Rath of Munich has been played in Berlin and was unfavorably criticised.

The Allgemaine Musik-Zeltung said of Nordica's Isolde at Munich: "We regret to state that Mrs. Nordica's enunciation was spoiled by a throaty quality in the middle register and by insufficient knowledge of the German pronunciation." It is amusing to find a German protesting against the "throaty quality" of Nordica's voice. Whatever might be said of this singer, that charge is always unjust.—Rose Relda of San Francisco will sing at the Frankfurt Opera House.—I quote from the German Times a paragraph of local interest: "Proceedings are pending against Hans Winderstein, the Leipzig conductor, who refuses to pay debts contracted during his recent disastrous tour in America."

"De Pachmann is living quietly in London." Is it possible for him to be quiet anywhere—even in Salem or Philadelphia?

Sousa, as was stated in the Journal last week, was most successful in London. Let us hear Mr. Blackburn:

"In truth, quite apart from all the talk and clatter which a well advertised show must necessarily engender, we have never before heard a brass band play with so much delicacy, vitality and significance. Mushrooms grow fast in America, and one might be well excused for supposing that one need not attach very much importance to the mere glimmer which attends a well-advertised exhibition of virtuosity. But in this case every ounce of advertisement was really justifiable by the magnificent manner in which Mr. Sousa and his following fulfilled all expectation. Perhaps the suite entitled 'Three Quotations,' by Mr. Sousa himself, was the most emphatically successful item of the evening. The second one, 'And I, Too, Was Born in Arcadia,' was perhaps the most effective; here the composer's peculiar talent for composing just for this combination of instruments was particularly emphasized. Mr. Sousa assuredly knows brass as few men have known it; he understands the extraordinary flexibility of sound which is in the hands of rather, perhaps, we should say in the mouth of every individual player. What poor Sir Arthur Sullivan used to pay such stress upon in his humorous manner, 'the poh-sound and the pah-sound,' are almost elementary matters with Mr. Sousa, who has, in a sort of way, developed through his brass an extraordinary variety of human and sympathetic sounds."

A word upon Mr. Sousa's method of conducting. It is in its way quite masterly; a particularly close observation last night led us to the conclusion that he has the qualities of a genuinely great conductor. He knows when to urge and when to restrain; he seldom shows any excitement, but when he does, it is always to considerable effect; the greater part of his work has been, and rightly been done, in rehearsal. We may perhaps appeal to us as being singularly impressive. We welcome Mr. Sousa, and we are assured that his visit to England cannot fall to be attended with successful issues. To alter slightly the language of the advertisement boards, and to fill the final word with all its possible meanings—Sousa has come."

The first of the Kniesel concerts will be given tomorrow evening in Chickering Hall. The program will consist of pieces by Beethoven; quartet in G major, op. 18, No. 2; sonata in A major, op. 69, for cello and piano; quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1—the one with the Russian theme for the finale. The cello sonata is the one dedicated to Baron von Glöckenstein. It was sent to press shortly before the invasion of the French, and Beethoven wrote on the copy that he gave his friend, "Inter Lacrymas et Luctum." The pianist will be Mrs. Beach. Tickets are on sale at the Symphony Hall box office.

Mr. Edwin H. Lemare will give an organ recital at Symphony Hall Tuesday evening. He will play these pieces: Beethoven's overture "Coriolanus"; andante from Tchaikowsky's 5th symphony; Wagner's Prelude "Parsifal"; finale from Dvorák's "From the New World" symphony; Hollin's Intermezzo in D flat, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D minor, and Fugue a la gigue (by request); his own meditation in D flat and Scherzo from symphony in G minor. There will also be an improvisation. Mr. Lemare was born at Ventnor, Isle-of-Wight, Sept. 9, 1865. He was elected Sir John Goss Scholar R. A. M. in 1885, and was later made an Associate and a Fellow. He has filled several organ positions and is now of St. Margaret's, Westminster, London. His recitals are a feature of London musical life, and he is especially noted for the ingenuity of his transcriptions from orchestral scores.

Mr. Carl Armbruster will begin his series of lectures on "The Life and Works of Richard Wagner" at Chickering Hall next Thursday evening. The subject will be "Biography, 'Rienzi' and 'The Flying Dutchman.'" Miss Pauline Cramer will add interest by singing selections from the operas in illustration. The sale of seats will begin at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning.

Mark Hambourg, the pianist, is back in London. And Mr. Blackburn spoke of him things that were said of him: "He was bent upon making startling effects and pointed contrasts by a sort of theatrical instinct which is accompanied by a magnificent technique, although, we are bound to say, largely devoid of sentiment. There were times when he was shockingly clamorous; he made the music ring too loudly and ding too vehemently." Mr. Blackburn makes this personal remark: "By the time his hair has grown white he will assuredly, if he does not change his style of wearing it, bear a distinct resemblance to Liszt in his later days; this by way of superfluous comment."

A new opera, "Manfred," by Hans von Bronsart, will be produced at Welmar toward the end of the year.—The revival of Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" at Vienna was an overwhelming success in spite of the sad memories it brought of the Ring Theatre disaster.—A young tenor, Gluck of Marseilles, suddenly called to sing Don José at the Opéra Comique, Paris, made such a hit that the manager was obliged to let him repeat the performance, and the singer is probably engaged.—Teresa Carreno played at the first Philharmonic concert this season under Nikisch at Berlin.—A new opera that met with extraordinary success at Dresden is Buongiorno's "Das Mädchenherz."

Oct 28, 1901
Mr. Powers, professor of sociology—but not the Earnest Student of Sociology, who is as mild and lovely as the sister in the hymn—Mr. Powers of Cornell expressed himself lately as one distinctly in favor of killing off the weak and the feeble-minded "as so many rattlesnakes." The comparison, by the way, is not a happy one, but Mr. Powers was probably excited, or, in his haste to gain the class-room and deliver himself of his great idea, he left his rhetoric on the grand piano. But where does Mr. H. H. Powers propose to begin? At Ithaca? We see him now, meditating his scheme through the night watches, leaping from his bed, girding his loins with a crash-towel, snatching up his trusty kris, and running amok in the public streets. Or would he have the feeble-minded and weak chloroformed as are cats abandoned by dwellers in the Back Bay early in the summer? Mr. Powers' scheme is not original. It was proposed by several ancient philosophers and carried into effect by leading citizens of Africa and savage isles. But perhaps Mr. H. H. Powers is a humorist. In this case we prefer "Jiminy" of farce-comedy fame.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Oct. 25, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
Is Grammar a real thing, science, or an imaginary?

ENGLISH AS SPOKEN.
My stock is higher than it was (low).
Jack is much better than he was (dangerously ill).
What word understood after was?
Higher, high, better, well, lower, low, not?

G. W. P.
We agree with you in spirit and in every detail.

There are no more delightful passages in "The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling," than those in which the talk at inns is faithfully recorded; as when, for instance, the Sergeant, Jones, Partridge, and the landlord grow hot in the discussion of Capt. Waters's "lady," the existence of a personal devil, treason, and other inflammable subjects. Speech here draws character, so that there can be no mistake or confusion. The author does not explain, he narrates; but today among the herd of young novelists you will with difficulty find one who can put speech into the mouth of a character. Even the "Correspondence" of Flaubert would not shame them, for they could not be induced to believe that anyone would slave and sweat over a sentence.

But when Fielding makes Mrs. Fitzpatrick tell the story of her life, she soon becomes tiresome, and we know her better from her conversation with Lady Bellaston. In the long story she

was keeping up appearances before Sophia; when she and Lady Bellaston were together each wished to rot Sophia of her Tom, and each tried to hoodwink the other.

It might be paradoxical to say that life as Fielding described it is more real than life itself, and yet the constant reader of that great genius, the supreme master of irony, is often tempted to escape from the passing show in which he is obliged to play his part and live in the real world of the novelists. Take Lady Fitzpatrick, for instance. She has many imitators, and she may be taken as the type of any long-winded egoist who insists on talking about self. Sophia herself must have been bored at the end, although women have a remarkable power of endurance in this respect just as they are cooler and braver than men when the ether-cone is seen and the surgeon's knife only suggested.

There is general conversation at the club. It is pleasant talk; each is contributing to the pleasure; there are two or three well-known men whom you have met for the first time. You are listening—when suddenly Mr. Auger begins close to your ear and in low, deadly voice: "A strange thing happened to me yesterday. You never knew my father. Well, you should have known him to appreciate fully what I am going to say. It's a long story, but won't bore you." And then he droned on and on. The story is pointless—a about himself—smug in self-appreciation—incredible in the display of vanity. You try to achieve the difficult feat of listening to several at once. Mr. Auger has the advantage of position. You see the others enjoying themselves. Not one of them takes compassion on you; not one of them tries to pull Auger away or thinks of throwing hot water on him.

The famous maxim, "In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us," is true. Their adversity cheers us when we are sad or in wretched condition, and when we are prosperous their trouble is a sweet tribute to our own prudence, thrift, good fortune. But the long story of the adversity is decidedly displeasing. A sensitive person, unless he be a morbid philanthropist, wishes to hear of sordid poverty, of a distressing sickness, of outrageous injustice. And then there is the conviction from the start that the story will end in the request of loan—this thought broods over the story as Fate, according to Schlegel but denied by De Quincey, broods over the Greek tragedy. It would delight you to tell the other man of your shrewd speculation last Tuesday, of the precise value of the lot you bought against the advice of several, of the honor paid you by a German university, of the progress of your boy in school. You are interested in these things.

To C. E. R. No, the custom of burying the heart and the body of a monarch separately did not go out of fashion early in the 19th century. The heart of Frederick William IV. of Prussia of Max II. of Bavaria (1864), of Ludwig his son (1886), was given separate burial.

A poem was written by Mr. John Donnelly, a prisoner on Blackwell's Island. It was sent to Magistrate Brann, who touched by the stanzas here given, released him:

Wide brooks of gin-fizzes on every hand,
And great lakes of cold Rhein wine,
Pumps spouting cocktails all over the land,
For the thirsty ones standing in line.
Hot-rum swamps of a beautiful green,
With islands of fine cracked ice;
Such a sight has never before been seen;
Ah! but this dream was nice.

Champagne flowed from fire-plugs
In bubbling streams with a hiss;
And street-cleaners drank from stone jars
Ah! such a dream of bliss.

So Sophocles was acquitted by the Judges after he had read the chori:
"Thou has come, O stranger," from I
"Oedipus Coloneus."

Oct 29, 1901
We have received several letters that demand attention. We publish one at the request of the writer, for we are never so happy as when we are helped by others even by encouraging them to foolish doing.

Cherryfield, Oct. 25, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

Will you kindly print the following story? It is a good one. A boy was brought up by two fussy aunts, who gave him a kind of vicarious hypochondria, for they kept suspecting him of all kinds of maladies. The doctor was sent for needlessly again and again. He grew wilder and wilder. Last he was called late at night for no reason at all. He was anxious asked: "Oh, doctor, what is it? Worms?" He snapped in reply: "N Aunts!"
F. C. H.

Boston, Oct. 28, 1901

of Talk of the Day: mentioned "Tom Jones" this morning. Do you remember this passage in Fielding's romance: "This was no more than the arrival of young Tom Jones, dead drunk; or rather in a state of drunkenness which deprives them of the use of their limbs." What would the Magistrates of Boston say to this definition? R. H. E.

There is a grave question involved, that requires time and space for a full answer. It is this: Does the word drunk define exactly a man's mental and moral condition, or is it merely a qualifying word or intensifier of comparison?

The great Oxford English Dictionary defines "drunk": "That has been intoxicated by liquor to an extent which affects steady self-control; inebriated, inebriated: overcome by alcohol. The degree of inebriation is expressed by various adjectives: as beastly, blind, dead, etc." There are many expressions: "drunk as a wheelbarrow," "drunk as David's sow," "drunk as a lord," "drunk as a owl," "drunk as Chloë," "drunk as a hen," "drunk as he can hang together," "drunk, crying drunk," so drunk he couldn't see a hole in a ladder, "drunk, fighting drunk"—and it might be extended to at least a column.

There are words for lighter forms of intoxication. Thus a man may be jagged, which is not as though he were loaded for bear. And, mark you, he may be slightly jagged, when by no means soggy or muzzy. You hear an unfortunate man called a "rotten" you know that is no reflection on his general character; he is simply lost in the world.

It is to be deplored that all of these are applied loosely by some who are present when they are exaggerating the follies and faults of their fellows.

Even the shut-down sport who is loaded at close range the degrees of drunkenness is not always as precise as a man of his past experience present unclouded observation in defining the condition of a fellow mortal.

It would not seem necessary to say that a man who on one occasion is too much for absolute control of his tongue is not a drunkard. A drunkard is one addicted to drinking, one who habitually drinks to excess; in plain language, he is a drunkard. Let some argue that a man who is regularly his ale or claret is a drunkard. With them any discussion can be idle.

Why "drunk as Davy's sow?" The phrase is in "Midshipman Easy." It tells a long-winded and incredible story, in which he introduces a jagged sow that belonged to David Jones, a Welshman who kept an ale-house—but the story is not worth telling.

Where there are so many expressive words for the degree, there should be trouble in definition. But first of all, a carefully chosen committee should be upon the precise meaning of each word.

The Bostonians have given great pleasure to the inhabitants of Kalamazoo, or else the Kalamazoo Morning Gazette-News says the thing which is true. Two columns (Oct. 24) were devoted to a review of two performances.

Think about listening to the bobolink in Mr. Khayyam's Persian garden. Commend us to the Bostonians who they have their singing clothes on.

Herbert's "The Serenade" found great favor. "It was one of the latest, sweetest, prettiest musical packages ever opened up on the ideal stage of the Academy."

It is doubtful whether "the veteran and indomitable comedian, Henry Clay Barabee" enjoyed thoroughly this compliment: "The least that can be said of this wheelhorse in the ranks of comic opera is that he seems to improve with age; he is just as droll as before, and reminds you forcibly of Jerne Sykes." No, we are afraid Mr. Barabee was not amiable that morning at breakfast.

The "vocalizing" of Mr. George Frothingham found especial favor.

Mrs. Adele Rafter "is of the Alice Niven school, and the rest of the scholars all side step when Adele waxes by."

It was Miss Frances Miller who stole the hearts and bewildered the judgment of the gilded youth of Kalamazoo: "She is a tall, statuesque, handsome brunette, divinely formed and with eyes that shine like diamonds." Every move is the poetry of motion, and her beauty accentuated the ef-

fectiveness of both her acting and singing. And she could act, too. She has a voice that is like the echo of candied violets dropping on a golden harp. It is ravishingly sweet, of liquid, bird-like quality, clear as a bell, fresh as a daisy and especially strong and pleasing in the higher register."

"The echo of candied violets dropping on a golden harp." Fortunate Miss Miller! She will receive no higher tribute in the effete East.

This Mr. Hugues Le Roux, who will lecture at Harvard this winter, was born at Havre in 1860. He has been a journalist, author playwright. As a journalist, he has been connected with The Temps and he will send from this country to the Figaro letters about the financial condition of the country—so it is to be hoped that all colleges and clubs will pay him promptly. He has written novels and "studies." With Glinisty he prepared Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" for the Odéon (1888), and he wrote a play for the Gymnase, "Tout pour l'honneur" (1893).

We have not seen in any of the obituary notices of Zephaniah S. Holbrook an allusion to the fact that in the seventies he bought and controlled the Yale Courant. We believe at the time he was in the theological department of the University.

KNEISEL QUARTET.

First Concert of This Club in Chickering Hall—A. Beethoven Program.

The Kneisel Quartet with Mrs. Beach, pianist, gave the first concert of the 17th season last night in Chickering Hall. The program was made up of chamber music by Beethoven; quartet in G minor, op. 18, No. 2; Sonata for piano and cello in A major, op. 69; quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1.

This was the first concert given by the Kneisels in the new hall. Was the choice of program influenced by this fact? Was the program dedicatory in a way? Or, since it was the first concert of the season, was there a deliberate choice of familiar and approved pieces, in order that the Quartet might play easily with customary authority and finish, and that the audience might not be perplexed at the very beginning by ultra-modern harmonic complications, strange rhythmic devices, exotic melodic thought?

The latter reasoning undoubtedly influenced the character of the program. It is too early for chamber music by Debussy, d'Indy, or even César Franck. After a few evenings with Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, composition by a modern will not seem so outrageous to many of the subscribers as it would now, when they have a hearty and naive appetite, one that does not need to be pricked or pampered.

Now, unless a new piece is given at these concerts, there is little to be said; for the performances are almost always of such a nature that criticism is merely eulogy. It is an open question whether continual praise is not more objectionable and boresome than constant censure. This question was answered in the case of Aristides to his temporary disadvantage. The Kneisel Quartet has received so much praise that it probably will not gain the hatred of the Fates if it is said of the concert last night, "An admirable performance." At the same time, Mr. Kneisel, if he is superstitious, might throw a ring into the Frog Pond or the Charles.

Few composers can stand the test of a program devoted wholly to their works. Perhaps the two that can survive the experiment are Beethoven and Wagner.

Nor is there any question of modernity to enter and determine. A Saint-Saëns evening would be as dreary as one given over to Haydn or Mozart. Even the man of catholic spirit shudders at the thought of an evening with Spohr! Yet Spohr, like Hannibal, was a pretty fellow in his day.

It may, then, be said that the quartets were familiar and orthodox and the performance was excellent. In the sonata for cello and piano Mr. Schreeder displayed a nobly sonorous tone and intimate sympathy with the moods of the composer. He appreciated fully the dignity, the tenderness of the music; nor did he fail to catch the capricious humors; nor did the twilight moments, the mysterious, almost inarticulate, whisperings of the mighty one escape him.

The second concert will be on Monday evening, Nov. 18.

Philip Hale.

Oct 30 1901

"Unfit to live, or die."

And yet Barnardine, or Czolgosz, or any other "creature unprepared, unfit for death," should be free in his last hours from badgering relatives or stray humanitarians. Probably the most grotesquely impertinent question ever asked a condemned prisoner was that put to Fauntleroy, the banker—the last man in England that was convicted of forgery and thereafter hanged. There was a curious story, by the way, that he was hanged with a silver tube in his throat, was cut down alive, was permitted to escape. Travelers said in London clubs that they had seen him on Broadway, on a Mississippi River steamboat, a gambler at New Orleans,

a rector of peculiarly rigid views concerning the observance of Lent. These stories, and stories like them, were noised about England for 20 or 30 years. Nor did the oath of an official that he had seen the burial of the body stop idle mouths.

"But this question?" Fauntleroy—what a beautiful name for a banker! How superior to Gastroth, Yerringham, Leach! Yes, we prefer Fauntleroy to Plantagenet. And the banker wore this name before the dreadful little Lord strutted for a time his priggish way and imposed inconvenient collars on boys of flesh and blood. What has become of the little Lord? Is he still on the stage? He has disappeared from popular speech.

"But what was the question?" Now Fauntleroy sat at the head of a sumptuous table and guests enjoyed a wonderful Madeira. No pumping, however sly or ingenious, could touch the source of the wine. On the morning of the execution an old friend and constant table companion called on Mr. Fauntleroy in his cell. And he asked him this question:

"Fauntleroy, we brought nothing into this world, and we can take nothing out of it. Before you are launched into eternity answer me—Where did you get that Madeira?"

Before the "scientific knot" was adopted, resuscitation after hanging was not uncommon in England; but the most remarkable case of revival after execution was in France. Mr. Sims recalled it. A man at Orleans—this was in 1747—was broken on the wheel—that is to say, his thighs, legs, arms were broken, and the executioner—well pleased with his work, handed over the body to a surgeon. The surgeon put the body on the table, and began his lecture. The corpse interrupted the lecturer's flow of thought by sneezing violently. The surgeon made up his mind to save the man, so he cut off the two legs and one arm. The man gained in health and spirits, and in accordance with his own wish was carried in a cart to a place 50 leagues away, where he proposed to earn an honest living by begging. There he would sit by the road and give an imitation of a soldier who had lost his limbs in the war. A drover went by one day and was about to give him a piece of money when he saw a strange shadow. He lifted his head and just saved it from a descending iron bar held by the beggar's one hand. The beggar was arrested, an investigation was made, and three men were found hid in a cave. They would hide there until the beggar blew his whistle, when they carried the victim into the cave, robbed the body and buried it. This time the executioner was unusually thorough. He broke on the wheel all that was left of the sinner by the wayside; the body was then burned and the ashes scattered to the four corners.

Certain philosophers—we believe Combe is among them—argue that a horror of the public executioner shows a low state of civilization.

A newspaper man told us this singular story: "I wrote some time ago an account of a singer whose death was reported. She was once the toast of the young blades in this city, and I wrote a sketch that was full of anecdote and gossip. A month or two afterward I wrote a sketch of a playwright who, as reported by the cable, had died the day before. I remember generally what I then wrote; I remember certain phrases so that I can quote them; and yet when I had occasion last week to refer to the articles, I could not find the notices either in my scrap book or in the file of the newspaper. Furthermore, I have searched carefully foreign weekly journals that carry obituary notices, I have searched them anxiously and with tears, and I do not find the slightest allusion to the death of either woman or man. And yet I saw obituary notices in at least three of those journals within the last year, and I remember where they were on the page. How do you account for it? Did I dream that I wrote my pieces? Did I see the notices in my dream?"

We saw yesterday at the room of the Earnest Student of Sociology an interesting description of a young lady for whom a reward is offered. The description is minute, and we pass over certain information concerning her physical charms and weaknesses, although we confess that we lingered here and there with one eye of the sculptor and one of M. Bertillon. After all, it is by conversational ease and spirit that woman holds us, so let us see how "N. B. B." responds to the test.

"In manner she is abrupt, her voice inclining to loudness, especially when discussing a subject. But when describing picturesque scenery, the characters in a novel, a scene in a play, or even an accident she modulates her voice perfectly. Has a very slight

knowledge of French limited to a few stereotyped expressions, which she is fond of displaying. Performs well on the piano, but now out of practice."

Yes, this reads like the description of any sassy girl—but be patient.

"Is not partial to wine, but is fond of Cincinnati beer, though preferring the best Bourbon whisky to all other drinks and takes large drinks. The first drink shows no effect; the second scarcely noticeable, is inclined to be jolly and very talkative after the third drink. Then stops for an hour or so, but will drink at intervals during the evening. If there is a mirror in the room and she has had about three drinks of whisky, she will stand in front of the mirror, place her hand to her head as for a military salute, and exclaim, 'How-de-do! How-de-do!' Again, when she has had her third drink of whisky, she will laughingly exclaim, 'Let's all get full and tell our right names.'"

These are merely the symptoms of high spirits which crown an unimpaired digestion and a clear conscience. But Miss B. has some habits that cannot be commended even by her warmest admirers; a habit of burning her letters with a lighted match; a temper "that at times goes almost beyond her control, and then she does not hesitate to say the meanest and most malicious things about her best friends." That she is "afraid of ghosts" does not lessen our esteem.

MR. LEMARE'S RECITAL.

The English Organist Shows His Talent for Orchestral Coloring Before a Large Audience in Symphony Hall.

Mr. Edwin H. Lemare, the organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, made his first appearance here last evening in Symphony Hall. There was a large and very appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Overture in C minor.....Holmes
Die Antwort.....Wolstenholme
Meditation in D flat.....Lemare
Prelude and fugue in D major.....Bach
Fugue à la Gigue.....Bach
In provisation.....Lemare
Vorspiel "Parsifal".....Lemare
Symphony in G minor (op. 35).....Lemare

Mr. Lemare is famous in London for his transcriptions from orchestral scores. Not that his reputation rests solely on his ability to play an overture or an excerpt from a symphony dimly and with due consideration of the composer's scheme of color, for Mr. Lemare has been well trained in a sound school and can play in the strict style. But of late he seems to have directed all his energies toward orchestral reproduction, and the tendency to hear everything highly colored is revealed even when he plays music that was no doubt to Bach merely a drawing in black and white. His talent in this direction is indisputable, and when the results are not satisfactory the cause must be sought in the inherent, inevitable limitations of the instrument itself.

The distinguishing quality of the organ—the quality that sets it apart from other instruments—is imposing, solemn dignity. This dignity comes from the diapasons and from stops that are said to have a diapason quality. These stops are not emotional, they cannot be emotional in any sentimental or sensuous way. It must also be granted that the ear is soon tired of severe organ music, and the answer to this is that the organ was not intended for a showy, concert instrument; its home is the church; its duty is in the service of God.

Few are content with such restrictions. They see a great instrument equipped with all manner of mechanical appliances, with electric action, with devices of every kind to lighten the labor of the organist and assist him in rapid changes of stops and constant shifting of combinations of timbres. There are imitations of certain orchestral instruments: cello, violin, flute, double bassoon, trumpet, oboe, piccolo, clarinet, etc., etc. And organists and audiences say, "Why should not orchestral pieces be played on an organ?"

There are several answers. The character of the instrument does not lend itself to orchestral imitation. It loses the peculiar dignity which the orchestra cannot hope to have; it cannot imitate, no matter how brilliant the player may be, orchestral attack, swing, brilliance, fury. They err who say that sharply defined rhythm is impossible on the organ. When a figure or a prelude is played in muddy fashion the fault is with the organist. But the endless nuances in rhythm displayed by an orchestra under a conductor of authority and temperament cannot be attained by any organist. Again, the bite of the violins is not to be imitated, and the organ oboe, clarinet and other instruments lack the expression given by the soul of the man whose lips are on the instrument. (Here the organ is below even the piano.) No use of swell pedal, no use of tremolo can make anyone of these imitative instruments the real thing. Furthermore, the opposition, the contrasts of the different choirs in an orchestra—wood-wind against strings—strings against brass, etc.—these are not effective on the organ even when they are in a degree possible. The organ pressed into orchestral duty is often stiff, rebellious; and when urged too hard, it becomes merely a machine, an orchestration.

Mr. Lemare has studied assiduously this chosen art, and he gives pleasure

Even when his art to some may seem marvellous, he has great facility, a sense of color, a cool head, a modest and dignified bearing. He plays some trifling bit of sentimentalism, but it is to be denied that he gains, at times, surprising effects as the result of his experiments in registration. He is not really sensational, he is not a slave to exaggeration. There were moments when his accompaniments were too subdued for the solo steps, and there were times when a disturbing phrase was given to the initial note of a phrase allotted to a reced. And it broken up and given in sections to stop of contrasted nature lose their line and meaning. His improvisation was effective, and in answer to long continued applause he played a soothing piece of his own.

Philip Hale.

There are men who are so self-absorbed that they think you must be interested in their bunches of keys. This species of bore will show you a bunch in street car, railway train, during the wait at the theatre, yes, in church before the service. "What a nuisance they are, and yet I do not know what would happen if I should lose them"; and he looks as though he saw the clock of the universe running down. "This is the key to the outside door, these are the three keys to my apartment—I had a Yale lock put on; this is the key to the closet where I keep the drinkables—I can't trust the servants, you know." He speaks as though the apartment were full of vassals, serfs, retainers, scullions, etc.; but as a matter of fact there is one slave who is slatternly and generally incompetent. "This is the key to the letter box, these are trunk keys, this is the key to the drawer where I keep insurance policies, this—." And so on and so on ad infinitum, likewise ad nauseam. Wordsworth spoke of Shakespeare's sonnets as the key with which the dramatist unlocked his heart. Any one of this man's keys unlocks the storehouse of his egoism.

You might say to him with Aglaia in Maeterlinck's play: "There is nothing more beautiful than a key, so long as one does not know what it opens," but he would not appreciate the delicacy of your repartee.

A pleasant chapter might be written concerning the use of keys in literature. There is a description of keys in Wilkie Collins's "Dead Secret" that gives one the shivers. Did the key of the fateful fortieth room handed with the other keys to the third Kalandar by the daughters of Kings convey no warning against its use? A key may be pontifical, domestic, sinister, sneaking, mysteriously secretive in its very appearance. The invention of the Yale lock was a sad blow to the symbolism of keys, which bids fair to be lost in this democracy.

And there is divination by the key. Did you never when you were at the age of Cherubino find a key and Bible—the key put next the second chapter of "The Song of Solomon" with the verse "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved," to find out whether the girl with you in the divination were your true sweetheart? You practised cleidomancy, although your school teacher, a maiden lady of heroic build and encroaching whiskers—would have been at a loss to define the word. Cleidomancy should be exercised, we are told, by the wise. "When the sun or the moon is in Virgo the name should be written upon a key, the key should be tied to a Bible, etc." Some use this to detect a murderer, in which case the girl who holds the Bible should be a virgin; the name of the suspected murderer should be written on a piece of paper and tied to the key. Someone mumbles a list of names and the paper turns if the suspected one is guilty. If you are in love it is a lucky thing to find a key, especially if it is an old one; and to dream of a key is a good sign.

This reminds us of Mr. Keys, who disappeared from his office Oct. 7, 1757, the day \$10,000 was drawn in the lottery and supposed to be his property, and was found in the streets Nov. 5 of that year, raving mad. Incidentally he had been robbed of his pocket book and lottery ticket.

We mentioned Maeterlinck. He is reported as saying that Stephen Phillips took "Paola and Francesca" from his "Peleas and Melisande," and as thus freeing his mind about the author of "L'Aiglon": "Rostand? Oh, Rostand's reputation is quite manufactured. His father, you now, is a rich hanker. It cost him nearly a million francs in one way and another before he succeeded. By this time he has doubtless got it all back again." Rostand is not taken seriously by many Parisian writers, but we doubt whether the Belgian Maeterlinck expressed himself in just these words. He is not

ious, he is not malicious, and surely has no cause to be sour over the popular success of Rostand.

There are certain words that are abused by all who write: however, moreover, very, etc. They are thrown in to balance a sentence, to round a phrase, or by accident, or by a mistaken wish for emphasis or as a cry to flagging attention. When John R. Green congratulated Freeman on the completion of "The Norman Conquest" he wrote: "When edition two comes, run your pen through two-thirds of the 'nows' and three-quarters of the 'thens.' The first always makes me think you have just awoke from a five minutes' nap and set to again; the second is what I call the showman's demonstrative."

We read in a foreign journal: "The first performance took place Oct. 16 at the Deutsche Schauspielhaus, Hamburg, of the first German translation of Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII.'" The translator is Dr. Berger. It seems incredible that no translation was made before this; for the Germans have long insisted that they alone appreciated and understood the "divine Williams," and that if Shakespeare had been consulted he would have chosen some quiet town in Germany for his birthplace.

This story is easily believed; how Mr. Gabriel d'Annunzio invited play-actors, play-actresses and intimate friends to hear the reading of his new play. One of the guests sent an account of the scenario to a Bologna journal. D'Annunzio, hot with anger, wrote a public reprimand in which he called the offender a "boor," and the editor of the journal, who evidently has sporting blood, returned the compliment by sending a member of the staff to demand an explanation. What did D'Annunzio call the unhappy wretch in his own soft, sweet Italian: "Grossalano"? There is little prospect of a duel. D'Annunzio surely wishes to see the first night of his new play.

D'Annunzio should by this time be composed and with eyes in natural position, not starting from their sockets. He should ponder the words of Mr. E. H. Miles in "The Training of the Body for Games, Athletics, and Other Forms of Exercise," who speaks of "knitted brows and tight-set jaws as a loss of energy in brain work."

Mr. G. B. McClellan talks "earnestly and wisely," as we are assured by the Era (London). "The opening program of our campaign consisted of 'The Lady Slavey'—no, not the piece done at your Avenue here, but a piece with that title written by my brother, Hugh Morton—he drops the McClellan for stage purposes." We were under the impression that the brilliant journalist and successful librettist was Charles M. S. McClellan; but of course, he, as well as Mr. Seton-Thompson, has a right to change his name.

MR. CARL ARMBRUSTER.

First Lecture of the Course of Ten on the Life and Works of Wagner in Chickering Hall.

Mr. Carl Armbruster lectured last night in Chickering Hall. The lecture was the first of a series and was devoted to the life of Wagner and his operas, "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman." There was a small and interested audience.

It will be remembered that Mr. Armbruster delivered lectures on Wagner as a Lowell course and then met with marked success. As these lectures were reported at length in more than one newspaper, it is not necessary to speak of them now in detail.

Mr. Armbruster began by a compliment to the Lowell audience of last season, and he hoped that he would be equally successful before the present subscribers. He said he came with no paradox in his hand, and he had no strange and revolutionary theories. It was his object to make his hearers more thoroughly acquainted with the artistic intentions of Wagner, especially as the performances of Wagner's operas were now too often fragmentary, inadequate and often in direct variance with the composer's purposes. He then entered upon a eulogy of Wagner, who was not only a great musician, but a great dramatic poet—a statement that might well excite an interesting discussion. Wagner's music-dramas should be approached in a different spirit than that entertained toward operas in general. (And here again is opportunity for discussion. Wagner wrote operas for the stage; he was exceedingly anxious to have them performed; his letters prove that he was willing to do anything, yes, to take the time and money of his friends in order to gain a hearing; thus he approached the opera house in the same spirit shown by any composer with a manuscript.) He was a man of enormous energy and industry. His essays alone fill several volumes. They are for the most part a business to the flesh—even the es-

say on vivisection—and many of the warmest admirers regret that he wrote at least two-thirds of them.) Although Mr. Armbruster is a good partisan, he is never rasping or truculent in the display of partisanship, therefore the hearer has no imperative desire to rise from his seat, wild-eyed in protest.

The eulogy was finished—but are not the ten lectures one long eulogy? Mr. Armbruster gave a short sketch of Wagner's life. The record of events was enlivened with a few personal reminiscences and anecdotes: Wagner was a wretched pianist; at London as conductor of the Philharmonic society he was censured for conducting works by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven without the score, and at last he did lead a symphony by Beethoven with a book before him, much to the joy of the critics, who congratulated him and then found that the score was a piano arrangement of Rossini's "Barber of Seville." Mr. Armbruster did not gossip about Wagner's manner of life, taste in dress, views on vegetarianism, etc., etc. Nor did he give any explanation of why Wagner wished to deprive his friend Von Bülow of his wife Cosima.

Mr. Armbruster made a passing allusion to the two earliest operas, and spoke also of the songs written by Wagner in his days of poverty in Paris. He said that these songs, written with the hope of securing recognition in salons, were too good for the public and too hard for the singers. Miss Pauline Cramer sang "Schlaf' ein holdes Kind" and "Erwartung." I dislike exceedingly to differ with the learned and courteous lecturer, but these songs are really without any distinction, except possibly in the opening measures for the piano in the second—and if here there is a thematic hint at Wagner of "The Ring," so there is also a backward glance at Schubert. No, these songs are perfunctory, and if Mueller or Schmidt had written them, we should not know of their existence.

Miss Cramer also sang in illustration of Mr. Armbruster's remarks about "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman." One of Mr. Armbruster's remarks was surprising, almost incredible. I should have expected it from any of the pamphleteers who believe that all of Wagner's works are instances of plenary inspiration. Mr. Armbruster said—and he said it seriously—that "Rienzi" was far superior to any opera by Meyerbeer. Now a statement like this is not one for argument; it is to be taken with submission, as any natural phenomenon, an earthquake, a sand storm or a tidal wave.

The next lecture will be on Monday night, Nov. 4, when the subject will be "Tannhäuser." Miss Cramer will sing Elisabeth's Greeting to the Hall, Elisabeth's Prayer and a fragment from the scene between Venus and Tannhäuser.

Philip Hale.

Let judgment be suspended in the case of Miss Toppan, even though she is reported as saying on her way to the jail: "Why, ain't the scenery exquisite." There are many who stop with murdering English.

We are enabled, thanks to the courtesy of the publishers, to quote from Mr. Austin Borax's exhaustive work, "Domestic Peace" (now in press). The quotation is from Chapter XVII, "Husband and Maid Servant":

"Never address a maid servant as you would your wife. Speak gently."

It seems that Mr. Thompson—the late Mr. Seton-Thompson—changed his name to Thompson-Seton for several reasons: one, because he regards the name as common "and leads to his being mixed up with other Thompsons."

The name is not uncommon, and good men and true have carried it and spelled it with or without the "p." There were several at the siege of Ismail.

Among them were several Englishmen of pith, sixteen called Thompson, and nineteen named Smith.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson; all the rest

Had been called "Jemmy," after the great bard;

I don't know whether they had arms or crest,

But such a godfather's as good a card.

And if there is James Thomson of "The Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence," there is also James Thomson of "The City of Dreadful Night."

There is D. P. Thompson, who wrote "The Green Mountain Boys"; D. W. Thompson of the "Wayside Thoughts of an Asoprophosphor"; Captain Edward Thompson, who wrote admired sea-songs and died on board of the Grampus off the coast of Africa; Dr. Henry Thompson, who wrote that fascinating treatise "The Diseases of the Prostate" (1861); J. W. Thompson, whose "Construction of Hot-Houses" is a masterpiece; John Thompson, with his "Autographical Counterfeit Detector"; John R. Thompson, once famous as editor of the Southern Literary Messenger; the Rev. J. S. Thompson, author of "The Monotessaron"; J. P. Thompson, the celebrated divine, voluminous writer, author of "Love and Penalty"; Zadoc Thompson, with his "Gazetteer of the State of Vermont"; and these are only a few who won glory in the field of literature. Not one of these Thompsons with a "p" ever changed his name.

So, too, there are Thomsons without end, from Dr. Alexander Thomson, who

wrote six thrilling papers on Mineral Waters (1733-36), to Wyville Thomas with his "Popular History of British Fossils," which should not be mistaken for a biographical dictionary. Not one of these Thomsons without "p" ever changed his name.

Or did not the Seton give Mr. E. Seton Thompson Hyphen Thompson distinction? Seton is an honored name in literature. There is Six Alexander Seton of Pitmedden, Scotland, with his "Treatise of Mutilation and Dementation"; another Alexander Seton with his "Training Vines Under Glass in House"; George Seton with his "Cause of Illegitimacy"; not to mention John Seton, the immortal author of Panegyric in Victorian D. Marlac, etc. Reginae, etc.

Or did not the hyphen single Mr. Seton-Thompson out, as a lime light from the other Thompsons and Thomsons groping in black darkness? When young Mr. Martin, son of II. H. Martin, lived in Albany, he was known as an amiable man, but the details of his household affairs and the manner in which he tied his cravats were not matters of international interest. The moment a newspaper-man gave him the degree of a hyphen, Mr. Bradley-Martin was numbered among the great ones of the earth. The wearer of a hyphen cannot be common or unclear, although rude persons may laugh a little especially if the hyphen was assumed as a possible passport to society.

"Gulvere" of the Referee (London), speaks of a visit she made a few years ago to Auburn Prison. She was awed by the death-chamber. "It was tiled, wall and floor, rather like a bathroom—the fatal chair might have been a portion of a Russian steam douche. There was mystery in the room; Death

had already visited it with lightning haste. One of our party, an intrepid hunter of big game, stayed behind so that he might examine the latest method of scientific murder. He was strapped into the chair. * * * When he rejoined us he was pale, livid—he almost cried for brandy, vowing that he had gone through at least half the mental agony which must be the lot of a condemned criminal."

After all, there is something to be said in behalf of public executions. The last speeches of criminals are then not misrepresented, distorted, invented. Furthermore, the public view of the last moments aids in forming a just opinion of the career of the departed brother. As Mr. Charles Whibley well says: "A stern test of artistry is the gallows. Perfect behavior at an enforced and public scrutiny may properly be esteemed an effect of talent—an effect which has not too often been rehearsed." Dr. Johnson frankly regretted the change: "Executions are intended to draw spectators; if they do not draw spectators they lose their reason." And yet we would not see a woman and a little dog 10 inches high hanged as accomplices on the Common side by side, as at Tyburn in 1667.

A lawyer was consulted lately by a woman, who, though she was innocent, had compromised herself. The lawyer listened and asked one question: "You don't keep a diary?" "No." "Then I can prove to your husband that his suspicions are unjust."

There is a man in London who employs many. He has made it a rule never to hire a clerk who parts his hair in the middle. His reason for this singular resolve is that such hair-parting is a strong symptom of laziness and inordinate smoking of cigarettes. And yet the most passionate cigarette-smokers known to us are bald.

The English type of beauty is now described as: "Near upon six feet in height, and the same width all the way up, with extraordinarily slender arms, long, cool throats, and narrow feet in high-heeled slippers." The English young woman "has nothing like the suggestion of vitality and almost aggressive robustness that marks her American sister." "Same width all the way up—narrow feet"—since when, since when? The English girl's weight should always be given in stone, not pounds. As for the coolness of their throats, we are unable to make any authoritative statement. We have seen their feet, in private life and on the stage, and we have always been reminded of Helne's remarks concerning the women of Göttingen.

Nov 2, 1901

A negro was lynched in Kentucky last Thursday, but the affair was tame. There was no chaining to a stake, there was no soaking of wood with oil, there was no father begging to strike the first match, there was no picking up of bones as relics and ornaments for parlor mantels. They simply filled the negro with lead when he had the impudence to break away—he had not

...convicted—and then hang him
the steps of the Court House, where
ice is popularly supposed to be dis-
solved. Is the old spirit dead? Are
there to be no more living torches?

...received yesterday the following
circular:

Born November 1st, 1901.
Mr. and Mrs. Authors P. Company
Announce the Birth
of
A Healthy Youngster
Named
Authors Magazine.

...the largest and best five-cent
magazine published, and is heir to \$20-
which will be used to purchase a
house to live.

...the interest in good literature is still
operated in this city. A bookseller
last month a catalogue of Amer-
ica, etc. One of the numbers was:
2. Buccaneer, Johnson, Capt. Charles.
History of the pirates, containing
lives of those noted pirate captains,
Bou, Bowen, Kidd, Tew, Halsey,
Bate, Bellamy, Fly, etc., etc. Lon-
don, printed, Norwich, reprinted, 1814.
3p 3x6 1/2, pp. 238. \$2.00."

...that a title! Johnson, to be sure,
is a poor thing, a braggart who used
to shout "Ones upon a time I was
born from Blackheath to Hounslow,"
whereas his thefts were chiefly liter-
ary, as from Captain Alexander Smith's
lives of the Highwaymen." Never-
theless, the book described above is
worth owning, now that the long
evenings are approaching and
ladies will gather around the radi-
ator and wonder at the mystery of
it. We rushed to the shop. The
book had been sold a week before—
many had inquired for it, too late,
to date. And so we shall not be able
to read at leisure of Kidd or Kydd and
the burial of the Bible, and his affair
with one Moore; of Tew, a Stevensonian
type, and of Fly, Captain Fly, whose
name suggests all manner of villanies;
but to one he had only one eye, and a
hook for a right hand.

...the latest part of the Oxford Eng-
lish Dictionary treats of words from
"Kaiser" to "Kyx." There is much
good reading in these pages.

...ous some women object to the word
"Kroach," an insect well known in
England, especially in fine old houses on
Bacon Hill. Surely the word "Kakker-
lar" will come as a poultice to bruised
sensitivity.

...Judge Jerome might speak of Tamman-
y as a case of "kakistocracy" and
be perplexed Croker, Devery & Co.
The attention is given the "Kail-
yard" and the "Kailyarders," and we
learn that there are major and minor
kailyarders."

...is interesting to know that the
word "Karma" was first used in Eng-
lish literature by a Hodgson.

...the first instance recorded of the use
of the phrase "for keeps" is a quotation
from the *Advance* (1886). Is it possible
that there is no earlier record? The
phrase was used colloquially long be-
fore that date.

"Keno" is given, but we regret to
learn that the popular explanation of the
game is omitted: "You all sit round
a table and draw numbers. After a
while one man says 'Keno,' and all the
others say"—but the story is fabu-
lar.

"Ketchup" (from the Chinese "koeh-
cha" or the Malay "kechap") reminds
us of an excellent receipt that should
have appeared in this dictionary.
Ketchup that will keep good 20 years.
Take two quarts of strong stale beer,
add half a pound of anchovies, wash
them clean, cloves and mace of each a
quarter of an ounce, of pepper half a
quarter of an ounce, a race or two of
ginger, half a pound of shallots, and
a pint of flap mushrooms well boiled
and pickled. Boil all these over a slow
fire till one-half is consumed, then run
through a flannel bag; let it stand
till it is quite cold, then put it up in a
bottle and stop it close. One spoonful
of this to a pint of melted butter gives
it a rich taste and color above all other
ingredients, and gives the most agree-
able relish to fish sauce."

"Khan" is a title given to rulers over
Turkish, Tartar and Mongol
tribes, Emperors of China, and now
to officials or men of rank in Central
Asia. Yes—but James Clarence Mangan
in his "Vision of Connaught in the
Thirteenth Century," the glorious days
of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand,
vites:

...I queried I,
...my Lord and Khan,
...what clime is this, and what golden time?"

Miss Guiney in a note adds: "Ceann,
the Gaelic title for a chief." But how
did the word wander so far from the
west? The quotation from Mangan
could have been included.

"Kid: slang. A child, esp. a young
child. (Originally low slang, but of
late frequent in familiar speech.)"

And now we note a surprising omis-
sion; the kill-cu, the killdee, the killi-
grew—these birds are honorably men-
tioned, but we look in vain for that fas-
cinating bird, the killilooloo, that feeds
on dilson berries which grow on the
pamela bush on the island of Shur-
shong.

But "Kitty," dear to all poker play-
ers and to farce-comedians who use
poker as the dynamo of their wit, is
not forgotten.

"Kleptomania" spelled with an initial
"C" appeared in print in 1830.
"Klopemania" is a variation.

We regret profoundly to find Dr. Mur-
ray and his merry men preferring
"nag" to "knagge." There is no more
terrible animal than the mule or female
"knagger." The spelling of the word
should convey to the terror of the
dead.

The Tartar "Koumiss" is described,
but there is no analysis of drug-store
Koumiss.

And do you wonder what "Kyx"
means? It is an obsolete form of
"Kex," a dry hollow stalk.

They are growing Indian corn in Es-
sex, England, and there is an increas-
ing demand for it at West-End hotels.
"The ordinary cookery books," says the
Pall Mall Gazette, "as yet do not in-
clude recipes for it, but in the prepara-
tion of this vegetable nothing can be
more simple, for the cobs only need
be boiled in slightly salted water till
tender, and served with plain, melted,
or oiled butter. When taken at table
one finds that 'fingers were made before
forks,' for, like asparagus, it cannot be
properly consumed with other assis-
tance." If Englishmen are to eat green
corn let them eat it boldly. Let them
not follow the example of degenerate
Americans, who scrape affectively the
grains from the cob. Let them grasp
it as they would a nettle.

And there is one English book that
mentions green corn, "The Thorough
Good Cook" (London, 1895), edited by
George Augustus Sala. Is it possible
that the Pall Mall Gazette man who
gives so much attention to cookery
does not have it on the table? Mr.
Sala says: "Green corn and succotash
you should be able to get at almost
any co-operative store; but let me tell
you that perhaps the most enjoyable
way of consuming green corn is to eat
it from the cob, boiled and buttered.
To see a pretty young American lady
take up a corn-cob in a napkin and dex-
terously twirl it round and round till
she has nibbled all the grains of corn
from the cob, without soiling her fin-
gers or her symmetrical chin, is a
truly delightful spectacle." But why
napkin?

NOV 3, 1901

WAGNER NIGHT.

Superb Performance of Sym- phony Orchestra.

Ternina and Van Hoose Sang Brilliantly.

About the Bacchanale in "Tannhaeuser."

(By Philip Hale.)

The program of the third concert of
the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr.
Gericke, conductor, was as follows:
Overture, Bacchanale, and scene between
Venus and Tannhaeuser, "Tannhaeuser"
Walther's Prize Song, "Die Meistersinger"
Farwell of Siegfried, Siegfried's Death,
Funeral March, Finale, "Die Goetterdaemmerung"

The singers were Miss Milka Ternina
and Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.

This program was the same as that
of the last concert of the season, May
4, with this exception: The Prize-Song
took the place of Siegmund's love-
song. The singers at the former con-
cert were Miss Ternina and Mr. Dippel.

It is a singular fact that in certain
cities the music of Wagner is best
known and best enjoyed when it is
heard in the form of excerpts for con-
cert use. There was a time when the
rabid Wagnerite protested against a
concert performance, as rank blas-
phemy, not to say "flat burglary." He
was unable to take refuge behind Wag-
ner himself, for that composer during
his life-time not only allowed such per-
formances, but nervously sought op-
portunities for leading them. But the
rabid Wagnerite insisted that to take
this music away from the opera-house
and the scenic frame, to throw it,
stripped of costume and action, into
the concert hall, to perform it there
without consideration of scenes that
precede or follow, is barbarous mutila-
tion.

And now the same person is often
heard saying that such concert per-
formances are often the most satisfac-
tory so far as the music itself is con-
cerned. He argues that in only very
few opera houses are these music-
dramas given correctly and in any

way according to Wagner's intentions.
These operatic performances are often
slovenly—especially in the United
States; there is always something to
disturb the eye or the ear of the faith-
ful believer engaged in worship; and if
the works cannot be performed prop-
erly on the stage, let portions of them
at least be heard on the concert stage.
There is this to be said in reply:
"The Ring of the Nibelung" and
"Parsifal" were written for a sunken
and hidden orchestra. In the concert
room this orchestra is prominently on
the stage. When, therefore, such a
scene as Brunnhilde's Death is per-
formed, the singer cannot hold out
against the orchestra, and the most
authoritative conductor with the most
willing players cannot maintain the
just proportion between orchestra and
singer. There are singers who try to
prevail against the orchestral storm;
they are generally bulky persons, who
puff out their cheeks and emit wild
and ill-omened cries like poisoned
Philoctetes on the island of Lemnos;
but even their bulk does not prevail;
and, after all, song is not chiefly a
matter of avoirdupois. There is this
unavoidable disadvantage in concert
performances of excerpts from these
music-dramas.

It may be a fair question whether
the brilliant Bacchanale does not gain
as a concert piece.

Written for Paris, it did not accom-
pany the scenario which Wagner
planned. This scenario was erotically
bold, as may be seen by consulting
the draught given by Wagner to Petipa,
the ballet master of the Opéra.
Petipa and the ballet girls protested
against the scheme, which was "reformer
of the opera," and when it came to the
proposed introduction of such tableaux
vivants as "The Rape of Europa" and
"Leda and the Swan" there was firm
denial. When these tableaux were
seen at Vienna there was an outcry
against them, and in fact the whole
Bacchanale; not on account of any im-
morality, but because the whole thing
was "not aesthetic."

The Bacchanale has been given in
Boston on the operatic stage, but the
ballet was laughable—say rather pa-
thetic. If it were given sumptuously,
voluptuously, in full accord with the
directions of Wagner, I doubt whether
even rabid Wagnerites would pay sober
and close attention to the music. They
are freed from this distraction when
only conductor and players are seen
upon the stage, correctly attired in be-
coming dress suits and white cravats.

Again, it is doubtful whether the
Bacchanale and the extended scene be-
tween Venus and Tannhaeuser heighten
the effect of the whole. They certainly
lengthen it—for the performance of the
revised "Tannhaeuser" in Vienna lasted
four hours. An operatic performance
of three hours is enough; one of two
hours and a half is better. To the or-
dinary opera-goer the Overture is more
effective when it closes with the re-
turn of the Pilgrim Chorus; and the
Venus of the ordinary version is a bolder,
stronger characterization, for the
Venus of the extended scene is, as
Hanslick well said, too much like Don-
na Elvira.

The chief objection, however, to the
Bacchanale in the opera is that this
music as well as the music of the
longer scene between Venus and the
Knight is written in Wagner's later
manner and in startling contrast with
the music that follows.

We are thrown from the glowing
heat of music drama into the cold-
ness of Wagner's conventional early
manner. The work seems scrappy,
rather than spontaneously devised,
firmly knit, homogeneous.

Therefore this music from "Tann-
haeuser" is admirably adapted to use in
concert.

The "Funeral March" (misnamed)
from "Die Goetterdaemmerung," has long
been a favorite concert piece, and as
music it is, of course, impressive; but
it has full value only when it is heard
in the drama by those who know the
musical story of "The Ring" as indi-
cated and symbolized by the motives.

The other pieces may well serve for
concert use, with Brunnhilde as any
woman farewelling her lover and dy-
ing, and Siegfried as any joyous and
tragic hero.

The performance of the orchestra, as
led by Mr. Gericke, was one that calls
chiefly for enthusiastic praise. The tone
was rich and sonorous, the various
choirs were firm in attack, the brilliance
was never hard, there was elasticity
in strength as well as gentleness, and
there was a wealth of charm in the
work of the solo instruments. Perhaps
in the allegro of the overture there
was a sagging in the tempo, but as a
whole the concert was a superb ex-
ample of orchestral playing.

Ternina was in excellent voice and
she again revealed herself as a con-
summate artist. Her comprehension
and management of the phrase, her
subordination of each phrase to the
whole intent of the composer, her pre-
paration of a climax—these are all rare
and admirable; but there is something
more. She is a supreme mistress of char-
acterization in song, not merely a sound
musician and an intelligent woman
with voice and commanding presence.
Never does she turn her back on art
for the sake of popular applause, yet
she is never the artist to whom the
emotions are as distracting things to be
put aside. Here is indeed a truly
dramatic singer, who makes each point
legitimately, yet none the less effec-
tively; who is the character imperson-
ated, queen, Amazon, goddess with her
singing clothes upon her; not merely a
singer who feigns the character and
knows not what it is.

It was a pleasure to hear an Ameri-
can-born tenor at these concerts. Mr.
Van Hoose has an excellent voice,
clear, robust, which yet lends itself
easily to appeals of a gentler nature.
He has the endurance which is needed
imperatively in such concerts; he con-
trols the long, broad phrase, and he
is not wanting in finesse, as was shown
in "Siegfried's Death." He has certain
facial mannerisms which he could eas-
ily overcome, and he should, for they

are unnecessary and injurious. It was
his first appearance at these concerts;
let us hope that it will not be his last.
The hall was filled with a most ap-
plauding audience.

MENTIONED lately a new opéra,
"Das Madchenherz," by Buongiorno,
which met with great success at Cas-
sels and Dresden. The opera, it ap-
pears, abounds in old-fashioned Italian
melody, and there are even roudades.
Therefore the critics rub their eyes and
cannot believe their ears. The compos-
er was born at Buffalo in 1854, and he
studied at the Naples Conservatory.

A German oculist, Hermann Cohn of
Breslau, has been examining Beetho-
ven's spectacles, which are at Bonn in
the house where he was born. Beetho-
ven was near-sighted, although more
has been said about his deafness. He
wore in his later years a double lorg-
nette or a monocle, which he used to
see at a distance. There is no picture
of him with spectacles. After his death
two pairs were found, and it is sup-
posed he used them for writing. He
was moderately near-sighted, if one
can judge from the character of the
glasses. Grillparzer saw him for the
first time in 1805 and said that he was
then thin, black, elegantly dressed,
and with spectacles. After 1817 he did
not wear them outside of his room.

The Philharmonic Society of Vienna
is still faithful to Brer Dvorák. It
will play his Fourth Symphony, a
symphonic poem, and an overture by
him this season.

The story is spread abroad in Europe
that young Gaston Lhérier, the pianist,
killed himself because he was entan-
gled with the wife of Leschetitzky, his
teacher. This woman, a Miss Boni-
slawka, was Leschetitzky's secretary.
She became indispensable to him, and
he married her. (It will be remem-
bered that he and Mrs. Essipoff, a for-
mer wife, were separated in 1895.) Les-
chetitzky is now 70, his wife is about
49, I am told, and Lhérier was only 21.
Lhérier was the son of the singer, Paul
Lhérier, who created Don José, was
distinguished in France and Italy, and
has been teaching at the Paris Con-
servatory. Gaston took the first prize
for piano playing at the same Con-
servatory in 1897. The family name is
Lévy. According to one story Lesche-
titzky reproached the lad bitterly af-
ter he was assured beyond doubt and
peradventure of his guilt. But when
a woman is 49 and a boy is 21—

These stories about Boito's "Nero"
are growing tiresome. Now you see
the opera, and now you don't.

They have raised a monument at
Crema to Bottesini, the great double
bass player, who visited Boston in
1847 as a member of the Havana Opera
Company Orchestra.

Beware, O my colleagues, of Miss Ly-
dia Cockto, a Russian opera singer. She
boxed in the sight of the people the ears
of a critic at Acqui who insinuated in
the most delicate manner in the world
that she was hardly the ideal Norma
seen by Bellini in his dreams. Of
course the critic could not send his wit-
nesses to her, so he rushed to the court;
but she rushed toward Russia. The
singer, described by a low-lived sheet
as "long of reach but short of voice,"
was condemned to pay 500 francs and
costs.

Augusta Dorla (Augusta Klous of
Boston) is now a member of the Rouen
opera company.

Marteau gave some remarkable con-
certs in Berlin. Oct. 11 he played a
concerto by Jaques-Dalcroze, Mendels-
sohn's concerto, Bach's concerto in A
minor, Oct. 19 he played Sinding's
concerto No. 2, Tor Aulin's concerto,
and Bach's sonata in E for the violin
alone. The critics praised him to the
skies. Lessman was reminded by his
tone of Laub and Wilhelmj, and the
phrases of eulogy for his technic, ar-
tistic feeling, warmth, intelligence, etc.,
etc., were glowing.

D. Ffrangcon-Davies sang in the per-
formance of Bach's B minor mass at
Berlin Oct. 21. Did he bring his chair
far forward, in advance of the other
solo singers?

The German times says of Miss Gera-
ldine Farrar's first appearance in Berlin:
We were all there, we Americans. We
had recently heard and read much about
anti-American feeling in the hallowed
halls of the Berlin Royal Opera. We
had been told of cabals and cliques, of
plots and persecutions, of jealousies and
jousts, and we were there to smooth
the path for our young countrywoman,
to hawl down opposition if need be, and to
see, before all things, that justice were
done her, and she be given a fair, free,
and full chance.

Miss Farrar needed neither our pre-
sence nor our applause. From the very
first she established herself as a star
and actress so gifted, that she
hardly fail to conquer her audien-
as an artist so independent, that
gave of trickery on the stage
have shaken her confidence.

Miss Farrar, about wh
ture Melba is said to
commonly optimistic,
prano voice of uny

frances in the music of a new re-
sistance. The high notes sounded a true
warning. This may have been due to
the tension of a debut, but I am in-
clined to doubt it. Indeed, I should
almost call Miss Farrar a mezzo-so-
prano. It was in the middle voice that
she had her best moments, when her
singing was of purest quality, and its
timbre most convincing. Her voice re-
minds one greatly of Dames.

A faulty trail, and a tendency toward
hurrying climaxes in the ensemble
numbers, were the only blemishes on a
performance really remarkable for a
debutante.

Up to her voice might differ,
but on the subject of her acting there
can be but one verdict. She has dramatic
talent of the highest order. And rarest
gift of all, she has individuality. She
did not walk through her part with the
astounded gummabulism of singers
who tread operatic boards for the first
time. She was a living, loving, suffer-
ing, Marguerite, not merely a singing
automaton. A number of original
touches in the most hackneyed situa-
tion testified eloquently to Miss
Farrar's exceptional histrionic gifts. If
all this came from her teacher, then
all honor to such a receptive pupil. I
wish that the singer had displayed in
her costumes the same taste that
marked her stage deportment. (Of
course the costumes furnished by the
management?)

As has been stated, the success was
unqualified. Curtain-calls and resound-
ing "bravos," mean much in a city that
is overtopped with music. The newspapers
and fairs with Miss Farrar's high
tones, and they advise the Royal Opera
not to make her engagement permanent
until she has mastered some roles in
German.

Miss Farrar sang in Italian, the
chorus in German, and the other prin-
cipals, with one exception, in execrable
style. The exception was Frau Gradi,
who did Siebel, Herr Gruening, the
tenor, is always a strutting Lohengrin.
His use of the falsetto voice was a
pitiable performance for so bold a hero.
Poor old Mielinger was a tottering but
pampering Mephistopheles.

This is the story of Fritz Volbach's
symphonic poem "Es waren zwei
Koenigskinder," performed for the first
time in London Oct. 12. It is founded
on a Lower Rhenish folksong. "The

children of neighboring Klags love each
other, but they are divided by a river
which flows between the dominions of
their respective parents. Says the
maiden, 'If you could only swim, you
might come to me. I will light three
candles to direct you to the landing
place.' * * * 'Ah, skipper, dear skip-
per, if thou wouldst earn a golden gift
push off thy boat and drag the river.'
The maiden falls lifeless over the re-
covered corpse."

Some time ago a piece entitled "Ib
and Little Christian," founded by Basil
Hood on one of Hans Andersen's
stories, was played at the Prince of
Wales's Theatre, London. Franco
Leon has provided music, so that the
play may be illustrated musically. The
new version will be produced at the
Savoy.

Mr. Sam Franko, with his American
Symphony Orchestra, will give three
afternoon concerts at the Lyceum The-
atre New York. The programs will
be devoted to works of the old mas-
ters. The program of the first, Nov.
26, will include Sacchini's overture to
"Oedipe à Colone"; concerto in A
minor for strings by Vivaldi; a Diver-
timento by Grétry; symphony by Mo-
zart in E flat No. 39. Mrs. Morris
Black will sing the air of Venus from
Lully's "Thésée."

Arthur Hochmann, a pianist, who
played lately with the Paur Orches-
tra in Pittsburgh, is now 20 years old.
"He was born in St. Petersburg, and
when he was 8 years old came to this
country with his parents. He began to
study a year later with Xavier Sehar-
wenka, and in a short time his talents
had developed to a degree that showed
his qualifications to be a virtuoso. He
went to Europe several years ago
through the generosity of friends and
continued his studies under d'Albert
and Jedliczka and appeared first at a
concert in the Berlin Philharmonic."

This Olivetti, "the modern Paganini,"
who is playing in Germany, is no other
than Michael Banner, who as a young-
ster took the Springer gold medal at
the Chinnat Conservatory about 20
years ago. He is not the first to change
his name for supposed box-office pur-
poses.

It is rumored that Pittsburgh is con-
sidering Mr. Lemare for the position
of city organist, held by Frederic
Archer; and that Mr. Van Hoose will
be the solo tenor in the performance
of Bach's B minor mass by the Ce-
cellia.

Chauvinism is dead or dying; for
Colonne's Orchestra played in the hall
of the Royal Opera House, Berlin, last
night.

It seems incredible, but Verdi's "Rigo-
letto" was never performed in Carls-
ruhe before this season.

The Philharmonic Society of New York,
under Mr. Paur, will give eight con-
certs this season. Among the novel-
ties will be Hanssenger's "Barharossa,"
symphony, Napravnik's "Demon" sym-
phony, and Schillings's symphonic

prologue to "Oedipus." The soloists
will be Mrs. Schuman-Helink, Piancon,
Kreisl, Gerards, Bauer, Hofmann.
"Lancelot" heard Sousa's Band play
"The Last Days of Pompeii." "The
second section, entitled 'Nydia,' sug-
gests that she had a baritone voice." He
speaks of the trumpet blasts that
preceded the arrival of Sousa in Lon-
don. "Like detrimental policy was pur-

sued when Mr. Sousa's comic opera,
"El Capitan," invaded us. I remember
that I received such glowing accounts
of the dazzling beauty of the ladies of
the company that, without wishing to
reflect on their personal charms, the
first sight was a shock to my expecta-
tions."

Kocian, a fellow-pupil of Kubelk at
the Prague Conservatory, will make
his debut in London Dec. 3. He is 15
years old.

Mateo Renato Imbriani, the Italian
politician, who died a few weeks ago,
was noted, among other things, for his
rabid chauvinism. He hated particu-
larly the Austrians and Germans. A Na-
ples newspaper relates an amusing
story of the time when Imbriani was
editor of the Pro Patria. One morn-
ing the news editor got a telegram that
Richard Wagner had died in Venice.
He forthwith took the speaking-tube
and informed the editor-in-chief. The
reply was a volley of abuse in which
he made out a few words like: "Ca-
naglia, muscia italiana!—Tedesco!—La
morte!—Ignominia!—Il nostro Bellini!—
Miserabili!" The news editor ven-
tured to suggest that, all the same, a
daily paper was obliged to take some
note of happenings in the world of art.
"Not a word!" came back the answer;
and not a word was printed about the
death of Wagner!—New York Even-
ing Post.

Mr. Leslie Stuart, who wrote the
music of "Florodora," gave the follow-
ing recipe for the composition of the
"Tell me, pretty maiden," sextet: "For
the business take one memory of
Christy Minstrels; let it simmer in the
brain for 20 years. Add slowly for the
music an organist's practice in arrang-
ing Gregorian chants for a Roman
Catholic church. Mix well and serve
with half a dozen pretty girls and an
equal number of well-dressed men. In
the old Christy Minstrels," said Mr.
Stuart, "the fellows used to go forward
like this"—here he took two or three
steps and ended with a pirouette—"and
then used to tip their hats. I saw these
minstrels 20 years ago, and I always
had an idea in my head that I would
like to see a row of Johnnies doing that
step gracefully together. The style of
the music I owe to my experience as
an organist in a Roman Catholic
church. There I arranged the anti-
phonal Gregorian chants. That's the
new and catchy part to the 'Pretty
Maiden' song, although it makes it al-
most impossible to remember and whis-
tle. So, you see, the sextet is really
idealized minstrelsy mingled with Ro-
man Catholic church music."

NOCTURNE.
The hearth was swept, the lamp was bright,
The shutters closed, the door made fast.
Tried to write to you tonight,
But my heart beat too fast.

So fast it beat, my pen in vain
Strove with its pulses to keep pace;
So through shut eyelids' ache and strain
I tried to see your face.

But lines of fire on inky skies
Spelt menace only; and for all
I would have seen, I saw arise
The writing on the wall.

"Weighed in the balance, thou art found
Wanting. O King, lay down thy state;
Go forth to meet, dethroned, disowned,
The Persian at thy gate."

Well, let him come, and let me go!
I have but been my kingdom's slave;
And if my kingdom wills it so,
I give but what it gave.

There are a few good essays on walk-
ing. It is true that the poets preceded
the essayists, and have also exercised
with them, but they have not made such
a lasting impression, no, not even
Wordsworth, Cowper or Walt Whitman
with his "Song of the Open Road." One
verse of the Rev. Isaac Watts is fixed
firmly in the memory on account of the
hideous self-satisfaction, smug com-
placency expressed therein:

When'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?

The Wesleys walked, to save the
more money for the poor, and Southey
tells us: "It was so little the custom
in that age for men in their rank of
life to walk any distance, as to make
them think it a discovery that four
or five and twenty miles are an easy
and safe day's journey."

Hazlitt comes easily first with "On
going a Journey," and when as essay-
ist he is not first among Englishmen?
Stevenson pays him tribute in "Walk-
ing Tours," both by quotation and by
saying "his essay is so good that there
should be a tax levied on all who have

not read it," and Stevenson could af-
ford this tribute. There are many books
in which men tell you of their views
and feelings as they walked, as they
walked, and John Davidson's "A Ran-
dom Itinerary" is among them. There
are picturesque tales without end in
which the hero walks and meets with
surprising adventures.

We are reminded of these books by
an article in the London Daily News.
The writer insists that the walker must
be "capable of a refined aimlessness;"
that he should carry a map, but he
should not consult it often; in fact "a
map should be taken chiefly because
it is such a particularly beautiful thing
in itself." Again, "A walking tour is
unthinkable without a walking stick,
though the experienced will have the
strongest internal doubts whether it is
any use, and the walking stick of all
walking sticks for such a purpose is
one cut in the woods, as being the most
rough and crooked and inconvenient."

The writer says nothing about the
proper companion. Should the pedes-
trian go alone? Hazlitt says yes. He
does not see the wit of walking and
talking at the same time. "We go a
journey chiefly to be free of all im-
pediments and of all inconveniences,"
Stevenson agrees with Hazlitt.

There are some men who are unwalk-
able as others are unclimbable. Never
walk with a sanguine person, especially
if he is an inventor—and yet which is
to be avoided the more—the sanguine
or the despondent inventor? A pess-
imist is much to be preferred, for a
genuine pessimist, the true and appre-
ciative disciple of Schopenhauer, is a
cheerful fellow.

A play-actor or an elocutionist is an
undesirable companion. The stimulat-
ing air and the sense of freedom will
lead him to recite. Then you are at
his mercy—and he will not spare you
till you have heard him in all his
most applauded scenes. The singer is
not so dangerous; he knows better than
to sing in the open air; and self-inter-
est keeps him quiet.

Do not walk with one who has been
a great traveler. He will make dis-
paraging remarks concerning the scen-
ery. The mountain will shrink to a
hillock; the Connecticut will shrivel to
a creek. He will tell you wonderful
tales of his walks in Paraguay, Arabia,
Felix and Corea, and although you
suspect that he is a descendant of Sir
John Maundeville the courtesy of the
road checks your tongue.

Athletes are not wholesome compan-
ions. They urge you to jumping, run-
ning, walking backward—and other
vain and foolish feats of agility and
endurance.

If you must take a companion,
choose a dull, taciturn, good natured
man, who for some reason or other
holds you in high respect. He will be
of help in trouble; he will carry your
pack, he will run to the nearest farm
house; to use the language of the vul-
gar, he will be "it."

A book is the best companion; but
not every book will stand the test of
the open air and a wide horizon.

It is a doubtful, yes, dangerous ex-
periment, to take a woman with you.
If she jars you by a flippant remark—
often the froth of high physical spirits
—you cannot turn back, and the walk
seems endless. If she is wholly sym-
pathetic, you are apt to dawdle, forget-
ful of the sanitary purpose of the ex-
cursion.

Veri's "Il Trovatore" in English was
performed last night by the Murray and
Gilbert Company at the Bijou Theatre.
Mr. Max Winne was the conductor.
The cast was as follows:

MarricoMr. Tallman
The Count di LunaMr. Murray
FerrandoMr. Shields
RulzMr. Thompson
LeonoraMiss Clara Lane
AzucenaMiss Hattie Ladd
InezMiss Knight

Here is to be another attempt to put
opera in English on a sure footing.
Let us hope that it will be successful;
for opera, so far as this city is con-
cerned, is an exotic thing to be enjoyed
fully only by the rich. The amusement
is sporadic, not chronic. The produc-
tion of grand opera is a costly affair,
which in Europe is supported by kings,
princes, dukes, republics and noble-
men; but in Germany, at least, citizens
of humble means are not debarred
from hearing and seeing the most
sumptuously mounted masterpieces.

To expect or demand gorgeous spec-
tacles at high-priced theatres would be
absurd and, in fact, unnecessary. There
are plenty of operas with good lyric
or dramatic music that do not require
an extravagant outlay. Here is "Il
Trovatore," for instance. The most
unpretentious performance cannot con-
ceal or destroy the fiery passion of the
situations, the wealth of melody that
the later Verdi himself might well have
envied, or the dramatic intensity that
illuminates the last act, in which the
truth and authority of music joined
with sentiment and action, are not sur-
passed or rivaled in the long catalogue
of operas, from "Eurydice" to "Die
Goetterdaemmerung."

Love, jealousy, furious hate, despair,
violent death—these require no costly
scenery, no wondrous costumes, no in-
credible tricks of mechanism. They

ask, with Demas the Elder, for only a
stage and four walls, a man and a
woman.

Although it is said that this Bijou
Company will pay attention chiefly to
light opera, there was no mistake in
the choice of "Il Trovatore." Our
opera-houses are too big for many
operas—among them "Don Giovanni,"
"Carmen," "Marriage of Figaro," "La
Traviata"—just as our concert halls
are too big for symphonies by Haydn
and Mozart and such modern music
as the suites by Bizet. "Il Trovatore"
is an "intimate" opera. The hearer
must be so near the stage that he is
enwrapped and thrilled with the mu-
sical fluid.

It is to be hoped for several reasons
that this experiment will be successful.
There are in this city alone women
who have voice, dramatic instinct, mu-
sical brains, ambition. How are they
to get a hearing? The church choirs
are full—often with friends of the
music committees; and even when these
singers find favor in the eyes of com-
mittees, the salary is small. These
singers are not for comic opera; and
what are they to do? A few like Phoe-
bus in Hugo's "Notre Dame" come to
a tragic end; they marry. The major-
ity teach and in their leisure hours
dream sadly of what they might have
done in opera. If there were an es-
tablished opera here there might be
an opportunity for some of these wo-
men to gain experience; to find out
whether their dramatic instinct were
only an instinct. And this School of
Opera, which has just been started
here, might supply recruits eager to
sing, if only in the shocked or sympa-
thetic chorus.

Old friends were welcomed back last
night, Miss Clara Lane and Mr. Murray
who, a few years ago, gave pleasure to
so many at the Castle Square. They
were received most heartily, as was
Miss Ladd. Applause, indeed, was the
order of the evening. Arias were often
re-demanded, and ensembles met with
almost equal favor.

The performance went, in the main,
surprisingly well. There were a few
clutches and blunders which were ne-
glected incidentally to the nervousness of
a first night. It may be said that the
singing was of a higher order of excel-
lence than was the acting. Two of
three of the members of the company
have been so closely associated with
comic opera that it is hard for them
to play in melodrama. Thus even Miss
Lane, whose Marguerite is pleasantly
remembered, came dangerously near
delivering the first allegro of Leonora
with soubrette archness, but she es-
caped this pitfall in later scenes. Miss
Ladd, who has been put so often in
comic situations, found it difficult to as-
sume the tragic mask. Ferrando was
played as though he were a Roman sol-
dier, and the slouch and pratical hat
that gives the key to the character as
the very beginning of the opera was
missed.

Miss Lane, Miss Ladd and Mr. Mur-
ray are so well known here that an
extended criticism of their singing is
hardly necessary. It is enough to say
that Miss Lane sang with feeling and
understanding. Miss Ladd was not a
her best. Mr. Murray sang with spirit
but he lessened the effect of "Il Bilen"
by breaking long-sustained phrases into
bits and by unwarrantable and inju-
rious liberties with the rhythm.

Mr. Tallman was a most agreeable
surprise. He has a fresh, clear, smooth
virile voice of good compass. He sing-
easily and his phrasing is generally ad-
mirable. He has naturally a good pre-
sence. All he needs for this work is
a little more experience in dramatic
action.

Mr. Shields sang the music of Fer-
rando effectively, and Miss Knight was
a most comely Inez, a character that is
generally taken by a poor chorus girl
as ill-favored and lean-fleshed as on
of Pharaoh's khne.

The chorus was for the most part
excellent, and the orchestra was unde-
r fair control. All in all, as I have said
the performance was surprisingly good
for a first night and under the circum-
stances.

"Il Trovatore," by the way, is in four
acts, not five, although the opera was
turned into five acts on the program.
The waits were short and no time was
lost on the stage, which was as I
should always be.

Mrs. Kronold and Mr. Boyd will al-
ternate with Miss Lane and Mr. Tall-
man as Leonora and Marrico this
week.

Philip Hale.

Lisbon has indeed been unfortunate
First there was the earthquake—ther
a hymn-tune was named after the
town—and now there is this fire.

We have received the following let-
ter:

Medford, Nov. 2, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
"Then the baffled author went home
and wrote * * * while Harpers preyed
upon his vitals, misled, doubtless, by
association of ideas."

I dreamed this last night, and in my
dream warmly approved of it. In a
later light it seems to have faded. It
was a vulture that preyed upon
Prometheus. Where did I get harpies?
E. C. F.

We do not know where you "got
'em," but we should advise you to try
a change of publisher till your dreams
are undisturbed. Prometheus stole fire
and brought it to man in a tube. In
this myth we see the promoter a hero
and the founder of a trust. As he
brought it in a tube, he was undoubt-
edly the first gasman. Jupiter, justly
enraged, bound Prometheus to a rock
of the Caucasus and sent a vulture to
feed on his liver. Now in those days
there was no bottled liver cure. We
prefer this version of the story to the
singular yarn whispered by some that
before Juno was married to Jupiter she

been loved by a gay giant, one-eyed, and Prometheus was the fault. She neglected to inform Jupiter of the incident, hence his rage and disaster.

Our correspondent was disappointed because his brilliant dream-thought faded. But all heroic sentiments, profound discoveries, witty repartees uttered in sleep, fade and are as naught. The one turns to bombast, the others to mere truisms, and the last absolute nonsense." They are the effluence of the brain.

Although publishers preyed on the author's vitals, the dream was not necessarily a night mare. For the night mare is a disease oppressing a man or beast in the night when he is asleep, so he cannot draw his breath, and is said to come from a crudity or raw digestion of the stomach. Every: Do horses have night mares? We learned Mr. Edward Topsis is inclined to answer "No."

Mrs. Roosevelt has no cause to be annoyed at the story that she dresses for \$300 a year. Many women, beautiful in face, figure and mind, spend something less than that amount on jewels that too often hide their beauties. If she spent only \$250 on her dress, Mrs. Roosevelt could well boast her efforts at Jeffersonian simplicity.

This is terrible news about Dr. Man- Antonio San Clemente. "Locked in a guardo, a miserable parody on a sedan chair in which courtiers took their ease, he is being hurried over rough mountain roads from his home in Villeta, in the Department of Cundinamarca to his beautiful hacienda, known as Pichih in the Department of Cauca." This is, indeed, outrageous. Let us hope that the gentleman has at least a Peter Duper. It would be horrible if he were driven in a volante (which must not be confounded with a vol-au-vent); to be locked in a guardo—words which he probably has no guardapolvo over his lap and legs, and he is fed only on gulsadillo, chiles, peperos, garbanzos—no puehero. A subscription should be taken up at once, and we are in favor of a meeting at Fansull Hall.

King Edward is suspected of "physical degeneration," which is a polite name for any one of several unpleasant diseases. His early years as Prince were not so stormy as you would judge from cartoon, satire, political pamphlet; and yet he was the old Prince, and at one time his conduct justified the terrible cartoon of Pitt Morgan that shocked all England—by prophetic vigor. For some years past he performed the duties of a Prince with industry and tact; he opened exhibitions instead of bottles, gave prizes at schools, sat through dinners, addressed veteran belabored washerwomen. Thus did he atone for any follies on or off the stage, and thus did he win the love of his people. Cibber tells us that Charles II. was popular in his lifetime because he used to take his children out walking, and feed ducks in St. James's Park.

Some are inclined to think that the King's disease, which is now believed because it is so strenuously denied, the result of continual interbreeding, even Kings and Queens are subject to the laws of stirpiculture. It is as fashion if a man or woman has catarrh, a squinting eye, eczema, indigestion, for friends to say in a whisper: "You know his father and mother were first cousins." George Darwin, the son of the great father, and A. H. Huth have studied carefully the question of consanguineous unions, and they declare that the reputed evils of consanguinity are seen in communities in which consanguineous unions abound are not specially subject to physical or mental disorders." We all know that family characteristics are italicized by consanguineous marriages, and that if there is insanity, consumption, heart disease, in a family, it is better for the members—if they be tolerably free from disease—to marry into a healthy family. The evils of consanguinity are seen in their worst in royal families. Among them neuropathic conditions are most highly developed. The late J. F. Nisbet wrote an interesting chapter on this point, and took as a text this proposition, laid down by Dr. Paul Joboy: "The assumption of power by one class over another is a crime untingly resented and punished by nature." Nisbet cites the Caesars, the Romanoffs; the dynasties of Savoy, Spain, Portugal; and, although he was a good Englishman, he does not hesitate to declare the rival houses of Lancaster and York degenerates, the Tudors still worse, the Stuarts insane, degraded, treacherous, cruel; the Hanoverians, sterile, lunatic, debauched. And then he adds: "Since then, happily,

the English Crown has passed into a healthy line." Surely King Edward's mother was robust and his father much better than the average German petty ruler.

Society women in London are now photographed as moving pictures. The process is applied also to children. "One of the most interesting pictures is that of the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, taken in the gardens of Marlborough House, playing soldiers, with flags, swords and other implements of war."

Truly a pretty sight! There was a time when such children would have been shown feeding swans, playing with a go-cart, making garlands, flying kites. Now they play soldiers, these little Christian children. Do they have toy Boers with bullet holes through them or with blood stains on the uniforms?

2200. 1907
Tell us, gentle Shephard, why?

New York may well sing with the London street boys,

Please to remember
The Fifth of November.

We hope there will be no bombardment of Smyrna. It would be a pity if the statue of Homer were destroyed, for it is said to be a speaking likeness without any poetical license, at least we were so assured in Stuttgart by a descendant of the poet who was full of enthusiasm but always behind in his rent. Then there are the chamollets and grogramms made of the white, long, soft hair of goats near Angra, not to mention the cotton wool and a species of squill, a sea fruit that mightily pleased Apicius. This insatiable voluptuary was told that there were bigger squills in Africa, so he set sail that day, and after weathering a fearful tempest he reached the coast. He had not landed when fishermen swarmed about the vessel with their fairest sea food. "What have you none bigger?" asked Apicius. "No," said the fishermen, "there are none finer than these." Whereupon the voluptuary remembered the squills of Minturnae where he lived and ordered the pilot to return at once to Italy. Perhaps the habits of the early inhabitants of Smyrna were shocking, for a masterpiece of Myron which stood in the city represented an old woman sadly loaded; but no city should be judged by one Bacchante, young or old. Why, they played a Bacchanale at Symphony Hall last week. The city architect at Smyrna went wrong, for he forgot to make any underground drains. On the other hand, Olympian games were celebrated there, Polycarp, the Bishop, who perhaps knew Saint John, was burned there by the ungodly, and Licinius Mutianus assures us that he saw at Smyrna a boy changed into a girl. A city full of such interesting associations should escape bombardment.

It is possibly a good thing to be a formidable player of progressive euchre, especially if you are cast into suburban darkness, but it makes a difference whether your progression is arithmetical or geometrical.

The Nilgiri wild goat (*Hemitragus hylocerius*) should not be confounded with the Niladmirari goat, which is of close kin to the rotary goat. No one of these animals can be safely recommended as a pet in flat or individual house. It may or may not be true that the goat breathes through his ears, or takes in breath through a small hole between the horns which leads to the liver, as is stated by ancient authorities; but it is undeniable that no creature smelleth so strongly.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Nov. 3, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Those that care for English and the study of English had better go into a little jubilee over the latest number of the New English Dictionary. Five stunning volumes are done, including everything from A to K. These five volumes sell for \$65, which is much, but cannot hope to pay those that did the work. It would be rash to affirm that the work is perfect. It is not; but what is offered need never be done over again. And if scholars have a few corrections, let them speak. If they have additional information, let it not be withheld. Mere criticism is impertinent.

As usual, the American part is the least perfect, for which the editor is not to blame. But where are our hundreds of universities, our thousands of teachers? When will they collect words and phrases as affected by America? Let a sample show. All our yachtsmen know the "knock-about," which Dr. Murray fails to report. At auctions, as some of us know to our regret, goods are "knocked off" to the highest bidder,

which Dr. Murray omits to report. His first quotation under "Kittereen" is from Morse's American Geography, p. 334, and refers to exports from Philadelphia in 1737. The kittereen was generally known in this country before 1750, and the chances are 10 to 1 that the pleasure wagon, so-called, is of American origin. Might it be Pennsylvania Dutch, like the "Conestoga" or prairie schooner? In the luminous subject of kerosene Dr. Murray goes a bit wrong. The word is due to Abraham Gesner, is about 50 years old, and referred originally to illuminating oil distilled by him from coal or asphalt. When petroleum replaced the oil distilled from coal, the word kerosene was transferred to the new illuminant, though in some parts of the country this rock oil is still called coal oil. Coal oil properly so called is centuries old. Even in England it was manufactured by 1694. As to "knocking off," Deer Island was knocked off to Henry Lloyd for an annual rental of 140 ounces of silver, as our Selectmen's Records of April 15, 1747, tell us. And there I had best knock off, but not without declaring the New English Dictionary rather the most important publication of its kind, and Dr. Murray the ideal lexicographer of our language. X. X. X.

But is not "knocked down" a more common phrase in auction rooms? "Dialect Notes" (1894) gives "Kettereen (Law of 1779)" as a Jerseyism.

King Edward is prohibited from smoking. Thus is shattered to pieces the old maxim "The King can do no wrong," which was sung unctuously to a scurvy tune by Mr. Jerome Sykes. We advise King Edward to console himself with a tract by his illustrious predecessor James I.: "A Counterblast to Tobacco." "It is as you use or rather abuse it, a branch of the sin of drunkenness, which is the root of all sins." * * * Herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath being a good gift of God, should be willfully corrupted by this stinking smoke. * * * The husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clean complexioned wife, to that extremity that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment. * * * A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." And these are only a few of the "Elegant extracts" that might be made.

MR. WHITNEY TEW.

An American Bass Makes His First Appearance Here — A Long Program, Which Included Liza Lehmann's Cycle "In Memoriam."

Mr. Whitney Tew made his first appearance here last evening in Chickering Hall. Mr. Isadore Luchstone was the accompanist. There was a good sized and friendly audience.

Mr. Tew is a bass, an American by birth, who has for several years lived abroad, chiefly in London. There he has studied, sung, and, I believe, composed.

His program was long and varied. It included "Ah! mio cor" from "Aldina"; an air from that ghastly attempt at the humorous, Bach's "Coffee" cantata; Sarastro's air from "The Magic Flute"; Saint-Saëns's delightful "Les pas d'armes du Roi Jean"; Brahms's "Ständchen" and Schumann's "Der Knabe mit den Wunderhorn"; Liza Lehmann's cycle, "In Memoriam," and "Myself When Young," from "In a Persian Garden"; "Young Herchard," by Broadwood and Fuller Maitland; Charles Wood's setting of two poems by Walt Whitman—"Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," which was first sung here by Mr. Plunket Greene early in 1899—and "O! Captain, My Captain," which has lately been set by Mr. E. S. Kelley, and songs by Loehr, Dorothea, Hollins, Maud, White and Chaminade.

The most important of the novelties, so far as length and pretension are concerned, was Liza Lehmann's cycle, "In Memoriam," a musical setting of excerpts from Tennyson's poem. It was first sung by Mr. Bispham in Cleveland, Nov. 8, 1899, and some days afterward in London by Mr. Kennedy Rumford, who married the tall, deep-voiced, remarkable Miss Butt. The cycle as sung last night, contained over 30 verses, and the composer, never weary of her music, often could not bear to dismiss a verse, but she would roll it over and over again, like a sweet morsel under her tongue. The work is tedious. The composer has no fixed and determined mood for a group, or even for a verse. The hearer does not feel the conviction of bereavement, despair, resignation. It is as though the composer were constantly experimenting with mood; she searches for a more poignant expression, even while

the singer is singing. The singer has no direct, irresistible appeal; his voice is not that of the one left to mourn; and the elaborate accompaniment is labored and artificial. There is none of the speciousness that made "In a Persian Garden" popular and accepted especially by ladies' musical clubs as breathing the true spirit of Omar. The restlessness, the lamentation, the morbid contemplation, the final appeal to the "Strong Son of God"—these are nowhere sharply characterized. A phrase, that is neither original nor effective in itself, is repeated over and over again; not after the manner of a leading-motive, but as though the composer were sparring for time, and wondering what would suit best the next verse. A striking instance of her failure in setting the only, the inevitable music to the text, is her treatment of the line, "And thou hast made him; thou art just." She tries to express the last three words. Her music is weak, unsatisfactory. The words are repeated. There are several measures of irrelevant piano music and the hearer dismisses the statement from his mind and looks forward joyfully to the next verse, for the end is near. When he least expects it, again comes the statement: "Thou art just."

Mr. Tew has a voice of good compass, which is comparatively colorless except in the lower tones, which have of a diaphanous quality rather than unctuous. The voice as a whole is not warm or sensuous, and it does not lend itself easily to contrasts of sentiment. It is a voice for statements of fact rather than for emotional display. Nor has it that impressive sombreness which is required by the aria from "The Magic Flute." Mr. Tew, by the way, missed in this aria the pontifical spirit and he took the song at too fast a pace. No doubt Mr. Tew has studied industriously and enthusiastically, but he has not yet mastered his art—even in management of breath; for to use an expression applied to wind-players, he is inclined to overblow. These technical deficiencies might be overlooked if he showed what might be called rhetorical gifts or the power of differentiation. But he neither moved nor thrilled and he did not make his songs stand out separately, as in bold relief. Perhaps he was more successful in this respect in the good song by Saint-Saëns, but even in this song there is much more than was brought out by the singer.

Philip Hale.

Many are pleased with the victory of Mr. Jerome just as they would crow over the result of a prize-fight or a yacht race. They do not lie awake nights lamenting the immorality in New York and Boston; they do not think much about such things. When they go to New York on business they like to see the city lively, and they are disappointed if they miss sights which they have been taught to believe have been, are, and will be peculiar to great towns. They do not reason with men like Mandeville, that vice and dishonesty make in the end for public gain. They are not inclined to reason at all except in a rudimentary way. They make no effort to improve the condition of the poor or bring the ignorantly depraved to a realization of their unhealthy foolishness. They themselves are neither moral nor immoral—they are animal, and are restrained chiefly by fear of losing business or a position, or bringing about a domestic explosion.

They were glad at the news of the election, because Mr. Jerome had said loudly had roared what he thought. He had shouted recklessly, so that the prudent saw him digging his grave with his tongue. It is not necessary to tell the truth or to tell what you think or wish to be true to gain the reputation of a bold leader or reformer. For the crowd does not expect the truth from a speaker, and when a blunt, fearless fellow comes and blurts out what he thinks and means, he is misunderstood or suspected of pretence and bluff.

"Seeming to utter volumes in every word, and yet saying nothing; retaining the same unabated vehemence of voice and action without anything to excite it; still keeping alive the promise and the expectation of genius without at once satisfying it—soaring into mediocrity with adventurous enthusiasm, harrowed up by some plain matter-of-fact, writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a common place with all the fury of a thunder bolt." Might not this description of the Marquis Wellesley be applied to many speakers of this year?

Many outsiders admired Mr. Jerome because he spoke as a Hebrew prophet. He denounced at street-corners, in hot and stifling halls, in the comfortable rooms of the rich, the evils that had made the name of New York a hissing and a reproach, a very stench in the nostrils; but he did not content himself with the easy and safe attack on Tammany, the police system, etc., etc. His "Thou art the man" was hurled at the rich, the respectable, the self-righteous. The outsider likes such fairness and courage.

The outsider of whom we are speaking will soon forget all about his enthusiasm of yesterday. He will be interested in other fights. It is highly probable that it in six months from now he should find New York duller than

he had expected, he will speak disparagingly of this same Mr. Jerome and sniff at reform in general.

But this species of admirer who worships success is not one to answer the question, "Does it pay to speak fearlessly the truth on all occasions?" It might be argued that society exists only on the silent understanding that men and women should refrain from saying certain things. Conventional lives, as Nordau called them in his strongest book, are imperatively necessary. How long would a political party held together if the leaders should tell each other "what they thought of each other; if they should tell the people at large what they thought of government by the people? How many clergymen would dare to speak to a congregation as Mr. Jerome—never so like a Hebrew prophet—spoke to the swells who, like the Kings of Persia, have a palace for each season? The world has had a way of putting painfully truthful men to a painful death: "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were slain with the sword; of whom the world was not worthy." There has been a change of manners; and even Mr. Jerome if he were caught alone tonight would not be sawn asunder. But the reward of the truth-teller is generally scoffing, slander, neglect, the suspicion of insanity. Let us suppose that the extraordinary happens as in the case of Mr. Jerome. The courageous man is successful. Then does the sentence of Victor Hugo stand out as an electric light in a dark square: "Success is hideous." Let us hope that Mr. Jerome will not meet the fate of Mr. Goff.

We have received the following letter:
Boston, Oct. 31, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

The Journal's editorial reference to Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade" reminds me of a little incident at an entertainment in this city last winter. A prominent elocutionist recited the above-named poem, after announcing the title, in which he most strongly accented "Light." When he had finished, I was shown a pencil sketch made during the recitation by my neighbor, an English artist. This represented a brigade of soldiers bearing lanterns and searching the battlefield for dead and wounded. "This," said my critical neighbor, "would properly represent the LIGHT Brigade. The elocutionist should accent with uniform emphasis the words 'Charge, Light and Brigade,' for obvious reasons."

And yet, I have never heard the title of the poem announced except in the apparently inconsistent manner as was done on the above-mentioned occasion. Is it not obviously one of so many errors perpetuated everywhere merely because of custom? W. F.

And here is an extraordinary note:
Boston, Nov. 5.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
Does Mr. George W. Chadwick's latest work, the oratorio, "Judith," come arranged for two typewriters? I play no other instrument, unfortunately, but I should like to interpret it.
Yours,
N. E. OLDTHING.

The wind came crying from the East;
And blew the churchyard-grass aside
As if to read forgotten names.
It tossed the very altar-flames,
And like a mourning woman cried,
Whose sorrow will not be denied,
And in the sea-caves sank and ceased.

The wind came shouting from the North;
As some armed warrior might come forth
Eager to slay, or to be slain.
He tore the last leaves from the tree
And sped them shuddering o'er the plain;
He called to heel the angry sea,
And lashed it with his scourge of rain.

You read not one word in the long accounts of the electoral proceedings in New York about the dress of any candidate. There were a few lines that described Mr. Low, Mr. Croker, Mr. Jerome and others at the polls, but the future historian will find nothing in the newspapers of Nov. 5-6, 1901, to aid him in portraiture. What did Mr. Croker wear on that memorable scene? He was probably dressed after the manner of an English gentleman, in the morning, prepared to attend a business meeting. Mr. Low, of course, wore the dress of a college President. Was Mr. Jerome violent in his dress? Was the frock-coat the badge of a Tammany statesman? Surely the most hardened golfer did not presume to appear at the polls in knickerbockers? And yet we fear that the old-time reverence for the act of voting is fast passing away, or is dead; for here in Boston at a booth in a so-called aristocratic district of the Back Bay, not one man in twenty lifted his hat as he received or deposited his ballot.

Our public men are sadly conventional in dress. Statesmen, poets, lecturers, physicians, lawyers, colonial novelists, essayists—there is no longer any telling them apart. Painters look like grocers, dentists, and other useful persons. Even domesticated musicians cut their hair; and it is only the wild imported musician of a season that tries to resemble the Abbé Liszt in his stormiest days.

Once there was a glory in the world. Consider the Disraeli of 1834 seen by N. P. Willis. The dying sun shone on the gold flowers of his gorgeously embroidered waistcoat. He wore patent leather pumps. A quantity of gold chains were around his neck and about his pockets. His black satin stock was collarless. Or see him at Gore House in purple velvet trousers with a gold stripe, and with kid gloves with pearl rings worn outside of them. Add a white stick with a black tassel.

Perhaps Count d'Orsay was even finer. Every afternoon in 1851 he was seen on the steps of Tortoni's in an emerald green coat with a velvet collar, a cream colored waistcoat, mustard colored trousers, and a black satin stock with a double diamond pin, and connecting light gold chain. The howling swell! And wherever he went two huge gold dressing cases went with him "that took two men each to carry." Furthermore he excited attention by bathing.

Barbey d'Aurevilly in his curious study "Du Dandysme et de Georges Brummel" insists that d'Orsay was not a dandy, if only by the warmth and magnetism of his hand-shake. "Dandyism is not the brutality of tying a cravat; there are dandies who never wore one—as Lord Byron, who had such a beautiful neck. D'Orsay was an artist, a sculptor—his marbles have thought." But d'Aurevilly makes nice distinctions. What would he say of Alexander the Great; of that amazing fellow, Alcibiades of Sybaris, who had a coat of such richness that on the day of Juno it was exposed on a mountain to which men made pilgrimages to see the garment with their own eyes; of Caesar and Mark Antony?

Perhaps dandyism at the polls should be encouraged. D'Aurevilly claims that it introduces antique calm in the breast of modern turmoil.

We have received the following letter:
Boston, Nov. 4, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

I read the editorial in today's Journal entitled "Diana Astride." Having passed considerable time among the Greek and Roman antiquities I do not remember that the proud goddess of the chase was ever represented on horseback. Of course the warlike Amazons and Valkyries rode their steeds on cavalier (man-fashion), and if the chaste and marble-hearted Diana has been pictured in marble, bronze or otherwise, I should like to know.

Diana was represented by the ancients as running in the chase, hunting, bathing, resting after her fatigue, trying to hide from Actæon. As the goddess of the chase, we do not remember to have seen her astride a horse or on a side saddle. She had horses—at least two—and a chariot, as goddess of the moon and mistress of Endymion. Ovid and other poets speak of these horses, which were white. There is a gem in Florence that represents her as drawn by heifers.

We do not think your point is well taken. We have gone carefully through Spence's "Polymetis" and no god or goddess appears there in marble or in gem mounted on a horse. Do you know of any equestrian statue of the time? Diana had horses; she undoubtedly used them; and when she rode, she surely rode astride.

We have received another letter from our "Kittareen" correspondent:
Boston, Nov. 6, 1901.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:
"Kittareen" looks like an American word. If it is, it originated before 1750, not far from the Delaware. It meant a pleasure carriage built for speed. The carriage builders in that part of the world were Germans. "Die schnelle Kathrine" is an old German phrase for hurry, and it was euphemistically used as the phrase "summer complaint" used by Americans.

It would be easy to call a trap or rig Kathrine. Kathrine. Americans would call it Kattareen or Kittereen. The French chaise was known along the Delaware by 1700. It was easy to build a trap like it, somewhat lighter, with a hood, and mainly for speed, and to call it, half in fun, "Die schnelle Kathrine."

It is natural for a man to blow off steam after any violent endeavor. Athletes are inclined after a race or a fight to eat and drink immoderately, recklessly. A man after an important speech which will make or unmake him often talks foolishly at home, so that his wife and her mother wonder why a crowd will listen to him. The place for the unstrung bow is a dark closet.

Are not the victorious candidates in New York talking rashly and too much? We have the warmest admiration for Messrs. Low and Jerome. Their victory is a national victory, and in this way it is regarded not only at home but abroad. But why so much talk about what will be done and what will not be done? Here is Mr. Jerome breathing out threatenings and slaughter. No doubt he is honest; the threats are those of an aroused and just man; the slaughter, when it comes, will be applauded. No one objects to the vengeance of the righteous except the naughty and froward—many races ascribe vengeance to their deities as one of the most beneficent qualities of omnipotence. But there is such a thing as discounting performance.

There should be the element of surprise even in the accomplishment of a good deed. It pleases the good and it shakes the wicked in their seats as well as from their seats. The unjust official who hears every day that he is to be removed becomes hardened. When he is bombarded every day with rhetoric, he and his friends award him the crown of martyrdom, and soon the great, careless public begins to suspect private vengeance rather than the working of the moral law. But the Americans are the most hysterical as well as sentimental people on the earth, and the joy of election is as the joy that comes from strong wine.

We have received the following letter:
Boston, Nov. 6, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
Do you suppose that Judge Dewey would regard a man as technically drunk, within the meaning of the statutes, who was found setting his watch by a steam gauge? Or by an aneroid barometer? Or by an Auburn-dale thermometer?

E. M. D.

This is a hard question, worthy of the Queen of Sheba, and we are inclined to answer with the slave in the play, "I am Darius, not Oedipus." We have seen God-fearing gentlemen, visitors from the country, who have never known the taste of anything stronger than "malt" or Jamaica ginger, trying to drop letters into a fire-alarm box—and letter boxes and fire-alarm boxes do look something alike to a near-sighted person afraid of the highway-men of the South End.

We are told that good cooks and capable maids-of-all-work are exceedingly scarce at the intelligence offices, and that, when they are found, they demand absurdly high wages; that few maids-of-all-work will consider for a moment four dollars a week, and that many cooks will not think of anything less than eight dollars a week, even when the family, though well-to-do, lives substantially but not extravagantly. We are told that the offices swarm with naturally incapable girls, without experience, and with brazen pretensions. Possibly these statements are slightly exaggerated, but after careful examination we are convinced that there is good ground for the complaint going up from the mouths of so many housekeepers.

Perhaps these cooks have heard of the retirement of Casimir from the Maison d'Or. After a service of 50 years he proposes to rest in a suburban villa. The Duke de Morny, King Edward as the Prince of Wales, Prince Demidoff and many accomplished gourmets had known his handiwork, his seasoning, his sauces. Casimir mourns the degeneracy of the age. "Formerly," he says, "a man of fashion thought nothing of a 100-franc dinner, now 15 francs is about the limit, and instead of 1801 Château Lafitte he drinks Vichy."

A plain man would feel uncomfortable in presence of a Casimir, who reminds us of the French cook engaged for Sir B. Keen, Ambassador to Spain. When this cook was asked if he had ever dressed any magnificent dinners he replied, "Sir, I have dressed a dinner that made all France tremble."

Are servants asking higher wages? The whole cost of living has increased enormously. Your doctor orders you a diet largely of fruit. He might as well order mullets, peacock, genuine caviare, products of the hot-house. He especially recommends apples. They are dear and poor. Eve would not have been tempted after she had looked, either in the market or at a street-stand. Con-

sider the ridiculously high price of eggs, common eggs, the fruit of the hen. Consider again the price of beef. Yet there is general, unexampled prosperity. Is it an economic law that the better your salary the less able you are to buy necessary things?

There is a curious law, and it is this: The greater your income the more numerous and apparently imperative your wants. Nor does the quality of the thing wanted improve with the price asked or your ability to pay.

That servants should ask for higher wages is not to us incredible or explicable. That they should be incompetent or arrogant is largely the fault of housekeepers, who do not at once dismiss the incompetent with a sharp letter to the office that recommended; who do not always know how a house should be kept; who are either ignorant or unwilling to give the servant object lessons in cookery or chamber work. If housekeepers should come together—say in Faneuil Hall, with a President and a Secretary—and resolve to withstand the absurd demands for wages, this evil of extravagance might be stopped. Why should there not be a Housekeepers' Protective Union?

Nov 10 1901

LILLI LEHMANN, who will give a song recital here Saturday, has had a long and honorable career. Only of late years has she been obliged to bear a cross. Some have confounded her with Liza Lehmann, the composer of "In a Persian Garden."

She was born—ah, when was she born? Some say May 15, 1818 others Nov. 24, 1800, at Würzburg. The precise date does not matter. Since she has no birthdays.

Her father was a tenor at the local opera house; her mother was a dramatic soprano, who had sung at Leipzig, Dresden, Cassel and later was well known as a harper. As Marie Löw, she played the harp, at Magdeburg, when Wagner was conductor there (1834-1836) and Josef Lewinsky asserts that she was the first love of the composer, who was then a bachelor. As Wagner was then at least 20 years, this distinction of "first" is not beyond doubt or peradventure.

The family moved to Prague, and there Lilli began to take piano lessons. She made such progress that she was soon able to accompany her mother in singing lessons. The girl looked forward eagerly to the stage. She was always in the theatre, a worshiper of the prima donna, the heroic tenor, the lamp-lighter. Once in a performance of "William Tell" she climbed a glacier. Unable to find her way back, she shrieked and was rescued before an applauding audience.

In her 13th year she was busy in an amateur theatre where she acted, sang, prompted, conducted, managed, painted. The manager, Wirsing, engaged her for his theatre when she was 16. In this theatre she was a maid of all work. She sang in opera, was a mimic in tragedy; she romped in farce and was in the ballet.

Her voice began to develop, and her mother trained it carefully. Lilli's first engagement was as coloratura singer at the Staat Theatre at Danzig, where she became immediately a favorite. She resigned in 1838 to go to the Stadt Theatre in Leipzig. (Some say that before she went to Danzig she appeared as the First Boy in "The Magic Flute" at Prague.)

She appeared as "Guest" at the Berlin Royal Opera House, and in 1870 she became a member of that company with a contract for life. In 1877 she was made chamber singer to the Emperor.

At Berlin she was known chiefly as a coloratura singer who could also take so-called comic parts—as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." This singer, now known to us chiefly as a dramatic singer in music dramas, was in those days the Melba of Berlin. For instance, she would portray queens rich in flourishes, trills, and staccato notes.

The late W. Beatty-Kingston in his "Music and Mariners" a blither but amusing book—gives a long account of the Berlin opera and the singers, Lucie, Mallinger, Brandt, Niemann, Fricke, Veggenhuber, Grossi, and he describes Lilli Lehmann: "A striking-looking young lady with a harsh soprano, a faulty ear, and considerable command of execution alike lacking in spontaneity and finish," and he again speaks of her false intonation. These words may have been true when Beatty-Kingston wrote; they were not wholly true—except with regard to her personal appearance—in the early eighties. I heard her at the Opera House in several parts, as Gertha for instance in "Le Prophète." Has any one ever thought what a dreary life Gertha would have had as a daughter-in-law to Fido with her idolatrous worship of Jean-of Leyden, not de Resake?

And at that time was generally... how she kept the pitch... stage with her compan... marvel. Her colorature was... but it did not have tho... twenty or thirty of the sing... last twenty years. She was... and she threw her elf... the adverb advisedly—... most trifling part.

remembered her mother, and... to her in 1874 that he wished... children for his work... Lilli created the part of... Rhine daughter (her sister... the second) Ortrude in "Die... and the same Rhine daugh... "Die Götterdämmerung." This... In 1896 at Bayreuth she... Brunnhilde in "Die Walküre,"... and "Die Götterdämmerung."

in London in the eighties, then tempted to break her... with the Berlin Opera House... the Metropolitan Opera... company, New York, with Mr... and what part did... for her first appearance, 1885—Brunnhilde? Fidelio?... Mr. Krebhiel wrote: "Her... and almost military bear... calculated to produce an effect... which had to be overcome... audience were ready to en... the feeling which she infused... part. To the eye she was a... more matronly Carmen than... is tempted to paint as the... line of Bizet's opera, and it... harmony with the new picture... stripped the character of the... and playfulness which the... inclined to associate with... intensified its sinister side."... Krebhiel praised her singing...ly.

appeared in New York that sea... Brunnhilde ("Die Walküre"),... in "The Queen of Sheba,"... Irene ("Rienzi"). The... on she sang Venus, Isolde... performance in America, Dec. 1... in Goldmark's "Merlin."... list would be too long, if I... ve other operatic perform... concert and oratorio engage...

as Mrs. Kalisch-Lehmann... April 2, 3, 5, 1889, as Brunn... the Trilogy. In 1890 she sang... (April 7), Norma (April 9),... (April 14), Donna Anna

this she had sung at the sec... bert (1885-86) with the Boston... Orchestra; March 10, 1883... "Armide" and Isolde's... April 28, 1888 (excerpts from... and the 9th Symphony). She... an extra Wagner concert given... orchestra May 11-12, 1888. She... the season of 1885-1886 with... the violinist, and Rummel the... and she gave three miscel... programs without orchestra... also heard with the Handel... in the performance of por... Bach's mass in B minor, and... "Song of Victory," Feb. 27... in "Elijah," April 6, 1890.

st appearances here in opera... the Grau company in 1899:... Anna to Maurel's Don Giovanni... 8); Isolde to Jean de Reszke's... (April 3).

me would fall me to tell of all...gements. She sang Norma... 1899, at Covent Garden; also... In 1895 she sang in concerts at... the latest number of the Allge... musik-Zeitung speaks of her con... month in the Philharmonic... great audience and songs by... Haydn, Gluck, Beethoven, Ber... ahms, Grieg. And Mr. Less... says that her performance of... "die" was the feature of the even...

she idle with her pen. More... ce she has written short arti... ved by admiration or indig... he is active against the use of... thers in hats, and in this cause... drawn her purse as well as her

pamphlet, "Auf der Festbühne... reuth" (Berlin, 1897) excited... ment when it appeared. She... the simple, earnest, artistic... Bayreuth in 1875-76; how a good... piece of beef and a pudding... ly 15 cents, and "were excel... The whole description of the... ate at the inn and the labor and... of rehearsal is delightful. Then... ls of the first performance of... sing—no, there never will be... or one like it—and where will... ene such a trio of Rhine daugh... But "All hope abandon, ye who... here" should have been written... the door of Bayreuth, 1896. There... swimming machines for the... daughters in 1876. "It was no... ask and for no other than the... with his ideal work would we... made the sacrifice." She dis... the sword question in "Rhein... and disliked to see Sigmund... and Hecilde sitting in the love-duet... edly opposite to the intention of... The Brunnhilde, Mrs. Gul... on, shut up like a jack-knife... every emotional display, "but she... clever enough to cover all my

business after she saw me as... hilde." Then there are some unplea... hilde." Then there are some unplea... ant pages for Cosima—the pages on... ant pages for Cosima—the pages on... "The contents of another pamphlet... "Was ich über die moderne Gesangs... kunst denke" (Berlin, 1896), appeared... originally in the Berlin Tageblatt... There are only six pages, but they are... admirable; they should be pondered... all singers, as well as critics, teachers... and audiences. Her text is this: That... no one can sing Wagner's music well... who does not know how to sing the... music of Mozart, Nordica, for instance... would never sing the music of Isolde... as well as she does unless she had... ded faithfully for Italian opera. Leh... mann hits the critics sharply by saying... few of them can sing a note; which is... as though a shoemaker with whom you... find fault for a wretched pair of boots... should ask: "Can you make a pair?"... All is forgiven—we read a little farther... on that she has met impartial artists... even among critics—especially in Ameri... ca. She says in conclusion that her... favorite parts, and in order, are Fidelio... Donna Anna, Isolde; for in these char... acters are incorporated all womanly... feelings, they are live women. She... would not be human did she not give... advice to young singers: Industry, and... again industry; then come voice, talent... perseverance, much intelligence in many... directions, a healthy body, and limitless... surrender to art.

Another pamphlet by Lilli Lehmann... was in praise of Victor Maurel and it... was published in the same Tageblatt... It is an extraordinary tribute, but I... refrain from quotation, for the whole... article was published in the Journal at... the time. Still I cannot refrain from... quoting the final sentences: "Were I a... deity, I should nail him to the stage... like Prometheus, as Intendant, at... least I should attempt to fetter him... as artist and régisseur. And from his... toils there should arise works that... sprang from the rich heart and the... strong spirit of an artist by the grace... of God."

Mrs. Georg Henschel was not a na... tive of Boston, though newspapers in... Boston asserted that she was. As a... matter of fact, she was born in Ohio... in 1860. She was a singer of peculiar... charm, not from any remarkable qual... ity of voice, not from any breadth or... passion. In an important work and... in a large hall she was out of place... and she was as one trying bravely to... perform a task. But in her best years... in what may be called "intimate reci... tals," she gave great pleasure by... exquisite finish. However carefully she... may have been trained in the interpre... tation of a song, there was no trace... of this preparation in the performance... itself. Her light, agreeable, flexible... voice was managed with delightful... simplicity. Her repertory was large... and catholic, and she was a mistress... of differentiation. A German lied was... not the same as a French chanson, nor... was it an English ballad, nor was it... an Italian folk song. Her position... as a vocal miniaturist was unique. I... know of no one to take her place.

Saint-Saëns's "Les Barbares," pro... duced at the Opéra, Paris, Oct. 23, dis... appointed many, although the Guide... Musical is most loyal. The general im... pression was that the score is cold and... colorless, with detectable continuous... declamation.

The Pall Mall Gazette praises S. S... Stratton's "Mendelssohn":

"The naturally accepted view of Men... delssohn's career, that it was set un... der the most felicitous circumstances... possible, is of course emphasized by... Mr. Stratton's pages. But two facts... one slight, perhaps, the other of over... whelming importance to every living... thing, make out a counterbalance to... the activity and happiness of that car... eer, facts which touch the reader... strangely as he remembers the univer... sal laws of compensations. One is... Mendelssohn's extraordinary capacity... for sleep; the other, of course, his early... death. One example of the first suf... fices: He rested a day at Ostend be... cause he felt sleepy; another day at... Cologne because he was too tired to go... on; four days at Herschau; then, yet... other day at Frankfurt because he was... weary; and finally arriving at Leipzig... where he did nothing but rest." And... he died when he was but 37 years of... age. His light resembled nothing so... much as a light burning in pure oxy... gen, a brilliant flare too soon quenched... in a most cold repose."

"There are certain points in Mr... Stratton's biography which may be... noted in brief detail. We in these col... umns have often urged that national... music, as a thing itself, and as not... concerned with its possible applications... is a fetish so far as art (though not, of... course, as history) is concerned. It... was refreshing to read a letter in these... pages which is quoted by Mr. Stratton... Mendelssohn wrote from Wales in this... strain: 'No national music for me! Ten... thousand devils take all nationali... ty! Now I am in Wales, and a harper... sits in the hall of every repute... inn, playing incessantly so-called... national melodies * * * infamous, vul... gar, cut-of-tune trash.' What," asks... Mr. Stratton, humorously, "if he had... been asked to act as an adjudicator at... an Eisteddfod?" Mr. Stratton again... brings out prominently and rightly the... occasional bursts of irritability of which... every quick brain is the victim, and... which belong to the least enduring, if... often recurring, emotions of any such... temperament as that of Mendelssohn... Finally, we cannot pass by the record... ed reference made by Mendelssohn in... which he describes "Buckingham Pal... ace as the one really pleasant English... house where one felt at one's ease," for... even a Macaulay was known to date a... letter from Windsor Castle! Both rec... ords make one endure just a twinge of... shame.

To conclude, Mr. Stratton, who... writes extremely well throughout, has

supplied his volume with a valuable... series of appendices, and with an ex... haustive index. He has, in a word... achieved a most praiseworthy feat in... writing and compiling a well-balanced... and, so far as it goes, satisfactory... biography of a musician who, if the... turn of the modern wheel has deprived... him of much of the harvest which the... enthusiastic anticipations of his con... temporaries prophesied for him, will... always remain a most engrossing and... fascinating figure in the annals of... great music."

Nov. 11, 1901

VERDI'S "REQUIEM."

First of Two Performances by the Handel and Haydn in Aid of a Fund for the Building of a Hall.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer conductor, performed Verdi's "Requiem" last evening in Symphony Hall. The solo singers were Mrs. Kileski-Bradbury, Mrs. Gertrude May Stein, Mr. Evans Williams and Mr. Joseph Baernstein. Mr. H. G. Tucker was the organist.

This was the first of two concerts given in order to establish a fund for the purpose of building a hall which should be a convenience and a comfort to the members. It is not necessary to inquire into the precise nature of all the conveniences and comforts. A hall would be used in many ways—for teaching young members in classes, for a library, for meetings, for social purposes, for rehearsals, etc., etc. The society believes it needs such a hall, and it has set itself bravely at work to obtain it.

There is no need of extended comment on the "Requiem" itself or the performance. The Handel and Haydn performed the great work only about nine months ago, when the quartet was made up of Mrs. Bradbury, Mrs. Scumann-Heink, Mr. Williams and Mr. Miles. In September the "Requiem" was performed at the Worcester Festival. On each occasion there was full discussion of the character of the music in the Journal. This was the seventh performance by the Handel and Haydn.

When the Requiem was first performed in Boston there was a note, as in other cities, complaint of its "theatrical" character. The line of argument was this: Verdi is an opera-maker; operas are for the theatre and requiems for the church; therefore Verdi's Requiem must be operatic, theatrical, and there was another line of argument against the work: Religious music must be full of fugues; Verdi's work is not full of fugues, therefore it is not religious. There was a time, and not so long ago, when conductors saw no beauty in the Sanctus—not even in the "Benedictus" and "Hosanna"—and contemptuously cut it out. There were critics were found fault with the use of the brass in "Tuba mirum" because the Angel of the Resurrection will have only one trumpet, and they cited approvingly the case of Mozart, who, they neglected to state, used a trombone, not a trumpet. Many of these objections are dead or moribund, but the Requiem of Verdi lives and it will outlive many of us who admire it so warmly, who wonder at the emotional qualities, the intense religious spirit, the amazing honesty of the composer. He did not write it to order or for a Festival. He mourned his beloved friend, and he asked modestly the officials in Milan if he might make his Requiem.

If there is the expression in this music of fervent Italian and Roman Catholic feeling in presence of death and thought of the Last Great Day, there is a so, as has been finely said, "a southern passion of entreaty that touches the high-water mark of this kind of composition," and sends the music beyond the frontier. Read carefully again the wonderful text and see how seldom Verdi falls below it. And in this text is the whole gamut of religious expression. There is no smug confidence of the elect; there is no strange familiarity with the mysteries; there is the thought of the grave, the judgment, the infinite mercy; there is the prayer for perpetual light.

Inasmuch as the performance was for a charitable purpose, detailed criticism would be out of place, especially in the case of the solo singers, who, with the conductor and the organist, volunteered their services. Yet it may be permissible to say that the chorus sang with great dramatic fervor and did not regard the demands for light and shade in various degrees. If there were criticism at length it would be highly eulogistic.

Nor can one refrain from saying that there were delightful passages of solo singing. All contributed to the true interpretation of this supremely beautiful and religiously dramatic work, and I should like to dwell at length on the many fine qualities of Mrs. Bradbury's performance; of the breadth and pathos of "Liber scriptus" as sung by Mrs. Stein; of the mystical and haunting reading by Mr. Williams of "Hostias et preces"; of certain effective phrases of Mr. Baernstein. Of the "Domine Jesu," as a whole—but unfavorable criticism is here out of place. There was a good-sized audience.

The second concert will be this evening. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be sung, and these solo singers will contribute their services: Mrs. Emma Juch, Miss Gertrude Miller, Mrs. Clara Poole King, Mr. Glenn Hull, Mr. Gwilym Miles. The performance will begin at 7.45 o'clock.

Philip Hale.

The death of Miss Kato Greenaway led us to look for the phrase "Greenaway Costume" or "Greenaway Child" in the Oxford Dictionary, to find out when her name became descriptive and significant. To our amazement and grief we found no such phrase. "Greenian functions," named after a certain George Green; "greengage," named after Sir William Gage; "greenockite," after Lord Greenock and "greenovite" after G. B. Greenough; and Horace Walpole's coined "greeneth"—but no Greenaway. Neither does Farmer and Henley's "Slang and its Analogues" recognize any word or phrase that was born of her artistic taste. Yet she was a real person, as real as any inventor of functions or patron of chemistry, and her work was revolutionary, corrective and salutary.

It will last with inevitable modifications for some time, probably after her name is forgotten. All such prophesies are vain, and we see the foolishness of prediction in everything about us, even in political life.

Pardon us for going back once more to the late election in the city of New York. Susceptible young boys whose fathers are interested in reform or politics—the terms are not necessarily and always absolutely distinct—believe that Richard Croker and his followers are disgraced forever and in hiding; that Mr. Shepard is an outcast in the forests about Lake George, that he wanders at night in torn raiment and shrinks at the approach of man; that remorse and apprehension prey on the vitals of one Devery, so that he bears an unpleasant resemblance to Orestes pursued by the Furies; that the names of the defeated will blaze balefully as a warning and will be forever as a reproach.

This is a strange world, and it is not yet settled whether forgetfulness is a blessing or a curse. Sir Thomas Browne exclaimed in a fine burst: "Oblivion is not to be hired." At the same time the Persians had a tower of imprisonment known as the Tower of Oblivion, and whoever entered it was thereafter as buried alive, and it was death for any to name him. But it would be hard work, you say, for any American to stay put in such a tower.

Perhaps you remember the period when "The New Gospel of Peace" appeared, the satire attributed to Richard Grant White, although he coyly denied the authorship. The wit was biting, the sarcasm was blistering, public indignation was great, there never were such rascals as Fernando Wood and Rynders and the rest of them. How many now under 20 years have ever heard of Wood or "The New Gospel of Peace" or the riots in the early sixties or the attempted mobbing of abolitionists in New York just before the war? These men in high places were not hurled to want and beggary, nor did they die violent or loathsome deaths. They were simply forgotten, and no moral is to be pointed today by using the name of Wood, "whose walk was slantindicular."

Tweed and others of the Ring are nearer to us. How many under 25 years can give the names of the Ring? Perhaps they remember Peter the "Brains," and "Slippery Dick"—and then? Has the name of Oakey Hall any special meaning to them? Have they read "Old Whitely's Christmas Trot," a favorite of children from 1857 to 1865? A man of fine literary taste; a lawyer of repute; too fond for his own peace of the drama; and after the fall of Tweed he became infatuated with Miss Ada Dyas, and thus arose a joke that at the time was regarded as a masterpiece of American humor. And he, too, was caricatured savagely and called scoundrel and sneak. But you do not shudder at the mention of his name. Some of the Ring lived pleasantly in Paris and cultivated the arts.

Then there were those famous cartoons by Nast in Harper's Weekly. There was never anything like them. Gilroy was a child, Daumier an imbecile, Doyle a feeble drafter; Nast's cartoons would live forever. Were they ever published in separate form? Do you hear them mentioned by artist, politician, reformer, general amateur? Could you swear positively that Nast himself is alive? Cartoons that quicken righteous indignation and arouse the people—they, too, have their little day; and a few years afterward some one looking idly over a portfolio may say: "Rather clever; but what was it all about?"

Many of us will live to see Mr. Croker and his men in obscurity that might be called enviable. Mr. Croker himself may be hidden in an English fog until he becomes a semi-legendary character. He surely cannot lead an active life in England, for the rotten borough is now only interesting to antiquarians. But the horse is still honored, and Mr. Croker could easily

scribe to a circulating library. Some of his friends on the police force may find employment in Turkey, where admiration of the Sultan. Another will arise in New York to follow Croker. Tweed, Wood. It is cheering to think that the Tower of Oblivion extends over the frontier of Persia, and that it will hold hundreds and thousands.

Fashion for October contained these remarks by Mr. Godfrey-Turner on the "newest criticism."

"No notice of a new play is complete today unless it includes a description of the actress's dresses. The idea admits of highly interesting developments and I suggest to 'Beau Brummel, Jr.' that he should occasionally treat the Drama on the following lines:

"We cannot say that Herrobin Tree was altogether free from fault. His house was hazy at the knee—(The shade of paper and of salt)—Did much to still the author's plea. Of trousers there were here a lot. And if he's wise he'll take a crease from Doré or from Mr. Watts.

"Charles Wyndham, we regret to say, was anything but at his best. We must protest against the way in which the gentleman was dressed. His evening trousers flapped about. His shirt-front bulged at either side. (He shouldn't let his shirt get out)."

Nov 12 1901

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

Last night Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" was revived by the Murray and Gilbert Company at the Bijou Opera House. Mr. Max Wine conducted. The cast was as follows:

The Lord Chancellor.....	Mr. Gilbert
Earl of Mountararat.....	Mr. Ralston
Earl Toffler.....	Mr. Tallman
Private Willis.....	Mr. Shields
Strephon.....	Mr. Murray
Queen of the Fairies.....	Miss Fairbairn
Iolanthe.....	Miss Ladd
Celia.....	Miss Knight
Lella.....	Miss Thorne
Fleta.....	Miss Dunbar
Phyllis.....	Miss Lane

Nineteen years ago Dec. 11, this operetta was produced at the Bijou, then a new theatre. Few operas live to be 20 years, and operettas are notoriously short lived. The very modernity that makes one popular is the chief cause of the early decay and death. Take "Patience," for instance, with its delicious satire and charming music. The inspiring cause was a passing fad, which, though ridiculous in extravagance, yet exerted a healthy influence in the reformation of household furniture and decoration, as well as in the correction of taste in literature, art and dress. The revolt against the "early Victorian" and "the black-walnut period," led to abiding results. But the younger generation of theatre-goers knows not the Postlethwaite and Maudie, and the Climac Brown caricatured in Punch, and much of the satire of Gilbert would seem dull and incomprehensible.

"Iolanthe" does not suffer from any intensely temporal and fugitive satire. The satire is for the most part extremely local, and unless one has cultivated an intimate acquaintance with the House of Peers and the functions of the Lord Chancellor, he waits for the faries who are more familiar and universal. Humor and wit and satire must be universal and intelligible to all, if they are to give delight after a short term of years. Mr. Toole was no more enjoyed or appreciated in New York, than would Mr. Harrigan and his company have been at London in a Mulligan play. And it is a sad duty to record the fact—the day of the Mulligan plays in New York itself is over forever. The conditions that made the plays possible are no more. Operettas change their form and speech with successive audiences. Offenbach had his day and triumphed even though in a foreign language. Gilbert and Sullivan had their day. Now inanity has taken the place of brilliance, and slang and gags and horse-play have driven wit—Gallic and highly spiced or English and delightfully whimsical—from the stage. A general and successful revival of a cycle of Sullivan's operettas would be impossible. The taste of the public has been cheapened if not dehaunched.

Even if the public were eager to hear the best works of Offenbach and Sullivan, where are the traditions? In Paris when there is an Offenbachian revival, there is mourning because the true manner of delivering dialogue and song is gone with the peculiar spirit demanded by librettists as well as composers; and here in Boston we saw what had become of "La Grande Duchesse" when Lillian Russell gave a vacuous impersonation of that noble dame. So it is with the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan. The comedians were trained at the Savoy as though they were members of the Meininger Company. Enunciation, pronunciation, the art of diction, gesture, groupings, action—all these things were regulated memorably. The topsy-turvy logic of Gilbert, which leads from a grotesque premise to an inevitable and absurd conclusion, was treated with the utmost seriousness. This manner of interpretation would be voted slow today by our audiences accustomed to gags and acrobatic comedians.

Take the performance last night, for instance. What lines called forth the most spontaneous and hearty applause? No line of Gilbert, librettist and satirist, but verses about the Buffalo Fair, the Subway, the automobile, etc., added to the song of the Lord Chancellor in the first act. Many of the best lines in the dialogue did not cause a smile. It is true that they were not often fully spoken, and it may have been said that the performance showed a lack of sufficient rehearsal.

There were pleasant features in the entertainment. Miss Lane was a pret-

ty. Phyllis and she sang, as ever, unaffectedly and effectively. Miss Fairbairn, if she had been letter-perfect, would have been an excellent Fairy Queen, and, as it was, she showed intelligence in her interpretation of the part. Mr. Ralston deserves a word of praise, for he, too, was in the true vein. The Fairies and the Peers likewise were not often synchronous in action, but the entrance of the Peers and the Finale of the first act were musically successful. Indeed, the singing of all was superior to the action, although the enunciation of some of the singers was imperfect, just as the principals were often weak in dialogue. The opera next week will be "Fra Diavolo."

Philip Hale.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Nov. 8, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

One need not object to France taking Lesbos, but no man has any good right to call the island Mitylene. Instead of Mitylene. We may play fast and loose with modern names not strictly English, but neither law nor propriety permits the punishment of such Greek and Latin words as one can look up in any respectable dictionary of those dialects. On Mitylene it suffices to look at Liddell and Scott: The spelling in Stanford's \$100 atlas is an insult to every schoolboy old enough to make out Greek names, and a blot on the very pretentious atlas. X. X. X.

The spelling "Mitylene," by the way, is not a distinctive crime of modern newspapers. Sandys spelled it with an "i" in 1610, and referred to the woman "Mitylen" who gave her name to the island. The Rev. John Cormack used the same form in 1803. Mr. Henry Thornton Wharton of Oxford, the author of the memoir of "Sappho," and the editor of her poetry, uses constantly the form "Mitylene" (editions 1855, 1887, 1895). See also "The Acts of the Apostles" (xx., 14): "And when he (Paul) met with us at Assos, we took him in, and came to Mitylene." Byron preferred the same spelling. See his article "Some observations upon an article in Blackwood's Magazine," dated Ravenna, Mch 15, 1820. Mr. Swinburne is tolerably well acquainted with Greek, and here is a verse from his "Faustine":

Stray breaths of Sapphic song that blew
Through Mitylene
Shook the fierce quivering blood in you
By night, Faustine.

No wonder that any nation would like to own Leshos. Ah, what a country! Strabo said in his geography that the island was well provided with everything—a churlish admission, but Strabo was a geographer. The vines trailed on the ground, and little children could pick the grapes by stretching out their hands. Some found the wine astringent but there was no sharply discordant note in the chorus of praise. Thus Archestratus burst into eulogy at the Banquet: "When you have drunk the bumper of Jupite the Saviour, then is the time for you, with head perfumed with ointment, and crowned with radiant flowers to drink the delicious wine that comes from the Isle of Lesbos, which is beaten on all sides by the waves; but this wine is most delicious when it is white with age. I esteem highly the wine of Byblos in Phoenicia, an admirable region, but I do not put it with that of Lesbos. It is true that when you drink it for the first time, the bouquet seems more agreeable, because it is generally served very old; but if you keep on drinking, it is soon

far less agreeable, while the wine of Lesbos will always seem to be ambrosia rather than wine."

And the oil of Lesbos was famous far and near, and the wheat of Lesbos was as white as snow. The nightingales sang sweeter there than in all Greece.

This is not merely remote and traditional. George Sandys visited the island no longer ago than 1610. He spoke of the wine, ambrosial but not heady; of the excellent corn from which the Turks made trachana and houhourt; of the sheep and the cattle, and the horses which were low of stature but strong and courageous; of the haven on either side, convenient and profound for ships of good burden; an island, "adorned heretofore with magnificent buildings, and numbered amongst the paradises of the earth for temperate air and delightful situation."

And think of its famous men and women! The head and lyre of Orpheus had floated thither after they had been thrown into the river Hebrus; the islands sang as the head passed by; and the head was buried in Lesbos.

There was Sappho, the greatest singer among the women of all time; "a little dark woman with black hair and a beautiful smile." The names of her companions have come down to us.

there were other famous women on the island who were given over to literature and the study of beauty. They formed clubs; they wrote poetry which was the expression of unmitigated passion, and as Mr. Symonds says in his gorgeous description of the charms of Lesbos: "When we read their poems, we seem to have the perfumes, colors, sounds and lights of that luxurious land distilled in verse.

Then there was Pittacus, who held the maxim that a man ought to suit himself to the times and avail himself of opportunities, and therefore he was called a philosopher. When, as commander, he fought Phrynon, he hid a net under his shield, and when Phrynon was confident, Pittacus entangled him in it and said in a loud voice, "I have not caught a man but a fish," and he killed him in sight of the two armies. Thus did he prove himself to be a philosopher.

Pittacus was sore-eyed, monstrously fat, slothfully in his dress, and as there was something the matter with his feet he had a queer walk. For these deformities he was scorned by his wife, an insolent woman of fiery temper. He had invited several philosophers to dine with him. They came and dinner was on the table. His wife overturned table and dishes. The admirable Pittacus smiled sweetly and said, "This is a silly woman; we must excuse her weakness."

He drank only spring water and ordained that a man who had committed any fault when drunk should be doubly punished. He wrote a poem in which he said that a man should take his bow and arrows and kill a bad man wherever he met him. When he was asked, "What is it that ought to be put off as long as possible?" he answered: "To borrow money of a friend."

Pittacus wrote his laws and several other works in verse. We are not surprised, then, to learn from the ancient biographer that the most usual exercise of Pittacus was turning a grindstone.

Would not any nation be glad to hold even by force among its possessions an island so favored by nature and so rich in associations?

Nov 13 1901

Poor Tolstoi! His son has turned playwright, and the first play is a failure. The story is of a dyspeptic editor—you see at once the highly improbable nature of the play—who visits Naples for a holiday and goes about for a fortnight seeing the elephant with riotous daughters of persuasion. His wife arrives most inopportunistically before he can summon his wits to say, "My dear, I was just going to write you." There is a reconciliation scene. The editor receives a long call from Mr. R. E. Morse and then throws himself under the train that was to carry husband and wife home. Nor does the editor have the presence of mind to telegraph an exclusive to his journal. The wife goes mad. The dyspeptic editor before he dies speaks a long piece against the conduct of the English in South Africa. The playwright had ridiculed his father. The audience did not relish this imitation of Ham mocking Noah, and was prejudiced against him at the start.

The name of Sir Richard Newdigate should be held in grateful remembrance. As they said of the saintly who left New England forever in her early days: "He died and left a sweet savor behind him." Sir Richard started a coal-ledge and he wrote this text for an appropriate motto: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than he meet, but it tendeth to poverty." What would be his attitude today toward the coal-barons? He found that his household consumed a hog's head and a half of small beer a week, and he set traps to discover "who my Secret Drinkers are that devour so vast a quantity of Ale." His household was governed by an elaborate system of fines which were applied to his own children, and yet he himself was wildly extravagant. He traveled in France and was so suspicious of the natives that he postdated letters to England that he might escape imaginary plots. He felt sick at one time; he took "four Quarts of Posset Drink," he ate bolled mutton and drank burnt wine; "yet," he adds, "continued unwell." He died in 1710. Would he were living now! The world needs originals.

Mr. Hall Caine was elected to the Keys of his tight little island. It is a curious parliamentary body. Formerly the members themselves were the electors. All manner of barriers were gradually removed and the Act of 1889 admitted women to vote, which inspired a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette to write: "I should not wonder if this latter circumstance had a good deal to do with Mr. Hall Caine's election."

A studio building in West Fortieth

Street, New York, is inhabited chiefly by female artists—real artists—painters, not corn doctors, hair dressers and "masseuses." A weary man crawled up to the top floor and lay down in the hall to sleep. There was feminine confusion; a policeman was summoned. The awakened sleeper said that he was an artist: "At present I am temporarily embarrassed, but I am still a gentleman." His name, a beautiful one, was Philip Plantagenet.

This reminds us of the man who, brought before the Magistrate, said his name was Harold Montessor. "Give me your real name," roared His Honor. "Must I?" whimpered the accused; "well, if I must give it—Fitzgerald Fortescue."

Plantagenet is a beautiful but not necessarily a royal surname. It was first assumed by Fulke Martel, the great-grandfather of Henry II., for on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre he offered himself to be scourged with the stems of the broom plant as an atonement for the murder of the Earl of Brittany—"planta" and "genista." Old Camden was moved to write early in the 17th century, "Whereas these names were never taken up by the son, I know not why any should think Plantagenet to be the surname of the Royal House of England, albeit in late years many have so accounted it." Fulke's grandchild used to wear a broom-stalk in his hat. The New York representative of the family seems to prefer a brick.

One of the adoring flock said to an English barrister, "What lovely eyes our curate has!" To which the barrister answered:

"You say the curate's eyes are bright.

I cannot see their light divine;

For when he prays he shuts them quite
And when he preaches—closes mine."

"The modern actor is distinguished from the ancient by a gentlemanly incompetence. He has had little chance of learning his profession, for if he has been fortunate he has played but a dozen parts in a dozen years. He is educated as often as not, and his manners off the stage are said to be irreproachable. In fact, he has been told by the tongue of flattery that he has but to stride the stage as a drawing room and his elegance will be patent to all. He has never worked, and it is not altogether his fault. Long runs and railway trains have extinguished the old stock companies."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Mr. Fitzroy Gardner in an article entitled "The American (theatrical) Invasion" speaks of the strange sights seen in the course of a tour in the States. "One meets American 'agents in advance' who are selected not on account of their good 'wardrobe' or good 'address,' but because they are thoroughly experienced pressmen and so can supply the newspapers with interesting 'copy' about the plays or players they represent. *** An advance agent or business manager in a good American company is paid at a far higher rate—out of proportion to the difference in the cost of living—than he could hope to get here, and so is able to mix with people in the good hotels." But where do English advance agents mix and with whom?

Mr. John Hollingshead continues to shed information of a curious kind. He intimates that the D'Orsay play now in London may bring about a modified revival of the fashions of the early Forties and early Fifties, though the cost may prevent and the difficulty of finding "art tailors" be an obstacle. And Mr. Hollingshead adds: "Economy in dress, accompanied by ready money, that great motive power, was first inspired by Mr. Doudney of Lombard Street, a city tailor, who in the thirties was one of the earliest to employ what we call 'sandwich men.' All his men were over six feet high, and their placards exhorted you to 'Reform your tailors' bills.'"

Nov 14 1901

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Nov. 13, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was much interested in the letter from Capt. Kidd, the Pirate, which was published in the Journal this morning; but I was surprised to find his signature "Robert Kidd." I have always thought that his Christian name was William. How is this? And, by the way, how does that verse about Moore go?

F. P. R.

Some say that Kidd's first name was Robert; some say it was William. In the old ballad "Kidd's Lament" the second verse begins:

"My name was Robert Kidd, when I sailed
when I sailed."

But we have seen the line
"My name was Capt. Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed."

William Curtis, a man who
ful in such matters, quoted it:
I sailed, when I sailed" and
he pirate Robert. The line
is motto for Curtis's delightful
"A Cruise in the Flying Dutch-
verse about Moore is as fol-
lowed William Moore, as I sailed, as I
sailed,
le him in his gore, as I sailed,
ing cruel still, my gunner I did kill,
h precious blood did spill, as I sailed,
al sailed,
uch precious blood did spill, as I
led."

Mr Kemp's Old Folks used to
e ballad with blood curdling
ave also received this letter:
Milton, Nov. 13, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
You any idea what the string
is attached to that Last Letter
Kidd? We have been talking
at the rooms, and some say
is the creation of an advance
of some theatrical show; others
that it is published for the pur-
of dramatization, and is to be
ed at one of the Boston theatres,
two Kidds in leading part. If the
contemplated allow me to sug-
a title "The Kidd Brothers in
."

was Robert Kidd, anyhow? We
hear of him except in "The
Own Book," wherein he is
ented a bloodthirsty villain. If
ary is not to be dramatized what
Historian Field giving us about
Kidd? We all know, or should
ow that Capt. William Kidd came
Easton under safe conduct prom-
im by Lord Bellemont (Historian
lays his friend Kidd's patron was
Belmont. What a peculiar
ity of names!) and appeared be-
e Governor and Council July 3,
as committed to prison July 7,
nd this William Kidd was sent to
nd February, 1699-1700; a year later
Kidd turns up in Boston. It is
as bewildering as finding out
the devil is Sam's movver."

WE-UNS.
Annette has just come in and
this is her postscript) that it is
eme of the Massachusetts Wharf
to boom the land they have just
t in East Boston.

There is a new edition of "Alice in
overland"—but the pictures are not
enniel—therefore all children, old
d young, may well ask in the words
of old romance, "Alice, where art
ou?"

She advocate in London the taxa-
of the plug hat. Of course there is
ctory. Does not the King, as
le of Wales, wear a plug in a
d glass window at Plymouth

Hall? It is true that the stove-
is not heroic, and modern men
d worthy of a statue appear, as a
d bareheaded, which leads Mr.
af London to remark:

It is for this reason that we have the
nd spectacle of a number of elderly
men standing about the city (in
rk) with nothing to protect their
ad from the sun or the rain"; on
her hand the Sussex peasant was
more picturesque object in long
oc-frock and tall hat than he is
al in slops and a billy-cock. Mr.
ronounces a eulogy that deserves
erate paragraph:

Tall hat has come to stay. It
read itself over the capitals of
orld. The African King in his
glair recognizes it as the emblem
f civilization; the Eton boy wears it as
mbol of manhood; the King of
ld wears it out of doors instead
h crown; at the altar the happy
deom confides it to the care of
t man, lest in his absorbing de-
to his bride he should kneel upon
t Children of Israel wear it with
aying scarf in the synagogues;
ly rider wears it in the circus to
hself from the sawdust to the re-
s of high art; the men who heal
n of the world deposit it on the
ble with their gloves inside it
y seek the bedside of suffering."
heology should be added to Leigh
ant, "Chapter on Hats." And yet
t—it is not given to everyone
wer a plug.

A correspondent writes: "What do
u think of this sentence from 'The
Miss p. 135?"

Mr. Lincoln glanced at Stephen,
en again at the Judge's letter,
to: up his silk hat, and thrust that,
o, to the worn lining, which was
ea, filled with papers. He clapped
t on his head."

We do not think. Mr. Lincoln was
enakable man, and no doubt he ac-
ophed the feat with comparative
e. But the way of a young man
a historical novel is still more
able.

This reminds us of a paragraph pub-
lished lately in London: "Two men
were discussing a certain novelist. 'She's
a wonderful writer,' said one; 'yes,'
replied the other: 'the mystery to me
is where she gets her marvelous lack
of knowledge of life.'"

The great Menelik, a direct descen-
dant of King Solomon and the Queen
of Sheba, is afraid of one thing, and
that is lightning. A bottle of sulphuric
ether and a syringe are always at hand,
and the bottle bears the inscription:
"Remedy against lightning." For
Menelik saw one day an Italian doctor
inject ether into a man unconscious
from a shock, and he now is ready to
defy Jovo and his bolts.

Dr. Mazetti, a student of tuberculosis,
says Ethiopia is especially free from
this disease, and he thinks in time to
come that country will be an ideal
place for sufferers from consumption.
Homer some years ago described the
inhabitants of that region as blameless,
but we fear that contact with civiliza-
tion has made them extortionate and
unjust. The early Ethiopians were in-
teresting as well as blameless. Mr.
William Watreman told us in 1555 that
"their women's attire is of Golde (where-
of that country hath the plenty) of pearle,
and of Sarsenette. Both men and
women are apparelled in long garments
downe to the foote, sleeved, and close
rounde aboute of al manner of colours.
They bewail their dead 40 dales space.
In banquettees of honour, in the place
of our fruice (which the latine calleth
the seconde boorde) they serve in
rawe fleshe very finely minced and
spiced, whereupon the gastes fiede very
licouricely."

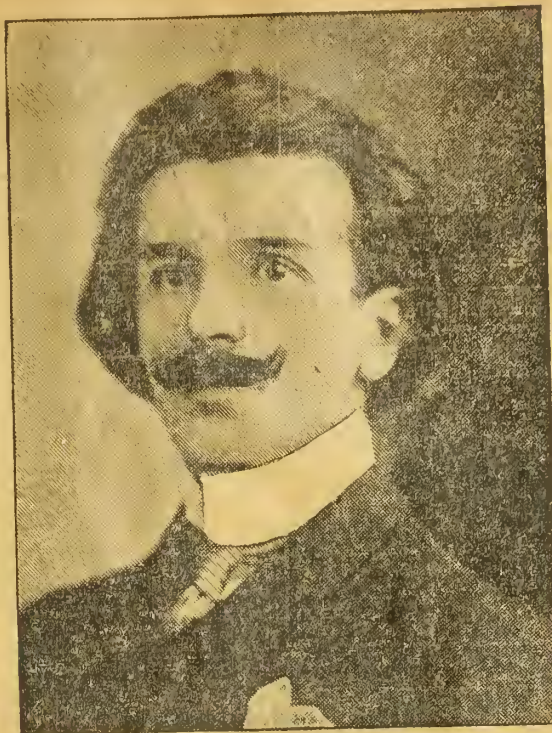
Yesterday was a day that brought
to mind buckskin gloves, which you had
coveted—although there was long con-
tinued doubt as to whether you should
have gloves or mittens; the apple bar-
rels within reach; numbed toes which
you knocked against the chopping
block; the game of yard-sheep after
school; queer out-door sounds, as
though Nature were choked in expostu-
lation and were afraid of something
approaching; the red-cheeked girl dear
to you in spite of her snuffles. Those
days are gone, Alphonso; and to enjoy
them you would have to be born again.
The choir will please sing something
plaintive—something in E minor.

You thought of those scenes yester-
day as you walked alone through the
Fenways. For a week or two you felt
every morning when you got out of
bed as though you had been mauled
with a club. On your feet, you wished
to go back to bed. You saw the doctor,
and to your great disappointment he
found no interesting or picturesque dis-
ease. He said: "You must be out in
the air two hours a day. Walk, but at
a moderate pace."

If he had prescribed some noxious
drug; if he had injected into your
blood some preparation of salt and
water used chiefly by the Tsar and
millionaires of Berlin and New York,
you might have been consoled. But
you were like Naaman, who was un-
willing to dip himself seven times in
Jordan. It was too easy; the truth is,
it was too hard. For though you have
admired walking in literature, though
you have talked glibly of Walking
Stewart and Captain Barclay, and De
Quincey and Hazlitt and Stevenson,
the actual process of walking was al-
ways distasteful. It seemed so aim-
less. Even the suburbanite is carried
in some way to his destination.

Fortunately your daily life is so or-
dered that you can walk in the morn-
ing without plunging at once into the
mephitic town. There is no great var-
iety in the choice of ways. You sight
a house in the distance and say you
will walk to it and back. When you
reach the goal you have been in the
air only 10 minutes. Then you strike
out desperately and at random. The
smoke from the railway train looks
like dirty cotton; it rises feebly as
though it, too, were discouraged. There
is something indescribably unwhole-
some, bloated, squalid about it. Nature
herself seems tired and foul-mouthed.
You become acquainted with the backs
of pretentious houses; you catch
glimpses of kitchen and laundry life.
The Italian Palace gives you no thrill,
although you remember that the Fos-
cari are represented there, and you
know that Byron—was it Byron who
wrote a play about the family? An
old man with a beard, working on a
road, would fain talk with you about
the prospect of snow. A bicyclist finds
pleasure, after his kind, in shaving
you as though you were a hub. Per-
sons behind carriage windows and con-
ducted by solemn ccaehmen look sus-
piciously at you. At last you have
been out three-quarters of an hour,
enough, as you think, for you are
lored beyond description. At dinner
you talk a good deal about exercise,

JOSEF SLIVINSKI, POLISH PIANIST.



JOSEF SLIVINSKI.

He will play Tschalkowsky's First Concerto at the Symphony concerts
this week.

Mr. Josef Slivinski is a native of Warsaw, where he took his first
piano lessons of Strobl. He afterward studied in Vienna with Leschetitzky,
and at St. Petersburg with Rubinstein. His first concerts excited much
attention in European capitals. This is his third visit to Boston. He is
esteemed for his delicate touch and romantic feeling.

and you mention the fact that Fergus-
on is not looking well: "Why should
he? He is never out in the open air."
The next day, the same routine. De
Quincey claimed that for persons of
nervous irritability, a secluded space
should be measured off accurately in
some private grounds not liable to the
interruption or notice of chance intrud-
ers. He once walked for 18 months in
a circuit so confined that 40 revolutions
were needed to complete a mile. He
counted by a rosary of beads—"every
10th round being marked by draw-
ing a blue bead, the other nine
by drawing white beads." He also
applied detached counters to the
separate bars of a garden chair. The
first bar indicated the first decade, etc.
But where are you to find private
grounds? Your roof will not do. No,
you are doomed by force of situation
to the Fenway, and if you are persist-
ent in following the advice of the doctor
you will soon be known as an institu-
tion of that region. Some one driving
will say to a visitor: "That's the Ital-
ian palace over there. Do you see this
man coming? That's poor old Slinker-
ton. He's not long for this world. It
must be half-past nine. No he's five
minutes late. They call him the Fen-
way clock."

There is a kind of man that prefers a
shaggy overcoat. Rain and snow cling
to it, and when he enters the house
he shakes wet from him. His google-
eyed children say: "Oh, look at papa!"
and his wife commiserates his fate and
mourns because he is obliged to be out
in all kinds of weather. He laughs.
"Why, this is nothing. I like it. There
is nothing like breasting a storm."
And he sits down a hero—until his wife
about 10 P. M. asks him to mail a let-
ter. "Why couldn't you have written
it this afternoon? Is it anything im-
portant, that I should have to go out
a night like this?" Only her assurance
that if he does not mail it, he will
have no oysters for luncheon, drives
him from his chair and Emerson's
"Conduct of Life."

This is the anniversary of the death-
day of Charles Lord Mohun, who had
assisted some years before in the mur-
der of William Mountford, the play-
actor. It is a pleasure to know that
after this murder Mohun "often dis-
tinguished himself in the House of
Peers by his judicious speeches."

Drawing-room car porters have or-
ganized a union at St. Louis, because
tipping is on the decline, and they pro-
pose to have branches in various cities.
Is the union against the passengers or
the company? If against the latter, we
can "the news with equanimity."

Mr. George Alexander has been writ-
ing and speaking about "The Ideal
Playgoer." His ideas may thus be
summed up: "The ideal playgoer is
one who puts himself unreservedly in
the hands of some ingenious manager.
He takes that manager absolutely on
trust, because he feels that he can
trust him. He leaves it to him to say
what the play shall be, and as he list-

ens he knows exactly the frame of
mind that the manager wishes him to
be in at the fall of the curtain. He
will say: 'This is the most laughable
farce, the most delightful comedy, the
most powerful tragedy, the most sub-
tle problem play, as the case may be,
that I have witnessed for many a long
day.' To the manager, the author, and
the performers, he raises his hat, and
after cheering himself hoarse goes to
his club to supper and tells everybody
he meets to go and see the best play
in town."

We have received the following let-
ter:

Boston, Nov. 14, 1901.
Editor Talk of the Day:

I find great difficulty with my lamps.
Some of them were gifts and are as
complex as they are beautiful. They
are often out of order, and no one
in this scientific age seems able to re-
pair them so that they will do their
duty. Some shop-keepers do not wish
to be bothered with such jobs. The
little shops where everything was
mended are fast disappearing. At the
department-stores, they sell, they do
not repair. There is no Jonas in my
family. Now, why could not some
men earn a good living by going about
from house to house, to repair, to
clean, to trim, yes—why not—to fill?
I am sure there would be employment
for several men in one small district,
and they would take a heavy load off
housekeepers.

MRS. E. C. R.

There once was a man who was in-
terested in lamps, and his name was
Maghrabi. He was a magician, and
he went into the palace of Aladdin and
the Lady Badr al-Budur and gave for
an old lamp a new lamp, which he had
procured at a coppersmith's. The old
lamp was the Lamp of the Enchanted
Treasury. And great was the sorrow
of Aladdin and the Princess. The won-
derful lamp is not minutely described.
It was hanging from a ceiling in the
Southerrain, and it was burning when
Aladdin entered; but it could not have
been a large one, for the Magician
put it in his breast pocket. Since that
day housekeepers have been suspicious
of wandering lampists.

Your suggestion has already been carried out in this country. In the eighties at Philadelphia there were women who carried a good living by calling at houses according to contract and keeping the lamps in order. They were known as "lampers." Perhaps they still do this in Philadelphia.

Lamps lost their romantic interest with the introduction of kerosene. We therefore prefer lanterns, especially when they are spelled "lanthornes." Take Wycliff's version: "Lanterne to my feet thy word;" how more picturesque than the ordinary: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." What a wealth of association is in the word! Sweet Lucy Gray took a lantern in her hand when she set out to climb many a hill and never reached the town. The lantern burned dimly at the burial of Sir John Moore. The eyes of John Paul Jones in the wonderful fight gave more light than the battle-lanterns. Lanterns, burglars, Chinese festivals, smugglers, treasure-hunters, pirates, forced marches—you cannot think of one without the other. What boy has not been chilled by the word "dark lantern" or delighted by the magic-lantern? Then there was the street-lantern, two stories in height. Stevenson has described it:

"Many holes, drilled in the conical turret-roof of this vagabond Pharos, let up spouts of dazzelement into the bearer's eyes; and as he paced forth into the ghostly darkness, carrying his own sun by a ring about his finger, day and night swung to and fro and up and down about his footsteps. Blackness haunted his path; he was beleaguered by goblins as he went; and, curfew being struck, he found no light but that he traveled in throughout the township."

Lanterns lighted the streets of Paris, and more than one poor author escaped from hunger and cold by fastening the rope about his neck. The proud English say that the lantern was invented by King Alfred in 890; but how can we reconcile this with the fact that Aeropus, King of Macedonia, before the coming of the Saviour, spent his time in making lanterns?

The glory of the lamp, we say, went out with kerosene. We remember vaguely the lamp of our boyhood. It was wound up with a key; the light was mild and amiable; are we wrong, or was sperm oil used? With kerosene there can be no lampadomania; substances burned in the flame will give no sign of the future. Nor is the sparkling of a kerosene lamp necessarily an omen of rain. But these paragraphs are beginning to smell of the lamp.

Miss Margaret McConnell, the nurse, who came near perishing in the snow, should find pleasure in reading the story of Elizabeth Woodcock, aged 42 years, who was overcome by a snow storm Feb. 2, 1799, and was not rescued from a drift till Feb. 10. During that time she was without food, drink or sleep. She suffered miserably and died in the July of that year.

The manager of the American Book and Bible House in St. Louis made this statement in court: "I do not believe a negro is human. I do not believe he has the same right that a white man has." This should not surprise anyone, although this manager is some years behind the time. Here in Boston, in the late fifties and early sixties, there were clergymen who maintained that slavery was sanctioned by the Bible.

Boston, Nov. 14, 1901.
To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Those weary of fiction and society novels might do worse than read a volume of Massachusetts Court decisions, from 1733 to 1892, just published by John Noble, of the Supreme Court, for the City of Boston. We get the original article, simon-pure, unadulterated, and the very language is strong. Shakespeare never mentions the parcel we get here on page 89. When men in court desired to get their bonds reduced, by way of kindness, they had them chartered (page 21), a proceeding overlooked by the New English Dictionary. In 1680 the court "imburgled" a ship, the earliest quotation of the New English Dictionary being of 1755. An execution produces, among other luxuries, a scripture (page 384), and what firm in the causes of Edward Randolph! He came here to enforce the acts of trade, he brought suit after suit, and the juries usually found against him, with costs. Truly wonderful is the variety of persons and interests that went to law, Dutch, French, German, Spanish, Indian, what not, and neither court nor jury was ever at a loss to decide things

right and left in short order, as they thought best. English law and precedents they consulted not, but in a time of great confusion they kept order, sometimes with a certain ferocity, always with a firm hand. Every witch trial in the volume, however, ends in an acquittal, and on the whole one can see how the authorities managed to keep things fairly straight. It is lovely, tough reading.

X. X. X.

MR. SLIVINSKI.

His Great Performance of Tschaiakowsky's Concerto.

Symphonies That Are Old and Well Approved.

Lilli Lehmann's Song Recital in Symphony Hall.

(By Philip Hale.)

The fourth concert of the Symphony Orchestra, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Symphony in C, "Jupiter".....Mozart
Piano concerto in B flat minor, Tschaiakowsky
Symphony in A minor "Scotch".....Mendelssohn

Some might wonder at a concerto by Tschaiakowsky between symphonies by Mozart and Mendelssohn. The two symphonists were masters of form—indeed, Mendelssohn was too often a more formalist, elegant, polished, with nothing but conventional ideas in his head and conventional words in his mouth; while Tschaiakowsky, although he knew well his treatises and the wisdom of the ancients, often turned his back on form, especially on form for form's sake. For instance, what becomes of the stirring opening theme in this concerto, a theme that a less richly endowed composer would have displayed proudly through the first movement and introduced, probably, as a coda in the finale? It is dropped, it disappears as the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe," and, as in the book, you do not miss Xury, so in the concerto Tschaiakowsky shows you a wealth of thematic interest and you forget for the time that which first thrilled you.

Nor is it always for the advantage of a modern to be put between Mozart and Mendelssohn when their best works are chosen. The very clearness of Mozart, his sureness of line, the purity of his melody, his unequalled ability to hear his own music, may turn some moderns to confusion and their music seems bluster and mud. So, too, the romanticism of the ultra-moderns may seem merely rhetorical and deliberately experimental by the side of the "Pigmalion" overture or passages from the Symphony in A minor.

It is always to be remembered that the very qualities that accentuate the modernity of a composition are often the causes of the early decay and death that is beyond resurrection. There are modern symphonies, modern within the recollection of us all, that now seem of older fashion than those by Mozart or Haydn, with their more modest orchestras.

Whether symphonies by Mozart and Haydn should be played by a full modern orchestra in a large hall is indeed a matter that admits of discussion.

These symphonies are most familiar to concert-goers, and it is enough to say that they were played in the main with great finish. There were one or two blurred passages in the wood-wind in the first movement of the "Jupiter"—a movement that at times suggests the gay mood of "Don Giovanni"—and hints directly at "Pigmalion" in that chattering theme for violins, which first occurs in G major. But the beautiful slow movement, the delightful minuet with the suspicion of mocking courtesy, and the famous finale were fresh and effective.

Mr. Joseph Szigeti appeared at

these concerts for the first time, although he gave recitals here in 1894 and played with the Winderstein Orchestra in Tremont Temple last season. His performance of the Tschaiakowsky Concerto last night was remarkable for musical dash, untiring spirit, variety of tonal gradations, exquisite touch, strength that was not abused, unusual accuracy, and, perhaps above all, an extraordinary sense of rhythm. The performance of Tschaiakowsky's fantastical concerto—a work that is exciting and of haunting beauty in spite of certain passages which are modern routine-work, for there is ultra-modern as well as old-fashioned Kapellmeister music—may justly be called great. Mr. Slavinski was an interesting and welcome apparition. Nor is the term apparition here misapplied, for when he came upon the stage he looked like one of Hoffmann's characters, known by Johannes Kreisler and the student Anselmus. He was enthusiastically applauded, and well did he deserve the applause that was loath to die. His recitals this week are looked forward to with genuine interest.

Mrs. Lilli Lehmann gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony

Hall. Mr. Reinhold Herman was the accompanist. There was an audience of fair size. The program was as follows:

Du bist all Ruh.....S. Schubert
Auf dem Wasser zu sing'n.....
Gretchen am Spinnrad.....
Im Gruenen.....Schumann
Erl-King.....
Waldeggesprach.....
Der Nussbaum.....
Der Glockenthurners Tochterlein.....Loewe
Walpurgisnacht.....Beethoven
Adelaide.....
Two songs from "Eginout".....

It would be idle to dilate on the inexorable years that heed not the entrancing singer but dull the bloom and dry the freshness of the proudest voice. There are compensations for such losses: the possession of slowly perfected art and acquired womanly and dramatic experience.

It is true that where a long phrase was to be sustained softly in the upper register the singer was inclined to fall below the true pitch, as in the first song on the program. It is true that in passages of excited rhetoric in the upper register the tones were hard

and shrill, and sometimes hollow or sour. But is this all to be said about a concert that gave so much pleasure?

Is there nothing to be said of the general sense of proportion, the nice adjustment of rhetorical values, the poise of musical sentences, the subordination of the inconsequential to the one climax, the brain that directed the tones even when they were occasionally inclined to be rebellious? This celebrated dramatic singer is fully conscious of the charm of simplicity. This Brunnhilde, this Isolde, realizes the fact that there are songs which should be as impressionistic landscapes. And the indisputable art of Lilli Lehmann is shown in a song by Schumann as well as in a scene of "The Ring."

Thus she charmed by her continual suggestion, I may say, her avoidance of what might so easily be done and should not be done. In "Aub dem Wasser" and "Im Gruenen," by Schubert. Equally charming was her reading of Schumann's "Intermezzo," and she sang "Der Nussbaum" with exquisite taste and choice of tonal color. In the first ballad by Loewe, which was sung here lately by Sembrich, she displayed her early training in colorature, for the voice was flexible, but the necessary lightness and capriciousness were missed. In the second ballad of the same composer—one of his inferior works—the climax made too severe demands on the voice, and the tones were neither powerful nor effective. Beethoven's "Adelaide" was sung with consummate art.

Schumann's "Waldeggesprach" suffered from the undue acceleration of the final speech of the witch. Mrs. Lehmann's diction was generally admirable, but here both diction and musical sentences seemed almost confused. And the audience was sung with forced tones as though the singer were an English contralto bound to be impressive in some admired air from an oratorio.

Singers have done queer things to "The Erl-King." Some have begun as though the narrator were more frightened than the child. Some have represented the father as a stolid citizen on his way home from the Kneipe. A well-known opera singer sang the ballad here some years ago, and screamed from beginning to end, as though the fact that anybody riding on a windy night was an excuse for shrieking fortissimo, and by the time the announcement of the child's death was due, the ears of the audience had been pierced as by an Eastern despot. The old German version for male chorus would be more grateful than such interpretations:

Basses (anxiously): Who rides?
Tenors (in wonder): Rides who?
Basses: Who rides so late?
Tenors: So late rides who?

Here was an opportunity for Mrs. Lehmann to throw voice and art to the winds and declaim it vehemently as Schroeder-Devrient did to Goethe. On the contrary she sang the music, she actually sang it, and again proved herself a mistress of interpretation. She took the lines given to the tempting Erl King at a swift pace—the last time dangerously swift—and almost as a ventriloquist imitating a sexless voice far off. The speed in the last temptation was dangerously swift, for it would have been easy to lose the rhythmic flow; the objection also might be made that the character of the caressing music forbids such speed. As a whole, the performance of the ballad was one not easily equaled.

The accompaniments of Mr. Herman were admirable in all respects. They were musical, sympathetic, delightful in quality of tone, duly subordinate yet always a support.

The audience was most applaudive; there were recalls; and encores were granted.

A second recital will be given Friday afternoon, Dec. 13, in Symphony Hall, when Mrs. Lehmann will sing five songs by Wagner, four by August Bungert, the composer of the Homeric trilogy, two by Herman and four by Brahms.

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE. By William Mason. The Century Company, New York.

MR. MASON begins by telling of his early days in New England. He was born in Boston in 1829. His father was the famous Lowell Mason. "The difference between Boston and New York as musical centres is largely due to my father. He made Boston a self-developing musical city. New York has received its musical culture from abroad." The son tells at some length of his father's career, and adds as an appendix the address of Mr. Wm. S. Tilden at Medfield in 1922 on the centennial anniversary of

Lowell Mason's birth. The son, Mason and Mr. Geo. J. Webb founded the Boston Academy of Music, and as the son claims, the first performance in America of a Beethoven symphony was in Boston Feb. 16, 1841. The symphony was the 5th and the orchestra numbered 23.

William Mason played in public about 1846, at the Odeon. He took piano lessons of Henry Schmidt, a violinist, and in telling of these early lessons, Mr. Mason makes a digression concerning piano touch in general and his own in particular. He learned much from watching Leopold de Meyer (1847-48), and he acquired a devitalized muscular action, so that he could play all day without a feeling of fatigue. Now that there are so many formidable pianists, it is a pity that audiences cannot be devitalized immediately after the beginning of the concert.

Mr. Mason tells us that the triceps is more important than the brachialis anticus to the pianist. I have heard pianists whose strength was in their biceps.

Mr. Mason fell in love with Miss Webb, the daughter of the conductor, in 1846—(p. 26).

But it was determined that he should study in Europe, so he sailed on a side-wheel steamer in 1849. He first went to Paris, where he had a talk with Meyerbeer—he learned his name only after Meyerbeer had left a porter's lodge—then to Hamburg, then to Leipzig. Liszt accepted the dedication of a piano piece written by the young man, who was emboldened to ask lessons. He misunderstood Liszt's reply and went to Leipzig, where he studied with Moscheles. Mr. Mason tells us that Mendelssohn's death was "a great shock to Moscheles." He heard Schumann's first symphony and it made such an impression on him that he sent the score and parts to Boston. "Mr. Webb said to my father, 'Yes, it is interesting; but in our next concert we play Haydn's 'Surprise Symphony,' and that will live long after this Symphony of Schumann is forgotten.' Many years afterward I reminded Mr. Webb of this remark, whereupon he said, 'William, is it possible that I was so foolish?'"

When Schumann entered the store with a new manuscript "the clerks would nudge one another and laugh. One of them told me that they regarded him as a crank." Schumann's conducting was awkward.

Wagner was cordial to Mr. Mason and talked to him for three hours. Moritz Hauptmann, the great theorist, had dyspepsia and was passionately fond of baked apples. Moscheles used to snort when he played strongly accented passages, but he was a great and reposeful player of Bach. And then Mr. Mason prematurely rushes into a eulogy of Paderewski—probably because Moscheles as a whole was so different—although Mr. Mason claims that they resembled each other as interpreters of Bach.

Mr. Mason took 100 lessons of Drey-schock, famous for his octaves. He also dined with the Prince de Rohan, who served Schloss Johannisberger, several kinds of red and white wines, various kinds of German beer, English and Scotch ale, one glass of champagne to each guest, liqueurs, coffee and tea with rum. There was no music. Truly a pleasant evening.

He never heard Chopin play, but Drey-schock and Thalberg did, and after the performance Thalberg began to shout at the top of his voice as soon as he reached the street. Drey-schock asked him, "What's the matter?" "Oh," said Thalberg, "I've been listening to piano all the evening, and now for the sake of contrast I want a little forte."

In 1853 Mr. Mason played Weber's Concertstueck at Exeter Hall, London. And that year he went to Weimar and met Liszt, who told him he had been expecting him for four years. The pages in which he tells of his stay at Weimar and his association with Liszt are the feature of the book. He describes Liszt's teaching, and then says "It eradicated much that was mechanical, stilted and unmusical in my playing, and developed an elasticity of touch which has lasted all my life, and which I have always tried to impart to my pupils." Liszt wore his hair long, almost down to his shoulders, but was particular about having it cut square and frequently, so as to keep it at about the same length. He objected at first to Mr. Mason's eye glasses, which were then regarded by be-spectacled Germans as an affectation; but after a visit to Paris he withdrew his objection. Mr. Mason has no hesitation in saying that Liszt was the greatest pianist of the 19th century—and he has heard many pianists. Therefore I wonder the more at certain opinions expressed later concerning pianists now living. He tells us that Liszt was not unerring as a conductor.

As far back as 1853 Liszt was interested in Cesar Franck, and in that year Brahms visited Weimar. It was o

...being finished or even must-
...tone was dry and devoid of
...his interpretation inade-
...acking style and contour." He
...even pay attention to the
...of expression indicated by the
...r. Liszt was not enthusiastic
...n.
...was at times morbidly contrite
...id pray in church for hours at
...Nevertheless, he kept on com-
...is pleasant talk about Joachim,
...ll, Reményi, Soutage, Raff and
...Mr. Mason remembers well the
...ing of Berlioz at Weimar and
...Rubinstein's earlier touch
...the mellow and tender beauty
...which distinguished it in later

...ason returned to this country
...and married Miss Webb in 1857.
...e a concert tour, which he be-
...to have been the first exclu-
...piano recital tour ever under-
...a this country." He was struck
...fact that there were so many
...adies at a reception in Chicago,
...asked if there were no married
...in the city. "Why, Mr. Ma-
...re are only two or three un-
...ladies in the room." In those
...r. Mason used to close his con-
...an improvisation on themes
...ed by the audience. One on
...undred" and "Yankee Doodle"
...sed by some who thought in-
...disrespect had been shown
...nd melody.
...ason began to teach in 1855,
...that year he assisted in found-
...chamber club, with Theodore
... (first violin), Mosenthal, Matz-
...rgmann. Bergmann soon with-
...nd Bergner took his place as
...The club was known as the
...and Thomas Quartet, and it did
...in developing the musical taste
...nowledge of New York. Schu-
...music in those days was kept
...in a bundle in the basement of
...ing music shop.
...erg-Pedali signs and pedal-Ru-
...Von Bulow-Rates of tempo-
...re discussed and so are pitch
...bated in a desultory manner.
...is an account of Mr. Mason's
...Appledore and the introduction
...MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica."
...al chapter is devoted, after a
...ges, to Dohnanyi, Godowsky,
...witsch, and to young American
...and composers, who are patted
...on the head.
...book, illustrated with portraits
...-smiles, is, on the whole, a dis-
...ment. There is not a keen sense
...es or a sense of proportion. Mr.
...might have contributed an im-
...chapter to the history of music
...country. As it is, he is kindly
...urulous, which, after all, are
...asant qualities of an esteemed
...teacher.

...Cecilia will perform Bach's B
...mass at Symphony Hall Dec. 3.
...Katherine Hilke and Mr. Ellison
...pose have already been engaged
...ists.
...considerable selection" from this
...was sung by the Handel and
...Feb. 27, 1887, with Lilli Lehmann,
...lary H. How, Mr. G. J. Parker,
...cob Benzling.
...first performance of the whole
...in this country was at Bethle-
...Penn., March 27, 1900. The per-
...was repeated Nov. 24 of that
...The New York Oratorio Society
...ced it April 5, 1900.
...rogram of the Cecilia Conce-
...will include a motet for chorus,
...gan by Arthur Foote; César
...s 150th Psalm for chorus and
...a scena from Prof. Paine's
...; a chorus from H. W. Parker's
...ristopher."
...the concert April 8, Massenet's
...romised Land" will be produced.
...linrich Meyn has been engaged
...the performance.

...have claimed that a man
...never laugh at his own jests.
...rs Lamb characterized this claim
...popular fallacy: "The severest ex-
...surely ever invented upon the
...cial of poor human nature!"
...Lamb spoke of a man sitting
...unt" at his own table and com-
...ng the venison because he had
...ouched it himself.
...here is a time to laugh in the
...of the telling. "Cursed be he that
...as to the point of strangulation
...he begins; he that insists, "Are
...re you never heard it? Dear,
...t's the funniest thing I ever
...rd Frank Bolt told it to me last
...t Terry Donegal's and I thought
...f off the chair." And then the
...d familiar story of the district
...on the corner of Elm Street
...d Lane, is dragged to the sur-
...ed forced to leave the company
...green bricks, junk and a dead cat
...bottom of the pond. Then there
...interrupting cackle that serves
...utation to some of the gentry.
...concerts the polite listener and
...away the worth of the story.
...ne laugh may be tolerated after
...posure of the point, but the
...hould always follow the laugh
...hearer; it should be less pro-
...; and it should in a measure be
...ic, as though the narrator said:
...a slight thing, but there is a
...about it—or am I wrong? I
...I was not mistaken, I knew
...ould appreciate it. Pardon me
...ng detained you."
...here are few such story tellers,
...of commonly known rages about
...whom he may button-hole. He

...throttles you, he throws you down, he
...sits on your chest, he shouts the story
...in your ear. And yet this terrible being
...is called by some of his intimates "a
...genial, whole-souled fellow."

...We proposed to discuss another mat-
...ter, but indignation bent our iron will,
...which, during the summer, was kept at
...a safe deposit vault. What we proposed
...to discuss was this: Should an author,
...a writer, a literary man, carry about
...with him specimens of his wares and
...seek a public hearing, or be persuaded
...by a confederate to give a reading?

...This is a question that cannot be
...settled in even three or four columns.
...The subject admits of so many digres-
...sions—there are so many types of this
...species of exhibitionist.

...We believe that it would be an ex-
...cellent thing if newspaper men were
...obliged to read some of their copy each
...day in a public place—say Dock Square
...or near the entrance of the Subway,
...not far from the telescope—that the
...crowd might determine whether it
...should be printed the next day. Thus a
...paraphraser should stand on a box or
...barrel and recite in a loud voice a bunch
...of his merry cracks. He might, for in-
...stance, say that Ruhlín rhymes with
...droolin', or work in something about
...the Ruhlín passion not being strong in
...life, or any old thing. Then the groans
...of the crowd would save the readers of
...the next day weary work and mental
...irritation.

...Poets and reformers always come
...bearing their sheaves with them. The
...copy is soiled with thumb-marks and
...grime, but the author's voice is never
...weary. He does not know bronchial
...or catarrhal troubles. He can always
...read to you, nor does the machinery
...in the printing-house disturb him. He
...could recite a sonnet to Symphony Hall
...in a boiler factory; he could deliver an
...address against water gas even if he
...were standing under the Elevated Road
...at the corner of Atlantic Avenue and
...Congress Street at 5 P. M. He, too,
...should mount his barrel, or he should be
...pitted against one of his kind on the
...Common, and as in the games estab-
...lished by Caligula at Lyons: "Look
...who did worst, they were commanded
...to wipe out their own writings, either
...with a sponge or else with their
...tongues, unless they would choose
...rather to be chastised with ferulars or
...else to be ducked over head and ears
...in the next river."

...Some rely on a confederate. They
...go to a club or a dinner, and sit
...demure, a little shy. You would never
...think they wrote verses. The even-
...ing is passing pleasantly, when the
...confederate begins his work. "Yes,
...the art of versifying is going, I fear.
...Dobson—is he dead or alive? You
...hear nothing of him. Swinburne is
...now distinctly suburban. Arlo Bates
...is buried in work of an educational
...nature. There is no hope in New York
...or Chicago. There is no really first-
...class syndicate poet. But, gentlemen,
...we have with us a poet who should
...allow his verses to be published. To
...find his equal"—here the poet has al-
...ready a hand in an inside pocket—
..."for light and graceful verse we must
...go back to Præd or Peacock. And he
...can strike deep tones as well from
...his lyre. Sawtell, old boy, just read us
...those verses you wrote on your aunt's
...visit to the Buffalo Exhibition."

...Then there is the man who hopes he
...does not disturb you, he knows you
...are a busy man, but he has an article
...that he should like to read to you for
...your honest opinion—"I want you to
...say what you really think of it"—but
...the subject is now depressing. Thumb-
...screws, the boot, the rack, the strapado,
...applied in rapid succession are not too
...severe a punishment for such offenders.

...Fact at times is stranger than farce,
...and we are about to make demands
...on our readers' credulity which may
...seem extravagant. There was a rail-
...way interpreter who grew tired of life,
...and jumped in front of an approaching
...engine. The train stopped, possibly
...feeling itself too weak for the en-
...counter. The saddened man picked
...himself up wearily, lay down in front
...of another train, and had his foot cut
...off. They took him to the hospital, am-
...putated the limb, and he recovered
...from the operation. But a feeling of
...disappointment with our railway ser-
...vice had taken root within him, and
...low spirits developed dysentery. So he
...died, like the old lady in "David Cop-

...perfield," triumphantly in bed, and a
...mirthless coroner's jury has claimed
...him for its own. It was given in evi-
...dence that his death was a perfectly
...natural one, and the coroner went to
...the length of uttering the word "ex-
...traordinary." But we have since ascer-
...tained which railway was concerned,
...and we think his remark unwarranted.
...There is only one line in England which
...stops its trains with such ease and
...finish, and our readers will guess it at
...once.—Pail Mail Gazette.

...A correspondent writes: "I read in
...the November number of Notes and
...Querles (Manchester, N. H.) the well-
...known poem of Browning, which be-
...gins 'Just for a handful of silver he left
...us.' The poem was quoted from the
...San Francisco Argonaut, and possibly
...this headline was quoted also: 'A poem
...on Lord Tennyson, emasculated from
...the author's works.' What does this
...mean?"

...The poem is in the collections known
...to us. It was not directed against Ten-
...nyson; but some have said in print
...that it was an attack on Wordsworth.
...We have read that Browning himself
...denied earnestly any special intent or
...personal application.

KNEISEL CONCERT.

Grieg, With His Quartet, and Vin-
cent d'Indy, With a Piano Quar-
tet, Followed by Haydn—A Most
Excellent Performance of Widely
Differing Works.

The second concert of the Kneisel
Quartet was given in Chickering Hall
last evening. There was a large and
enthusiastic audience. The program
was as follows:

Quartet in G minor.....Grieg
(Three movements.)
Quartet for piano, violin, viola and 'cello
Quartet in D major, op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn

The quartet by Grieg demands per-
fection in performance, otherwise it
raps the nerves and confounds the
judgment. When it is played as it was
last night it is a thing of great and un-
earthly beauty. The first movement
and the finale are passionate, but the
passion is white, and thus the more
intense. It is music of the far north,
of strange tense emotions that break forth
in spite of every endeavor to repress
them. The beauty is at times cruel,

heartless. The dissonances stab and re-
peat the thrusts when they see the in-
jury they have done. Yet there is an
ecstasy in the pain. But in the Ro-
manze—the hearer is suddenly in Italy
and then in Spain, and lo, he is again
in Italy. There are roses instead of
snow and the snapping stars; there is
languorous, sensuous, hot-breathed mel-
ody instead of the shrill, poignant ap-
peal of the other movements. It is a
striking contrast, perhaps it was inten-
tional, as though the composer feared
the hearer could not stand such tension;
it is more probable that he wrote the
music as it came to him.

D'Indy's piano quartet (pianist,
Ysaye, Marteau, Gérardy. It is one
of the early works of the Frenchman;
it is now about 23 years old; and it is
a work of which any composer of
mature years might be proud. D'Indy
is as fastidious as he is serious. It
would be easy to find in some of his
works passages that are austere to the
verge of dryness, but it would be
difficult to find a vulgar measure. He
would prefer to be obscure—although
clearness in expression is a marked
characteristic of French art—rather
than to be guilty of a commonplace.
Perhaps he is at times too anxious in
dodging a familiar progression, too
nervous lest his melody may be pop-
ular. Sometimes his music reminds you
of his handwriting—which is elegant
and precise. He is extremely careful
to dot his "i's" and cross his "t's."
Seldom is he so carried away by emo-
tion that he would forget to do this.
He is not a born melodist; his themes
are inclined to be short, sombre, at
times almost bitter; but everywhere is
seen the results of application, knowl-
edge, and high resolve.

The piano quartet is an excellent
work to study for him that would know
d'Indy's methods of working and mu-
sical characteristics. The opening al-
legro is not a movement that at once
attracts by sumptuous melody or di-
rect appeal; but how the earnestness
of the man makes his way, compels at-
tention, reconciles you to a certain ag-
gressiveness of dark speech—for there
is darkness that is aggressive. And
yet the workmanship is clear to the
musician, who admires the more on ac-
count of what to his ears is rather
meagre thematic material. The second
movement is a masterpiece of pure
beauty and deep emotion. It is noble
music, which stirs the depths but does
not depress by any impotent wail or
despairing shriek. It is contemplative
music, worthy the pupil of César
Frank. The finale is admirable in
every way, in themes, in development,
in irresistible spirit.

These works were exceedingly well
played, and to speak in detail would
be merely to arrange sentences stuffed
with eulogistic adjectives. The per-
formance was the more gratifying, as
Mr. Kneisel was far from well. Mrs.
Helen Hopekirk, the pianist, gave val-
uable assistance in the quartet by
d'Indy. She played with ready technic,
with musical appreciation, and in a
spirit of sympathy.

The third concert will be Dec. 2.
Philip Hale.

We have received several letters.
Here is one of them:
Greenbush P. O.,
Scituate, Mass., Nov. 15, 1901.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
I am much interested in matters re-
lating to Capt. Kidd, as my father
originated the "Pirates Own Book," he
being the compiler some 80 years ago.
In it is a copy of a commission issued
by William the Third, commencing

thus, "To our trusty and well-beloved
Capt. Robert Kidd," which settles the
matter as to name. In relation to Wil-
liam Moore in "Kidd's Lament": Com-
ing up with a Dutch ship his men
thought of nothing but attacking her,
but Kidd opposed it, upon which a
mutiny arose, the majority being for
taking said ship, and, arming them-
selves, to man the boat to go and
seize her, he told them such as did
never should come on board him
again, which put an end to the de-
sign, so that he kept company with
said ship some time without offering
her any violence. Moore, the gunner,
being one day upon deck and talking
with Kidd about the said Dutch ship,
some words arose between them and
Moore told Kidd that he had ruined
them all; upon which Kidd, calling him
a dog, took up a bucket and struck
him with it, which breaking his skull,
he died next day.

SCITUATE.

But why do so many speak of this
hearty old hero as William? Richard
Hildreth describes him as a New York
shipmaster who ran away with a ship
in which King William was interested
as a shareholder, turned pirate instead
of cruising for re-captures, and "com-
mitted great depredations in the East-
ern seas." And who was this Bello-
mont with commissions for Massachu-
setts and New York? When he was in
Boston he made much of the ministers
and popular leaders. "He went, in-
deed, to the Episcopal Church on Sun-
days, but was a constant attendant,
also, at the Boston weekly lecture,
at which he professed to receive great
edification"; and it was he that first
introduced the custom of formal
speeches at the opening of the General
Court. What could poor Kidd do
against such a monster steeped in
crime? Why did Kidd appear here
openly after he had burned his vessel?
Hildreth calls him Captain Kidd.
There is no reference to William, Rob-
ert, Henry or Marcellus. And per-
haps the Captain himself would prefer
this? Captain Kidd—there is only one
Kidd in history. So it is with Homer.
You will find in the Boston Directory
various Homers, all excellent citizens,
and with Christian names. But no one
knows the first name of the grand old
poet. How any dispute as to whether
his first name were Augustus or George
would shrink his dignity and foul the
sanctity of his venerable beard! You
cannot conceive of an Iliad written by
George or Eugene Homer.

We hope the day will come when the
memory of Captain Kidd will be vin-
dicated. Sappho, we now know, did
much for education as well as art at
Mytelene, and was the President of a
Woman's Club. Lucrezia Borgia was a
teetotaler and never pressed a guest
to drink the fine old crusted wine of
the family vaults. Richard III. was a
singularly well-formed man of win-
ning ways and a kind heart. Louis XI.
thought only for the good of France.
Napoleon Bonaparte regretted at Saint
Helena that he had not established
more Sunday Schools in darkest Ger-
many. And who was Captain Kidd?
He was a brave and independent skip-
per that died the victim of a trust.
He could not bear the idea of honest
men and women at the mercy of im-
porters, and he made a vigorous pro-
test. Perhaps he was mistaken in his
methods, but this is for the painstaking
biographer to determine.

And here is another letter:
Boston, Nov. 16, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
I was surprised when I read in a
Boston newspaper a day or two ago
that the Rogers Brothers, those subtle
comedians, were the first play-actors
who have been honored by the admis-
sion of their names into the title of
the piece in which they appear. Did
the writer never hear of "Seeing War-
ren," a farce that was once popular at
the Museum? This farce was adapted
from the English piece, "Seeing
Wright."

Here is a list of plays in which the
actor himself appeared in pieces that
bore his name: "Buckstone's Adven-
ture," "Buckstone's Ascent of Mt.
Parnassus," "Buckstone at Home,"
"Buckstone's Voyage," and both Keeley
and Buckstone appeared in "Keeley
Worried by Buckstone."

Then there are many monologues:
"Rayner's Up to Town and Back
Again," "Foote's Diversions of the
Morning," "Foote's Tea," "Foote's Auc-
tion of Pictures," "Mathews's Youth-
ful Days," "Mathews's Earth, Air and
Water," "Mathews's Trip to America,"
"Mathews's Memorandum Book,"
"Mathews's Invitation at Home."

Mr. Austin, poet laureate, welcomed
the royal travelers in unusually singular
verse.
Twice a hundred dawns, a hundred noons,
A hundred eves.

What will the press agents do when Miss Wilkins really is married?

more intrusive than the old."

Mr 20

The Remarkable Polish Pianist
Proves That He Is a Man of Re-
citals as Well as Concertos With
Orchestra.

Sing praises of the meadows daisy-kiss'd,
The candid road, mute lakes, and hed-
rows green;
As much I prize the loveliness unseen

A glamour none has fitly sung.

ation should remember the speech
the great Duke of Brissac, who o-
said to himself as he adjusted
blade to the proper angle, "Timoleon

There are many undergraduates who can construe a page of Latin in a pleasing manner and are wise concerning the subjunctive and oblique discourse; but how many can tell whether the house-doors of the Romans opened inwardly; whether napkins were used at Roman feasts; where Romans bought their boots; how the bride met the bridegroom the wedding night; what was the material of the fashionable toothpick—and hundreds of like important questions? Education is still for the most part sadly superficial.

What is this astounding report that comes from Paris? "Miss Langtry, la belle Lillie de Jersey," has fought a duel with her companion "Miss Louple Locther." The duel was with swords, and both women were slightly wounded in the leg. So the result will be no more serious to "la belle Lillie" than plain, ordinary vaccination.

Mr. Havelock Ellis has made interesting studies on "The Abillities of the Fair and the Dark." He is led to believe from his investigations that the fairest of all Englishmen are political reformers and agitators; sailors are only less fair. "Men of science, soldiers, artists and poets, the royal family, lawyers are near the medium range on the fair side. Created peers and their sons are nearest the dividing line, and the classes darken successively through statesmen, men and women of letters, hereditary aristocracy, and divines, to the darkest of all, explorers and actors and actresses."

Miss Pauline Woltmann's Song Recital in Chickering Hall — Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeiser Gives Her First Piano Recital This Season in Chickering Hall.

There was a time when she might have been described as a thunder-storm petticoats; but she no longer sin-

In all songs that take a cheerful

ply | ment of the reasons which
| him to take this step, which,

Philip Hale.

Philip Hale.

NOVEMBER.

Sing praises of the meadows daisy-kiss'd,
The candid road, mute lakes, and hedge
rows green;
To reach that price the loveliness unseen

He that frets at this daily self-humiliation should remember the speech of the great Duke of Brissac, who often said to himself as he adjusted the blade to the proper angle, "T'moleon de Gogué, God hath made thee a gentle-

and the appearance of a con-
sistency move. The whole life was
enough to efface what I cannot
say, but decline to consider
more than a spot. And there is
no connection with true rene-
sance Southey, not to be condemned
for his opinions on what
might consider sufficient grounds,
maintaining that whoever re-
sists such opinions must needs be
knaves, while protesting, as
did, that he had been the
son of purity from first to last.
These things should not be for-
gotten simply because the fight is
beaten are buried, and their
bodies have become conquerors at
all, you will understand and
any view of the case, should it
agree with your own." C.
savagely vituperative, how
personal they were in the days
of Southey and Southey. The tone
by Hazlitt in his biting review
Southey's letter to William
"sq." is one that would hardly
be in an Evening Post editorial
against Mr. Croker. Here is a
example: "As some persons
their bodies to the surgeons
sected after their death, Mr.
publicly exposes his mind to
muzzled while he is living. He
in his character to the scalping
sides the philosophic hand in
ful researches, and on the bald
our petit tondou, in vain con-
sider withered bay-leaves and
temptible gray hairs, you see
n of vanity triumphant—sleek,
round, perfect, polished,
and shining, as it were in a
ency." "Base and malignant
nt." "base and malignant rene-
sance the cleanest of the small
of argument. And here is a
reflection on Coleridge: "That
continued asinine bravura" which
Mr. Coleridge's ears, but which
was not unaccompanied, for
self was present; and those who
his gentleman, know that on
occasions he performs the part
of chorus." Literary men have
nilder in controversy. Robert
n never recovered from the
his violent attack on Rossetti.
ster is a privileged person" he
what he pleases, for as a
rsalist he is not taken seri-
there is too much amiability in
today; indeed, criticism is
ng out; there is in place of
daubing or the puffery of the
s press agent. A Hazlitt
e impossible today. See how
Collins was rebuked some
ago for his honesty, acumen
lessness.

oke of Professor Hyslop, yes-
The Pall Mall Gazette re-
has been reading the "Pro-
of the Society for Psychical
." "The present volume is
composed of Mrs. Piper's maun-
at these sittings and Dr.
extremely wordy comments
um. At the first sitting, as he
her before, he disguised him-
black mask—the sight moved
medium to laughter—and she
hat seems to have been ex-
bad shots at his identity, but
herself so much better informed
the occasions that he abandoned
y thin disguise. Dr. Hyslop
the theory that the writing is
dictated by 'spirits,' and there-
is unnecessary to discuss it at
length. The sittings began with
ation. 'Good morning, friend of
ve see old friend and we wel-
here,' but afterward dropped
ss high-falutin' style as in 'I
J. D. (understand) your ques-
ones,' and 'Did he say "Hello,
how are you?"' We have not
one sentence in all the 'com-
ons' here reported which rises
level of the usual mediumis-
versation, while Dr. Hyslop's
as to what is and what is not
is startling even in a Profes-
ologic."

JOSEPH SLIVINSKI.

onidable Program Presented
Polish Pianist in Chicker-
Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

Slivinski gave his second recital
Chicker Hall yesterday afternoon.
Program was as follows:

op. 17.....Schumann
p. 37.....Tschalkowsky
u. op. 36.....Chopin
p. 28, No. 24.....Chopin
u. op. 38.....Chopin
u. op. 30, No. 4.....Schubert
u. op. 90.....Rubinstein
am Splinrade.....Schubert-Liszt
Venezia e Napoli.....Liszt

rogram was a formidable one.
atas and Schumann's fantastic
liff dose, especially when one
sonatas is by Tschalkowsky.
Rubinstein, who first played
scow 21 or 22 years ago, spent
time and took creditable pains
eration before he was ready
himself with it in public. The
is not new in Boston. It has
red twice at least, and the last
nce I remember was by Josef
spring of 1898. Even he failed

to make this music authoritative or
interesting. There is a lack of unity,
there is a certain hard reserve which
comes from shyness, perhaps from
a want of confidence; for although
Tschalkowsky began his career as
a composer for the piano, he
wooed the instrument in vain. His
noblest thoughts are in orchestral
or chamber speech and in song. How
often in this sonata are there the evi-
dences of convict-labor-measures filled
out merely from necessity. Then there
are pages that demand orchestral
clothing. In the scherzo there is grate-
ful relief, even though the atmosphere
be of the salon. Mr. Slivinski brought
the sonata into the clear light and ex-
posed it with its merits and its faults.
It was a brilliant performance.

It is safe to say of this excellent
pianist that whereas he was always
conscious of delicacy, refinement,
romantic feeling, he has gained in
breadth and virility. When he was first
here, seven years ago, he sank occa-
sionally in his gentleness to namby-
pambyism, and his sentiment was at
times genteel. Today he takes a larger,
broader view of things; nor has he
thereby impaired in the slightest de-
gree the finer graces of his art.

The next recital will be Tuesday
evening, when Mr. Slivinski will play
Beethoven's Sonata, op. 10, Chopin's
Sonata with the funeral march, other
pieces by Chopin, Brahms, Bach-
Tausig, Liszt, Schubert-Liszt.

Philip Hale.

NOTES.

Pupils of Mrs. Thomas Tapper,
assisted by Mr. Emil Mahr and Mr.
J. S. Leavitt, gave a pleasant concert
yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall.
The program included Brahms's Sonata
in E minor for clarinet and piano,
Revcrle and Humoresque by Alice
Baker, Theme and variations by New-
ton Swift, two movements of Saint-
Saens's Concerto in G minor, and
Grieg's Sonata in G for piano and
violin. Miss Alice Brown, Miss Alice
Baker, Messrs. Anthony and Swift took
part.

IN CYPRUS.

It was the evening of the third day
and the dim big candles were lighted
in the chamber of the Princess of
Cyprus.

The entanglement of our destinies,
she told me in a low voice, as to her-
self, yet in reply to my troubled and
persistent questioning, had been decreed
by the gods, in pre-natal epochs, whilst
yet our souls lay in the womb of time,
and I, who knew not nor worshiped
any gods, had been given unto her, the
Priestess of the Cyprian, I, the war-
worn slave of her lord, the King. "My
blond barbarian," she murmured with-
out looking at me, "come hither and
put your head upon my knees." This
I did, and I lay there, wrapped in
languid, stupid amazement, the while
she spoke monotonous words, which
had for me no meaning save in their
tones; and she stroked my hair with
hands to whose singular touch crept
the slow fire of my blood.

Then behind the locked doors that
had not opened for three days began
the nocturnal music; and through the
arranged gratings stole the clouded in-
cense of the strange drugs of Cyprus;
and the candles waned by degrees unto
their decreed extinguishment; and in
the corner where all day it slept the
serpent of the Priestess yawned, un-
coiled, and touched her bared left
breast with its forked and scarlet
tongue. And around me her strong
arms closed and to my lips hers swept
and fixed.

And knowing well that I might not
await another day, for already my
arms were weak, I slowly strangled
the Princess of Cyprus and sat in the
perfumed dark, dumb, awaiting the
coming of her lord, the King. And
thus I cut the entanglement of our
destinies.

(O thou dark hated sorceress!)

The destinies in whose web was
caught the fate of that slim, white
maiden, who weeps, I dream, above
the tall cliffs where black pines march
down through snow and ice to a blue
and stormy sea, far north, and far
from Cyprus.

THE QUIETIST.

The piano organ is ground indiffer-
ently by an Italian girl, resigned under
a discouraged and alien sky. The
neighboring shops are humble; in one
of them coal is sold by the measure;
in another a barber yawns with his
feet against the radiator; in the corner
grocery a fat woman with a shawl
over her head is disputing the price of
eggs; a barkeeper is mopping punc-
tuously a nearly deserted bar. Many
pass through the street, and as each
comes within the influence of the pi-
ano-organ he is for the moment as one
transformed—the man that limps; he
with the broken hat and shiny, slimy
coat; the elderly person afraid of
rheumatism; the thin-chested girl with
a cough, wandering eyes and boots too
well-worn; the man devouring space
and pondering how he may over-reach
competitors; the young fellow on his
way to the riding-school with monocle,
low-crowned brown hat, corduroys to
match, irreproachably spurred boots,
moustache and sprigs of whiskers; the
man walking for his health—his face

is drawn and anxious—and he now and
then throws back his shoulders as
though someone had whispered in his
ear, as though he could ever regain
the straightness and spring of youth.

The music sounds; the rhythm is ir-
resistible. The hearer at once ar-
ranges himself and strikes another
gait. One moves by majestically as
a statue on castors. One adjusts
his poor cravat, buttons his coat,
is buckish in his walk, smiles in
a masterful manner on the ladies.
Another forgets his shop; the music
is now martial, now sentimental,
and his thoughts are far from barg-
ains and the possibility of meeting
his rent. The girl's face is illumined;
she thinks of her last dance. Not one
face, not one figure that passes by un-
changed.

And some have the expression seen
in times past at skating rinks and now
on merry-go-rounds, whether at the
Neully Fair or on the Massachusetts
coast. For though some are always
noisy, even under ether, there are
many who succumb quickly to the re-
iteration of sound combined with regu-
larity of motion. Their faces then are
as if the wearers were in a trance; this
world is far from them, as are all ma-
terial things; they are disembodied;
and when the inevitable comes, when
they feel the machinery running down
or the band approaching the finale,
they are conscious only of one thought:
"Would this were for ever!"

Beyond the next short block the
piano-organ is not heard. Look at the
procession. The influence no longer
holds the men and women. They are
again themselves, or say rather as life
has made them. They limp or strut
or shamble; they are sallow or bloated
or pimpled or haggard, they are over-
worked or vicious or without hope. And
yet some object to music in the street.

S. R.: We do not know from whom
Emerson derived his "Idca" of "Brah-
ma," the poem that once was parodied
and regarded by some as "incompre-
hensible." He surely had read this
passage from the Upanishads, which is
put into the mouth of Death: "The
knower is never born nor dies, nor is
it from anywhere, nor did it become
anything. Unborn, eternal, immemori-
al, this ancient is not slain when the
body is slain. If the slayer thinks to
slay it, if the slain thinks it is slain;
neither of them understands; this slays
not nor is slain."

To "W. R. S.": You ask us to define
rag-time. We were tempted to say
that is a species of music which lately
excited hysterical admiration and is
now fast passing away; a delirious
kind of music that moved most staid
and respectable legs to dance wildly
even in public places. But our ac-
quaintance, the music-editor, whom we
consulted, said with his most superior
and insufferable air that we were all
wrong, that rag-time could be found
in the music of Bach and all the great
masters. He said it was a case of
aggravated syncope. We did not
wish to appear ignorant, so we smiled
and said "Oh, yes," and then we con-
sulted the dictionary, which told us
that syncope is "Suspension or al-
teration of rhythm by driving the ac-
cent to that part of a measure not
usually accented." In other words, the
rag-timers, like a policeman, hits the
weak beat hard. Rag-time is neither
moral nor immoral, although the words
that are sung may be unfit for ladies'
ears even when the aforesaid ladies
are given to golf. Music itself may
be good music or bad music; it can-
not be immoral.

"Le Baillon," a play produced by
Antoine in Paris, is of a singular na-
ture. Two doctors meet and wrangle.
One knows that a girl is consumptive
and that her children will be cursed,
but he does not warn the man that
marries her. The other doctor con-
demns his colleague and says his con-
duct is criminal. The husband turns
out to be a brute who worries the sick
wife with his importunities and the dia-
logue lingers lovingly on tuberculosis,
whether kissing should be allowed,
whether handshaking brings the shaker
or the shaker "into the radius of the
infected breath," etc., etc. No wonder,
that Catulle Mendès said: "It is not
the Théâtre Antoine; it is the Hôpital
Saint Antoine." We are told that the
audience panted for the smell of car-
bolic acid. This play was grounded
probably on a verdict given by a jury
about a year ago "in which it was laid
down that a doctor dare not reveal the
nature of the malady of a patient with-
out the latter's specific instruction even
though it may be a case in which a
mother had called in a doctor to attend
her child."

The French dramatist is always a
little behind the criminal. Men at
Mascara who hated their employer
tapped the wire of his telephone and

sent in a charge of 10,000 volts after
they had rung him up. Somehow or
other the plot failed.

Or what unhappy heroine in melo-
drama rivals the Baroness of Rahden,
a circus celebrity, who is now starving
in a garret at Neully. Like Italy, she
still has the fatal gift of beauty. A
Danish officer became desperately en-
amored. Her husband fought a duel
with him at Copenhagen and then killed
him at Claremont Ferrand. She did
not wait for the funeral; she accepted
an engagement at the Folles, and was
hissed off the stage. Soon afterward
her maid called her in the morning.
The mistress asked why she had dis-
turbed her in the middle of the night.
She had been stricken blind. This was
at Nice; and that night she was in the
ring, resolved to be thrown and to die.
She was only cruelly mutilated. But
where is the Baron?

Flics still linger: or are they the
first, too sanguine flics of next summer?
Let W. F. W. tell the sad tale of the
last fly: "Then, I expect, the unwele-
come, the impossible, truth dawned
upon him that for him there was to be
no rejuvenation, no more sunnier, no
more sunlight, no more feasting, no
more sunning, no more love-making.
Only this abiding chill, only this crippling
of those once light wings, only this confounded
rheumatism, and the twinges of this
unmentionable gout. He grew very old
and gray all at once. He sat on the
edge of my tea and tumbled once or
twice, as though he were inclined to
make an end and drown warm. Then
he would crawl painfully up my sleeve
and buzz dismal matters in my ear.
This morning the climb was too much
for him. Death touched him as he
tried it, and laid him on his back with
all his legs in air—grotesque, and yet
a pathetic spectacle."

Pittsburgers eat 56,000,000 imported
nuts every year in addition to an un-
known quantity of domestic nuts. The
Commercial Gazette neglects to say
what becomes of the shells.

We should like to see Mrs. J. N.
Horn of Los Angeles, late of Dawson
City. She wears about her neck a
heavy chain of virgin gold. This chain
is formed of 75 nuggets, which she
took with willing hands from some
Alaskan digging, and it encircles her
neck and falls well below her waist.
She wears bracelets of nuggets, and
—O devoted wife—at her throat is a
big pin containing a portrait of Mr.
Horn, smiling, and surrounded by a
heap of nuggets (these nuggets are
getting tiresome). On the chain is a
washboard made of solid gold; and on
the front is a ripple of silver and "a
wee bar of soap made of solid gold
lying in its proper place." Her Bos-
well assures us that she has no false
modesty: "That's the way I made my
money. I went to Dawson City in 1897
and for 18 months I made my living by
washing. I charged 50 cents for a
pair of cuffs and \$1 50 for doing up a
white shirt. Collars were rare, but
when I got one I charged 40 cents.
However, it took a brave man to wear
one in those days." Mrs. Horn is de-
scribed as a short, heavy-set woman,
with an arm like Mr. John L. Sullivan
in his active and less rhetorical days.

She is coming to New York, where she
will be welcomed by the present leaders
of society.

We acknowledge the receipt of the
Herald published at Toronto. Mr. H.
Drummond makes a fiery appeal enti-
tled: "A little courage wanted." Here is
an extract:

"Why fear to act according to reason?
Mr. Herbert Gladston dared wear a
straw hat during last session of parle-
ment. Next session others will folo his
sensible cours, and get rid of hevy
'chimney-pots' and oppressiv 'felts.' If
hats subversy man, so shud spelling. It
required some courage by Gladston with
light and helthy covering to face an
assembly of aristocrats, but the comfort
was worth efort—so wil eforts to po-
pularize telephone, telegraf, foren, land,
geografy, definit, trubl, etc., benefit
all who teach, read, rite or type. If
the world laf, laf with it, laf it out of
a bad habit of spelling into a beter by
riting; cours, luv, nolej, atmosfere,
dwel, tel, sel, littl."

Very good; but why does not Mr.
Drummond spell his name with one
"m"?

A firm of wine merchants in London
applied for payment of whisky sup-
plied to a client under age, and the
plaintiff's lawyer met the defendant's
plea of infancy with the assertion that
to a lusty young fellow of the middle
classes, earning a pound a week, whisky
was a necessary of life. Judge Lumley
Smith gave it as his opinion that a
dozen of whisky every six months was
indeed moderate for respectable per-
sons in a decent way of life; and he
ordered the money paid with costs.

NEVADA,

SOLIMMA NEVADA will visit Boston as the younger generation of concert goers knows her only by name. She was born in Nevada, but is now known as Nevada, the daughter of Edwin Wixon. She studied with Marchesi in Vienna (1877-78) and was offered an engagement at the Berlin Opera House for three years, which she declined, for she did not think she was strong enough to endure the turmoil of the German stage. Marchesi says she made her debut at "L'Espresso" in the autumn of 1880, but Nevada had sung in London, May, 1880, as Amina. This is singing in Italian towns at the Sala in "La Sonnambula" (1880). She made her debut at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, May 7, 1883, in "The Pearl of Brazil." The audience was cold at first, it found her American accent too marked; but at the end it was enthusiastic. She appeared in September as Amina, and was praised for singing and acting.

Her engagement was for three years, but as Marchesi tells the story, she preferred to cancel her engagement rather than wear as Norma in the first act of "Don Pasquale" a simple black gown, according to French tradition. The manager was vexed, returned her engagement, which she wore up. Marchesi adds by way of moral: "What a pity it is that artists for such futile reasons, lose sight of their duty." Messrs. Soules and Matherie in their "Histoire de l'Opéra-Comique" do not mention this distressing episode.

In 1884 she sang at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, which was then managed by Maurel, Lucia, and Amina. In "La Sonnambula," Edouard de Reszke was the Count. She was married to Dr. Palmer in 1885. Since then she has sung in many theatres, and in the spring of 1893 she appeared again at the Opéra-Comique as Lakmé.

She sang at the Opera-Festival in Chicago in 1886 and again in 1889. She was heard in Boston as Mirella (first performance of the opera here Jan. 1, 1886). Amina, Lucia, Elvira, and she gave concerts with a company of which Edmond Vermet was the leading tenor.

Nevada has always been a favorite child of the press agent. Thus we have been told that she made her debut at the age of three in Grass Valley, Cal., on a table when she sang the "Star Spangled Banner." At San Francisco with Mapleson, she created such a sensation that "a large floral chair built of roses, violets and carnations on a wicker frame" was handed up to the stage. On the back of the chair were the words, "Welcome Home!" Col. Mapleson himself assures us that Nevada "sat plumply down" on the chair, "whereat the house fairly howled with delight."

Here is a still more touching story told by Pagnier in his Life of Gounod: The author of "Faust" tried to convert a French baritone to Catholicism. His failure was complete, but he succeeded in causing the diva to convert. She was baptized in 1881 at the Church of the Passy in the Avenue de la Chapelle. Then there was the sad row at St. Paul in 1889 when a Spanish audience showed disapprobation because the singer was an American.

One of the latest stories is that last winter, at the Hague, she was serenaded; there were torches; there were fireworks, and she saw them. "At the conclusion of her solo the entire front of the hotel burst into light with Bengal fire and a large device appeared with the name of the singer blazing across the sun." Nevada then "raised a toast"—and this was no slight feat; for Dutch toast, whether dipped or buttered, is a formidable thing.

MENDELSSOHN By Stephen S. Stratton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is an excellent, succinct, sane biography. It is well arranged; the list of inaccuracies is a short one; the author is interesting without being pippant or too anecdotal; and there is a refreshing absence of the gush that figures so many biographies of this composer. Thus Mr. Stratton does not hesitate to say: "Mendelssohn can hardly be taken seriously as a teacher." In point of fact the instruction was given after the manner of an informal lecture. He had strong likes and dislikes and would not always take the trouble to conceal them, and in particular seems to have been prejudiced against an unfortunate girl-student whose hand was adorned with a mass of red ribbons. In short, Mendelssohn looked the thing, then a clear and self-restrained, essential to the true teacher. Mendelssohn himself knew this, for he

wrote the elder Naumann: "I am convinced from repeated experience that I am totally deficient in the talent requisite for a practical teacher, and for giving regular progressive instruction." Yet how many speak of the rare privilege of study under Mendelssohn. A boy he was conceived and nurtured in expression of opinion. "He loved only in the measure as he was loved. He was the spoiled child of his mother, unused to hardships or opposition." He looked upon anyone as an enemy who received his music coldly. Mr. Stratton does not hesitate to speak of Mendelssohn's faults, at the same time he does full justice to the admirable qualities of the man and the musician. There are illustrations, and the appendices include a bibliography, a valuable list of compositions, a list of the chief events in the composer's life, "Mendelssohn's Personal and Memorial," the text of "Elijah" and an index to a handsomely printed book that may be heartily recommended.

THE LAUREL SONG BOOK, FOR ADVANCED CLASSES IN SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, CHORAL SOCIETIES, ETC. Edited by W. L. Tomlins. Boston, C. C. Birchard & Co.

This is an unusually good book. Take, for instance, the poets represented: Longfellow, Whitman, Shakespeare, Keats, Emerson, Coleridge, Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth, Burns, etc., with others would grace any anthology. Composers of all schools are represented, from Beethoven to Kelley, from

Gluck to H. K. Hadley, from—but here are names: Handel, Wagner, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Bach, Schumann, Liszt, Raff, Chadwick, Foote, Arthur Whiting, Huss, Gieseler, Neidlinger, Gade, Franz, Hatten, Schnecker, Waller, Macfarren, Earby, Van der Stucken, Parker, Loomis, and many others. Many of the settings were composed expressly for this book, which may truly be called educational, for by text and music it cultivates the emotions and stimulates the imagination. In too many works of this kind the words are driven and the music perfunctory; but here are poems that go one need be ashamed to sing and ponder. And it may also be said that knowledge of this music will enlarge musical taste and appreciation.

Here is the scenario of Perosi's new oratorio "Moses":

"The music of the first part is strictly pastoral, treating of the arrival of Moses in the tent of the priest Jethro. The second part finds Moses before Pharaoh, threatening and carrying out the plagues, the whole ending with the Pascal supper of the Jews and the lamentations of the Egyptians over their first-born. These episodes give opportunity for many long passages which almost overstep the bounds of oratorio, becoming dramatic in their intensity and the way expressed in them. The third part opens with Moses and the Israelites delivered from the hands of the Egyptians, and Moses conferring with God, followed by the Egyptian pursuit, the passage of the Red Sea and the triumphant song of Miriam, with which the oratorio closes. The last part is full of charming contrasts. Those who have heard the music declare that this oratorio is superior to all the Maestro's others."

It may be "superior" and yet only mediocre music.

Lilli Lehmann sang in "Elijah" Nov. 19 at New York, but she sang only the duet with the Prophet in the first act and "Hear ye, Israel." Mr. Henderson wrote, "Mme. Lehmann was not at all at ease in her numbers, and her 'Hear ye, Israel' was a disappointment."—Gregory first an English actor, who appeared in New York Nov. 18, appears to be a sweet ballad singer, with a voice of widely different registers and a passion for exaggerated sentiment. Either Fee, a violinist, born at St. Joseph, Mo., attracted the attention of a Chicago dry-goods merchant prince is another name for the species—who sent her to Paris, where she studied under Marschner, Remy and Marteau. After she had studied for five years she received the crown of virtue and industry and married in London the Marquis René Baragon du Maisnil, who, they say, had something to do in a French Government office. He gave up the position to come here with his wife. Her first honor, by the way, was a scholarship at the Kansas City Conservatory. Well—Mme. Fee was to have made her first appearance at New York Nov. 18, but she did not play. Some say she had a bad cold, others said she was weary and that Mr. Paul thought that he and his orchestra had been engaged for such a concert by mistake. All of this is sad, especially for the Marquis.—Amy Castle, an Australian singer, made her first appearance in London Nov. 19. A correspondent called: "She has been hailed at the Antipodes as another Melba, which

is unfair to her. This is a definite utterance and may be interpreted in various ways. The German Times says of Mr. Paderewski, the eminent Polish pianist at Dresden, "he was loudly applauded by a large audience of Americans, a nation which seems to have entered into contract always to encourage Paderewski more than any other pianist. We need hardly call attention to the fact that this is a proceeding as uncharitable as it is unfair."—Godowsky, the pianist, is meeting with great success in Berlin; he prefers that city to Chicago, or even Boston.

Richard Strauss, by his orchestral concerts in Berlin, is bucking against Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Weingartner. I quote again from the German Times:

"He dared Nikisch and his Philharmonic Orchestra, a private enterprise backed by capital and experience; he dared Weingartner and his Royal Opera Orchestra, an organization subsidized by the Emperor himself, and finally he dared the very public whose patronage he sought to win. Those of us who were there are persons that do not believe the sun rises and sets in Nikisch and Weingartner as orchestral conductors. In his compositions Strauss had broken a new way through music. We had followed him. Now we were prepared to help him revolutionize Berlin's orchestral concerts, concerts mostly with pedantry, and stale with dry rot. Strauss had published his purpose. A reactionary always, a man of flesh and blood, a modern of the moderns, in plain terms a fighter if you will, it is his avowed intention to free the public from the fetters of convention and habit. Other leaders might serve up their perennial Beethoven, and Mozart, and Haydn, and Schubert, and Mendelssohn if they liked, but he, Richard Strauss, would have none of them. Thank you. We have all been ridden with classicism much too long. We have been told we want nothing else, that conductors are simply satisfying their own demands. For his concerts Strauss has chosen works that we rarely or never get, and best of all, these works are by great composers to whom our neglectful generation is not according proper recognition."

His program included Liszt's symphonic poem "Se qu'on entend sur la montagne," Bruckner's D minor symphony, Spangoli's second piano concerto (Ernst Saur, pianist).

YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

A New Russian Composition and Mr. Otto Roth, Violinist, at the Fifth Symphony Concert—Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler's Second Piano Recital.

The program of the fifth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture "In the Spring".....Goldmark
Concerto romantique.....Godard
Mr. Roth.
Symphony No. 1 in C.....Taneff

The overture of Goldmark which was first performed in December is seldom played in the Spring. Is it by way of contrast or by a spirit of irony that conductors are thus moved in selection? While the overture is not a strongly characteristic work of Goldmark, while it is without his peculiar, oriental sensuousness, it is nevertheless pleasant music which is scored in masterly fashion. There is a little Mendelssohn at the very beginning—they say that the earliest compositions of Goldmark were them—and later in the overture there are Wagnerian harmonies; but the music is fresh, spontaneous and agreeable.

Mr. Roth has not played at these concerts for some time. It would be better for him if he were to be more before the public, for he showed last night a constraint that at times was almost timidity, and was only the lack of self-confidence that is the result of long absence from the stage. He is well grounded in the techniques of his art, and his lack of confidence is without real foundation. The concerto he chose is now chiefly known by the canzonetta, which is a pretty piece of salon piquancy and elegance. The rest of the concerto is already old-fashioned, and much of it is weak and pointless. Mr. Roth played carefully and at times almost anxiously. To make such music pass that must be abandon both in sentiment and bravura.

The symphony by Taneff was played for the first time in America. There are two composers of this name. One was, or is, a teacher of composition at Moscow, and a pianist; the other is a wealthy amateur, who has written a suite or two. The former is the composer of the symphony, and he is now 45 years old. He can hardly be classed among the members of the young Russian school. His individuality is not pronounced. He is most respectful toward form, but his thematic invention is not distinguished. The first movement is well-made music, but it stamps no distinct impression, except possibly by some passages of orchestration. The second movement, except for the final measures, is rather commonplace. Thus far the composer shows little or no imagination, and the anticipations aroused by the remembrance of his overture to "L'Orestis," which was played here last season, are not realized. Fortunately the scherzo is original and ingenious, interesting throughout, admirably constructed. The first thing of what is known as Russianism or Cossackism is in the finale, and the thing is slight, very slight. The finale itself, which begins in march movement, is respectable music until the entrance toward the end of a sonorous and sentimental commonplace, such as might occur in a

posthumous symphony by Franz Schubert. Such music is hopeless and a sad reflection on the composer. The symphony as a whole was a disappointment. Respectability cannot save a work; neither can the exhibition of acquaintance with form. Originality, depth, beauty, passion, and, above all, imagination—there must be at least one of these qualities. Nor does one scherzo make a symphony.

Philip Hale.

MRS. ZEISLER'S RECITAL.

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler gave her second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. Her program was as follows:

Papillons, Opus 2.....Schumann
Variations Sérieuses, Op. 54.....Mendelssohn
Wedding March and Dance of the Elves.....Mendelssohn
Rhapsodie, Opus 79, No. 2.....Chopin
Ballade, Opus 23.....Chopin
Berceuse, Opus 37.....Chopin
Scherzo, Opus 20.....Chopin
Hexentanz, Opus 17.....Mendelssohn
Etude (Prélude), Opus 62, No. 3.....Saint-Saëns
On the Mountains.....Grieg
Norwegian Brautung im Voreb.....Grieg
Caprice Espagnol, Opus 37.....Moszkowski
Mrs. Zeisler was unfortunate in choosing for her concert an afternoon when the Boston world was on its way to Cambridge intent on football and pneumonia, but the small audience made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. And the enthusiasm was righteous, for Mrs. Zeisler was at her best. She played with great beauty of tone, fineness of phrasing and poetic fire, and her interpretation of the "Papillons" was a delight. She was least happy in the beautifully melodious Ballade of Chopin, and it is questionable whether any arrangement for piano of Mendelssohn's "Mid-Summer-night's Dream" music is desirable, when it sounds both thin and noisy in places, but it is ungracious to find flaws in a program which was nobly played as a whole and which gave such genuine pleasure.

Mr. Abraham Ephraim Elmer, who died at Utica when he was nearly 120 years old, used tobacco from the time he was of 10 years, and up to a few days before his death he chewed a paper of tobacco a day. If he had used plug—but not too much sweetened—his life, no doubt, would have been longer spared. For whether the paper be alluringly named Solace, Mayflower, Honey-due, the contents scatter, become quickly dry, and do not afford the firm consolation of the pressed leaf. Plug tobacco induces calmness of thought and life, philosophic meditation; nor does it lead to abuse of the great gift or nauseous and frequent expectoration; nor does it speck and fringe a venerable beard. The young should be taught such important discrimination at the beginning of life—at home if not in the public schools.

We spoke the other day about superficial instruction in Latin; how our sons and daughters are taught certain uses of Quod, Quia, Quoniam and Quando—used with the subjunctive to assign a reason doubtfully, or on another's authority—still we may be wrong, we may be wrong—and yet they do not know whether the Romans employed napkins at the table, whether they preferred leather for boot lacings, how often the sewers were inspected, etc., etc.

"R." writes: "It has been stated, on what authority I know not, that the Romans at their more elaborate feasts employed small boys to stand beside their chairs that they might clean

their fingers on young and curly hair. This custom depreciated till in cheap London boarding houses woolly dogs were taught to walk around the table so that the guests might wipe their knives and forks on the backs of the beasts."

We have read in some "historical" novel, some novel in which the young bloods are always swearing "By Bacchus" and "By Hercules" and betting on gladiators—the football men of the period—that curly heads of slaves were thus used. We do know that the Romans were extremely fond of pork and their cooks knew how to give the detestable meat 50 different tastes—"quinguinta sapores"; and ham was eaten only by porters and sailors. Now as a matter of fact napkins were used in the days of Julius Caesar, although some have claimed that table linen began with the mad and luxurious Emperors. Catullus reproaches Marrucius Asinius for using his left hand in no fair fashion 'midst the jests and wine to flick away the napkins of the heedless. The host furnished the table cloth and the guest brought his napkin, and only long after the reign of Augustus did the masters of houses provide napkins because they saw that the slaves of their guests stole all sorts of things and wrapped them in the napkins, which they bore home. It is also true, as "R." says, that the hair of young slaves was used sometimes.

We cannot say as to the manners in London boarding houses; there is no reference to the woolly dog in Mr. Gissing's novels which smell of tried fish and squalid life, and the smellier they are of course the stronger the

and the situations. Did the forks? Were the larger table furniture on the table guests were ready to recline? served? Was the principle familiar to the Romans? en, pray, was the napkin in? Were there any in England before Cosmo III., Grand Duke of dined with English swells in missed the forks and finger-Italy: "Perhaps, at the con- dinner, they dip the end of into the beaker, which is set ch of the guests, filled with and with this they clean their al wash their hands." About time advice was given in "The ourtier": "It is not handsome out your napkin to another, tence that it is fairer than hat suggests to him what per- did not before take notice of, own is foul, and therefore may offend him."

in at all is preferable to one ad or spotted. Montaigne tells he could dine without a table, hardly without a clean nap- the Germans commonly do." e the napkin did not appear middle of the 15th century; it n under the chin; and a proverb fin this operation—"to knot the n of his napkin"—to mark the a man found in going to the e year with a modest income. h served—gentlemen or valets—the napkin on the shoulder, and of the left arm; and people of ety at one time discarded the tgether. The fashion shifted, he were 100 ways of folding a n, which made it look like fruits, fi, etc. The linen was warmed eumed.

of objection to wiping greasy e trousers is that the cloth is ined. There was a time when e leather seats; napkins then e so necessary. There was also e as Scott sings, when "they d the meal with gloves of uery: How did they manage

remember happy New England yhouseholds in which napkins e regarded as a vain luxury, and it e unusual for a member of the e help himself to butter with e spoon. There were no butter e but as the dinner plates e ways cold the matter of e and temporary residence was e. Now in best-room, living- e chambers, kitchen, neatness e indfully cultivated virtue. Go e your own kitchen after a din- e, if you are a brave man, and e. Could you have eaten ead your guests to eat such e? The moment you put your e to the meat, or a guest used e spoon, the horrible work of e and corruption began.

few England housekeepers of e prematurely from aggravated e. Some had little sticks that e might go poking about into im- e pte cracks. They were like the e fmann, "that little white fiend" e old by Horace Walpole. Her e was sick unto death of con- e; "her madness about what e cleanliness, to a degree of e; she would once or twice e have the very closet washed in e her brother sleeps after din- e our Walpole to Sir Horace. e they entertaining the minister, e would suddenly stoop for a pin e anxiously at a hitherto unde- e speck on the ceiling. And e us frittered and wore away e.

Nov 26, 1901

oke yesterday of a man who e the age of 120—that is, he was e a few weeks or months shy—and e wished himself for 110 years on e tobacco," as it is called in some e pleasantest villages. After cur e had been entrusted to a stocky e boy who was incorruptible e to the teeth, we happened e up a catalogue of second-hand e, and therein we read of Mr. e, the author of "Hermippus e's, or the Sage's Triumph Over e and the Grave." The English e of this book, "half calf, scarce, e published in 1749.

enious author sought anxiously e with tears for the elixir of life, e here and prying there he e against an old monument e inscription which told the pass- e Lucius Claudius Hermippus, e dy was entombed below, had e the age of 115 "anhelitu puero- e imbibing the breath of young e hausen's treatise was designed e that this inscription should e by all who wished long life. e Unfortunately was knocked e out by a cart at Münster, e was a mere child, only 85

The note in the catalogue is not pre- eely correct, and if it were drawn from the English translation, the translation itself must be misleading. We have a reprint of the old German translation (1753) from the original Latin. It was not the breathing in of the breath of a young boy that lengthened life; the breath was that of a young maiden.

The book is of exceeding singularity. The author reasons gravely from such premises as this laid down by Pliny: "There is a nation called the Astomes, for that they have no mouths; all hairy over the whole body, yet clothed with soft cotton and down that comes from the leaves of trees; they live only by the air and smelling to sweet odors, which they draw in at their nostrils; no meat nor drink they take, only pleasant savor from divers and sundry roots, flowers and wild fruits growing in the woods they entertain; and those they use to carry about with them when they take any far journey, because they would not miss their smelling. And yet if the scent be anything strong and stinking they are soon therewith overcome and die withal." Of course an Astome could not live a moment in any modern city—no, not in Boston.

Cohaussen's chapters treat of the ability of the human breath to bring swooners to consciousness; of the special power of a young maiden's breath; of the nature and characteristics of the maiden who served as health-food to Hermippus, with a digression concerning that cold old man King David and the prescription ordered by his physicians; whether the Sultan should not, ex-officio, live to an amazing age, and whether the plant serapis, which grows only near Mecca and in the Sultan's gardens, and is quaffed by the women of the harem, would be of benefit to the occidentals; whether a man may live the life of Hermippus and yet be counted respectable by his neighbors; and of many other strange and fascinating subjects.

(The late Dion Boucicault must have studied this treatise, for as he waxed old he delighted more and more in association with young women, especially if they were fair to look upon and sumptuously upholstered.)

"Healing by the breath is a popular idea throughout the East; and not unknown to Western Magnetists and Mesmerists," says Burton. Much depends on the breath; the praise of the Eastern woman was that her's was sweeter than musk; as sweet, perhaps, as that of the girls of Salem, who thus drew to them and piloted their sailor lads storm-tossed or fog-locked miles away. It is a significant comment on our civilization that the very discussion of breath is distasteful to some; but this is a catarrhal age.

"Turkeys are being rushed eastward." Let them be rushed or let them crawl. The turkey is an absurdly overrated bird, whether it be served in slavish obedience to tradition on the Thanksgiving table, or after months in a storage sepulchre grace the bill-of-fare of a summer hotel to relieve the tedium of a Sunday in the country.

The New York Evening Post makes an admirable reply to the St. James Gazette, which spoke lately of the coarsening effect of American audiences upon English playactors. The final paragraph of the reply is as follows: "Where do the preposterously stupid, vulgar melodramas come from? Who is it that supplies us with coarse and foul social plays? Where is the source of the idiotic modern burlesque? What stage produced Olga Nethersole and Wilson Barrett? Coarsening influences, forsooth! Verily, they who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones."

A correspondent writes: "I went last week into one of the leading book-shops of this city and asked to look over memoirs of the 18th century. The clerk—he was exceedingly polite—searched for some time, and returned triumphantly. 'Here's just what you want!' He handed me a copy of Nansen's story of his Arctic explorations."

A well-known keeper of an eating-house in London supplied a guest with a section of beefsteak pie. The guest attacked it bravely and broke some of his teeth on a large button which had been put in as seasoning. He sued the keeper for the cost of a new plate and for an extra 25 as compensation for "moral and intellectual" damage. The keeper's lawyers contended that buttons had for years been found in beefsteak pies, and that if the plaintiff's teeth were uncertain he should confine himself to spoon food. The Judge listened seriously and gave the plaintiff one-half his claim.

Nov 27, 1901

You and I on the shore.
The waters whisper, the wind is low;
Were we not here before?
Has it not once been all just so?

In some long-ago day,
Half-forgotten, did we not stand,
In a twilight far away,
By an unknown sea in an unknown land?

Did we not feel the spray,
And know the foam would circle us soon,
And see the waters gray
Against the horn of the dropping moon?

Did not our pulses thrill
To the passionate surge of tidal song,
Were we not lovers still,
That now are strangers so long—so long?

Let us today be cheerful and anecdotal.

So Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt dropped \$3000 on the Harvard-Yale game. There are names that suggest the easy mark. Reginald is one of them. You never would think of Hiram, or Ezra, or Zenas dropping \$10.

We asked a bright-eyed High School girl yesterday whether the name of the country in Africa was Algiers or Algeria. She blushed and said she did not know. We asked her who was the first Prince of Wales, and again she blushed. We could not answer the questions if death were the penalty of ignorance, but we went to a little country school house, heated by a red-hot iron stove and ventilated by a broken window. Yet as we remember there were rows in town meeting over the School Committee, which showed that the cause of education was not wholly neglected.

We have received the following letter:
Portland, Me.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

The other day a man came to my door with some poetry that he said he had made, and offered it for sale. And he strenuously insisted that we ought to buy it because he had a lame hand. Now, as we live out of the poetry belt, what I want to know is this: Can a man with a lame hand write better poetry than other men? If this man had suffered from lame feet his special fitness for writing much of the poetry that is now published would have been apparent. But the lame hand bothers me. Can you help me out?

E. P. W.

This case might come under the chapter "of the marvelous recompense of Nature in some persons." Yes, this poetry is the more valuable because the poet was not fully equipped; just as the verses written in his sleep by the young man mentioned by Henricus ab Heeres (Observo Medic. l. i, obs. 2, p. 32, 33) were worth their weight in gold, although the fate of the young man was a fearful one: "being asked by his wife, he would discover the secrets of his heart, answering to all the demands of his wife with exact truth and without any equivocation; so that what she could no way gain from him awake by all her blandishments, and such things as then she was ashamed to ask him, he would discover in his sleep, and without any reserve upon her single question. Himself often wondering, how that which he thought was committed to his breast alone, should enter the heart, and get upon the tongue of his wife. When he was about to rise, his wife would embrace and endeavor to retain him, but all in vain; when she held him, or spake to him, he would either draw her after him or gently call her; or if she was asleep he would walk alone."

You are right about the feet. Pegasus in these days often limps, and he is at times sorely afflicted with the heaves.

The Pall Mall Gazette summed up the career of the late Col. J. H. Mapleson when it said that he was "a man of stupendous pluck and energy, always confident, never discouraged." In the same article Mr. Raymond Roze is spoken of as the grandson of Col. Mapleson. The younger Col. Mapleson, it will be remembered, when he wished to marry Laura Schirmer, denied in a cowardly and brutal manner his marriage with Marie Roze, that charming singer and woman.

The younger Colonel was not averse to marriage. His first wife was a New York girl, a Miss Wildey, whom he married in 1875. She obtained a divorce. He married Marie Roze and was separated from her in 1890. He then married Laura Schirmer, who died at New York in 1894. His next wife was Mrs. Robb-Miltnerberger, whom he married in Paris in 1895. To every man a damsel—or two.

This reminds us that Decima Moore has obtained a divorce from her husband, Cecil Ainslie Walker Leigh, for cruelty and superfluity of naughtiness. They were married with the above unhappy results in this happy country in 1894, but her mother, who probably has no faith in the institutions of a republic, obliged them to repeat the ceremony in England two years later. This ceremony was binding, they all thought, and a child was born in 1898. The lawyer for the respondent said he would not put his client in the box, from which it appears that Mr. Leigh had already put himself in a box.

We remember Decima Moore with

pleasure. She was at the Hollis Street Theatre in December, 1894. The play was "A Gaiety Girl." She was not a pretty woman, but she sang intelligently, she danced neatly, and her action suggested steel springs and ginger. They say that her husband acted in the company with her. Is it not strange that the husbands of play actresses are not so forcibly remembered? Even Mr. Kendal is always seen dimly as in the shadow of his most respectable spouse.

The news comes that the Duke of the Abruzzi in his automobile race with Count Coltelletti ran into a milestone, but escaped unhurt. This race was of more than ordinary interest, we learn from an Italian newspaper of a fortnight ago, for the Count's machine was of French make, while the Duke was loyal to Italy. The advantage in speed was supposed to be on the side of the Duke. The Count was persuaded that his rival's machine could not stand the strain of seven hours at full speed, but the Duke had full confidence in the stability of his own car. The Italian laws—local and provincial—do not allow automobiles to travel more than 35½ miles an hour. How were these laws overcome? The milestone seems to have taken the law into its own hands.

The Duke of the Abruzzi! It is a much more beautiful name than Duke Abruzzi. No doubt some day in Boston there will be a Duke of the Fens.

YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

Emma Nevada and Her Concert Company at the Colonial Theatre
—The Third Piano Recital of Mr. Josef Slivinski in Chickering Hall.

Mrs. Emma Nevada with her company gave a concert yesterday afternoon in the Colonial Theatre. There was an audience of fair size.

She brought with her Mr. Heathe Gregory, a cheerful young baritone-bass; Mr. Pablo Casals, a cellist who is popular in Paris and in Spanish towns—I believe he made a trip to Spain with Mr. Harold Bauer; Mr. Maquarre, a flute player, a younger brother of the first flute of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and also a first prize winner of the Paris Conservatory; and Mr. Léon Moreau, a pianist and composer of reputation, who, on account of the indisposition of Mr. Garon, played the accompaniments—and he played them with much taste—as well as two groups of solos by Chopin, Schumann, Moreau and Liszt.

The concert was of the old-fashioned kind that once was dear to the public. There was a prima donna who had seen the footlights of many European opera houses and had not escaped adventures; there was a flute player to vie with her in colorature; there were soloists grouped about her as in the setting to a gem. And yet there was not that feverish anxiety as to whether the prima donna would really and finally sing, whether she had a sore throat, whether a manager would appear with a carefully rehearsed and apologetic cough and a gentleness of speech as though he were fresh from a death-bed. Perhaps we all have grown old; perhaps we have heard too many "only" and "unparalleled" singers; perhaps this kind of a concert is interesting only as a resurrection of that which once was indispensable and thrilling, the event of a season. The audience yesterday was not hysterical; it was composed, respectful, and judiciously applaudive. There were flowers, loose, tied, and in pots; and Nevada asked in an artless burst of song whether she should wear red or white roses. She asked in vain. No one in the audience was so bold as to say which would better become her Grecian costume.

I never heard this celebrated singer until yesterday, so I shall not be able to draw any comparisons or indulge myself in reminiscences. She sang the well known airs from "The Pearl of Brazil" and "Lakmé," Chadwick's "Du bist wie eine Blume," Tschalkowsky's "Travouschaka," Bemberg's "Le Fee aux Chansons," "The Shadow Song" from "Dinorah."

Her voice is now of little volume, but it is an amiable voice and it is free from shrillness. It is without color, and in itself it is without emotional quality. No one of her tones moves you by sensuous quality or on the other hand by fascinating crystalline purity. The voice is without any marked character. That this voice has been well trained, that the singer has musical intelligence, that she has had the advantage of routine and experience—these are indisputable facts; and yet her breath was not always equal yesterday to the demands of the phrase, and her bravura passages, especially as she approached final cadences, were not always fleet and clean. Nor were her feats of agility so brilliant that they at once aroused wonder and enthusiasm. Furthermore, she appeared as a singer in miniature, a pocket edition. The hearer at times heard her as though she were singing in a bell-glass, as though she were far off, as viewed through the wrong end of an opera-glass.

Mr. Gregory took a hearty,

view of life and things. He said in a song by Flegler that he liked the sound of the horn—in which he differed from our old friend, Ernani; and he was equally cheerful when to Mr. Arthur Foote's music he announced, "I'm wearin' awa', Jean," and invited Love to "stay by and sing." Mr. Foote accompanied these songs. Mr. Gregory has a good voice. The cellist was more successful in sentimental cantabile than in passionate allegro. Mr. Maquarre has a pretty technique and a loud breath. Mr. Morceau displayed in a nocturne by Chopin and a nocturne by Schumann a crisp touch and the instinct of a true musician.

Mr. Josef Silivinski gave his third recital last evening in Chickering Hall. His program was as follows:

Toccata e fuga, D minor Bach-Tansig
Sonata, op. 10 Beethoven
Deux Rhapsodies, op. 79 Brahms
Nocturne, op. 27, No. 1 Chopin
Lied, op. 51 Chopin
Mazurka, op. 59, No. 3 Chopin
Sonata, op. 35 Chopin
Etude, F minor Liszt
Source de Vienne, No. 8 Schubert-Liszt
Rhapsodie-Honorable, No. 12 Liszt

This was Mr. Silivinski's last recital for the present. His performance was of uneven quality, although it was interesting even when exceptions might easily have been taken. For instance, the second of the Rhapsodies by Brahms should go with more continuous rush of passion. The liberties he took disturbed the grimness, the doggedness of the composer's resolve. Nor was the first section of the nocturne wholly in the mysterious twilight. The song was started, but there was no atmosphere, not even the sustaining and sultry closeness, and the song was discouraged, and it drooped and it died. So, too, the song in the funeral march had feeble wings.

But how much there was to enjoy in the concert! The performance of the great Sonata of Beethoven was masterly; the mazurka by Chopin was delightfully melancholy and yet piquant as though the dancer every now and then summoned up courage to be gay; the first movement of Chopin's sonata was played with amazing fire and stormy passion; the Scherzo of the same was brilliant; and the Finale, that strange, fantastically dismal piece—the summing up of the whole matter—possibly the scattering of friends and relatives after the body has been covered up—was interpreted admirably. And how excellent his use of the pedals throughout these concertos!

There were the usual pyrotechnical, hair-dish-cupping pieces at the end. Some day a pianist will visit us and dismiss the audience with a gentle tune, in the nature of a benediction; he will not leave us as in a balloon, nor will he thunder out the Commination service.

Philip Hale.

Nov 28, 1901

Here's to us, all on us!
May we never want nowt, noan on us.
Nor me nayther, nor thee, nor anybody;
All on us, noan on us!

The anticipated, the memorable, the great days of the year in our village 30 or 35 years ago were Fourth of July, Firemen's Muster, the last day of Little Show when there was trotting, and Thanksgiving Day. Christmas was hardly more conspicuous than Birthday. It had no religious significance whatever. What? a service with flowers and music on a week day? Never. There would soon be candles on the Communion Table. And some allowed that the Scarlet Woman herself had been seen in Holyoke.

The dweller in a flat thinks regretfully of those early Thanksgiving days. He misses the keen air that swept across meadow land and river; the long and half-secret preparations in the kitchen; the roast, the boiled, the stewed, the fried, the procession of pies and puddings, apples, nuts, cider; the shy girl cousin who came for the day; the relatives and the bachelor physician; the stories of life in the little Vermont village from which the family moved a generation before; the queer jewelry worn by the women in honor of the occasion; his awful sense of fullness; his disinclination to play games and his tendency to snap and bite his Uncle Daniel, who was regarded by the maidens of thirty years as an excruciatingly amusing man; he thinks regretfully on these and other things.

Thanksgiving is not possible in a flat, where there is no true hearth, where there is the publicity of a speaking-tube, where there is the constant knowledge of stranger-neighbors. Turkey does not alone make Thanksgiving.

There must be men and women of long association, who respect each other's anecdotes and at the same time are conscious of the mental and physical infirmities of all. There must be children, and they that do not appreciate children should not be at the board. There must be the common remembrance of some who once sat with you and will no more be seen.

No, it is not the same if your flat is prettily decorated and you invite your wife's father and mother and brother Ike—a young fellow with a whining voice and tape-worm appetite.

Nor is a promiscuous dinner party a satisfactory substitute. There are no old, gregarious associations; the name of the day is without significance; the conversation must necessarily be general—about the theatre, horses, football, books, dress, men and women of newspaper notoriety. You cannot talk with the mannish female next you about your father and old Dr. Thompson, and the day you helped yourself to your mother's purse and bought rings and marbles, and hid them in the wood-box, and the day you fired buck shot with a sling at the horses going by the minister's while you and the minister's son were on the roof, safe from view, and the day you called old Mr. Tennev names and he chased you up Round Hill and told your father that you had "hurled" at him "the most appropriate epithets." She would stare at you and describe you afterward as "a familiar and vulgar person."

The feast none is not Thanksgiving. Go to the most pretentious hotel—for, alas, the tavern is no more; go to this hotel, order sumptuously of soup, fish, meat, salad, pastry, pudding, ice, fruit, wine, liqueur; smoke tobacco that really may have seen Cuba—you will achieve indigestion, but you will not have known Thanksgiving. The waiter will pity you; he will look down on you; for he will suspect you as without home or relatives or friends.

And what is Thanksgiving at the home of another? Your uncle Daniel is precious to you—in memory, although if he were now alive you would avoid him—the insufferable old bore; but what is the Uncle Amos of your friend to you that you should be obliged to hear the story of his reply to the toll-gate keeper, or how he wept because they would not furnish him with champagne when he was imprisoned for debt at Chelsea, Vt. Your friend is never weary of this story. You would like to ask him where Uncle Amos ever acquired the champagne habit—how much champagne was consumed in Chelsea, Vt., in the course of 10 years, whether Uncle Amos had ever tasted it, etc. But you are modest, you are at the table of your friend, and if he wishes to plume himself on his relatives, why should you doubt and snarl?

There is no homestead in your family.

There is no house with which you have early associations. You have no house of your own. You have not heard from your father and mother for many years; you have no sister, there are no children—what is Thanksgiving to you? Nor do you now find delight in turkey. The dinner that rejoiced you 35 years ago would seem to you, if it were served today, barbarous, monstrous; and it was appointed for an incredible, stomach-killing hour. Suppose that you could sit down to it exactly as it was; that the feasters were the same as when they laughed at you for your appetite; and that you, on the other hand, were as you are today?

I have had playmates, I have had companions.
In my days of childhood! In my joyful school-days!

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies!

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

I loved a Love once, fairest among women!
Closed are her doors on me! I must not see her!

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man!
Like an fugrate, I left my friend abruptly!

Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces!

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces!

Friend of my bosom! thou more than a brother!

Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?

So might we talk of the old familiar faces!

For some, they have died, and some, they have left me!

And some are taken from me! All are departed!

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

Nov - 9, 1901

We read an astonishing story in "La Nature" about a Boston physician who is "full of practical originality." We translate the account in full.

"This doctor makes his visits accompanied by an immense basket full of carrier-pigeons.

When he has carefully examined the condition of his patient, made his diagnosis, and determined the proper course of treatment, he fastens his prescription, written on tissue paper, to the wing of a pigeon and frees the bird.

"The pigeons are at home in a dove-

cote at the shop of an apothecary, who is associated with the doctor. The prescription arrives quickly, is prepared immediately, and is carried to the sick man by a bicyclist. The patient is thus cared for without any loss of time, and thus everybody is benefited."

But Mr. Emile Berr, who tells this story in a French newspaper, adds: "It appears, however, that this idea, 'très Américaine,' has already been put in practice here in France."

Some European correspondent has cabled silly stuff about the betrothal of Maeterlinck and Georgette Leblanc. He says of the essayist and playwright: "The morbid is his chief delight; he loves horror and gloom; he regards Ibsen as his guiding star." As a matter of fact, the bicycle is the chief delight of Maeterlinck, who is a Belgian in absurdly rude health. "He loves horror and gloom;" this proves that the correspondent has not read Maeterlinck thoroughly or extensively; and when he says Maeterlinck regards Ibsen "as his guiding star," he discloses the fact that he knows little or nothing about Ibsen, whose methods and beliefs differ widely from those of the Belgian.

Maeterlinck and Georgette Leblanc have long been friends. He dedicated his charming volume of essays, "The Treasure of the Humble," to her five or six years ago, and the dedication to her of his "La Sagesse et la Destinée" shows his tenderness and respect.

Georgette Leblanc is not "Mlle;" she is full-fledged "Madame." She made her debut at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in 1893 in Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin." She afterward sang in Bugues at the Monnaie. In 1899 she was again at the Opéra Comique, and as Carmen. They say that before singing this last part she went to Seville to breathe in the appropriate atmosphere, just as she studied the history of Thais and pored over the hagiologies before she appeared in Massenet's opera. She used to give song recitals in Paris, and she would take a certain posture for a certain song. Thus she would sing standing, seated in a high-backed chair, reclining gracefully, or sprawling. Thus did she break the monotony of the recitals, and she also gestured copiously, and spoke in various inflections—and was charming and seductive, and, indeed, did nearly everything—for at times she sang. No wonder Maeterlinck admired her, and now, as he is a brave man, he proposes to marry her. She will undoubtedly test his philosophy.

The correspondent says Georgette Leblanc is "svelte and dainty." Then her pictures belie her. She is not bulbous in them, but her bones are extremely well cushioned and she is by no means a sardine or a Boston cracker; she is plump and pleasing.

Dr. Lothau's new book tells us that until within recent years no word, formula, or expression drawn from the Bible was allowed by the dramatic censor at Vienna. No actor was permitted to say "As old as Methuselah," "As wise as Solomon," "Silent as Lot's wife." The poor playwright was sent back to Nestor, Solon, and the traditional fish.

Then there is the expression "My doll is stuffed with sawdust." Parents might well wish that this were the only stuffing used for toys. An outraged Englishman writes to the Times and sounds an alarm against infection: "I had occasion not long ago to investigate the internal economy of one of those curious fluffy animals which children so delight in, and so often clasp in their arms when they go to sleep. The creature, which came from one of the best toy shops in London, was stuffed with rags which I can only call filthy; there was, amongst other things, a man's necktie which was offensive to both sight and smell; it could only have come from the grimmest of wearers."

Stories of Li Hung Chang are told in all countries. When he was in Paris he was much interested in the halls, stairs, safes, and bond-room of the Crédit Lyonnais. He was shown bonds of 500 francs, 1000 francs, 5000 francs. He took some of them in his hands, exclaimed "Joli! Joli!" and then thrust them in his pockets with the remark "Souvenir de Paris." The Governor of Foreign Affairs with a list of the bonds and asked what he was to do. No one dared to ask Li Hung Chang to disgorge, and the Foreign Office paid the bill for the pretty little "Souvenir."

But the great Chinaman met his match in the Italian Minister, Marquis Calvago Raggi. Li Hung had a poor opinion of Italy, and when he received the Marquis he said: "I congratulate you that your country has money enough to send you here." "We are richer than you suppose," answered the Minister, "and could lend China money."

"That I do not believe! Why, just

look, you and your countrymen are in common wool, while we Chinese look at nothing but silk. We must be richer."

"That is just where you make the mistake," retorted the Marquis. "We consider silk vulgar, and discarded it for our clothes over a century ago; now it is only used for linings!" holding up his overcoat with its satin lining. "You see China is at least one hundred years behind Italy!"

This is a time of feasting and there has been loose talk of Hellogabalus and the Lord Mayor of London. No doubt the table of the former was exaggerated, and the Lord Mayor's dinner was not always admirable. Mr. Popy was at one of these London banquets in 1663. Only very few of the company were provided with napkins or knives, "which is very strange." He sat at a table: "10 good dishes to mess, and plenty of wine of all sorts but we had no napkins, nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers, or wooden dishes."

Nov 30, 1901

At last they brought out a fine wine-service with rich old wine; and we sat down to drink and some sang songs and others played the lute and psaltery and recorders and other instruments, and the bowl went merrily round. Hereupon such gladness possessed me that I forgot the sorrows of the world one and all, and said, "This is indeed life, O sad that 'tis fleeting."

And what, pray, was the chief joy of your feast? It was not the process of dressing and adorning yourself. There was the anxiety of the cravat; the low condition of the linen; the conviction that the coat was hopelessly 1891. Your dress boots were thin as to their soles, and you wore a pair of last year's arctics, for you cannot afford the hack-habit. Did the servant smile superciliously when you entered with assumed dignity? You thought so, and you remembered the picture in Thackeray's "Mrs. Perkin's Ball" of Mr. Frederick Minchin taking off his clogs in the hall, while the footman winks at Gregory on the stair.

You were well seated, although you knew that in the good old days you would have been put below the salt. The dinner was conventionally excellent. There were no surprises, no innovations; the same procession of courses, as much to be expected here as the procession of the stars. The wines were sound; the claret was just warm enough, the champagne was dry and cold, and you were wise and let sherry, sauterne and liqueur alone. But the chief joy was not in food or drink.

The company was eminently respectable. Nearly all of the guests had known the parents, uncles, aunts, first cousins of each other. Yet they were civil to you, and you told with considerable effect your story about one meeting Blismarek alone in the Thiergarten. The woman on your right went herself to anecdotes about Bishop Brooks. The woman on your left was an arsenal of facts and opinions concerning the School Committee. Mr. Leigh-Roarer was there, an Englishman with a turtle and burgundy complexion. The idea crept into you that he had done something or was somebody—possibly a younger son. You heard him say later in the evening: "You Americans smoke your cigars too dry." There was a celebrated geologist opposite you. His shirt was crumpled, and an inside pocket bulged as though he could not be separated from his hammer. There was a man who chattered about art and used easily studied slang. When he was tired of talking about art, he talked about cluhs. You wondered how he earned his living. No, the conversation was not the chief joy of the feast.

After dinner you captured Miss Targon, and you captured her easily. You have known her for more than several years. There was a time when she was constantly in your thoughts; she was clean and comely, she had a pretty wit, she persuaded each man when he was with her that there were no other men, she had money. And she rather favored you, at least so you thought, and your married sister corroborated the impression. Why did you not marry her? You were shy, you were selfish, you were earning enough to live comfortably—there were other reasons. And now you do not regret your cowardice. Miss Jenny is now—let us see, she must be at least 43 years old. The years have dried her juices. Her nose is sharp, her lips are thin, her eyes are farther back in her head, she wrinkles her forehead. She has lost an upper tooth on the left. She wears her dress much higher than was her wont. Her hands are not well nourished, and her wrists show stray, black hairs. Her wit is now sour and malleous, and at times there is a gaiety that is affectedly girlish, brought to the surface as by a force-pump. Yet you have pleasant recollections of her; you are

of the fact that you are no
elastible, and as you talk, she
ter face changes; you grow
l, you even grow amorous—
appen to see Miss Jenny and
the looking-glass, and the
horror of the situation chills
farewell her as though you
net her at a charity commit-
e. Miss Jenny Taragon was
lef joy of the feast.

od it is outdoors after the
food and hot air, after the
perfumed women! No gab
night and your thoughts
the stars care for the Eng-
r the geologist, or your host,
Miss Taragon? Well pleased
self you saunter home. You
rooms, which reproach you
g them. There is the novel
paper-cutter in it; there is
and you abandoned them.
lief to be free from the dress
the absurd and stiff appara-
men. You crave something—
o drink—something tart and
take an apple from the
ll. You would not exchange
o whole dinner. You eat it
ou eat another. A glass of
lows. You dawdle bedward.
s on the chair that receives
coat. It is a translation of
for you still affect acquaint-
with the classics. You open
cene between Chremes and
s, where Memendus asks the
y he can find time to attend
business of others, especially
business does not concern
Chremes makes the famous an-
am a man, and nothing that
a man is foreign to me." The
sounded with applause when
was first spoken. You wonder
ly would applaud it today.
are sleepy. You turn off the
the bed clothes up to your
ew the dinner and the talk,
t yourself: "No, it wasn't
ile, and poor Jenny! She's a
he chief joy of the feast is
in, the sense of the comfort
nt have been yours.

es no need of tears over the
of Mr. Terry McGovern. One
t another at last. Mr. Roth-
ularly known as Young Cor-
also be knocked out. Some-
this great republic even now
e conqueror is plotting novel

a cyclonic rushes. There is
in the thought. Hartford
well with civic pride over
Harrison's entrance to the club
all the cheers of the sports
was escorted to his seat.
ex Harrison, by the way,
t be confounded with the
Alexander Harrison. The
ght not relish the misunder-

2261 1901
"COCKAIGNE."
ard Elgar's New Overture
ise of London Town Per-
at the Sixth Symphony
— Mr. Josef Hofmann
Rubinstein's Piano Concerto
minor.

rogram of the sixth Symphony
ast night at Symphony Hall,
ke conductor, was as follows:

"Cockaigne".....Elgar
(First time.)
in D minor for piano....Rubinstein
"Manfred".....Schumann
in D No. 2.....Brahms
ture "Cockaigne" was played
rst time in America here and
o last evening. Although the
s is the author of several im-
mortal and orchestral works he
to been known in Boston only
songs and choruses.
erture portrays Cockaigne—
and of sloth and good cheer,
on town. It is in a way the
on of the modern Babylon.
a little story that serves as an
or the successive musical
Lovers walk in the streets and
essed by the activity of the
he throng, and they realize
noble qualities that are un-
the froth and frivolity. They
one of the parks and think
themselves and their own
than of London; but young-
about them and disturb them
s rude jests. The lovers
e streets. A military band
e and passes. They enter a
The organ is playing, but
nds intrude. Again the lovers
he streets, where their experi-

gar by the exercise of con-
ingenuity has escaped the
of writing merely detached
loosely strung together. The
this ingenuity is not simply
cal interest; it is quickened
tened by imagination. He him-
not insist on any literal pro-
ch he has painfully followed.
"London" would be enough
estion. Yet the program pre-
Mr. Bennett for the concert
this work was first performed
901) must have been commu-
at least by the composer,
mes are fresh; they serve

amirably for confidential treatment.
The harmonic progressions are free and
effective, in one or two instances al-
most daring. The music is often pic-
turesque, but it never rises to any
height of emotion. The love scene is
pleasantly sentimental and without
passion. The church scene is perhaps
the weakest, so far as any suggestion
is concerned. The "march business"
is exceedingly well done. The interest
is maintained throughout except in the
recapitulation after the church scene,
where the composer is seen too openly
at work, picking up loose threads,
catching his breath, and preparing for
the coda. Here the music sags and
the hearer finds himself thinking of
time, space, reality, prudence, the last
historical novel, his neighbor's hair—
anything, everything except "Cock-
aigne"—and Mr. Elgar. Nor was the
coda, as it was played last night, ef-
fective.

But what a blessing it is to find En-
glish music that is free from the blight
of Mendelssohnism and shows indi-
viduality, imagination. It is not to be
denied that there are passages in the
overture which are in the spirit of cer-
tain "Mastersingers" pages; the pranks
of the young Londoners might be in
Nuremberg, and the "nobility" of Lon-
don is not antipodal to the pride of the
German guild. But this, after all, is
perhaps merely an association of ideas.
"Cockaigne" is in more than one way
an original, interesting work, a com-
position of free and full fantasy.

Mr. Josef Hofmann played Rubin-
stein's concerto in D minor, when he
was here with the Chicago orchestra
in 1898. He chose the same concerto
for his first appearance with the Sym-
phony concert last night.

Mr. Hofmann as a pianist is an in-
teresting study. He has strength,
speed, and, as a rule, a fine sense of
rhythm and proportion. He surmounts
technical difficulties with modest ease;
he surmounts them as a matter of
course; they do not exist for him. He
rides with firm seat in the whirlwind.
A movement cannot be at too balk-
neck speed. There is no vulgar digital
display; the fingers move as beautiful-
ly and surely as any perfect piece of
well oiled machinery. There was a
time when he attacked the initial note
of a melodic phrase viciously. He has
in a great measure overcome this in-
comprehensible fault. He sings now
with more serenity and grace. There
is a technic that is self-conscious and
irritating. Mr. Hofmann's technic is a
delight and a fascination. His perform-
ance of the Finale was an astonishing
feat of bravura, which shone with ele-
gance, brilliance.

But Mr. Hofmann last night did not
reveal himself as emotional. Now by
emotion I do not mean gush or sen-
timentalism. Mr. Hofmann's perform-
ance was cool when it should have
been warm; it was contemplative when
it should have been sensuous or pas-
sionate. The melodic phrases of a
tender nature did not get behind the
skin of the hearer. There was no
acceleration of the pulse; there was
no shortening of the breath; there were
no thoughts that took the hearer far
from hall and orchestra and piano.
There Mr. Hofmann sat; now he played
brilliantly, now he played elegantly;
always modestly, conscientiously, and
yet with sufficient aplomb. You ad-
mired, you wondered, you applauded;
you were not moved. He used black
and white; there were no gorgeous
hues, there were no delicate and subtle
tints. And is it surprising that he
plays without genuine emotion? Re-
member that he has been playing and
studying the piano since he was four
or five years old. His childhood, his
boyhood, his youth, his whole life has
been devoted to the preparation for
playing it. The emotions are not fostered
by such preparation. The pianist
that moves and thrills has known the
bitterness, the loneliness, the suffering,
the tragedy of life, and these come
only from experience and from knowl-
edge of the outside world; they are
not to be found in the exercises of
Czerny or the etudes of Alkan.

Philip Hale.

SOME wonder why Emma Nevada,
left her pleasant home in Paris
to go about the country with a
concert company. They even go
so far as to allude to her age.

A singer is as old as she sings. Sem-
brich is a year or two older than Ne-
vada, who was born about 1860. Nor-
dica is 42 years old. No one asks them
to retire on account of their age. Did
not Gertrud Elisabeth Mara sing in
London when she was 70? Think of
Sims Reeves and Santley.

Few singers are willing to abandon
an active life. They miss the excite-
ment, the footlights, the persons who
apparently spend their lives in "meet-
ing people," the newspaper notices,
whether they be gush or gall, the sight
of their names on billboards, the spec-
ulation in success. Few can judge
themselves—and are singers the only
self-deceived?

Nevada has a pretty technic, even if
it is uneven, and she has a modest ap-
pearance that is not displeasing. There
are concert goers who are delighted
with vocal pyrotechnics and applaud
Calvé only when she emits a high note
or Ternina only when she screams—and
as Ternina seldom screams they see
nothing in her.

The day of the virtuoso prima donna
is slowly but surely passing. Few
modern composers write bravura pas-
sages for their heroines. The woman
with the dark, passionate voice has
almost driven her flute-voiced sister
from the stage. The modern operatic
tragedian does not die in a fit of colora-

ture; she gasps, she speaks, or she is
silent while the orchestra portrays her
emotion.

The faithful study of colorature is
absolutely indispensable as a means of
making the voice pliable, elastic, the
ready medium of dramatic expression.
An elaborate colorature aria in concert
is not unlike a frosted cake with lighted
candles.

There has also been talk about the
hair of Mr. Josef Slivinski, the Polish
pianist. Mr. Slivinski undoubtedly likes
to wear his hair as it pleases him; the
fashion is not necessarily an advertise-
ment.

While he was here, he bought some
boots. A boy carried them to his room
at the hotel. When he was admitted
he saw Mr. Slivinski in Adamic dress,
with his hair in curl-papers and with
his moustache in a trainer, or what
the Germans call a "schnurrbartbinde."
The boy shrieked, dropped the box and
fled the threshold. I understand that
he is even now in a highly nervous con-
dition, nor can he be persuaded to carry
any parcel to "them artists."

It may be asked of Mr. Slivinski, as
of Mr. Paderewski, the eminent Polish
hypnotist, would he look better if his
hair were cut? This may serve as food
for ingenious speculation, but it admits
of no definite answer until we see Mr.
Slivinski with hair of conventional
length. There are piano pieces—chiefly
by Liszt—that demand long hair for
their proper effect. The music itself is
not appreciated until there is the sight
of a pianist throwing back stray locks
or a full head of hair to keep the keys
exposed to the swoop and fury of his
attack. Mr. Slivinski can play music
by Beethoven and Chopin in a beauti-
ful manner without the necessity of

constant attention to his hair. He
might therefore for the works of these
masters wear his own hair becoming-
ly cropped, and don a bushy wig for
the successful interpretation of Liszt.

Such heads are distracting. When
Mr. Slivinski was playing his best—and
his best is, indeed, admirable—I could
not help thinking of an old English
song.

Perhaps you think I'm bragging, but the
proof is in the most clear.

If you only twig the company that stands
around me here,
But something I'll tell you—now, pray don't
at me stare—
There's nothing half so handsome—as a
nobby head of hair.

I go to all places of amusement, and every-
thing that's new.

Balls, Plays, White Conduit Gardens, and the
Pearly Tavern, too,
I feel prouder than Prince Albert, when the
ladies see me there,
To hear the buzz of admiration at my nobby
head of hair.

The hero of this ballad was occasion-
ally brought to grief, as when apes and
bears pulled his hair at the Zoo. And
here was the cause of his service on
the treadmill!

Not liking this brute treatment, from the
gardens I did roam,
I caught a lady ogling me—I ask'd to see her
home,
Her husband, we met on the road, he asun-
der did us tear,
Then he dragg'd me through a horse-pond
by my nobby head of hair.

There were other Slivinskis who were
musicians in Poland. There was a blind
violinist who died in 1855; there was a
celebrated soprano at the opera house
of Warsaw.

Mr. Jan Kubelik, the violinist, who
will make his first appearance in Bos-
ton Wednesday night at Symphony
Hall, is a Bohemian. He was born at
Michle, near Prague, July 5, 1880. There
is an old saying that every good Bo-
hemian father says to himself: "Shall
I make my son a thief or a fiddler?"
Kubelik's father was a market gardener
and an amateur violinist. He gave the
boy a fiddle when he was 5 years old
and also gave him lessons. A better
equipped teacher followed, and Jan
played publicly at Prague when he was
eight. In 1892 he entered the Prague
Conservatory, where he studied under
Sevelk. I am told that he also took
many lessons of Mr. Andreck, now of
the Symphony Orchestra and the Knei-
sel Quartet. Kubelik was graduated on
the 8th of July, 1898, when he played
Paganini's concerto in D. The father
saw the triumph of his son and died
shortly after. The son took upon him-
self the care of the family. He went
to Vienna, where he made his debut in
1893. He played in Bohemia, Hungary,
at Vienna again; he visited Northern
Germany (Berlin Feb. 1, 1900) and Italy.
His first appearance in London was at
a Richter concert June 18, 1900, when
he played Paganini's concerto in D
"as arranged by Wilhelmj." His suc-
cess was so great that he gave six re-
citals. Among the pieces played were
Bach's chaconne, Mendelssohn's con-
certo, the Kneiser's sonata, Tartini's
"Devil's Trill," Ernest's fantasia on
Hungarian airs; Paganini's variations
on "God Save the Queen," Witches'
Dance, Fantasia on airs from "Mosses";
Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins," Sara-
sate's "Zigeunerweisen."

He became the rage. And the en-
thusiasm was not diminished during
his series of concerts in London last
summer. I find the following para-
graph in the dignified Pall Mall Gazette
of June 20:

KUBELIK AND ROSES.

It is not necessary, after our nu-
merous former notices of Kubelik's

wonderful violin playing, to discuss his
violin recital of last night at S. Jan's
Hall, his program being varied by such
names as Bach, Paganini and Wien-
iawski. The audience rather was the
thing. Enthusiasm literally ran amuck.
Baskets of flowers, bouquets, all the
outward and visible signs of fanaticism
were laid at his feet, while showers of
roses rained upon him. The scene was
altogether exciting and of the Arabian
Nights order. We cannot, under any
circumstances, approve of such exhi-
bitions; but it was interesting to note
an enthusiasm the expression of which
had clearly been prepared with care
beforehand. There were "roses, roses
everywhere," sang Browning on a day;
and last night it was even so once
more. It was a night of Kubelik and
roses.

We have all been told that Mr. Kube-
lik has a valet, a secretary (whose duty
it is no doubt to write the violinist's au-
tographs for the delight of palpitating
women), another attendant and three
fine fiddles—two made by Guarnerius
and one by Stradivarius.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, pianist, will
make his first appearance in Boston at
the Kneisel concert, Monday evening.
He was born at Melbourne, Australia,
July 20, 1871, but he has lived chiefly in
Germany. When he was about 15 he
went to Leipsic and studied for six
years the piano under Bruno Zwint-
scher and Reinecke and composition un-
der Jadassohn. At Leipsic he won the
Mozart prize. He then made a tour
through Australia and afterward went
to Weimar, where he studied with Sta-
venhagen. In Berlin he was successful
as pianist and composer. (At Leipsic
he wrote a piano trio.) In 1899 Mr.
Hutcheson was married to the Baroness
Senft von Pilsach. The next year
he was invited to teach at the Conser-
vatory of the Peabody Institute, Balti-
more, and he first played in this country
at Baltimore, Oct. 19, 1900.

"Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's new Cantata,
a setting for soprano and baritone solo,
chorus and orchestra, of Longfellow's
"Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille," is disap-
pointing. The story is essentially melo-
dramatic. The heroine, Margaret, has
been forsaken by her lover, Baptiste,
because "The dread disease that none
can stay, Took the young bride's sight
away." It would seem to be a very
model village where Margaret lives, for
no one has told her that Baptiste is
about to marry fair Angela, and she
only learns it by the complaint of her
brother that they have not been asked
to the wedding. She persuades the boy
to lead her to the church, and on Bap-
tiste saying the fateful words "I will,"
she suddenly appears at the altar rails
with "in the air a knife suspended" to
stab, not her rival but herself, but
draps dead from excitement before she
can accomplish her purpose. What hap-
pens after is left to the imagination
of the reader. It is obvious that such
a subject requires pronounced dramatic
treatment, but throughout his setting
Mr. Taylor seems undecided what form
to adopt. The words of Margaret are
consistently given to a soprano vocal-
ist, and the solo, in which expression
is given to her anguish of mind at her
lover's fickleness, is the strongest por-
tion of the work. The music rings true
and is genuinely pathetic; but Jane,
the village soothsayer, speaks through the
medium of the chorus, and the re-
marks of the brother are set for a
baritone soloist, a voice much too heavy
in timbre to suggest the boy who goes
"away with a hop and a jump." Much
of the music is expressive and admi-
rable, but it is ruined by the confused
form in which it is cast."—The Ref-
eree.

See 2 1901
A man at Louisville, Ky., who was
short in his accounts, killed himself,
but not before his thieving had been
made public. He was a high-roller of
more than local distinction. "It was
not unusual for him to spend \$500 a
night for wine." Wine, of course, here
means champagne, the noisy ostenta-
tious champagne. If he and his friends
drank a quart apiece there were 140 or
even 166 bottles, and after due allow-
ance has been made for wine wasted
or poured into the piano, the amount
still seems large. But we are simple,
frugal people in the East, and we
reckon closely even in the enjoyment of
pleasure and vice.

If you read the accounts of the fight
in which Young Corbett surprised Mr.
McGovern and drove Mr. McGovern's
manager to tears, you took notice that
the fight was one of the most savage
known in the later history of the
ring; that there was little science and
there was terrific slugging; that there
were terrible blows and there was blood
all that. The one thing impressed upon
you was the fierceness of the fighters.
And so you imagined that the face of
each combatant was a red ruin, like
the face of Hickman, the Gasman, in
the fight with Neate; "a human skull,
a death's head spouting blood; the eyes
were filled with blood, the nose
streamed with blood, the mouth gaped
blood; he was not like an actual man,
but like a preternatural, spectral ap-
pearance, or like one of the figures
in Dante's "Inferno." Or at least the
faces were intrenched with deep
scars of thunder; eyes were as rudi-
mentary traces; noses mere excres-
cences; holes in place of teeth. For it
was a terrible fight.

As a matter of fact, if you put your

umbers at Dresden; but three he bestowed on him the

Bach first thought of a per- in Leipzig, where the were Lutheran. In the "Glo- hese words, "Domine fili unis- Christe, Domine Deus," utheran liturgy the word "Kyrie" and "Gloria," but uations are of interest only quarian. Let us admit that "Credo" was written be- 1732; some years later,

re some who really believe nusic of this Mass is a case inspiration; that Bach wept with religious fervor as he note or roulade to the text. he gained to learn that many the Mass were written orig- cantatas and the music fitted n words which bore no pos- to the words of the Mass. ch came to put the Mass to- helped himself freely from works, as did Handel and d other poor mortals of flesh d. Thus the "Gratias" is m a cantata to celebrate the f a municipal council at Leip- i; the "Crucifixus" is taken

old "jubilate": the "Agnus m an Ascension cantata. agments of this Mass were e Bach was alive, they were at a eispic and under his In the Lutheran churches ext of the Mass was allowed n festivals; thus Christmas "Gloria" and "Sanctus" were n 1740 Bach gave a short- hanged version of his "Glo- ust be remembered that the f this Mass are too long for the Roman Catholic Church, ose days masses were not de the church and in concert

del and Haydn gave six solo orous numbers, Feb. 27, 1887; solo singers were Lilli Leh- s Mary H. How, Mr. George Mr. Jacob Benzling. The rmance of the whole Mass ountry was at Bethlehem, 1906. The Oratorio Society of ave the work, with the ex- a few pages, April 5, 1900.

ass is a marvelous work. e pages of grandeur, there of dull routine. When it is eted the composer risks to eights; when the text should most deeply he is often ex- ly commonplace. At times as reckless of the words as his Olympian indifference. For e see the duet "Et in Unum" where the soprano and alto s on fantastic tocs. How e announcement "Qui propter he little importance the de coelis!" Indeed, the atment of the Crucifixion is lought, and no doubt ate and ounterpoint. It was the cur- h of his period. The expres- elligious thought in music is ent today. A fugue is not y thought to be a sacred the salvation of a composer leas. The greatest pages in e are those in which Bach reins to his fancy and leaves w ruts in which, however, chose he showed himself the masters. He had not the un- oke of Handel in gaining effects by simple means. like the "Cum Sancto Spiritu." Much of the "Kyrie" for in- expressionless and tiresome, trictly contrapuntal interest, is but feeble belief in the of the "Credo."

ere are duets and solos that factured and delivered as by Think of what the poor and bass are compelled to there anything more artificial less in Italian opera of the an the "Laudamus te"? Do of anything more stupid and l by a great name than the tu Solus"? And so much usic is repugnant to the hu- e. If these airs were played strument with another in- obligato and with accom- they might serve as exer-

ete performance of this mass ecessarily desirable. Judicious ould honor Bach and spare nce. I once heard a com- ormance in Berlin. Earnest ing Germans roared lustily ours and more. It was a ight—one never to be forgot-

ormance last night was much lurable, for when all things into consideration, the ex- ficulties, the comparatively e spent in preparation, the ce was smooth and often ef- l say "comparatively short t in preparation." This work rmed in Paris at a Conserva- cert in 1891 after 70 picked ad been drilled steadily for s, and there were many or- rehearsals. There were few made last night, and I doubt Bach intended his music to without expression. Nor was uation in the opening phrase "Kyrie," given at first to the e be admired. It was jolting, usical. Such grotesque treat- not singing with expression; it ne of an old-fashioned musical n, where strong accents were unimportant notes and words he chorus together. Nor were es "Et incarnatus est" and us" sung with mysterious Here admirable rhetoric

might have helped out music that in itself is neither dramatic nor mystical. But the chorus was generally admirable in attack, body of tone, accuracy, and the courage that in such music must be defiant. The final chorus of the "Gloria" was gloriously sung. And the Cecilia may well be proud of that achievement and of some others almost as inspiring. If the greater number of the solos and duets in this work are dull or ugly—for this cathedral has its vaults and gargoyles—there are solos for the alto and one for the tenor that are full of beauty and tenderness. The most grateful pages fall to these sing- ers. It is not invidious then to say that Miss Griggs and Mr. Van Hoose bore away the honors. Miss Griggs sang with noble fullness of voice, breadth of style and true emotion. Mr. Van Hoose gained fresh laurels. The others were more or less satisfactory in trying parts.

It might be interesting to discuss the question of introducing the obsolete instruments. It is all very well to have obol d'amore, a corno da caccia, and the old high trumpets, but even then we are not near the period of Bach, for flutes were different in those days, there were no cellos, etc., etc. Yet if these old instruments had not been played last night, we should not have heard Mr. Lenom's exquisite obol d'amore obbligato to "Qui sedes," which was one of the chief features of the evening. Nor should the brilliant playing of the trumpets or Mr. Maguarre's flute be passed by without praise.

There was a large audience, which was generous with applause. The chorus also applauded liberally whenever it felt disposed—the appearance of solo singers, the performances of solo singers, the conductor—it is surprising that it did not applaud its own work. It is a pity that this foolish practice is allowed in a society of such dignity. Mr. Lang was presented with a large wreath.

The next concert will be on Tues- day evening, Feb. 4.

We were pleased to hear that Mr. William H. Sherwood, in the course of his piano recital Monday after- noon, made an address to the audience. Even if he had only complained of the insufferable heat in the hall his speech would have been an agreeable interruption, a relief from the in- evitable monotony of a recital. But he did not hesitate to talk freely about himself, music in Boston, politics in music, the necessity of advertising, the audience, and again himself.

He said that it was considered now in Boston a criminal offence to play Liszt's arrangement of the Wedding March and Dance of Elves from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." We know little or nothing about music, and we do not know this particular arrangement or disarrange- ment. We have heard the Wedding March at least twice, and we fail to see why it should be considered im- moral or criminal. Perhaps it is the arrangement of the wedding that shocks some of our leading citizens and citizenesses, or perhaps the Elves do not dance properly. However all this may be, we do not remember any protest made by the Watch and Ward Society against a pianist's program, any discussion between Mr. Ernst and other members of the School Com- mittee, any disquisition by ex-Mayor Quincy when he was in office and endeavoring to make Boston the art centre of the solar system; no, we do not remember even any heated letter to the Transcript. Does the question enter into the coming election? Mr. Sherwood must have secret informa- tion.

Mr. Sherwood said that he had not been properly advertised. This we hasten to add is no fault of any news- paper in Boston. There was no united effort to keep his advertise- ments out of the composing room. He complained that his "copy" for the newspapers did not come in time from Chicago. But he should not send such valuable matter, even if it is bulky, by slow freight. He should send it far in advance, or follow the example of leading managers and telegraph it through the press companies as im- portant news.

He said, as we are informed, that an American pianist could not expect so large an audience as that which would greet a foreigner. There is something in his statement, we regret to say. It is better for a pianist or a violinist or a singer to be born at Cracow, War- saw, or at Zelazowa-Wola, than at Keene, N. H., Bethel, Vt., or even Pompey, N. Y. When a pianist is born again he should pray to be born in Poland or Hungary. Silivinski to us is a more romantic name than Parsons. Possibly in Warsaw, Parsons or Sher- wood would look more romantic in type than Silivinski. Furthermore these foreigners understand the art of dress- ing and preparing themselves for a photograph. They arrange their hair fantastically, they borrow wonderful fur coats and gorgeous waistcoats and flamboyant cravats. Even the most prosaic one of these invaders has led a wildly romantic life. Duels, infatu- ated Countesses, enthusiastic troops of admirers, calls to court, have hardly al- lowed them leisure for practice and food. There is a violinist out West by the name of Drake, Mr. Drake; and

he is said to be a good fiddler, but what is the name Drake to Kubelik, the young Bohemian with the curiously il- luminated face?

Mr. Sherwood no doubt spoke the truth when he said that his program was too long. All programs are too long. He also spoke the truth when he said that if he did not play all the appointed pieces the audience might claim that "it had not got its money's worth of noise." The audience does expect a terrible bobbery toward the end of a concert. The final scene at a recital is not unlike that in the circus when the hour of feeding the carnivora approaches. The lion must roar his loudest, and there must also be the thought of personal danger; otherwise there is no true enjoyment.

Mr. Sherwood announced like Cat- line that he should return. We hope he will, for any pianist who diversifies his entertainment with tricks of leger- demain, stereopticon views, or speech- making is always welcome here.

In far off Roumania literary men, as well as musicians, are versatile. Two of the leading authors of that country have opened saloons. Mr. Caragiale has a beer saloon "Zum Gabrinus" in Bucharest opposite the National Theatre, where one of his plays was lately performed. The audience was highly appreciative and called the playwright before the curtain. Then Mr. Caragiale spoke: "Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your ap- plause. Unfortunately it will not keep body and soul together. Neither, ap- parently, will fiction or the drama. If, then, you like my literary efforts, en- able me to continue them by taking a drink with me at 'Zum Gabrinus' over the way." The other author, Mr. Ghorea, an essayist and writer on philosophy, a deep thinker, manages a railway station restaurant.

The Women's Suffrage Society of France has determined that the titles "Madam" and "Mademoiselle" shall no longer depend on marriage. "By this distinction between the married and un- married state the single woman is placed in a position of inferiority, moral and material, not only as re- gards the wife, but also as regards the man. Old or young, married or single, say these manifestants, the man is al- ways addressed as 'Monsieur'—there is no invidious distinction between the married male and the bachelor. Why should there be in the case of a wo- man? So they have 'decided'—it is to be hoped the decision will carry due weight—that whether a lady is 11 or 40 (if ever a Frenchwoman confesses to anything so utterly old as that), mar- ried or spinster, she is to be styled, by right, 'Madam.'"

This admits of discussion and digres- sion, but not today. Tomorrow—and, tomorrow!

We have received the following in- comprehensible communication: Boston, Dec. 2, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

It hath reached me, Oh most aus- picious scribe, that Wyllyam of Gond- eslé, a famous old English archer, shot the apple off his son's head before ever William Tell was told of. The same is recorded, even earlier, of one Tocho, a Goth.

Apples being high this fall, this his- torical parallel in elevation may well serve as a text. JASON STEELE.

M. W. W.: You ask for information about the Hope diamond.

If we were rich in this world's goods and lived in an old-fashioned roomy house, we should collect books about gems and precious stones. Thus could we easily spend a fortune. Think of the hundreds of beautiful plates, of the wealth of strange information, legends, tales of medicinal properties, supersti- tions. Such a collection of books is more to be desired than horizon-push- ing cabinets of precious stones.

The Hope diamond is one of the four blue diamonds that existed in Europe at the time of its departure from Eng- land. It is unique in its blueness, which is of sapphire hue and adaman- tine lustre. It measures 1½ inches by ¾ inch; its form is faultless and its thickness is unusual. It has a roman- tic history. It is not definitely known whether this stone is the Blue Diamond of the French regalia that was put in the Garde Meuble in 1792, or the greater part of that stone. The French diamond was placed in the Garde Meuble in August. It disappeared in September; and here enters mystery.

A dealer named David Eliason had in his possession in 1830 a diamond which was thought to be the French diamond, recut. It weighed 44½ carats, while the true Blue weighed 67½. Experts de- clared that the loss in weight was occasioned by cleavage. "The original stone had a 'salient gibbosity' which would form a drop. Such a drop, identical in color and quality, was sold at Geneva, at the sale of the Duke

of Brunswick's jewels in 1874. It was known as the Brunswick Blue Drop."

Mr. Thomas Hope bought the stone from Eliason for £18,000. A small fragment was needed to complete the original, and one was sold at Vienna about 40 years ago, and was afterward bought for £300, to complete the French Blue Diamond.

The Koh-i-Noor which the Queen of England will wear at her coronation has had a wild and bloody history. It was stolen by the English when the Punjab was conquered in 1850.

To us the diamond is the least desirable of gems; it goes too well with "quarts of wine" and chemical blondes. Yet it has excellent properties; for if one is fastened to the left arm so that it touches the skin it will prevent nocturnal fears. It calms anger—this we doubt; "It binds man and wife together," says the Abbé Migne, "so that it is called the stone of reconciliation"—that is to say, an in- censed wife is appeased by a diamond ring, and in severe cases by a tiara. If you have the figure of Mars en- graved on the ring and under his planet, or even the figure of Hercules conquering the Hydra under the same planet, you will be invincible. Mr. Terry McGovern should have known this.

We are inclined to believe that the story of diamonds begetting diamonds is fabulous.

You will find in Lyllie's "Euphues and His England" this strange sen- tence: "Here, Eldes, take this diamond, which I have heard old women say to have been of great force against idle thoughts, vain dreams, and frantick imaginations."

Pulverized diamond is an admirable poison, and we can heartily recommend it, for it is active, infallible, and it does not inflict unnecessary or vulgar pain. Benvenuto Cellini miraculously escaped death because the apothecary to whom his enemy had given a di- amond kept the stone and administered to Cellini a greenish beryl. As Cellini says: "The diamond alone preserves its trenchant qualities; wherefore if it chances to enter the stomach together with food, the peristaltic motion need- ful to digestion brings it into contact with the coats of the stomach and the bowels, where it sticks, and by the action of fresh food forcing it farther inwards, after some time perforates the organs."

Did the ancients cut glass with a di- amond? Flinders Petrie believes that the statues of old Egypt were drilled by means of diamonds. They say that the first mention of this stone being used for writing on glass was when Francis I. wrote with his ring on a pane in the castle of Chambord, to let the Duchess of Estampes know that he was jealous.

Souvent femme varie,
Mal habill qui s'y fie

It is a vile practice, this ostentation of a ring, and we remember gratefully the man who wrote on a much-scrawled glass:

Whene'er you see a fellow's name
Written on the glass,
You know he owns a diamond
And his father owns an ass.

The diamond resists nearly every- thing, even the cheek of the wearer, yet is it made soft or broken by the blood of a goat. As Pliny saith through the mouth of Philemon Hol- land: "But I would gladly know whose invention this might be to soak the Diamant in Goat's blood, whose head devised it first, or rather by what chance was it found out and known? What conjecture should lead a man to make an experiment of such a singular and admirable secret, especially in a goat, the filthiest beast one of them in the whole world? Certes, I must ascribe both this invention and all such like to the might and beneficence to- gether of the divine powers; neither are we to argue and reason how and why nature hath done this or that? Sufficient it is that her will was so, and thus she would have it." But many Christian writers say that the diamond is the heart of man, and the blood of our Saviour is typified by the goat that was slain, and the scapegoat in the wilderness.

JAN KUBELIK, THE BOHEMIAN VIOLINIST.



His First Appearance in Symphony Hall Last Night—A Virtuoso and a Sentimentalist.

Mr. Jan Kubelik, violinist, assisted by Miss Jessie Shay, pianist, and an orchestra led by Mr. Max Zach, made his first appearance in Boston last night at Symphony Hall. There was a very applause audience of fair size.

The program was as follows:
Overture, "Der Freischuetz".....Weber
Orchestra.
Concerto, D major (with Cadenza by Sauret).....Paganini
Mr. Kubelik.
Concerto, for piano, Opus 15.....Henselt
Larghetto, Allegro agitato.
Miss Shay.
Concerto No. 3.....Spohr
Mr. Kubelik.
Scherzo, from Concerto Op. 102.....Liszt
Miss Shay.
Carnaval Russe.....Wieniawski
Mr. Kubelik.

Youth is the time for virtuosity, as Liszt, or some one of Liszt's pupils, remarked. It is no wonder, then, that Mr. Kubelik is now a virtuoso rather than an artist in the full sense of the word, a musician-virtuoso, "terres atque rotundus." No, he is not rotund in any sense, this slight youth with earnest face, black, long, and yet not offensively long hair, and stretched, thin, wiry fingers. In deportment he is, as Walt Whitman said of himself, neither modest nor immodest. He is neither arrogant nor obsequious. He does not cling anxiously to the attributes of the infant-phenomenon, nor has he the ineffable condescension of the over-praised virtuoso, before whom Countesses kneel in adoration and perfumed Duchesses swoon in rapture. His appearance commands respect and invites serious consideration.

The concerto by Paganini, tinkered by other brave violinists, is his war-horse. It has mounted it ever since he first excited admiration at Prague. The piece is frankly a show piece, and in it Mr. Kubelik was more successful than in the music of Spohr. Nor is this surprising. The music of Spohr, old-fashioned as much of it is, requires solid qualities which come only with maturity and self-examination far from the applauding crowd. It demands authority, the utmost finish, and the grand style. Now, these are not acquired in youth. It is, perhaps, too much to say that Spohr is the composer for elderly men; but would it be a healthy sign if a young violinist

with hot blood and feverish ambition should prefer deliberately the concertos of Spohr? Would he not justly be considered a pervert? And a blazing virtuoso can no more play Spohr than a hero of the smoking piano keys can play a concerto by Mozart.

Mr. Kubelik knows the tricks of the trade, but he does not parade them insolently. He knows his double stopping, his harmonics, his chromatics—one might go through the catalogue, as Mercutio with the jargon of fencing. His bowing is free, his tone is full and ripe, at times overripe. This tone is often beautiful, whether he uses the G string or climbs to high

positions. There is no doubt but that he is a brilliant performer.

But there is something more than all this in great violin playing. Mr. Kubelik is sentimental rather than emotional. His conception is seldom large, noble, authoritative. He insinuates rather than commands. There were beautiful moments last evening, but the beauty was chiefly in tone, not in thought. There were surprising moments, but music is something more than a succession of surprises.

And yet it must be a glorious thing to be young, to be conscious of mastery over certain technical difficulties, to feel that you have the power that draws crowds unto you. It is hard for a comet of a season to realize the splendor of a fixed star. It would, doubtless, be hard for Mr. Kubelik to gird up his loins for higher endeavor and more enduring result. Yet he seems like a thoughtful person. There is yet time for him after he is tired of the roaring and the wreaths. And even if he should be content to remain the virtuoso, there is room for the virtuoso of indisputable brilliance.

The audience applauded heartily, but only at the end were there encore pieces.

Miss Jessie Shay played prettily some hopelessly old-fashioned pieces. Mr. Zach led with intelligence, and Mr. Rudolf Friml played the piano accompaniment to the encore pieces.

MR. ROGERS'S RECITAL.

Mr. Francis Rogers gave a song recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Isidore Luckstone was the accompanist. Mr. Rogers's program was long and varied. In the first group were Handel's "Tutta rea la Vita," from "Scipio," the opera with the long, famous march; Handel's "Where'er You Walk;" the serenade from "Don Giovanni," Lully's "Boisepais," and the barcarole from Ponchielli's "Glacon-

da," an opera that is undeservedly neglected. (It was sung lately in English at New York). The second group was made up of songs by Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Ries. Then followed Dvorak's "Gypsy songs," and the final group consisted of songs by Salih-Faehs, Lehmann, Homer, Lang, Luckstone, Cowen.

Mr. Rogers has improved. His voice is under better control, his phrasing is freer, he is more emotional, he is more successful in differentiation in matters of sentiment. He has a tendency in a phrase that should be consistently piano to explode on a tone simply because that tone is the highest of the sentence; and his intonation is not always faultless, although in this matter he has improved.

Mr. Luckstone generally plays delightful accompaniments. Of late he has been inclined to force tone in strenuous passages. This was noticeable at Mr. Tew's recital some weeks ago, and it was noticeable yesterday, as in the aria from "Scipio."

There was a good-sized and appreciative audience.

Philip Hale.

MR. JOSEF HOFMANN.

His First Appearance Here in Recital This Season at Chickering Hall.

Mr. Josef Hofmann, pianist, gave his first recital this season yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. There was a small sized and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Variations, F Minor.....Haydn
Sonata, E-flat major, Op. 31.....Beethoven
Impromptu, G major.....Schubert
Sonata de Vienna, D major.....Schubert
Ballade, A-flat major.....Chopin
Prelude, No. 25.....Chopin
Valse, A flat.....Chopin
Gnomonreigen.....Liszt
Nachtstueck.....Schumann
Jongleur.....Moszkowski
Rhapsodie, No. 2.....Liszt

Yesterday Mr. Hofmann was more in the vein. His performance was more varied in beauty and strength than at his recital last season or at the Symphony concert of last week. He played with more emotional finesse, although it is doubtful whether he will ever be classed among the great emotional pianists. But what beautiful tonal gradations there were yesterday! Gradations of force rather than cunning blendings of shades of color. Mr. Hofmann is never sensuous. He is an eminently healthy pianist, they say; but are health and sensuousness antipodal terms?

There is plenty of room in the great palace of Art for all who interpret her in various ways. And one might say that there should be pianists for all moods. When you examine the program chosen by Mr. Hofmann you will find little that called for pathetic emotion. The variations by Haydn have a superficial melancholy, as a cloud might pass over the gardens of Versailles and yet the artificial landscape would not be affected. They are distinctly 18th century, these variations, even if they were signed by a man of this period. They demand the flawless technique that gives a calm and serene performance; they demand also grace and elegance in ornamentation. Nor is the sonata by Beethoven as deep calling deep. It is cheerful music, often matter-of-fact, without the ineffable marks of the great Ludwig, the gloomy, the arrogant, the man of supreme tenderness, the mystic, the defier of the thunder-storm as he was dying. Nor does the Impromptu of Schubert, exquisite and twice too long, call for anything but the more amiable

emotions. Nearly all the other pieces require first of all brilliant technique.

Mr. Hofmann often played superbly, and the general level of his performance was very high. To speak in detail of the many excellences displayed would be to criticize at length and after the manner of the piano-teacher. It is enough to remember the exquisite clearness and delicacy of tone, tone that was almost innocent of this world's forces, temptations, experiences, a tone free from sensuousness, or great passion; the unostentatious display of marked technical proficiency; the strength that was seldom abused. His success came from frankness; not from subtlety, not from indefinable magnetism.

His recital Saturday will include Balakireff's "Islamey," the Handel-Brahms variations and pieces by Beethoven, Chopin, Hofmann, Mendelssohn, Liszt.

Philip Hale.

The clock in the workshop does not rest; it keeps on pointing, and ticking, and waking in succession. A man once told me the meaning of its pointing and waking—that there was a reason in it; as if through a dream I remember it all; the clock awakens life and sense in me, and something else—I forget what; ask me not! I know not, I know not; I am a machine!

The story of Mr. Bech, who boxed himself carefully as freight for the hold of the Palatia, would be still more extraordinary if he could tell it with literary vividness. His adventures bring to mind Captain Mayne Reid's "Boy Tar," which was one of the few delights of our youth. There were blood curdling pictures in this book, pictures worthy of the text. In all

these tales there is talk of hunger, and yet pages are devoted to descriptions of large rats. Why does not the stow-away throw away squeamishness and kill and eat? Probably he loses his presence of mind or does not realize his opportunities.

The man that goes through such hardships seldom describes them so luminously, so realistically as he, at ease and in comfort, to whom they are known only in the imagination. Hazlitt complained of Crabbe the poet that he does not tell us how the poor feel, but how he should feel in their situation, which we do not want to know. The annals of the poor are short and simple, to use the famous line in the Elegy. The poor are not able to tell us exactly how they feel. Nor are we as sympathetic toward them in real life as in fictitious life. The mean and brutal jailer in "Never Too Late to Mend" waxed righteously indignant over the cruelties in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We get excited or lacrymose over the woes of a persecuted work-girl in a novel; but if she should come to us with her pitiful tale, we should give her good and cool advice, especially if she were plain-featured and generally ill-favored; and if she were exceedingly fair we should talk loudly to disarm the suspicions of clerk or wife in the adjoining room; but we should feel no concern, no distress, and even when, tear-stained, poor, shabby, perplexed, desperate, she were near us, we should be inclined to say: "Why is it that you are not nearly so interesting as Eliza Trippet in the story I was reading last night." The prisoner in "The Pit and the Pendulum" could not have told his story as Poe told it. Some of the most erotic poetry has been written by men of icy life.

The teller that closed the Ballston Spa bank "never took a vacation." As the reward of industry and faithfulness he accumulated over \$100,000 although his salary was only \$1600, the usual premium on dishonesty.

Mr. W. S. Merrill of Harvard University, who ate extra orders at Memorial Hall to the amount of three dollars, I no doubt an honor to his class, and he will be reckoned among the most illustrious sons of Rockland. That he should be able to eat all that food at Memorial Hall is indeed surprising. Yet Mr. Merrill should not be unduly puffed up. In comparison with the mighty ancients he is a weak vessel, as one with a rebellious, churlish stomach. For what is he in comparison with Clodius Albinus, the Emperor who ate usually for his breakfast 50 figs, 100 peaches, 10 melons, 20 pounds of grapes, 100 gnat-snappers, and 40 oysters (See Capitol, Lips, Epist, Misc Epist 51, p. 457). Then there was Matthew Daking, a healthy and sprightly boy, about 10 years old, who ate 38 pounds 2 ounces of food in six days. There was the shoemaker in London (1801) who ate the length of himself in pork sausages, which was 5 ft. 9 inches, with two pounds of new bread with a quart of porter and two glasses of brandy, and with great ease in 2 minutes. There was Mr. Leurnen, a coal-heaver (1812), who put down nine pounds of bullock's heart, three pounds of potatoes, a half quarter loaf, and a pot of porter in three quarters of an hour. "He completed his task and drank three or four glasses of rum besides, without producing the smallest apparent inconvenience to himself. There was Mr. Nicholas Wood, who would eat a whole sheep, and that raw or 30 dozen pigeons, or 84 rabbits at a meal. Mr. Merrill should not be discouraged. These examples should spur him on to nobler deeds. He has made a brave beginning, but he is at present only on the second or third round of the glorious ladder.

The good people of Maryland should

not be disturbed by the escaped gorilla. The man-attacking beast that was described by the exuberant Paul d'Chailu, and in a stuffed state frightened visitors at the museum of Amherst College, is related by marriage at least to the roc and the kraken. The modern gorilla is noted for his amiability. His roar no longer alarm anyone who is accustomed to German opera, and he is fond of sporting with little children.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse must always be mentioned respectfully. The reason put forward by them for divorce is "an insuperable personal aversion." This excuse is honest and reasonable. But as son one said to the policemen in Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "You should have thought of that before you joined the force."

A great fuss has been made in England because the pipes given by the Queen to her soldiers are made

et nobody has objected to tobacco, which was not England.

says: "The author of 'The People' has now given us 'Men.' If he continues his literary career, we may look for 'The Brains of the Lungs of Children,' 'The Livers of Lives,' other titles that have es-cove-lists, as 'An Unbounded Cancerous Tongues,' 'Seek all Find; or, The Lost Ap-phe Mashed Kidney: A Story g.'

Carolinarin will not be ap- lieutenant in the army be- is said, he jilted his be- d his letter of explanation her was unsatisfactory, said." We can easily imag- s when young men are thus victims of hysterical girls, ppose that an attractive w is thrown suddenly into y of a sentimental or rest- as maiden, or an older wo- es the years swiftly pass- es a homely phrase, she ad set at him. His vanity is e unconsciously grows more responsive; she finally de- affection. If he is weak or ned sense of chivalric duty, arry her and be miserable if he is honest and at the courteous, he is branded as t by angry members of her to led her on; she had seen world, poor thing; she be- lightest word; he paid her ation; and now the villain Her heart is broken." be talk of pistols; if the has a rich father, there k of money as a balm; and the parents make it their ound the young man to even professional ruin. man of fine feeling would to say: "I liked your daugh- ere good friends; I never marrying her or any other present or for several years; exceedingly surprised when she threw her arms about nd said she loved me." He ar as one foolish, vain; yes, be regarded by many as a yet a young woman does e to boast of turning down ferbert and Elihu. d a young man of breeding girl's mother: "If I were you nsult a physician; Jenny has g queerly of late." d he recommend the parents llyses's description of Cres- kespeare's play. g men have been refused pro- the army and admittance to y have suffered in business the hysterical behavior of men. We do not say that the this instance was hysterical, presume to pass judgment on ular case; for in such cases im is honorable it is almost to know the facts; we use it simply as a text.

certain practices in German will yet prevail in our own a German officer announces al it is the custom, at least regiments, to discuss the ad- at mess. The question is not e woman has a glass eye or , whether she is sour-temper- bly, whether she is a con- or a blue-stocking, or even ere is love between the two; on is one of money and social If she is found deficient in timable qualities, the consent pers is withheld.

y the fashion for actresses to they are going to be married Nam Gillette. This is regard- etter advertisement than any ent of stolen jewels, carriage or list of favorite books and uts.

minds us that four actresses hie-Francaise agree that the their health comes from obey- ld rule: "Eat when you are and drink when you are Sarah Bernhardt is well and account of the irregularity of she goes to bed at 3 A. M. and at 9 A. M. She spends 11 or 12 in the theatre, breathes little and lives chiefly on fish, eggs pagne; but for two months in she lives almost wholly in the

so assails the United States uraging the punishment of s by the electric chair. He at the method is uncertain ; that death by shooting is eous; that asphyxiation kills

in less than four minutes; that in- jection of poison could also be made to kill instantly. He deplets mental agony and physical suffering of the victim. The death penalty, he says, is "no longer society's revenge on a trans- gressor, but rather an act of protec- tion to itself, the desire to exterminate a dangerous individual." He favors the use of gas, such as ether, or chloro- form, "at a time when the doomed one least suspects its application." "With beautiful dreams the criminal would float into eternity." But why should a murderer either "float" into eternity or have "beautiful dreams?"

Here is an excellent remedy for a cold. We obtained it in Siam: "One portion of rhinoceros horn, one of ele- phant's tusk, one of tiger's, and the same of crocodile's teeth, one of bear's tooth, one portion composed of three- parts bones of vulture, raven, and goose, one portion of bison, and another of stag's horn, and one portion of sandal. These ingredients to be mixed together on a stone with pure water. One-half of the mixture to be swallowed, the rest to be rubbed into the body."

Dec 8, 1901

'EIN HELDENLEBEN.'

The Colossal Tone Poem of Richard Strauss.

Superb Performance Under Mr. Gericke's Lead.

Mr. Gregorowitsch, Soloist— Hofmann Again.

(By Philip Hale.)

The program of the seventh Sym- phony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Concerto in A minor for violin, op. 37.....Vieuxtemps
Tone Poem "Ein Heldenleben".....R. Strauss
(First time)
Symphony in D, No. 2.....Beethoven

Mr. Gericke is to be thanked and congratulated most heartily for the production and performance of Rich- ard Strauss's colossal tone-poem. It was a pleasure to see that the audi- ence recognized the strength and beau- ty of the work, the grandeur of the composer's conception, the labor of conductor and orchestra, the high char- acter of the performance. Seldom has an unfamiliar orchestral work of this magnitude been heard as attentively or greeted as warmly. The applause was not merely perfunctory; it was not merely for a moment; it was genuine and long continued. Mr. Gericke was recalled at least thrice, and Mr. Knei- sel was obliged to join in recognition of applause for the masterly manner in which he played the incidental solo passages.

This tone-poem, "A Hero-Life," was first performed in 1899. The first per- formance in the United States was at Chicago, March 10, 1900.

Richard Strauss in this work shows the hero fighting against the world—the world of carpers, back-biters, Philis- tines; the world of the purblind and the sordid.

The hero is first represented his char- acter is portrayed. His foes sneer at him; they hurl authorities against him and his originality; the law and the prophets are quoted in opposition; he walks as one in a swamp bitten by gnats and flies, while snakes hiss im- potently. He finds a help-mate. At first she is coquettish and disdainful. She is wooed, she is won. Nor do in- truding voices disturb their happiness. But the hero must forth to battle. The trumpets sound. Dth and shock and fury. The foe is slain. There is the song of victory, but the world is still cold. The hero develops his soul and achieves works of peace. Still the world looks on with disdain, perhaps with alarm. At first the hero rages, but, apart from the world, he listens to the storms of nature, and waits his end. Again as in a vision he sees the beloved one and his soul leaves his body.

This program is not printed in the score, but it has been put forward by commentators who stand near the composer.

It is a pity that a work of such magni- tude and character is performed once and then allowed to remain on the shelf until another season. It should be heard two or three times and within a short period. After one hearing it is possible to give only impressions.

The first section (The Hero) is the most symphonic and perhaps the most conventional in form—if the word "conventional" can be used in connection with Strauss. The hero-theme is not so significant in itself as in the use made of it. It is brilliant, exultant, but it does not at first assume heroic proportions. Later, in different forms, it is irresistible. This section is sonorous, lofty, eloquent. The foes of the hero are admirably painted in tones. Flute and oboe cackle and gabble and mock and slander. Tubas in

with show dull, pedagogic diapason. There is hissing, there is bitterness. It has been said that music itself can- not be humorous; but surely this music may be readily accepted as the scorn of low, beetle-browed minds, and as a marvelous invention of the com- poser's imagination. The section, "The Hero's Helpmate" is not so successful. The coquetry of the loved one is too long drawn-out, nor is it particularly interesting. Nor are the love themes themselves of great beauty or distinc- tion. But the love-ensemble is tender, full of exquisite bliss. And how the voices of the adversaries enter, as the Evil One looked on the lovers of Eden!

The battle-field scene has been severely censured. I confess I fail to see the reason. To say that a battle-field can- not be described by music is nonsense. Just as the Roman mime danced Iphigenia or Hercules, so De Quincey claimed that the Battle of Waterloo might be whistled—so that the hearer might feel that he was in the battle. Screams of brass, shock of piquant instruments, rasp of strings, and groans of wood-wind—do these suggest any- thing? Are not warring qualities here appropriate? The foe is slain. And what a wonderful song of victory—lofty, sustained, the triumph of the ideal!

Strauss introduces in the section "The Hero's Mission of Peace," quotations from his previous works, but to him that does not know these works, the quotations seem as integral stuff of his musical weaving. Here are most charming passages of orchestration, passages that suggest moods in quick succession. But again the pedant grows disapproval.

So the hero quits the world. The storm blusters, but he remembers only vaguely the battles of his life. The music takes on calmness, serenity. There is a sweet, unwidely gravity that reminds one of Beethoven in con- templation. The vision of the beloved rises, but the hero is through with love as well as strife and labor. His soul goes forth. Heroic measures, few but impressive, bring the end.

It is easy to say that the themes do not, as a rule, make an instantane- ous impression; that there are inex- plicable harmonic and contrapuntal passages—inexplicable on paper; that the grotesque should not enter into a great art work; that the battle-field is noise and confusion; but how small and impotent are such remarks before this stupendous work. There may be question concerning the wisdom of cer- tain detail, but the one with sensitive or imaginative soul can fail to recog- nize and pay humble tribute to the grandeur of conception and the power with which the thought is expressed. It may not be music, as some claim; it may be a new art; but it is Art, and Art of this nervous, crashing, gi- gantic age.

Mr. Gregorowitsch gave much pleasure by his performance of Vieuxtemps's concerto. Perhaps the chief feature of his generally admirable performance was high distinction, a supreme ele- gance that suited well the work. Nor was this elegance merely cold and polished finish. He was warm in can- didly; a man of sentiment and feeling, free from sentimentalism or deliberate appeal to easily worked emotion.

Mr. Josef Hofmann gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. His program was as follows:

Variations.....Handel-Brahms
Rondo, G major.....Beethoven
Scherzo à Capriccio.....Mendelssohn
Durch die Wolken.....Hofmann
Blamey.....Balakireff
Ballade, G minor.....Chopin
Two Polish songs.....Chopin
Liebestraum.....Liszt
Valse, Mephisto.....Liszt

Mr. Hofmann again displayed his in- disputable power, and his equally in- disputable limitations. In orgies of technic he swept everything before him. Thus his performance of the Mephisto waltz was remarkable, amaz- ing, incredible. Think what you may of the music itself, that the seduction- theme is a caterwaul and that the rest of the music is froth and bombast, or that, as Mrs. Jaël-Trautmann re- marked: "It is a question whether this musical incarnation of the essence of the dance is made for demons whom it ennobles or for demigods whom it degrades"—and is this not sentence in the very spirit of Liszt?—think of music as you may, the performance it- self was stupendous.

How pale and chilly grew melodic phrases under his hands! The melody of the first Polish Song was without warmth or soul, and the chief melody of the "Liebestraum" was a-cold, like Keats's owl, in spite of the feathers of technic. Nothing could be more ex- quisite or brilliant than the arabesques of Liszt wherever they occurred. The Ballade was delivered in perfunctory, indifferent manner. The Rondo of Beethoven was as a piece of old and polished furniture, and the Scherzo of Mendelssohn was made interesting by the exhibition of speed and crispness. The Islamey of Balakireff, exceedingly difficult, but one of the great pieces for the piano, has been played here by several pianists, Friedhelm, Siloti, Mac- Dowell, Buonamic, Bauer. It is a wild fantasia on Georgian airs, which de- pends largely on effect for inexorable rhythm, as the rhythm of whirling, drug-crazed Dervishes. Sensuousness must steep the music even in bravura. It was a spineless piece as Mr. Hof- mann played it. The pianist halted in rhythm and there was no more at- mosphere or color than in his perfor- mance of music by Chopin. Nor was his technic flawless in this piece.

Mr. Hofmann is indeed a singular problem. He has many possessions, yet there is one thing lacking—a beautiful legato, and without this a melody can- not be sung. And it is fair to ask, has this highly accomplished pianist of pleasing, modest bearing and conception of emotion, passion? Is he consecrated to black and white? Has he a soul?

There was a small and enthusiastic audience.

THE appearance of Mr. Kubelik dis- appointed all those who had ex- pected a child-wonder. This is fortunately not another case of Maurice Dengremont, the young Brazil- lian Adler, who made a sensation when he was 10 years old, was spoiled by flat- tering women, grew old through dissipa- tion, and died wretchedly seven or eight years ago, forgotten by the time that he was twenty. I saw him in the early eighties in Berlin. His face was worn and yet tallowy, he wore the clothes of a lad, and his playing was only of or- dinary merit.

No, Mr. Kubelik is "a likely lad, high twenty-one." He is in his 22d year and there is no talk of him as an infant prodigy.

We have all been told by cornet blasts of his enormous popularity and success in London. This very good fortune may prove his ruin. A young man of easy- going disposition may well say to him- self when he sees managers and noble dames kneeling before him: "What is the use of working any more?" The success may bring his downfall. How few can wear proudly the old motto: "Prepared for either fortune." No won- der that Victor Hugo wrote: "Success is hideous."

But is there no faithful slave to stand behind his master on the triumphal car and whisper in his ear, "Remember thou art mortal?" Yes, and in London, the very scene of his victories and— absit omen! Mr. Blackburn of the Pall Mall Gazette, one of his warmest ad- mirers, wrote no longer ago than Nov. 29:

"Is Kubelik rightly to be considered as a great artist? For the moment we may leave aside the actual program which he submitted to the public yes- terday; we may also leave aside the question of his past success; the matter which we may consider (and in the pres- ent stagnant state of the musical world, it is a question well worth considera- tion) is whether we decide to accept him as a great and distinguished element in the musical production of today. As Macaulay said of Leigh Hunt, we have a kindness for Herr Kubelik, but that kindness shall not blind us to the fact that he has not as yet fulfilled the enormous promise which has made so greatly for his present popularity. Yes- terday the crowded condition of Queen's Hall alone proved the great expectation which his very presence had aroused. And his playing was distinctly disap- pointing. He had very little ripeness of tone; sometimes he scraped in the manner of almost a first-class amateur. We regret exceedingly to make what may appear as this upon his playing; but it is impossible to refrain from it when we call up in memory a very recent day when Ysaye, upon the same plat- form, played for the benefit of the same kind of audience. It should not be ungenerous, in the face of that same kind of audience, to compare the play- ing of the two men, and yet the com- parison is one which sets the accom- plishment of each so very far apart that one feels almost that the mention of the matter is identified with a lack of generosity. Ysaye is so complete, so wonderful an artist that music is to him almost a spiritual matter. Kubelik, a much younger man, and a man, let us allow at once, who possesses the ac- complishment of a singular and noble training, proved yesterday that he has by no means entered into his kingdom. Let him beware lest his present popu- larity leads him to think that for a moment he has reached the end of his possible art. He is a musician who earnestly (as any critic can see in no time) works for the best fulfillment of his musical ideas; but that is not enough. He must not rest upon his oars, but must continue to search after the ideal, not to remain content with the popular- ity which he has at present achieved. These words would be of small avail, as we fully understand, if we did not feel that they might have some definite influence, some definite persuasion, in inducing a young man of infinite prom- ise to make the determination never to lag behind in an art of which he is fitted to be a master."

It is a pleasure to learn that the Longy Club will give a series of con- certs this season in Chickering Hall. The club is now composed of Messrs. Longy, oboe; Maquarre, flute; Lebailly, clarinet; Debuchy, bassoon; Hacke- barth, horn. Mr. Hackebarth unfor- tunately is sick and will not be able to play at the first concert Dec. 16, when his place will be taken by Mr. Hein. Mr. Longy proposes to give sev- eral interesting works as quintets by Taffanel and Caplet, Beethoven's Octet, Dvorák's serenade, a trio by D'Indy for clarinet, cello and piano, a sonata by Handel for two oboes and bassoon, a suite by Widor for flute, etc.

It seems hardly necessary to dilate on the artistry of the players or the interest of the music which will be pre- sented so admirably. It is enough to say that a club of such artistic and virtuosic standing would be impossible in any other American city and would be equaled only in Paris or Brussels.

The first concert will be on Monday evening, Dec. 16, and tickets for the series or concert may be obtained to- morrow at Symphony Hall. The pro- gram will include two new Rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano, written by Mr. C. M. Loeffler last summer express- ly for the club. These pieces are dedi- cated to Mr. Georges Longy. The first

an illustration in music of Maurice Rollinat's poem "La Cornemuse," "Neither the stag at bay, nor the willow, nor the oar wept at that voice of his bag-pipe in the woods; these sounds of flute and oboe were as the death-rattle of a woman. And he is dead; but under cold skies, as soon as the night weaves on, always in the depth of my soul, there in the corner of ancient terrors, I hear his bag-pipe groaning, as I heard it long ago." The other Rhapsodie in memory of Léon Pourtau is an

illustration of Rollinat's "L'Etang"—the pond full of blind and aged fish, under a low sky of dull mutterings of thunder, thick, sinister revealed by the frightful cracklings of consumptive frogs; and the moon now looks at it fitfully, with a spectral face, flat nosed, with vague teeth, a very death's head, lighted inside, which has come to admire itself in a dark glass.

The other pieces will be an octet for flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, two horns, two bassoons by Sylvio Lazzari, which was composed in 1888 and first performed in Paris March 18, 1899, and Mozart's quintet in E flat for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano. Messrs. Lucifor, viola; Lenom, English horn; Hein, horn; Helleberg, bassoon, and G-bhard, piano, will assist.

Massenet's new opera "Griseidis," a lyrical tale in three acts with a prologue, was produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, Nov. 20. Miss Bréval was the patient heroine. The story is the old one told by Boccaccio, Chaucer and others, and it has been set to music by many, among them Al. Scarlatti, Buononcini, Porpora, Vivaldi, Piccini, Ricci. The text is by the late Armand Silvestre and Eugène Morand, and it was performed in practically the same shape as a play at the Comédie-Française in 1891. Massenet then began to write the music, and they say the score was finished as far back as 1898. In this version Satan enters and swears to make "Grizzle" yield to temptation while her husband is at the Crusades. The reception of the opera was cool. Many found the greater part of the music tedious. The orchestration is said to be masterly. It is hard to imagine Miss Bréval as patient in anything.

Harold Bauer will play in Paris with

Ysaye before he comes to this country in January. The Offenbach Cycles in Berlin rolls on successfully. The revival of "La Perichole" met with special favor.—Only one carriage followed the hearse at the funeral of Col. Mapleson Nov. 18, and the attendance at the grave was very small.—Adelina Patti sang at Albert Hall Nov. 21. Mr. Blackburn said of her: "She sang in quite her best form, with brilliance and elegance, and if that extraordinary upper register of hers is a trifle overstrained, her lower notes remain wonderfully beautiful and rich. She sang, among other things, Wagner's "Traume," with really exquisite distinction; it made one sigh to think how much of that splendid voice has gone to the glorification of shoddy Italian tunes, which a quarter of a century ago were practically the only marketable commodity in music. Her rendering of the Jewel Song from "Faust" was brilliantly effective, as it always is, although here the slight hardness of tone which is, of course, inevitable, was more apparent. Nevertheless, there was little diminution of the old brilliance and the keen and active vitality which have always distinguished this enchantingly volatile singer."—Busoni played in London Nov. 2 Weber's third sonata, which is seldom heard.—Saint-Saëns's opera, "Samson and Delilah," has at last been sung at Lepsie.—Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" met with brilliant success at the Vienna Imperial Opera House Nov. 16. It was the opera on the stage of the King Theatre when that theatre was burned with an appalling loss of life.—Marta Blummer, for many years Director of the Singakademie, Berlin, died Nov. 16.—Carl Hall's violin concerto, played by the composer in Berlin, was mercilessly condemned by the critics.—A new symphony in D minor by Hans Hermann was performed at Dessau Oct. 23.—César Cui's opera, "Ratoff," was performed in November at Antwerp.—Three Florentine clowns who tried to blackmail Josephine Huguet, soprano, and Pandolfi, the tenor, have been condemned to jail service for two years. (The singers have appeared in Boston.) The claqueurs threatened to hiss unless they were paid money and given tickets.—Eduard Zeldarust, a Dutch pianist, had his first appearance in this country with the Cincinnati Orchestra Nov. 18. He played Grieg's concerto.

A man is suing his wife in Brooklyn for separation. The wife answers that her husband uses liquor at table, while her ancestors for years were total abstainers. Why should not man and wife compromise on half-and-half?

This reminds us of Dean Hole's new book—a new book of old anecdotes. (He once visited this country—the fine old sporting parson.) His views on prohibition are pronounced:

"I have heard a cadaverous preacher say that when a man begins to take alcoholic liquors he is sowing the seeds of mortal disease. My father sowed until he was 50, and I was at so engaged in the same occupation; and I murmured sotto-voce, 'Rubbish!'

There is no fixed standard of temperance. There is no accurate spirit-level. Thus Mr. W. T. Parke in 1821 described Dr. Walcott as a sober man although he drank a bottle of rum daily.

On plantations of the West Indies, when toddy was ordered for guests, the black would ask if it was "to be drinkey for dry or drinkey for drunkey."

We spoke Saturday of the obstacles that beset a German officer in his attempt to marry a woman who had neither wealth nor social position. How is it in the French army? For 50 years or more French officers were compelled to prove that their betrothed had in her own right an income of about \$210 a year or of the corresponding capital. This regulation was abolished lately by Gen. André. But the bride must be highly respectable. There is a civil and military inquiry into her antecedents. The inquirers are the Mayor of her district and the gendarmes. The Mayor after careful investigation submits his decision to the Sub-Prefect, who ratifies or invalidates. As the Sub-Prefect is chosen by votes, injustice may be done to the daughters of the adverse party. The idea of gendarmes examining the reputation of maidens will furnish food for librettists. These gendarmes, by the way, are requested to proceed with "reserve and discretion," which adds fuel to mirth.

Here are some vital statistics:

In the last report of the Medical Officer of Health for the Port of London, the destruction of 60,814 rats is noted. From Sept. 23 to Oct. 27, 14,610 were destroyed.

Dr. Gurico Morselli, an indefatigable investigator, reports that for a million persons in Prussia, 348 women committed suicide after divorce or separation, against 61 married women. Of divorced and separated men, 2834 committed suicide, against 286 married. In Wurtemberg there are in mad-houses 3024 divorced persons, against 283 married, 416 cellmates, and 676 widows and widowers.

Are white rats often seen? We mean the kind they used to have in Germany; they had red eyes standing out of their head, and a rough and long beard. The rats of Pontus were also white, but they were not visible in winter. Rats in gold mines of the good old classic days would eat the gold; "Yea, and in gold mines they play the like part; and therefore being caught, their bellies be ript by the pioneers in the mine, where they evermore find their stolen gold again." When Hannibal besieged Casilinum a rat was sold within the town for 200 sesterces; "the man who bought it at that price lived; but the party who sold it through greediness of money died for hunger." Rats must have been a common article of diet in Rome, for we read that by the edicts of the Censors and principally by an act of M. Scæurus in his Consulship it was provided that "no rats, mice, or dormice should be served up to the table at their great suppers and feasts; like as all shell fish or fowls set out of furren countries far remote." We knew the daughter of an innkeeper in the Canton Vaud—she was a sleek, wholesome lass—who told us that in winter the few houses in Vers l'Eglise were remote and inaccessible for weeks on account of the snow, and the villagers were glad to eat cats or anything in the form of meat; nor did she speak with any squeamishness. We have told the story of some bloods in Albany, N. Y., who had a supper of rats that had been fed for weeks in a grain-house. But life in Albany is monotonous, and there are few literary or musical clubs there.

The English are bothered today by the problem how to divide one by a half. Here is an answer from a deep thinker:

- 1 is twice $\frac{1}{2}$. Therefore
- 1 divided by a half is 2.
- 1 Double both, and you have
- 2 One into two goes twice.

Another says: "Divide 10 oranges into two, the answer is five. What does the five stand for? Evidently for five oranges. We have divided the 10 oranges into two groups, each group containing five oranges. Now divide 10 oranges by two—that is, find out how many groups of two there are in 10. The answer is five; but here the five stands for groups and not for oranges."

A correspondent saw this epitaph in the cemetery of a Vermont village:

In silence his body must moulder to dust
Till death's iron bondage his spirit shall bust:

Then in heaven's bright regions with seraphs divine
The untimely lost Frederick forever will shine.

We are told gravely that "Westmoreland County, in which a young gentleman wounded and killed other gentlemen who were breaking into his house to kill him, is an 'interesting and conservative part of the world,' and that the people 'preserve the customs of their colonial ancestors.'" To the unprejudiced and earnest student of sociology the County reminds him of San Diego as described by John Phoenix.

All night long in this sweet little village
You hear the soft note of the pistol,
With the pleasant scream of the victim,
Whose been shot prehaps in his gizzard.

There is cheerful frankness in this letter written by an English wine dealer to a young woman, once a member of a "Geisha" company, to whom he was engaged:

"Louie, you evidently force me to defend myself; but have you considered everything, or do you imagine I should spare your feelings? Hitherto I have foolishly done it, and have told not a soul of your gratuitous embraces at Scarborough which commenced the intimacy. * * * I admit I became infatuated and persuaded myself that this and also your habits of whisky drinking and smoking were harmless and womanly, and 'making-up off the stage' was almost commendable. Now I see these things in their proper light, and I am not blind to the personal imperfections which you, unfortunately, possess. Any of these things are sufficient to account for my behavior, and it is now easy to understand why the numerous admirers of which you boasted all dropped off. I have nothing to lose, but I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you humiliated."

The wine dealer appears to be what Mr. W. E. Henley calls the "dread vocable," i. e., a cad.

MR. KLAHRE'S RECITAL.

Mr. Edwin Klahre gave a pleasant piano recital in Stelner Hall yesterday afternoon. The program included Liszt's Ballade in B minor, Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia, Chopin's nocturne in F sharp, Schumann's "Aufschwung," Liszt's "Campanella," Beethoven's Fantasie in G minor, Rubinstein's Barcarolle in A minor, Kamenoi-Ostrow's Etude in E flat. This program was a most agreeable departure from the conventional runs followed even by illustrious visitors. The hearer was not called on to endure a long-winded sonata or a tedious succession of thunderous pieces. Mr. Klahre gave pleasure to the audience of fair size by his interpretation. He was more successful, as a rule, in passages of sentiment than in pages of bravura, although at times he was appropriately brilliant and effective.

For like a child sent with a fluttering light
To feel his way across a gusty night,
Man walks the world. Again and yet again
The lamp shall be by fits of passion slain.
But shall not he who sent him from the door
Re-light the lamp once more, and yet once more?

We knew Yale College in the Spartan days. There was fighting, but it was annoying, rather than serious. In South the rooms were plainly furnished. There were cheap iron bedsteads, Franklin stoves, curtains, chairs, tables, washstands bought from a graduate, and valuable chiefly through association. The sweep, or his helper, would sometimes appropriate a stray quarter, or in an aggravated instance a handsome hunting case silver watch presented to the student by his Uncle Amos. Or a classmate would borrow a treatise on political economy, or one of Mr. Bohn's translations.

We were therefore deeply pained to read of thefts committed at Vanderbilt Dormitory by Mr. Garrison Chadwick, who, of course, was named after the distinguished liberator. He had taken away in the course of his professional duties "silver cigarette cases, gold studs, diamond pins and champagne." There were no such things at Yale under the rule of Noah Porter and the Human Intellect, although champagne was occasionally ordered by freshmen under the hypnotic eyes of sophomores. The times have changed. They that dwell in Vanderbilt Dormi-

tory must live up to their rooms. But diamond pins are not in the best of taste, and champagne between meals is bad for the kidneys.

A Mr. Beck, a New York hotel cook writes to the Sun that he has probably opened 200,000 eggs, but last week he ran across, for the first time, a fresh egg that contained two yolks and whites. He is surprised. But eggs with two yolks and whites are not uncommon. The surprise is in the statement that he opened a fresh egg.

A head waiter in the same issue of the Sun made some excellent remarks on the ordering of dinners.

"Once you can wear a man from the hide-bound tradition that stalks

the one thing that man can live if you can hope to get him out of the abysmal error of fancying turkey a epicurean dish. But the America knows his beefsteak, and he knows his turkey. He swears by it and if you venture to suggest the superiority of the wild turkey to this other tameness, monstrosity he looks at you with troubled eyes. * * * It (turkey) over-rated spectacular, rather than a real epicurean value. Children like and as they grow up it remains sort of childhood ideal, that they try to warm into life at Christmas at Thanksgiving." Would that our lamented colleague, the Heron editor had lived to read these words!

We have received a copy of the Co-operator, published at Burley, Washington. We trembled when we read fiery article against the purpose of the Post Office Department "to suppress Socialist papers and literature in general," but we were reassured by some of the "Home Notes."

The graving of the Co-operator's blood goes only as far as this: "Of our young steers was killed on Tuesday, and his meat distributed on Wednesday."

"Bro. McClintock's sister, Daisy, arrived on Sunday from Santa Barbara. With a kerosene can and a wild light in her eye? Oh, no. 'To try the climate of Burley and visit her relatives.'"

All these notes breathe the peace of good will. "The hotel served a chicken dinner on Thanksgiving Day, with choice assortment of vegetables, including celery, and pumpkin pie as reminder of home; the families were served with beef."

And there are pleasant glimpses of daily life at Burley. "We drink coffee, tea, and cereal with sugar as milk in our drink and on our menu a breakfast dish which never fails. Butter we have not always, nor meat either." Heed our advice, dear brethren: let coffee alone, even with mingling sugar and milk it is like the wine of the Borgias.

"Our good women prepare the meat taking their turn about, one prepares the breakfast, another the dinner and so on; they usually change each week also. At present our agreeable young member, Jimmy Bruce, is the man stay for breakfast, flying around pretty smart and getting up at half past four. At the entrance to the dining room a young lady, always pleasant punches the meal tickets, we a charged five cents per meal, visit more. We are now working eight hours every working day for the week, if the time we don't work no pay." Nothing could be fairer than this.

And do you think the "young ladies always pleasant," and her sisters round in meal sacks or homespun? "We dress fashionably, Tacoma at Seattle being so close we keep reasonable touch with the fashionable world." And there are mails to Attleboro, Mass.

We learn from an advertisement that excellent cigars, "general favorites" may be bought 50 in a box for \$1.50.

When men and women are now a cused of poisoning friends or neighbors, there is much talk about the character of the poison, whether it soluble, volatile, traceable, etc., etc. One of the most fascinating and accomplished poisoners this world has ever seen—we refer to Marie Madeline d'Aubray, Marquise de Brinvilliers—used only arsenic, vitriol, a toad's venom, coarse, rough poison. Yet how neatly she disposed of her papa and her two brothers. The truth is great are always simple in their methods.

Gilbert White could not make up his mind whether toads are venomous. Many animals eat them without harm and a quack at Selbourne ate one and then drank oil. Mr. Grant Allen adds the note that there is no venom in toads, "though they have a nasty taste which makes dogs and fish reject them." Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. P. Robinson gallantly defend the animal from all charges, but Frank Buckle says that toads are poisonous to a

gent—that the glandular secretions are injurious to the human subject. Such, a surgeon of Oxfordshire, is the case of a man who wags when he was half drunk in a pub-house, that he would bite off a toad's head he did so, but soon his lips, and throat began to swell, and he was dangerously sick for some time. Books are full of strange remedies which the toad enters, and cures of toad poison. As De Gubernatis says: "Inasmuch as the toad is a form to the demon, it is feared and; inasmuch as, on the contrary, considered as a diabolical form imposing force upon a divine or princely, it is respected and venerated sacred animal."

Dec. 11, 1901
R. GIGUERE, VIOLINIST.

First Appearance Last Night at Association Hall Under the Auspices of the Daudelin School of Music.

Chambord Giguere, violinist, assisted by Miss Gertrude Walker, soprano, and Mr. Frank La Raine Chamberlain, flutist, gave a concert last night at Association Hall. There was a splendid audience. The program included these violin pieces: Wieniawski's "Lento in D minor, op. 22; Saint-Saens' "Havanaise," Lalo's symphonie "Moules; Handel's "Lusinghe piu and songs by Wright, Harris and others for soprano; Terschak's "Leopard" and Doppler's Fantaisie Pastorale for flute.

Giguere, a pupil of Cornélis, came last summer for the violin prize at Brussels Conservatory. The titillation lasted two days, and there were 23 competitors, who at the first of the first day played pieces by Paganini, Fiorillo, Rode, and at the second, the first movement of Wieniawski's second concerto. On the second day they were allowed to play pieces of their own choice. Four shared the prize "with the greatest distinction," Messrs. Doneaux, Giguere, and others. Giguere chose as optional piece the rondo from "Symphonie." A native of this land, at one time a pupil of Mr. Chamberlain, he proposes soon to return to his native land for further study. Last night he gave his friends an opportunity of observing his present proficiency. While he is still, as it were, a conservatory influence, he plays with more than customary freedom. His cantabile is full of sentiment and his technique is fluent. The piano and flute solos gave variety to the program, and there was hearty applause for all.

The concert on Saturday afternoon, Giguere will play Vieuxtemps's No. 4, Wieniawski's Polonaise, Sarasate's arrangement of Chopin's nocturne in E flat, Zarzky's "Kav. op. 24 and Vieuxtemps's Ballade Polonaise. Miss Walker will sing arias by Gomes and songs by Kowalsky and Harris, and Mr. Chamberlain will play pieces by Bohm and others.

is the truth about Jonkheer? Did he die in defence of his country, killed by the hand of her husband? 'Twas a fair, chivalrous, which centuries ago any would have envied. Or has he died of disease, appendicitis contracted in her service, and if he lives will his grateful sovereign wear a sash as a pendant to her royal crown?

is an outcry in London because a man was served at a luncheon to the Prince of Wales at Guildhall. More than 100 larks were killed and cooked for the Prince, who is the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds.

A nursery rhyme tells us that a dish to set before a King is of four and twenty blackbirds. The rhyme is certainly as old as "Bonduca" of Beaumont and Fletcher. (The ingenious John Belcher insists that this song is a lampoon upon the community of singing friars, and that the famous order read:

"er saek inn! hof! Sechs-pensse!
sch'et vuil! af rye!
band tweyn dij plack-boots!
'et er pye!)
We find no recipes for the blackbird sings throughout the year, singing, noon and evening, and in foul weather, "the sable bird, from the bough." But the bird served in many ways, as in hot pie, into which you should pour a saucière ragout; caisses of larks, larks and wheatears. Mr. Sala approves of larks in pie or croustade. The gentry of this country like what they are eating; they fear with something they do not like a hot raised pie, which they touch. The reason of it is obvious and justifies their aversion: the hot pies being generally

economical entrees, made of legs or other inferior parts of either fowl or game, and not of the fillets." The French prefer them in a ragout or with fine herbs, but their ancestors ate them in pie and soup. In the sixteenth century larks were common in Paris, and they were often served covered with sage and bacon and run through by the dozen or half dozen with a wooden spit.

How particular the Romans were in these matters! "If 12 larks should weigh below 12 ounces, they would be very lean, and scarcely tolerable; if 12, and down weight, they would be very well; but if 13, they would be fat to perfection." And was there not an Emperor who feasted on hundreds of larks' tongues?

We have never eaten blackbirds or larks. We ate English sparrows—ones. They are coarse and vulgar birds.

An English woman—we cannot keep away from England—is in trouble with a Nuisance Inspector because she is fond of a pig. The pet lies between sheets in his own room, which is furnished like the usual parlor, and there are illuminated texts on the wall. The woman kisses the pig, calls it "naughty boy." She said in defence that she had educated it as a Christian, that it was kind and true, that it never kicked the clothes off the bed.

Why should she not be allowed such a companion? She is a maiden, and, of course, might have a cat; but cats carry disease, dogs bark, and a parrot is false, cruel, unwholesome. There was a man in Antwerp who would swoon if pig were put on the table, but he is no example for sensible persons. Think of the learned pig who put thousands to shame by his knowledge and decorum.

There was Lord Gardenstone, who died in 1793. He was fond of a pig who followed him about and slept in his master's bed; and when he was too big to do this, he slept in his lordship's bed room. My Lord put his clothes on the floor as a bed, and avowed he liked the pig, for it kept them warm till the morning.

The pig has been abused by man. In his natural state, this "stubborn, gluttonous, discontented, quarrelsome" animal is cleanly in food and habits, intelligent, active, courageous. Why should it not be a household pet? Of course no one who respects the feelings of others would eat ham or sausages and buckwheat cakes while it was in the room.

That is a good line of J. P. M. in the New York Evening Post: "Thackeray held that literature, before anything else, should be gentlemanly. The prevailing opinion now is that it ought to be ladylike, and it is—I mean, of course, when men write it."

How many good things smell abominably when they go out—the light that faded, the Havana cigar, the body that is no longer interested with the world and the inhabitants thereof.

What sort of a dinner is served in the house where the writer of a cook book is the housekeeper?

What should we do without Mr. Wu Ting-fang? He went to see Mr. Hubert Vos's portraits of representative types of various races. The Washington Times tells the story:

The artist, with the diplomat in tow, paused before these canvases. "Who is that?" asked Mr. Wu, pointing toward the picture of Ching. "That is Prince Ching," replied Vos. "It don't look like him," was his only comment, and the party passed on to Earl Li. "Who's that?" "That is Li Hung Chang," said the Minister again. "It don't look like him," said the Minister again. "But it's only a three-quarters view, you know," said the artist, apologetically. "It don't look three-quarters like him," said Wu.

Only one carriage followed the hearse at the burial of Col. J. H. Mapleson. Mr. John Hollingshead declares that this "sad, neglected and pathetic funeral" is "a great and everlasting disgrace to the musical profession. * * * An able and exhaustive summary of his long and active career in a distinguished weekly journal must have made those whom he fed and clothed and provided with villas on the Lake of Como thoroughly ashamed of themselves. He had a few good friends who never deserted him, and he was cheerful to the last, but a greater victim of base ingratitude never lived and died."

Dec 12, 1901
MISS TORREY'S CONCERT.

Miss Edith A. Torrey, soprano, assisted by Miss Gertrude Edmonds, contralto, and Mr. Ellis Clark Hamman, pianist, gave a concert in Chickering Hall last evening. There were songs by Bach, Handel—why do American singers insist on modifying the "a" in Handel?—Brahms, Tschaiikowsky, Schumann, R. Strauss, Hahn, Vidal, Cham-

made, Delibes, H. J. Stewart (first time), Amies, Foote (first time), M. V. White, Chadwick Parker; the Romance from "La Gioconda"; three duets by Henshel; piano pieces by Schumann and Moszkowski.

The two singers are well known here in choir and concert and, as ever, they gave pleasure to their assembled friends. The program was made up of choice selections, both old and unfamiliar. The pianist, a new comer, was originally from Bethlehem (Pa.). He studied in Berlin under Moszkowski. Last night he accompanied discreetly and effectively and as a pianist showed an agreeable touch and a pleasant

We have received the following letter:

South Dennis, Mass., Dec. 9, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
From New Hampshire came the inquiry, "What is a Cape Cod turkey?" and the Referee said "codfish." After rendering decision he found that many old and reputable people knew that herring smoked was turkey. All bets are off until your opinion is handed down.

C. M. U.
We were raised in the western part of the Commonwealth, and in that region codfish was Cape Cod turkey, and shad was Connecticut beef.

The dictionaries join in this opinion. Cape Cod turkey as well as Marblehead turkey is salted codfish. Charles Nordhoff was quoted in 1865 as saying that in American ships the salted codfish was thus known.

So in England a red herring or bloater is called Billingsgate pheasant, two-eyed steak, Atlantic ranger, Yarmouth capon, Glasgow magistrate. And in this country everyone knows the precise nature of Albany beef.

But why should a doubter go so far from South Dennis, or the Cape? Are there no Nickersons, Bearses, Burseleys, Marstons, Halletts, Eldridges, Hodges, Howes, Parkers now on earth to tell of feasting far from home on the turkey of their beloved Cape? Does not the resultant thirst still linger?

Miss Lizzie Peckham, the new tax collector of Seipio, N. Y., is indeed a gifted person. She is pretty; she can also milk a cow and "interpret Chopin, Beethoven, Liszt and Wagner on the piano like an expert." Milking a cow is excellent practice for a modern pianist, we are told. It strengthens the wrists and gives the fingers a caressing touch, so that the faithful, diligent and intelligent student may be said to milk the piano instead of shoeing it as though she were afraid. Miss Peckham should visit Boston and give at least one recital. As she is a tax collector, she could also manage the box office and thus save enough for her fare each way. "She is considered the most all-round girl in the country." Yes, indeed, this praise is none too high. She is "teres atque rotunda," as our old friend, Q. Horatius Flaccus, remarked a few years ago.

We are indebted to Mr. P. K. Foley for a copy of a supplement to the National Intelligencer, Washington, D. C., March 4, 1826. It contains this obituary notice:

"Died, in Westford (Mass.), Widow Betty Fletcher, aged 95. She lived to say, Arise daughter, go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath a daughter. She had 13 children, 114 grand and great-grandchildren. Over 80 of her connexions followed as mourners to the grave. She retained her sight and memory till her death, was beloved and respected by all who knew her and left a character worthy of all to imitate."

Other items are of the same character as those found today: reports of workmen discharged—an account of a murder—a letter in which a Mr. Thompson accuses a firm of showing "their cloven foot"—a description of a meteor seen by a prominent citizen of Chesterfield, Va., etc., etc.—a pen-sketch of Bolivar, who had a fiery-quick black eye and large mustaches. We are reminded that in 1826 the punishment in Alabama for passing a counterfeit 50-cent change note was death. What did they do to the man when the note was for a dollar? The steamboats connected with the line of stages between Philadelphia and New York were to begin running on March 1 of that year. Washington County (Pa.), contained 110,000 sheep; Dutchess County (N. Y.), 174,000, nearly four to each inhabitant. A New York seedsman received a cask from a Baltimore coaster. He opened it and found the body of a negro woman about 45 years of age and in remarkably good spirits. A usury bill had just passed the Massachusetts Legislature. It provided that banks and persons lending money on excessive interest (over six per cent.) should forfeit all the interest.

We learn from the National Intelligencer that "Othello" had been played at Rochester (N. Y.), with considerable success. The editor of the Rochester Album wrote the following discrimina-

tive and scholarly review:

"Let the two first trees in the scenery, which sprout from a couple of hieroglyphic tobacco casks, be set in the earth.

"The boy who acted Desdemona's father, should procure a gray wig and a beard.

"Othello, being a General, should, at least on training-days, wear a sword, and, if he can afford the luxury, a pair of spurs.

"As Desdemona is a Venetian, and of course a brunette, she should lay on less of the rouge; nor let her deem it extravagant to furnish her bed with curtains.

"Let the Duke of Venice furnish his throne with a cushion, brush the windows of his palace, and exchange his two tin candlesticks for a single brass one."

"Desdemona is a Venetian, and of course a brunette." O archaeological and ethnological and sociological sage of Rochester! Were there then no Venetian blondes, was there no Venetian hair of Titian red?

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold, Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

It is true that these Venetian women were often chemical blondes. There were many washes for hair as well as face, and "to wash the head" was a euphemistic expression for "dyeing the hair." Travelers tell of delectable sights—women seated in the balcony in full sun drying their loosened locks; and there these women would sit for hours. There was a widely cultivated "arte blondeggiante," and there were prescriptions for lustrous and mahogany as well as golden hair. Lucrezia Borgia—would that she were now in Boston!—stopped several times in her haste to meet her ducal husband to care for her hair and see that its color did not vary.

Dec 13, 1901
MR. FOX'S PIANO RECITAL.

A Program of Pieces Which Were, for the Most Part, Unfamiliar—The Pianist's Improvement in Technic.

Mr. Felix Fox gave his first piano recital this season last evening in Steinert Hall. There was an appreciative audience of good size. The program was as follows:

- Prelude, Adagio, Fugue.....Bach-Philipp
- Voyage autour de ma chambre.....Heller
- Ballade, Op. 10, No. 1.....Brahms
- Etude in A major.....Bernard
- Etude, Op. 23, No. 3.....Rubinstein
- Third Mazurka.....Saint-Saens
- Etude de Concert.....E. Blumenfeld
- Scherzo in C sharp minor.....Chopin
- Sonata in A major.....Schubert

Mr. Fox's program was unconventional and not too long. He did not begin with an arrangement of Bach's music by Liszt or Taussig; the necessary sonata was not formidable, and it was put thoughtfully at the end so that no one who wished to hear the pianist was obliged to wait, say three-quarters of an hour, before the lighter pieces were reached; and the program was not too long.

Bach wrote many beautiful pieces for the piano, and it is a pity that pianists think it their duty to perform crashing disarrangements of organ pieces, or movements from cantatas or orchestral suites. How Bach would write for the piano if he were alive today is a question harder to answer than what name Achilles took when he hid himself among women, and the speculation is vain. He might not write for piano; he might be enamored of the orchestra. It is true some are discontented with Bach's piano pieces as they stand; they say they are not "effective"; they are not "in the spirit of our age"; and so they hunt for enlargements and transformations and disguises by ingenious gentlemen who connect their names with a hyphen to that of the composer of "The Well-Tempered Clavichord." It is possible that these pianists fail to see the beauty, passion, melancholy, grandeur in many of the famous preludes and fugues?

It was a pleasure to find the name of Stephen Heller on the program. He is neglected today; and yet this sensitive romanticist with the gift of classical expression wrote delightful things, which may be compared to exquisite miniatures, cameos, water colors, etchings. The piece chosen by Mr. Fox is not one of the most characteristic; it is not so intimate as others of fantastic titles; it is not sufficiently flamboyant to excite popular interest. The etude by Bernard is a pretty bit of flagrant turned out by a serious Frenchman, who, too often, turns his back on the grace, clearness and rhythmic charm that long distinguished the better music of his nation. Before French composers were maddened with the strong drink of Wagner and turned to Simlani imitation. Saint-Saens's mazurka is essentially commonplace; Blumenfeld's Etude is something to practice; its interest is technical, not its Rubinstein's Etude of vital interest.

I have spoken at length concerning the program because it reflects the performance itself. The second group of pieces was badly arranged, for four pieces without any emotional quality

followed Brahms's Ballade. This Ballade was played rather timidly, as though full and outspoken expression might shock prejudices. The other

pieces were played confidently—I am not speaking now of technique—and the points were clearly made. In Heller's "Village" the sentiments were not italicized, they were not always read effectively, while any technical difficulty was attacked with amore. So, too, there was no real breadth, there was no spirit as from within in the scherzo by Chopin.

Mr. Fox is still in the bondage of technique. Technique fascinates him with her cry: "Practice, practice! Another week—another month—now see how easy it is!" He has improved in technical matters, and this improvement is shown in the acquisition of a certain ease and a plausible authority. Pieces that call for brilliance attract interest, enchain him. How little song there was last night, how few passages of harmonic sensuousness! And when the song came, it was not convincing, irresistible. Nor was there always a well-defined rhythm. There was undue haste, there was an irregular pulse in the Bach prelude. It is now apparently Mr. Fox's desire to acquire a thoroughly well-rounded technique. The ambition is laudable, necessary. But it is so easy in the pursuit of this to wound the spirit so that it departs and does not return.

Mr. Fox's tone is clearer, purer, more musical than when he last appeared here. It may still be bettered. The choice of his program shows that he does not yet fully appreciate the value and power of emotional song.

At his second recital, Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 31, he will play pieces by Franck, Tschalkowsky, Fauré, Liszt, Widor, Chopin, Lidoft, Blumenfeld, and three arrangements.

Philip Hale.

Yes, Lauretta, the singers are coming East and the press agent, well furnished with telegraph-blanks, is in the smoking room of the railway car. Thus does a stone thrown through a window revive waning interest in Emma Eames, and thus is Nordica making romantic claims, like any distressed heroine on the other side of the footlights.

The New Yorkers are indeed a prosperous folk. Thus we observe that Deputy Chief Purroy of the Fire Department, in the act of climbing through the skylight of the Bijou Theatre, tore a big diamond out of his shirt front.

Yet there are beggars in the Metropolis, and as in the nursery jingle, "some in velvet gowns." Take the case of "a well dressed woman" who begged from a sister woman. The former said in spite of her fine clothes that she was starving. The latter had just left the luncheon table of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who is said to be clothed in sackcloth and fine linen and to fare sumptuously every day. The guest, a Miss Carey, reproved the beggar for the combination of fine clothes and hunger; she went still further, did this earnest student of political economy; she went to the station-house, made a complaint, played the adder when the woman asked on her knees for mercy, and even made a speech—as for publication or a memorial tablet: "The beggars on Madison Avenue are such a nuisance that some have got to be made examples of." She then spoiled the effect by stumbling over "shall" and "will."

It is perhaps impossible for a woman who rises sleek and flushed from a rich man's table—after she has partaken of stewed meats and Claret, cheese straws, financiers aux truffes, galantines d'anguille, gelées au marasquin, and sich—to realize that anyone can be hungry. The surprise of discovery leads to hard temper, still redder cheeks, and a shrill voice. "What! This creature is not in rags and yet she has the impudence to say that she is hungry." Away with her to the lowest dungeon. Give her a raw turnip and a bucket of stale water.

The most ironical hunger is that of the well dressed. A man may have a supply of irreproachable clothes and yet be actually hungry, ready to steal, to jump off the dock, to do anything except borrow from a friend. A distinguished architect told us that as a student in Paris he often went hungry, such was his poverty, all the day until he attended some party at night, and then his hunger was so fierce that he could hardly await the supper or refrain from giving a striking impersonation of the Human Wolf. "Yet no one would have known it," said Mr. Richardson, "for I happened to be dressed extremely well that winter."

We assume that the luncheon at Mr. Morgan's house was sumptuous. (If there is no such word as sumptuous, there should be; it is mouth-filling, sonorous, it suggests size, brilliance, color, rare dishes, music, high-church butlers and attendants, women in gorgeous dress, men drunk with the insolence of prosperity, and the motto "After us the Deluge." Nor in this instance did the guests distribute the crumbs to the beggars in the street.

We associate good cheer with banqueting. During the days of Louis XV, the banker vied with Count, Marquis, Duke; supper was the fashionable meal; and the air of Paris was perfumed by the smoke of kitchen chimneys, just as the atmosphere of Munich today is charged delightfully with malt and beer. Fresh eggs and sound apples are almost beyond the dreams of avarice; only great promoters and bankers can serve them. We naturally assume that Mr. Morgan's luncheon table rivals that of Lucullus, Apicius, Hellogabalus—whose name should have been Hellogobbeus—or any other affluent gentleman of classic days. At the same time we should hesitate to accept an invitation from Mr. Russell Sage, even if we took our own omelette with us.

We are all too much interested in what we eat and drink; whether President Roosevelt at breakfast eats gingerly of some ghastly "health food"; whether Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poet of passion, is fond of the favorite Hudson River dish of sausages, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup all on the same plate. The publication daily of Mr. T. W. Lawson's meals would delight hundreds, yes, thousands.

It is highly probable that the rich do not as a rule eat such rich food as the average clerk; but when you say that men of great mental force and ingenious schemes do not stuff their stomachs, the figure of Napoleon, who lost the battle of Leipzig from a gorge on mutton, confronts you and holds up the stripped leg as a solemn warning. The rich may feel it their duty to provide sumptuously—we cannot escape the word—for their guests; but they themselves are often frugal, mean from choice as well as from dyspepsia in their eating. Mr. John Elwes, who after great losses left in 1789 £500,000, a pretty sum in those days, often ate nothing but two hard-boiled eggs and a scrap of bread. Who would have dined with Thomas Cooke, or Daniel Daner?

So Plancon will not sing here this season. He will be sadly missed, for he was not only one of the very best singers, male or female, in Mr. Grau's company, but a man who always kept his engagements and never disappointed public or manager. Plancon's mother is alone and sick in Paris, and the son is superior to the singer.

Correspondents of the New York Sun are discussing the origin of "bushed," one "distracted from heat or otherwise, who retreats for relief," etc., etc. Is the word of Australian origin? "To camp out in the bush; to get lost in the bush; hence a slang usage in which the expression is applied to a person in any mental or physical difficulty or 'muddle.'" Where an Englishman says he is fagged or fogged, an Australian says he is bushed. Is the expression common in New England? We never heard it. It is used in New York and some Western States. In the Canting Dictionary added to the Life of Count de Vaux, swindler and pickpocket (London, 1812), "bushed" is given as meaning hard-up, destitute, and this expression did not come from Australia.

Dec 14, 1901

We learn that there is much interest at Greenfield in a peculiarly romantic murder, "notwithstanding the fact that the principals are Italians." Do the Greenfieldites, the Sunderlandites, the Whatelyites, the South Deerfieldites, the Montagueites, and all the ites of Franklin and Hampshire Counties refuse to be interested in Dante, Ariosto, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Tasso, Marconi, Garibaldi, Great Christopher Columbus, Verdi, Cavour, Lucrezia Borgia, Machiavelli and others on account of their Italian blood? Even in murder, the Italians are much more picturesque than the men and women of northern races. A thoughtfully written history of murder as known and practised in Italy from the dawn of Christianity to 1901 would be a fascinating and valuable volume, an admirable Christmas gift.

Only at Naples could Lightborn learn how to poison flowers:
To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat;
To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.
And he had a still braver way for the removal of Edward II.

With Herrick, we asked Miss Eustacia how she grew roses in her cheeks when so many women now look jaded, wrinkled, etiolated, wan. She said, "By doing no Christmas shopping. You know we have no janitor, and I have found that a servant girl prefers money

to a dress that she does not like, candy, kind words or even an improving book."

The janitor! A woman asked us, "How much do you think I ought to give the janitor for a Christmas present?" By masterly examination we found that there were two women with a maid in the flat; that the janitor sent up the coal by an elevator; that he removed the newspapers and offal; that whenever he did any little job that was outside of his duty he was expressly and promptly paid. Yet this woman was anxious, dubious, nervous. Would he deign to accept five dollars?

We pondered her case and we also thought of the many in moderate circumstances who are now debating the character of the presents they should give to the rich—friends of large income servant girls, janitors and others. It is nothing new. Terence spoke of it years ago. "How unfair a custom," says the slave Davus in "Phormio"—"that those who have the least should always be giving something to the more wealthy. That which the poor wretch has with difficulty spared, once by ounce, out of his allowance, defracting

himself of every indulgence, the whole of it will she (or he) carry off without thinking with how much labor it has been acquired."

By the way, "to strike" a person for anything was a common phrase among the Romans; to extort a present from one reluctant.

The German Housewives' Society in New York gave ten-dollar gold pieces to good and faithful servants "who had been in continuous service for"—think of it!—"two years!" Among these servants was "Fraulein Delia Flanagan," proficient no doubt in Hamburg steak and Frankfurters. We are informed that some of the servants were so well dressed and carried themselves so well that "it was hard to tell mistress from maid." This observation shows a lack of observation. On such occasions the shabbier dressed are always the mistresses. And we know parlor and chamber maids whose carriage, modesty, gentleness, dignity, good sense are a reproach to their over-dressed, overfed, bejeweled, chattering employers.

A correspondent writes: "What did you mean Friday morning by speaking of a guest taking his own 'cream' with him to the table of Mr. Russell Sage? Where is the joke?"
"There was no joke. 'Cream'?"
"Cream"? We wrote "screen." You surely remember the little episode of the human screen.

This Mr. Hermann Klein, who said in London that Americans, "although they had wonderful voices, did not know how to speak the English language," is coming over here to teach us, to remove nasality and correct catarrh. He has been here before, even in Boston, for he saw the first performance of "El Capitan." His brother was the librettist of that delicately scored operetta. Mr. Klein may do good missionary work in this benighted land where our singers bow down to German wood and stone. If he can persuade them in this city that English is the language which is spoken by the greater number of our concert goers and after all is the one best understood by them, he will deserve a laurel wreath, to be presented to him on the steps of City Hall. Of course, in New York the languages best known by music lovers are German and Yiddish; Bostonians are not so musical.

But is not this the same Mr. Klein who advanced the theory that "almost all European languages interfered with the production of tone as based on the Italian vowels?" He is reported to have said at the "banquet" given him—we forget; a "banquet" is always "tendered"—that the Americans spend money lavishly in the musical schools of Europe, yet succeed only in learning how to sing in every language except their own." Mr. Klein is the flower of courtesy. He surely has not heard all these Americans, for many women who return cannot sing in any language, although they have spent all their money and that which was given or lent them by patrons, patronesses, promoters or art, and elderly and benevolent gentlemen with beautiful whiskers.

English in the concert room is voted low and vulgar. Only the recklessly brave would dare to sing a song by Schubert or Schumann in English. But to mispronounce and mangle German verses, or to inject New England vowels and words clipped of consonants into a French song is regarded as the touchstone of art and the final polish.

This reminds us that the "chauffeur" of Mr. G. L. Rives was arrested and discharged in New York. Why "chauffeur"? Is there no English word? Are "fireman," "stoker," "feeder" low and vulgar terms? Why do we not read in

reports of railway accidents. "The chauffeur jumped, but the engineer stuck to his post?"
"Chauffeur" and "chanffer" have several pleasant meanings in colloquial French. Thus "to chauffeur" a play" is to hurry for it in the newspapers and in advance of the performance—a practice which, of course, is confined exclusively to Paris—orto "yell it through" on the first night.

MR. JAN KUBELIK.

His Second Appearance and First Recital in Symphony Hall—A Program Which Disclosed His Tone and Technic.

Mr. Jan Kubelik, violinist, gave his first recital, or second concert, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program as announced was as follows:

Concert in E major.....Vieuxtemps
Etincelle.....Moszkowski
Etude de Concert.....Schlosser
Aria.....Bach
Romance, G major.....Beethoven
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 12.....Liszt
Variations on "Nai cor piu".....Paganini

A concerto by Beethoven or Ernst, Vieuxtemps or Brahms, pales when the piano attempts to replace the orchestra. The piano may be played delightfully and musically, as it was yesterday by Mr. Rudolf Friml; but the concerto is only the shadow of its true self. For the concerto suggests and demands a brilliantly lighted hall, women perfumed and in gala dress, men in their sombre bravery, the excitement and the expectation of a festival crowd—and the orchestral pomp that ushers in accompanies the long-awaited violinist, and at the end anticipates the applause of the hearers. The violinist himself must miss the encouragement and support; furthermore, the nakedness of his performance puts any flaw or blemish into a cold light.

It is the fashion for those who are slightly acquainted with the literature of the violin and have no sense of historical perspective to pooch-pooch Vieuxtemps and sneer at Ernst. There was a time—in the forties—when Vieuxtemps's concerto in E was a revolutionary work. It was epoch-making. The charge was made that Vieuxtemps could not have written it, "because no virtuoso could compose," and the concerto was attributed to Mayer, a pianist-composer. The first movement was indeed remarkable music for a virtuoso, but Vieuxtemps showed afterward by other works that it was not merely a fluke. The introduction and rondo is frankly virtuoso music—and much of it is intolerably dull.

The Paganini variations were not published during the lifetime of the great violinist. It is not known whether they are authentic. It is probable that they were compiled from memory. For the only pieces published with Paganini's consent were the Caprices for solo violin, two sets of sonatas for violin and guitar, and three quartets for violin, viola, guitar and cello. But more may be said concerning Paganini and his music when Mr. Kubelik gives his "Paganini recital" Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 1, in Symphony Hall. It is enough to say at present that much of the alleged Paganini music played to excite amazement is an insult to the memory of a great artist. No matter how brilliantly and recklessly it may be performed, it belongs with fly-rings and the fiery, untamed steed of the circus, with its sawdust and roar.

Mr. Kubelik again showed his remarkable natural talent; he displayed gifts that cannot be acquired solely by diligence in study. The performance of the familiar air by Bach was distinguished by rich, velvety, sumptuous tone. Through the concerto there were many charming moments, and the was pleasure in applauding feeling as taste as well as technic. But the performance, as a whole, was not masterful; it was not authoritative. The emotional quality was chiefly a matter of tone, to which phrasing was of secondary. The individuality of the violinist is in his personal appearance and carriage, rather than in any special feature of his playing. Still, he in certain ways attractive, and there much in his performance that can justly be praised. The question of great interest at present is this: Will grow and ripen into a true and round artist, or will he be satisfied with glory and the blaze of a few seasons? The public is forgetful; it welcomes eagerly the next comer; and there is such forgetfulness as that into which the madly applauded favorite falls.

The audience yesterday recalled the violinist again and again. After rondo he played a difficult unmusical distressing disarrangement of the sex from "Lucia," which in the opera noble and thrilling.

Miss Shay again showed a crisp brilliant technic.

Philip Hale

RICHARD STRAUSS, whose "Heldenleben" provoked dissension here, for some of the heard were in the seventh heaven a others took the tone-poem as a personal insult and really look upon the composer as Anti-Christ, is much interested in the work of our fellow townsman, Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler. Strauss is now giving orchestral concerts in Berlin. His programs are made up chiefly of pieces by the young, less conventional. Mr. Carl Halir, who has before this introduced Mr. Lo-

"Divertimento" for violin and orchestra in certain German cities, played solo part at the second of these concert, Nov. 18.

The German Times said of the work: "The first two movements of the concerto are dainty beyond comparison. The orchestration is woven about the part like a gossamer of finest texture. Rarely has there been accomplished such extreme delicacy in treatment of a large orchestra."

Otto Lessmann was still more enthusiastic in his music journal (*Allgemeine Musikzeitung*) Nov. 23: "The violin concerto under the modest 'Divertimento,' by Ch. Löffler, a great master of the celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra, was an agreeable surprise. The three movements of this fascinating work are titled 'Prélude,' 'Épique,' 'Fête Mortuaires.' The first movement is a dainty extended prelude, of interest-invention, founded on Bach models, developed in full modern spirit. The movement scarcely reminds one of the first movement of a concerto. The solo part is written with uncommon skill, and the orchestral accompaniment is extraordinarily clear and transparent. The second movement is of exquisite poetry; it is uncommonly piquant, and it is remarkable in design and mood. The variations contain many ingenious clever passages in the fantastic of the theme, but there are also ages of merely virtuosic character. Haller played this novelty with uncommon brilliance of technique and tone, was enthusiastically applauded."

Of Mr. Löffler's new composition they were written last summer—be produced tomorrow night at the Longy concert. These are the two sodles of which I spoke last week. A new orchestral work, an illustration of a poem by Verlaine, will be played at the Longy concert this season. It may bring out Mr. Loeffler's phonic poem, "The Death of Tintin" (after Maeterlinck), in Berlin this season.

There is an account of a new violin, I believe from the *Era* (London) of Nov. 23:



THE STROH VIOLIN.

at the Prince's Hotel on Wednesday evening a smoking concert was given in order to test the qualities of a new violin constructed on an altogether novel principle. The great Cremona makers held their ground for a century and a half, but the Stroh violin may be the faith of some believers in the diaphragm and Amati. There is only a framework and sounding board in the violin. What is termed the "Stroh" of the violin in the instruments here Cremona masters has no existence. Mr. J. E. Muddock gave a descriptive lecture, from which we have quoted the following extract, relating to this curious instrument. It is a combination of violin and trumpet, the trumpet being made of aluminum. The vibrations of the strings conducted by means of an ordinary bridge, which rests upon a rock-lever to the diaphragm and resonator. The lever supporting the bridge plates laterally upon the body of the instrument, the end being attached to the diaphragm of aluminum by a small connecting link. The diaphragm is held in position between two indiarubber lions by means of a specially designed holder fixed upon the body of the instrument by two brackets. Attached to the holder is the trumpet or resonator. The body or main support of the instrument is in no way employed for sound purposes; it simply holds the various parts of the violin together and sustains the enormous pressure of the strings when tuned. The disc or diaphragm which represents the belly of an ordinary violin is perfectly free to vibrate, the result being that when the strings are set in motion by the bow, the bridge, and rocking-lever vibrate accordingly, and thus every vibration

is transmitted to the diaphragm. The diaphragm sets in motion the air contained in the resonator, the resonator augmenting and distributing the same to the surrounding atmosphere. After a careful inspection of the violin by the visitors present, Mr. George Collins, the well-known violinist, played upon it beautifully. Our impression after hearing this accomplished artist is that in the upper register the Stroh violin produces extraordinary and delightful effects, the tone being clear and silvery in the extreme. In the lower register we think it hardly equals in quality of tone a mature Cremona.

A book that treated of freak instruments would be entertaining reading, and the chapter on violins would not be the least important. One of the most delightful violins is that without a sonorous body, so that the earnest student or the quack cannot be heard unless you are close to the instrument. There are "twin violins"—two bodies braced together have a common back. A Scotsman imagined a double violin at the beginning of the 19th century. Then there are violins of copper, earthenware, tin (plain or painted).

American musicians are still devastating London. Among the latest are Eleanor Cleaver, contralto (Nov. 26); Sigmund Beel, a San Francisco violinist who played Mrs. Beach's sonata (Nov. 25); Richard C. Kay, "the American boy violinist" (Nov. 28).—New orchestral works: A symphony "Blismarck" by Maj. A. D. Hermann Hutter of Nuremberg, where it was performed; the four movements have these titles: "Et ungue leonem; Patriae inserviendo consumor; Odrindum metant; Peraspera ad astra;" tone poem "Waldwanderung," Leo Blech, Prague.—Percossi's new oratorio "Moses" met with little success at Milan Nov. 16.—An unknown work by Mozart, an overture, of which only the parts were found in the Paris Conservatory library, was

prepared by Marty, now conductor of the Conservatory concerts and performed Nov. 24. Some think this is one of the symphonies written when Mozart was in Paris, the one that was apparently lost.—A new symphonic poem "Adonis," by Theo. Dubois, was coldly received at a Colonne concert Nov. 24.

Mrs. Paderewski's first husband, Mr. Ladislas Gorski, violinist, is now living at Montreux.—The painter Böcklin wrote a few songs. One published in the *Berlin Welt Spiegel* Nov. 14 is described as "musical and most expressive."—Anton Zamara, the celebrated harp teacher at Vienna, died Nov. 13 at the age of 72.—Rubin Goldmark, who is known here as a composer, will spend the winter in Berlin.—The German Times tells this story: "Wilhelm Mauke, the critic of the *Munich Post*, has got himself into a pretty pickle. He has long been known as a bitter antagonist of Felix Weingartner, and when that gentleman recently conducted a Kaim subscription concert in Munich, Mr. Mauke let loose the following diatribe: He failed to jump into the breach with 'Till Eulenspiegel.' Without temperament, without a left arm, almost automatically he beat to death the droll, whimsical composition of his colleague (Richard Strauss). Why did he do this? Do Strauss's laurels embarrass Weingartner, or did he wish to show us that even a prosaic interpretation cannot rob this piece of its overwhelming effect? So far Mr. Mauke. But now comes Weingartner, with a letter to the *Munich press*, saying that not 'Till Eulenspiegel,' but Strauss's 'Death and Apotheosis,' was played at the concert in question!"

Dvorák's dreary oratorio "Saint Ludmila," was produced in stage form at Prague Oct. 30, and it was no livelier.—Goldmark has finished his opera, "Götz von Berlichingen," and it will be produced in Vienna this season.—Ruffini's old novel, "Doctor Antonio," which was once popular here, furnishes the stuff for a new opera, "Il Dottore Antonio," by the Florentine, Giovanni Castiglioni.—The Signale says that many were disappointed in Leipzig Nov. 8 by the quality of Paderewski's playing.—"The Chimes of Normandy" has been performed for the 1900th time at the Gaité, Paris.—Van der Stucken's symphonic prologue, "William Ratcliff," was performed with success at Cologne, Nov. 5.—Teresita Carreno, Teresa's daughter, has been playing the piano at Helsingfors.—Pepito Arriola, the 5-year-old Spanish pianist—he played when he was 2½ years old—has gone to Germany to study seriously.—Gustav Eberlein will be the sculptor of the Wagner monument in Berlin.—The performance of "Siegfried" at the Paris Opéra with Jean de Reszke, will probably be about the 15th-18th of December.—Massenet has made over his "Werther" so that the sniveling hero is now a baritone and Albert is the tenor. Battistini will sing the baritone part at Warsaw, Saint Petersburg, Odessa.—Elgar's "Theme and Variations" was played at

a concert of the Royal Orchestra in Berlin Nov. 8.—I read in a Berlin musical journal that the Kaim Orchestra, with Weingartner as conductor, has been invited to the United States.—King Edward has given six of his own sheep to Paderewski. Will the eminent pianist bring them with him?—A new ballet-suite, "Dance Rhythms," by Percy Pitt, was performed in London Nov. 7.—Miss Gwendolyn Maude, granddaughter of Jenny Lind, made her first appearance as a singer at Leighton House Nov. 14. Her grandfather played the accompaniments.—Mr. Ernest Schilling, a pupil of Paderewski, played in London Nov. 12 his own fantasia on motives from his master's "Manru." Mr. Blackburn wrote: "Of course it would be impossible from a selection of this kind, and equally it would be very unfair, to judge of Paderewski's work from such an arrangement as this. But the mere melodic specimens to which Mr. Schilling introduced us yesterday cannot be described in words that come within a hundred miles of enthusiasm. They seem to us to be little more than a rather uninteresting mixture of Chopin at his weakest and commonplace at its best. As we have said, this by no means implies any judgment whatever upon M. Paderewski's work; we only wish to say that in his manner of bringing it forward yesterday Mr. Schilling did not impress us with the idea that it was a work of extraordinary value."

An opera in Yiddish, "Sulamith, a Daughter of Bethel," was given Oct. 5 at the Standard Theatre, London. "The romantic heroine was impersonated by the beautiful wife of a young tailor; the hero, attired after the manner of Lohengrin, was a local publican. But both sang and acted as trained artists. The chorus was excellent, and the low comedian was as prolific in the matter of 'gags' as the most chartered libertine of Christmas pantomime. * * * Sulamith (Mme. Fanny Wakeman) going out for a stroll in the desert, loses her way and becomes thirsty. She lets herself down a well in a bucket, but cannot get out again. Absalom (Mr. Goldsmid), a wealthy young merchant of Bethlehem, enters, sings the famous Almond Song, a lullaby which has hushed to sleep many a thousand babes of the Ghetto the wide world over, and then hearing a cry for help, pulls Sulamith out of the well, falls in love with her, and nights her his troth in a grand operatic duct. The witnesses to the contract are The Well and a Wild Cat. Absalom calls upon them to act as avengers if ever he should break his vow to his betrothed. Absalom goes on his way to transact his mercantile business. During his journey he meets a pretty maiden named Abigail and, forgetting the girl he left behind him, woos, wins, and marries the new attraction on the spot. Some years pass, and the pair have two children. Then comes the vengeance of the witnesses of the desert—The Well and the Wild Cat. One of the children is drowned and the other is killed by a leopard. This visitation of Heaven causes Absalom to remember Sulamith. He tells Abigail the story of his 'past,' and she generously releases him to go back and find his abandoned fiancée. Sulamith has in the meantime kept her numerous and pressing male admirers at a distance by pretending to be mad. She does this so realistically that eventually she really loses her reason. Absalom then reappears in the disguise of a physician, reveals himself to the forsaken one, and on a general embrace the curtain falls. The low comedian of this wonderful opera-drama is the black attendant of Absalom. Made up partly as Jacky in 'It's Never Too Late to Mend,' and partly as a Red Indian Chief, Tzingetan convulses the audience. I cannot say if in the desert and the private residence of Absalom in Bethlehem Tzingetan mentioned the twopenny tube or the yacht race. Not knowing the Hebrew for these things, I will not commit myself. But I do know that he looked for the heroine's top notes in the sky border, that when Absalom was being married to Abigail by the priests he made himself the centre of the group and was apparently married also, and that he seized one of the reverend gentlemen

around the waist and waltzed with him. But he was a prime favorite, and if he had put a hot poker into the bridegroom's pocket at the most pathetic moment the audience would have roared at him. The music of the opera is tuneful to a degree, but the Gentile mind is continually struck with the walling character of many of the songs and choruses. The wall that is in the chant of the Reader in the synagogue is here ever present. The Children of Israel have wept so much in the centuries of their persecution that the tear in the voice has become an inheritance of the race."

Was not an opera in Yiddish performed here in Boston some years ago?

The first performance of "The Flight of the Eagle," a musical setting of selections from Walt Whitman for soprano, tenor and baritone, by Homer Norris, was at Ashbury Temple, Waltham, Dec. 10. Miss Laura Van Kuren, Mr. Robert Hall, Mr. Archibald Willis were the singers, and Miss Edith Curry was the pianist. Mr. Norris conducted. It would be a good thing if the work were performed in Boston.

Dec 16 1901

The sun blazed from a cloudless sky. Near the cliff a blind man stood, gloating like a lizard. A deaf man stood within a few yards of him, absorbed in the tremendous precipice which yawned at their feet. "How bright the day is," said he. "I do not see it," replied the blind man—but the deaf one, of course, did not hear him. Presently the blind man began to move near the edge of the cliff.

"Have a care!" shouted the deaf man—"you are dangerously near the edge." But the blind man replied, "I do not see any danger," and he continued to advance.

At this moment the deaf man caught sight of a piece of gold lying on the very edge of the cliff, and, not knowing the other was blind, supposed that he had seen it and was going to pick it up. Determined to secure it first, he sprang forward and rudely jostled the blind man, who lost his balance and fell over the cliff.

"Well—I warned him and he did not even answer me," said the deaf man to himself, peering over; and in his eagerness to see the body bounding from stone to stone he leaned so far that he himself fell, and so both perished.

A dergyman chanced to witness the scene, and hastened to pick up the piece of gold. He was a confirmed Optimist and smiled unctuously as he flicked a bit of dust from his black coat.

"After all, the gods have adjusted matters pretty well," he reflected. "I can now attend 'Les Huguenots,' while the blind man could not have enjoyed the scenic effects, nor the deaf man the music. Good things come to those who can appreciate them. Meanwhile it has pleased an inscrutable destiny to remove from our midst two brothers, who must be given a churchy burial. The accident is unusual, and my fees will be in harmony with it."

A Cynic who chanced to overhear his monologue laughed till the welkin rang. He laughed till moist tears welled from his ceru eyes. "And they say I have no sense of humor," he gurgled; "that I never laugh, but take a gloomy view of life. And I am morbid!" And he rolled on the grass, tearing it up by handfuls.

In the pale green silence which ensued a Pessimist, who had been observing the entire episode, said: "Poor fools—they are all cast in the same mold, and shall all return to the same mold. The blind man did not know his friend was deaf, nor did the latter know him to be blind; the dergyman knew—but never suspected that he was both blind and deaf. The Cynic knew that they were all blind and deaf; but he does not know that he himself is all of that, and a fool as well. I am the only philosopher, for I know not only that these are fools, but that I also am; and I am horribly bored by it all. I would cast myself over the cliff if I really knew it all ended there."

The spirit of the blind man now saw what his earthly eyes had never known, and he also saw stretching before him the interminable horror men call eternity; and he cried, "Would God that I were yet blind."

The soul of the deaf man heard the terrible chord into which the discordant notes of the Universe merge; he heard the isochronous waves of Time beat on the immutable walls of Forever; and he cried, "Would that mine ears were yet scaled."

Down in the whitened church the young dergyman wailed: "These, our brothers, sleep, but they shall wake again."

The faint laughter of the Cynic echoed far above them. The Pessimist filled his pipe. Far away—on Parnassus—the gods yawned wearily.

The sun blazed from a cloudless sky. JOHN H. CARRICK.

How easily a reputation is established! Bullock is known at the Porphyry as remarkably expert in frying oysters. A stranger is a guest at the club. He is not there an hour before a member says: "It's a pity that Bullock is out of town. He has a wonderful knack of frying oysters. Perhaps you have heard of it in New York. He has friends there, I believe." Female friends and relatives of the members have inflamed imaginations. They are pining to know Mr. Bullock, they look at him coyly in the street, they say at teas and during the tumultuous privacy of an At Home, "Did you ever eat Mr. Bullock's oysters? Jack Bolterspoon says there's nothing like them. They

are always teasing him to cook at the Porphyry. What an interesting man he must be!"

But Bullock's oysters are either of grease or leather. It is his attitude, his facial expression, his authoritative gesture that makes the oysters palatable, nay, wonderful. He thus hypnotized a new member, who in his delight at all things in the club heralded the glorious news far and wide, from Salem to Worcester, from Templeton to New York—"Great is Bullock; there are no other oysters but his." Bullock now stands smiling as a statue in the Temple of Fame. He will pass into a tradition. He will go rumbling down the corridor of Time with Soyer and Vatel.

Great is authority. It was an esteemed cook of the Regency who took one morning his old slippers, hashed them well, and made a ragout which the whole French Court found delicious.

They that are interested concerning the diet, sports, jewelry, underclothes of opera singers will be glad to learn that when Mr. Meisler, a tenor of Vienna, was arrested last month for breach of contract and borne from the stage to jail, his carriage was packed with cases of champagne and confectionery.

LONGY CLUB.

First Concert of Wind Instruments (Second Season) in Chickering Hall—Novelties by Loeffler and Lazzari.

The Longy Club gave the first concert of the second season last night in Chickering Hall. Mr. Hackebarth, horn, was prevented by sickness from appearing. His place was taken by Mr. Hein. The club was assisted by Messrs. Gebhard, pianist; Lenom, cor anglais; Heltcher, bassoon, and Lorbeer, horn.

The program was as follows:

Quintet in B flat for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano. Mozart
Two Rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano. Loeffler
Octet for flute, oboe, cor anglais, clarinet, two horns and two bassoons. Lazzari

Maurice Rollinat is a French poet, whose purpose, like that of the Fat Boy in "Pickwick Papers," is to make your flesh creep. He caught the spirit of Baudelaire at his worst or at his best, for some would claim that Baudelaire's worst must be characteristically his best. Rollinat is happiest when he sits in a dank churchyard, happier even than when he sings of the end of absolute-drinkers, paretic and capricious old men, and peculiarly atrocious and ingenious murderers. He loves a peasant girl in the butter-shop, and wonders because she does not smell strongly of cheese. But in the midnight graveyard is he really at home and comfortable. With Job, he makes his bed in darkness: "I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister." Read, for examples, his "Ballade du Cadavre," "La Morgue," "La Putrefaction," and, indeed, many of his exquisitely chiseled poems. Health is to him abnormal. The skirts of his Muse smell of the gutter through which she walked to the charnel house.

Yet we are told that this mixture of peasant, play actor and child with nervous flesh and haunted brain is fond of outdoor life, the chase, the company of simple and bibulous country priests. Although his portrait shows him as existing in a fur collar, and he confessed to Edmond de Goncourt that to eat well was a thing of much importance.

Rollinat himself has made music. Six of his settings of poems by Baudelaire were published in 1882, and, I believe, he has written music for his own verses. Yvette Guilbert has sung or rather said his compositions. Mr. Loeffler chose "La Cornemuse" and "L'Etang" for musical inspiration. There never was such weeping as the voice of the bagpipe player. Now he is dead; but, says the poet, under cold skies, as soon as night waves its black stuff, at the bottom of my soul, there in the corner of old terrors, I hear his bawling groaning as of yore. "L'Etang" pleased Léon Pourtau, that poet of the clarinet, whose cruel death we all still mourn, and Mr. Loeffler's Rhapsodie is dedicated to his memory. The secretive pond with its consumptive frogs and old blind fish is visited by the fantastic moon, which with its flat nose and strange toothlessness is like unto a death's head flung within, and it peers at itself as in a dark glass.

This admirable and highly imaginative composer, who has just excited wonder even among the Philistines of Berlin, is too true an artist to attempt purely imitative music. Neither with a viola, an oboe and a piano, nor with a full orchestra would he attempt to portray a pond, fish, frogs, or a moon. It is the mood, the spirit of the poem that seizes him and incites him to reproduction. Although this music is not panoramic, it depends for full appreciation on acquaintance with the poetry, and it was, therefore, a pity that no English paraphrase was printed on the program. Yet no sensitive hearer could have failed to recognize the presence of something rare and widely beautiful. The tone coloring, the nuances that were effective and not affected, the absence of the common-

place without the painful training after the unusual, poignant melancholy that was never a sentimental whine, the authoritative artistry—these surely were irresistible as mere absolute music without motto or program. As the full realization of the poet's fantasy, "L'Etang" is perhaps to be preferred to "La Cornemuse." In the latter the element of terror is not perhaps sufficiently announced; for though in the verses there is only a hint at the "corner of terrors" in the poet's heart, yet the last lines are heavy with the fear of strange and unsubstantial things.

Sylvio Lazzari was born at Bozen in 1855. His opera "Amor" has been performed in Germany, and he has written a piano trio, a sonata for piano and violin, an orchestral suite, and strange pieces, "Nevermore" (after Poe's Raven, and "Effect Nult" (after a poem by Verlaine). His octet was written in 1888 and it was first played at Paris March 18, 1889. It is in certain respects an ingenious work, but it is by no means a masterpiece. Here is found a constant desire to shun the commonplace, but the monotony of such avoidance is as tiresome as obsequious respect for the platitudinous. The first movement is cheerful, the second pays imitative tribute to Wagner, and the third does not show any marked individuality. Furthermore, there was more than one page where the composer was distinctly groping, and groping painfully.

The suavely melodious and imitatively constructed quintet of Mozart, which he himself declared in 1781 to be the best thing he had yet done, served as a pleasant introduction.

The performance was of a very high order of excellence. Mr. Loeffler as a viola player needs no praise at this late day. Mr. Gebhard played delightfully in the Quintet and most effectively in the Rhapsodies. Mr. Longy, a leader proved himself to be a dangerous rival of Mr. Longy, oboist. All in short, contributed to the artistic success.

There was a small but appreciative audience. It seems strange that when two new works were produced by such accomplished musicians the hall was not crowded. I hope that Mr. Longy will not be discouraged. It is his intention to bring forward interesting compositions both new and old; and nowhere, in this country at least, can they be heard in such perfection of performance as now in Boston.

The next concert will be on Monday evening, Feb. 3.

Philip Hale.

You wonder why the ice in the refrigerator melts rapidly even when window panes are frosted. Or does the ice man from hatred of the race or personal grudge give you short weight? There was probably an ice-worm in the lump. For there is an ice-worm, and Evila Effendi saw it and described it. The one that he took to the Sultan Ibrahim was smaller than a cucumber. The ice-worm quickened and stirred with the earliest life. It has 40 feet; there are 40 black spots on its back. It has two red eyes like rubies; it is all ice, without tongue, and inside it is filled with an icy fluid. It is therefore at home in Boston. The tale that on Caucasus these worms are found in the size of dogs with four feet, living and walking in ice and snow, is not well authenticated.

If you find this worm in your ice, do not put it in the kitchen range or on your neighbor's back door mat. For the worm sharpens the sight, and restores man to vigor as though he were a new born child. Kings thought themselves lucky when they found one.

"The Kaiser is studying beer effects." On students, soldiers or professors?

We are told that after Miss Besie Abbott (Pickens) finished the first phrase of Juliet's song at the Paris Opéra, Mr. Gailhard, the manager, rushed up and kissed her on the cheek. Ah-h-h! So Pierre is up to his old tricks. Miss Abbott (Pickens) should not be too much elated; she is not the first. Pierre, who came appropriately from Toulouse, is now 53 years old. It is time for him to abstain from such enthusiasm. "The first phrase." Did this managerial osculation interrupt the show? Or did the conductor keep the orchestra at work and let Miss Abbott (Pickens) come in when she could? Or was Pierre encoeur?

A correspondent complains that she can no longer find in this city black pins that are worth buying. "The shop girls say that the kind I want—the best, and I have used them for some years—are not to be had. The pins sold are worthless." And so it is hard to find a decent pair of scissors or shears. German steel will be the ruin of us all. But what shall we do? Perhaps Gen. Collins will give his serious attention to the matter.

A correspondent who lives in Brookline wishes us to tell her all we know about Marie Corelli. This is all we know. Once we read a novel by her. It was entitled "Wormwood," and it showed how a man lost his money and reputation and soul by drinking absinthe. We were much impressed, so much impressed that we ordered an absinthe at the Porphyry. It was a drip-absinthe. It was cool and green and nasty. It brought back the days

of paregoric. Yet they say that the drink in moderation braces the stomach. Probably sweet Marie herself drinks gin, the favorite beverage of Lord Byron and English women of the upper class. As for us, give us rum, New England rum, the drink of our forefathers, the drink that raised meeting houses and consoled mourners. The variety known as "the demon Rum" comes from the West Indies.

Here is a sentence from a "popular lecture" delivered by a well-known man of science: "The interconvertibility of all forms of energy and the fact that we can evaluate them all in their equivalent of Motional Energy, indicates that all Energy is probably in the ultimate issue of the same nature."

We are glad to learn that the opposition in Terre Haute to the reading of President Roosevelt's message in the public schools was not based on the ground of slovenly English. The President, we have heard, was graduated from Harvard. Any such objection would reflect on that University, and the present instructor, Mr. Barrett Wendell, a sensitive person, would most unjustly and without thought of chronology be held accountable. Eighty years or more ago a man named William Cobbett wrote a "Grammar of the English Language." Chapter, or Letter, 22 was entitled "Errors and Nonsense in a King's Speech."

This is sad news for the extreme Germanites in music. (We refer to New Englanders who have been Germanized so that they cannot bear to hear English in concert halls.) Mr. Jean de Reszke—"the only Jean"—told a Paris reporter that the German language is often "too harsh for the singer to express as well as it is possible in some other tongues the shades of meaning in the text." It was Frederick the Great who exclaimed that he would rather listen to an air whinnied by his horse than hear a German prima donna in the Berlin opera house.

We saw a book the other day entitled "Humor, Wit, and Satire of the 17th Century." Here is a sample: "A witch being at the stake to be burnt, she saw her Son there; and being very dry, desired him to give her some drink. 'No, Mother,' says the Sweet conditioned Son, 'I will do you wrong, for the dryer you be, you'll burn all the better.'" This is a favorable example, and there are 454 pages.

We received a circular in the guise of a personal letter from a seller of boots and shoes. Who could resist the appeal of the first sentence? "Consistent with your footwear requirements, we respectfully seek your kind consideration."

The cat that is now worshiped in London must be of the Persian order, all white, or all black, and with a tail as big as the rest of it; or the cat must be a greyish blue with an emerald eye; or its coat must suggest genuine Russian sable. "It is sacred, and round its reposeful cushion a crowd of devotees gathers, about the hour of vespers, when the tearups are beginning to tinkle." But is there no coon cat in London, the coon cat that comes from Maine?

To E. L.: Unless there is an express stipulation to the contrary in the marriage contract, a husband in France has full spending power over his wife's dot. A married French woman who should try to operate in the stock market on her own account and with her own money would be told that she must first show the permission of her husband.

W. F. W. writes: "Years ago, in a house in what is now called Aldford Street, Park Lane—the house has disappeared since—a man who had a very bad time racing elected to shoot himself. He could stand the hoof beats for ever in his ears no longer, he said. I had forgotten all about this until, the other night, as I turned into Aldford Street from Park Lane, the hoof beats came up the empty street toward me, and passed, and died away. Scientifically explicable, of course. But to one who knew the story, something weird."

MISS LUNDE'S RECITAL.

A Program That Introduced Interesting Scandinavian Songs—First Appearance Here of Miss De Oloqui, Pianist.

A concert was given yesterday afternoon in Stenert Hall by Miss Aagot Lund, contralto, and Miss Elena de Oloqui, pianist. The program was as follows:

SchwannhedeHartmann
Die LoreleiDecker
FruehlingsgrussMiss Lund.

Lunde Op. 56Hartmann
ValseMoszkowski
La JongleurMiss de Oloqui
SammernationLasse
LillelegLasse
Der Skreg on FuglSinding
RaySinding
Hun er MinWinge
Tarantelle Venezia & NapoliLiszt
Miss de Oloqui.
You'll Love Me, Won't You? (MSS.)Woolf
Mot KvældGroendahl
HytenGrieg
Seraillets HaveSjoegren
Norwegian Folk Songs:
Karl KnutsdatterMiss Lund.
Kanen fra HallingdalenMiss Lund.

Miss Lund began her concert without firm control of her voice. Her intonation was not true. Like the maiden in the ballet, she wandered up, she wandered down. Thus did the pretty song by Hartmann suffer, and "Die Lorelei" did not work her spell. But the singer rallied in the second group and, although her intonation was not always faultless, she gave pleasure by the frankness, the good nature, I may say, of her delivery; while in the wild songs by Sinding she struck successfully the tragic note, not as a playactress in melodrama, but as a woman of the North nursed and bred on charms and superstitions. She is at her best in Scandinavian songs, where sincere feeling and native conviction carry further than cold and regular art.

Miss de Oloqui, who made her first appearance, played the accompaniments as well as solo pieces. She chose glittering things without heart or bowels, things that have the brilliance of a cut-glass chandelier. These she played with a certain glibness that skimmed over the solid foundation of technique, with faulty rhythm, and with parlor restlessness. Nor in the beautiful accompaniment to Liszt's song did she show sympathy or poetic feeling. It is easy to say, "Miss de Oloqui is young; she should not be compared with great pianists. Give her time." I judge her only by her own performance of pieces that she should with her present proficiency have played more accurately and effectively. There were moments yesterday when she showed she had the instincts of a pianist; that if she should apply herself bravely to tone and rhythm and phrasing she might soon be heard with pleasure; but her actual performance yesterday was superficial and unsatisfactory.

There was an audience of good size, and it was generous with applause. Mr. Woolf's song was encoeur.

Philip Hale.

You enjoyed the play hugely. You seats were high-priced and next to aisle, so you could stretch out a leg they were conspicuous seats, so you were easily seen by many. You were in irreproachable dress and your wife's costume was garish and flamboyant. In the cloak-room you met neighbor and you talked pleasantly and loudly while the wives mentally compare clothes and coiffures. You sauntered ostentatiously down the aisle, after the curtain had been up for at least a quarter of an hour. There was nothing in the play that you could not understand; there was no social or moral problem discussed; the dialogue might have been spoken at any supper party after the show. And as you yawned slowly and effectively your fanned coat you were well satisfied with yourself, your wife, the play, and the people on the stage.

Two or three days afterward you met Jobson at luncheon down town. You asked him if he had been to the "Protonal." "No." "What," you cried, "haven't you seen 'When Celia Jon Was Young'?" And you smiled your superior smile. "Oh, yes," said Jobson. "I saw it in New York."

A shadow darkened the room; and yet the sun was bright. The food was tasteless. There was a strain sinking at your stomach. Jobson merely said that he saw the play in New York. The piece was the same. The company was the same. Jobs had not boasted. There he was, cat liver and bacon as though New York were as remote as Timbuctoo or Jay han. But he had seen the play in New York. When you went home that night you said to your wife, "After all, don't think much of that show saw last week."

Query: When a man speaks to crowd in a "clear and ringing" voice is his speech necessarily a ringer?

Mr. William Gillette, the play-actor who stands still and allows situations and members of his company to evolve around him until he thinks it time for him to step into the limelight and receive tumultuous applause made a speech in London at the last dinner of the old Players' Club. An unprejudiced person, he spoke his play and play-actors in the country. He also said "the stage

ed in promoting the welfare and
ce of two great nations." This de-
ds on Mr. Gillette's receipts in Lon-
n.

Mr. James Hawkins was on trial at
Maidstone Assizes for attempting
murder Miss Alice Young. He had
tially cut her throat with a table
fe. When Miss Young appeared as
witness Mr. Hawkins rose to the oc-
cion and magnanimously offered her
heart and hand. She accepted
m gleefully and gave Mr. Hawkins
"Awkins, "a splendid character for
dness." Mr. Justice Lawrence was
touched that he almost kissed Miss
on the brow. He restrained him-
and gave the bridegroom the
rtest sentence possible—a wedding
sent of three months hard. Prob-
Mr. Hawkins never really loved
Alice until he saw her blood. af-
the manner of the entertaining
ugh erratic Marquis de Sade; and
s Alice—"the bright death quiver'd
the victim's throat"—was all in a
ter at such a display of passion.

re are pleased with Miss Elsie de
le and her use of the term "hostel-
." Her speech to the reporter was
nirable: "To think that my dear lit-
Férvette, who has been welcomed in
aces and mansions all over this coun-
y, should be turned out in the cold
New England hostility." If she had
l "hotel," there would have been
hissing climax, and "inn" or "tav-
" would have been in comic rather
n tragic vein. No, "hostelry" goes
h "palaces" and "mansions." Mrs.
ons was never so tremendously
at as when she stabbed a potato as
ugh it were the heart of a foul and
oshed tyrant.

Miss de Wolfe says that her darling
is a dear child, a transmigrated soul,
hers have thus expressed affection
their pets. Good Moslems believe
t irrational animals will be restored
life at the resurrection, that they
y be brought to judgment and have
geance taken on them for the in-
ies they did one to another in this
e of tears. And they say that Kat-
—he also answered to the name al-
tim—the dog of the Seven Sleepers,
long been in Paradise with Ezra's
and a few favored animals.

hen there is the dog mentioned re-
ctfully in "Tobit," but, alas, we
w little or nothing of his past life or
sent condition. The dogs that in
he Revelation" are "without" and
the company of sorcerers and other
pleasant persons, were probably of
variety known as "yaller."

here are many instances of legacies
bequeathed to dogs. Father Garasse
explained bitterly of the eccentric will
of Louis Cortusio, which was imitated
by theologists, and one of them left a pen-
sion to two or three dogs that they
right be comfortable. Dr. Christian,
an of the Law Faculty in Vienna, left
60 florins to three dogs.

The Rev'd Isaac Watts, D. D., is as-
sponsible as any Oriental for the low
inion held by many concerning the
g: Witness his poem that begins,
et dogs delight to bark and bite."
n to one you say that the next line is,
or 'tis their nature to," and you are
dly wrong. Here is the immortal and
isquoted verse:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let lions and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature, too.

"To" and "too" are not the same, al-
ough in our earlier and tumultuous
ars beloved ones of warm hearts and
tle schooling were sublimely reck-
ss in this respect when they took pen
hand. In our edition of Dr. Watts's
ems—the book is always on our desk
these verses "Against Quarrelling and
ghting" are adorned with a picture
of a dog fight that would arouse the
ost sodden barroom sleeper. This re-
inds us that the first edition of Dr.
atts's "Hymns and Spiritual Songs"
07) was sold lately in London for
40.

"He was coolly smoking cigarettes."
oes a villain ever smoke them hotly?
nd yet a cool cigarette is a stinking
nd foul thing. The expression goes
ith "willing hands," "gallant fire lad-
es," "cold cash," "caught red-hand-
d" even when the thief was stealing
olasses or indigo, or the murderer
as applying chloroform.

Someone said to us, "You should read
the correspondence of Frederick the
reat and Voltaire." We did not think
ask him, "Have you read it?" which
a disconcerting question to an ad-
ser. We went to the Public Library
nd called for Volume 9. There are 382
ages, one and a fraction for each
ay of the year. We found one golden
ought, and yet it is not gold, it is
ly German silver. The mighty mon-

arch, who stole Silesia and was ad-
dicted to the flute, advised Voltaire to
drink Hungarian wine rather than
Rhine wine, "which is very unhealthy."
It is true that many Germans say
white wines of the Rhine should be
on the table only every other month,
for if consumed daily they do harm
to the kidneys, which as a man grows
older he values more than his brain
or the vague seat of his reason.

Dec 19, 1901
Did not Grecian women faint when
the chorus of Furies in the play of
Aeschylus poured forth the awful chant?
And so Parisian women fainted, they
say, at Antoine's, when "Au Téléphone"
was produced. Let us examine the hor-
ror of the situation on the stage. A
young man and his wife who love each
other passionately live in a lonely
country house, and only a telephone
keeps them in contact with the world.
Business calls the husband to Paris.
He leaves his wife and child with an old
servant and a gardener. There is also
a revolver. A man comes to the house
with a letter for the gardener and
tells him his mother is dying. He
steals the pistol. The husband thinks
he will comfort his wife by telephoning
to her; she tells him that the dogs were
barking but are now still, that there
are footsteps outside. "Take the re-
volver and fire in the air." It's been
stolen from the drawer," she answers.
Then comes the fearful scene, "The
husband at the telephone." At a dis-
tance of 60 miles he can hear as though
he were in the room, the smashing in
of the door, the screams of wife and
child. He struggles like a madman to
amplify space and time.

They say that Antoine was "simply
magnificent."

This play shows the benefits of science.
If the telephone had not been invented
and perfected there would be no such
play.

Mgr. calabrinini thinks this country
is degenerating because there is such
laxity in laws of marriage and divorce.
He should not take such serious views.
Does he not know that in certain West-
ern States all the year round and in
Newport, R. I., during the summer
marriage is regarded merely as an
episode in the life of a busy man or an
idle woman?

With Hamlet, we would we had been
there. "Mrs. Brown-Potter"—for she
is now hyphenated—recited "The Charge
of the Light Brigade" at the Alham-
bra, London, Dec. 2. "Mr. Godfrey
Turner had kindly arranged that 10 of
the survivors of the famous Charge
should appear upon the stage, and
the greeting the veteran warriors re-
ceived was of the most hearty char-
acter." But are there so many sur-
vivors left? Out in New York State
they have been dying for the last
dozen years at the rate of one a month.
And how are these survivors pre-
served in London? Are they kept on
draught, or in a cellar?

Mrs. Brown-Potter is now a victim
of hyphenitis. It is, indeed, a danger-
ous disease, but not beyond all remedy.
At first the sufferer feels no pain; but
at last the offensive hyphen must be
removed. So undoubtedly a prosperous
citizen is proud of his appendix; but
there comes a time when it must be
cut out. Any skillful surgeon can re-
move a hyphen, which need not be
thrown away after the operation; it
may be displayed, like a Hasty Pud-
ding badge, for the remaining years.
Nor does it look out of place framed
as a motto below a family-tree.

Miss Jeanne Chauvin, lawyer at
Paris, has had her first case. The
question was concerning the ownership
of a special kind of corset. This was
as it should have been.

The man that told us this story swore
it was new. We doubt his word; no
doubt the wife of Pharaoh repeated it
to Moses before he crossed the Red
Sea. A host, not Pharaoh's, saw before
him a saddle of mutton. "How shall
I cut this? Saddle-wisc?" he said
through courtesy to a guest. "Oh, no,"
answered the wife; "cut it bridle-wise,"
and then we shall all have a bit in our
mouths." If there is any Englishman
in town we shall be happy to explain
this jest to him between 3 and 3.30
P. M. tomorrow afternoon. We shall
be on the corner of the Common, and
we shall wear a green cravat for the
purpose of identification.

Here is a sentence from "New
Glimpses of Poe." "The fading fires
of the poet's great gray eyes kindle
anew in these sympathetic pages, and
throw out new and characteristic
sparks of grotesquerie and pathos as
his early escapades are recounted; and
this human opal becomes charged and
charged again with malignancy or with
beautiful fires slyly retreating or un-
expectedly shooting forth under the
magnet of circumstance." Wow! This

is indeed "hot stuff." And the writer
is Professor Harrison of the University
of Virginia. Wow, Wow! for the Pro-
fessor and the University!

Dr. J. S. Billings looks over the vital
statistics of the 11th census of the
United States, and points out that the
death rate from consumption in 1900
total deaths among the Jews was: For
males 36.67, for females 34.02; that of
the United States (1880) for males was
108.79 and for females 116.12.

This is another instance of the great
superiority of vital power among the
Jews. Pulmonary and scrofulous com-
plaints were always rare among them,
and they suffer less from cholera and
plague than the natives of the coun-
tries accustomed to these diseases. Dur-
ing the Middle Ages the Jews were
obliged to live in the worst quarters
of cities, yet they escaped the plague.
They were comparatively exempt from
cholera in London in 1849, for although
the loss amounted to 12,837, only 13
Jews out of 20,000 died.

Boudin remarks that the Jew is
governed "by statistical laws of birth,
sickness, and mortality completely dif-
ferent from those which rule the peo-
ples amongst whom he lives."

De Neufville of Frankfort put it this
way:

1. One-fourth of Christian popula-
tions dies at the mean age of 6 years
11 months.
2. One-fourth of Jewish populations
dies at the mean age of 28 years 3
months.
3. One-half of Christian populations
dies at the mean age of 36 years 6
months.
4. One-half of Jewish populations dies
at the mean age of 53 years 1 month.
5. Three-fourths of Christian popula-
tions die at the mean age of 59 years
10 months.
6. Three-fourths of Jewish popula-
tions die at the mean age of 71 years.

These conclusions were drawn in 1855.
Have they been seriously modified?

Dec 20, 1901

MRS. HOPEKIRK'S CONCERT.

An Agreeable Program, Which Was
for the Most Part Delightfully
Interpreted—The Piano Suite by
Liadoff.

Mrs. Helen Hopekirk, pianist, assisted
by Mr. Alwin Schroeder, cellist, gave
the first of a series of chamber con-
certs last evening in Chickering Hall.
The program was as follows:

Rhapsodie, B minor.....Brahms
Suite "Brouk".....Liadoff
Sonata for piano and cello, G major.....Bach
Improvisation.....MacDowell
Scottish Ecossais.....MacDowell
Spinning Song.....Mendelssohn
Ereuse.....Chopin
Ballade, G minor.....Chopin
Sonata for cello and piano, op. 36.....Grieg

Mrs. Hopekirk gave an unusually in-
teresting performance of Brahms's
Rhapsodie. There are pianists who
have been told that the strongest card
of this composer is intellectuality. The
term is as vague to them as it is to
their informants. (Perhaps in this in-
stance informants is the more appro-
priate word.) These pianists in their
zeal to show themselves worthy ves-
sels filled with the spirit of Brahms
forget that, after all, music must
sound; and in a piece like this Rhap-
sodie they carry the peculiar granitic
quality of Brahms throughout the com-
position. They make no contrasts. The
romantic passages become hard and
dry and angular. There is something
more than a convenient title in the
term Ballade. The music thus charac-
terized may well have tender or dreamy
episodes; there may well be a recurring
burden. Mrs. Hopekirk preserved the
characteristic quality of Brahms, and
she was also romantically tender and
melancholy. Her interpretation was un-
usually clear, coherent, dramatic (but
the dramatic feeling was within the
frame) and musically logical.

Liadoff is now about 46 years old.
His pieces are chiefly for the piano;
he has written a scherzo and a mazur-
ka for orchestra, a final scene for
chorus and orchestra from Schiller's
"Bride of Messina," and some songs
and choruses; but he is best known by
his piano pieces. He lives in St. Peters-
burg, where he teaches, and he is one
of the conductors of the Russian Sym-
phony concerts. His earlier piano
pieces—some of them were played lov-
ingly by Rubinstein—show that he was

influenced strongly by Schumann. This
suite "Brouk"—the name of a Rus-
sian game like our Jackstraws—is a
proof of his devotion to the composer
of "Carneval" and "Papillons." There
are charming pages in this group, pages
of dainty elegance, and polished sen-
timent. There is no Russian feeling,
and just as some of Turgeneff's heroes
mock their countrymen for habitually
using French so the ultra-modern Rus-
sian composers might taunt Liadoff for
sitting at the feet of Chopin and Schu-
mann. There is no pronounced indi-
viduality in "Brouk," but the music
is graceful and refined, and so it fills
admirably its place. The suite was
played with due appreciation of its
character.

Mrs. Hopekirk hardly caught the
spirit of MacDowell's "Improvisation."
Her performance was too precise.
There should have been more swing,
more artful carelessness, more free-
dom. On the other hand, her perfor-
mance of his "Scottish Song" was emi-
nently poetic; it was, indeed, the feat-
ure of the evening so far as she alone

was concerned. The music itself is of
uncommon beauty—and high imagina-
tion. She was obliged to repeat the
"Spinning Song," which she played
crisply. Her performance of the pieces
by Chopin was conventionally effective.

The Andante was the conspicuous
movement of Bach's sonata, and next
to it was the Adagio. It is a pity that
such sonatas and suites are not given
in fragments, that a mistaken reverence
compels the presence of fast move-
ments which are often nothing but per-
functory playing at tag with imitative
passages. But such movements as the
Andante show the true strength of the
old masters. There is a direct appeal;
emotions are aroused and moods are
suggested by simple means, the few,
irresistible strokes of genius. Mr.
Schroeder plays such music nobly,
with the breadth and the sensitiveness
of a master interpreting a master. It
seemed at times that in the sonata by
Grieg his instrument did not respond
with customary and glad obedience,
but the sonata was performed on the
whole with great spirit and affection
by the cellist and pianist. The work
itself is fascinating, and not only for
one hearing; it will bear many repeti-
tions.

There was a very applauding audience
of fair size.

Philip Hale.

Many give ingenious reasons for their
use of tobacco. Mr. George, that strik-
ing character in "Rollo in Cambridge,"
smoked on account of a cruel nervous
disease. One knows that a pipe or a
plug will prevent toothache; one en-
tertains the pleasant delusion that a
cigar mollifies the rage of eczema; one
smokes because he is able to think
clearly, or because he can thus endure
with better grace the knagging of his
wife; and another is sure that if he
were to say good-by to his pipe corns
would spring up and sprout.

Thus it has been ever since the weed
was first taken to England and a Chris-
tian Court. We read lately a singular
book, "The True Anti-Pamela; or Me-
moirs of Mr. James Parry, Late Orga-
nist of Ross in Herefordshire" (2d ed.,
London, 1770). Mr. Parry, who was
finally killed as master of arms on
board the privateer Revenge, was
ruined by a remarkable young woman,
whom he called Parthenissa. She was
pale-faced, brown-haired, of considera-
ble fortune, and highly respectable
family, but she was somewhat emanci-
pated in her views and conduct. We
quote from her conversation on
page 190: "But my dearest Jemmy
must give me the liberty of
telling him something concerning my
pappa and mamma. He was a person
that was respected by most people; but
when he was in liquor, he would quar-
rel with any one, and would often beat
mamma. Upon one time, he wanted her
to break her settlement; telling her,
that there would be enough left for
me, when my aunt H— died; but he
could not prevail upon her to do it,
upon which he beat her unmercifully,
and gave her a violent blow upon her
breast, which occasions her smocking
so much tobacco; inasmuch, that if
she left it off, she would be no long
liver." The happy homes of England!

As far back as 1646 Mr. James Howell
noted the strange case of my Lord of
Sunderland, President of York, who
told him that by taking tobacco "down-
ward into his stomach, it made him
cast up an imposthume, bag and all,
which had been a long time engend-
ring out of a Bruise he had receiv'd
at Football, and so preserv'd his life
for many Years." Mr. Howell wrote
the praise of this medicinal plant to
Henry Hopkins, Esq.: How that tobacco
helps digestion and taken a while after
meat, makes one void rheum and keeps
the body open. "A Leaf or two being
steep't o're night in a little white wine
is a vomit that never fails in its oper-
ation. It is a good Companion to one
that converseth with dead men, for if
one hath been poring long upon a
Book, or is toil'd with the Pen and
stupidified with Study, it quickneth him
and dispels those Clouds that usually
o'reset the Brain. * * * It is good to
fortifie and preserve the sight, the
smoak being let in round about the
Balls of the Eyes once a week and
frees them from all Rheumes, driving
them back by way of repercussion; be-
ing taken backward, 't is excellent good
against the Cholick; and taken into the
Stomach, 'twill heat and cleanse it."

And Howell praised the smell, "one
of the wholesomest scents that is
against all contagious Airs." Did
Charles Lamb have this in mind when
he wrote in his "Farewell to Tobacco"?

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemie art did ne'er presume—
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.

Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smallest sort of boys,
Or for greener damselfs meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

But those were not the days of
cigarettes.

That is a sad story of the ex-butler
of the Yale Club in New York, who
nearly starved to death—and not be-
cause through patriotism he backed

Yale heavily in the late football game. The story has several pathetic features. Thus Dr. Chittenden gave the butler's wife \$150, "all the money he happened to have." Doctors are popularly supposed to have pockets stuffed with bills, silver dollars, and gold-pieces. Even a little appendix which comes out brings in \$1000 to some of them, and suffering woman is to them as an inexhaustible mine of precious metal.

We read in the Sun of last Wednesday a scholarly article on cocktails: Manhattan, Martini, Plymouth gin, Princeton, Yale, Kirsch, Bonanza. Alas, there is no mention of the Malaga, and yet the fame of this cocktail is not purely parochial; it has passed the threshold and entered the tumultuous privacy of the Players, New York.

There was surprise in Brooklyn because a most estimable woman married a repentant thief, an ex-convict. In many cities estimable women are on affectionate terms with their husbands, who are unrepentant robbers of the Government or the people; and this occasions no surprise.

There will be several amusing features of the coming coronation. Already certain gentlemen of high degree are begging to do certain things. One wishes to be His Majesty's Carver, another the King's Waferer, another wishes to walk, with a silver baton tipped with gold at each end, as Lord High Constable of Scotland. An ancestor of the last exercised this hereditary office at the coronation of George III. Walpole said of him: "He was dressed in tissue, and looked like one of the Gullball giants newly gilt."

Perhaps there are some who are now reading "Quo Vadis." They may be interested in the following story just published in "The Contendings of the Apostles," a collection of Ethiopic apocrypha, published by Dr. Budge: "And Peter . . . went forth out of the city alone, and he changed his garb and his apparel, so that no man should know him. And it came to pass that, as he was going out through the gates of the city, he met Our Lord coming into the city, and He was in the form in which he had seen Him aforetime in the flesh. And when Peter saw Him, he worshipped Him, and said unto Him, 'Whither goest Thou, O, my Lord?' And Our Lord said unto him, 'I am going into the city of Rome to be crucified therein.' The story goes on to say that St. Peter accepted the implied rebuke, returned to Rome, and was crucified head downwards."

This is sad news from Cambridge. Miss Boudrene puts the trumpet to her lips and sounds a warning note. There are 30 out of 40 children in one room of a school house whose feet do not touch the floor, even when the children sit properly. Is this the result of reform, eternal vigilance and no license? The report of this painful and monstrous condition of things reminds us of the instructive conversation between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward concerning the physical proportions of the ideal man as treated by a sculptor. Let us hope that there will be no hideous mistake in the Banks statue. The Bobbin Boy should not be bobbin' about vaguely in the air; his legs should be long enough to reach the pedestal.

How few women walk well, especially when the sidewalks and crossings are sloppy. The Badawi of the desert, and he is an excellent judge of women, compares the gait of one that walks well to "the slightly swinging walk of a thoroughbred mare bending her graceful neck and looking from side to side at objects as she passes." If the American woman sensibly wears a short skirt, she either stamps along her way or appears to be self-conscious. If her long skirt tries to play the scavenger, she clutches it, almost always awkwardly, often grotesquely, and stalks like a crane. And if a well-bred girl, rejoicing in her youth and flush of health, walks briskly and yet alluringly, she is called by her sisters an immodest, brazen thing.

The orchestra played a slow movement by Mozart. It was calm and soothing music; emotion was gentle reverie. The music soothed, lulled. There was the repose of the figures on a Grecian frieze. And yet the young man who sat inwardly entranced twitched and jumped. In vain did he try to master his nerves. His head would shake as though it were on the body of an amusing toy. He would try to catch flies seen by him alone. His face was copper colored, with pale streaks. His eyes were leaden, and gave out no light. Buttons and warts marked irregularly his face. Every

now and then he would look suspiciously over his shoulder. "Do I disturb my neighbors? Will the usher ask me to sit back, near a door, or will he advise me to leave the hall? I'll be quiet. It is not my fault. See, I can sit without moving." And as the music was softest and sweetest, his face was as though strychnine were gnawing him, and he almost sprang into the air with head shaking as though it would snap off, with a dinky hand moving aimlessly and disconnectedly.

Ah, poor body, who wronged you in the years gone by? Was it the stern deacon, your grandfather? Was it the Revolutionary hero, whose calm and wigged head ornaments your hall at home? Or was it the old lady in the mobcap, whose strange and evil smile was caught by the artist, who painted now a Colonial dame and now a tavern sign?

And now the orchestra plays an ultra-modern tone-poem. Dissonances shriek in agony; tonalities crash and flame against each other. Strings are rasped, steam issues from the brass, drum-skins burst asunder. The chandelier shakes, the ceiling cracks, women grow pale or smile anxiously. The young man is still as any statue. There is no twitching; his head is immovable. His face is as of one sunk in enjoyment. And yet he loves Mozart, and detests, fears the radical and wild composers. Who can explain this hy any rule or theory concerning nerves? Let some man of science shed light and at the same time write a monograph for his own glory.

Miss Josephine Holman of Indianapolis will not marry Mr. Marconi at present, "for the reason that he is now concentrating all his thoughts on his work." Wise girl! No thoughtful woman will marry a man who is unable to concentrate all his thoughts on her to the exclusion of other affairs and serious injury to his business.

The newspapers of St. Louis are loyal to the sons of Missouri. We read that the voice of Judge Pollard is "weld, wonderful, witching, powerful as the basso profundo, penetrating as Gabriel's silver trumpet, and sweet as an Aeolian harp." Gabriel, blow your horn! How does the St. Louis master of rhetoric know that Gabriel's instrument is silver? Where in the Bible is there any mention of Gabriel as a trumpeter?

Josephus tells us that Moses invented two silver trumpets, and we know that they were called chatzotzeroth or asoras. In the sublime vision in "The Revelation" (Chaps. 8, 9), the censer is golden, the altar is golden, but nothing is said about the material of the seven trumpets, nor is Gabriel represented as a virtuoso. The Moslems believe that at the end there will be three blasts of a trumpet—the blast of consternation, the blast of examination, and 40 years after, the blast of resurrection. "When the trumpet shall be sounded the third time by Israfil, who, together with Gabriel and Michael, will be previously restored to life, and standing on the rock of the temple of Jerusalem, shall, at God's command, call together all the dry and rotten bones, and other dispersed parts of the body, and the very hairs, to judgment." Nothing is said about the material of those trumpets, or whether they are provided with keys. The blast would be as "penetrating" if the material were gold, silver, ivory, wood. Mahillon of Brussels proved this in the early sixties.

Some years ago a preacher in Edinburgh called himself the Angel Gabriel and preached with a trumpet in his hand, which he sounded at the end of each paragraph of his sermon. It might please the St. Louis public if Judge Pollard should thus punctuate his decisions.

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

A Concert Distinguished by an Unusually Fine and Poetic Performance of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.

The program of the eighth Symphony concert given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Husitská" Dvorák
Scene and aria from "Oberon" Weber
Unfinished symphony in B minor Schubert
Scene and aria from "Rienzi" Wagner
Minuet or Will o' the Wisp, Ballet of Sylphs and Rakoczy March from "The Damnation of Faust" Berlioz
Dvorák's overture is abominable music. I say music, for in the catalogue the overture goes as music. The Hussite hymn is handled with little skill; there is no other salient and memorable theme; the descriptive or program music is cheap and ineffective; there is no display whatever of imagination; the orchestration, which in Dvorák's case often gilds platitudes and enriches poverty of thought, is

vulgar and stupid. The overture is pretentious, bombastic, and at the same time dull. It sounds as though it had been put together by a Kapellmeister who had been asked to write something sensational for the opening of a "commodious and elegant" beer hall. Let it be buried again in the tomb from which it was taken; let it be buried deep, and let the coffin be sealed and wired, and let the place of burial be forgotten for all time.

The performance of Schubert's unfinished symphony was one of uncommon beauty and poetic feeling. The choice of tempi was happy. It is easy for the most experienced conductor to err in this respect, and as a rule the cellos in the Allegro tempt one to an unfortunate slackening of the pace that leads to dragging and monotony. The Symphony was read carefully and yet freely. Solo passages were exquisitely accompanied; and the measures of contrasted emotion, especially those wonderful measures near the end of the Allegro, in which the lyrical Schubert is dramatic and in which his melancholy is black and rebellious, as though he could endure no longer, were brought out in strong relief. Let us be thankful that Schubert never finished the work. Possibly the lost arms of the Venus of Milo might disappoint if they were found and restored. The few measures of the Scherzo that are in the manuscript furnish but slight hope that here at last Schubert would not, as in so many of his works of long hours, maintain a steady decrescendo of intensity.

Delightful, too, was the performance of the dance music from "The Damnation of Faust." There might have been more headlong rush and insensate fury in the Rakoczy march; or are we all getting old and not so easily fired by the enthusiasm of Berlioz. About a year ago a Hungarian Band invited to this city gave, at a private house, a performance of the march as known to bands of that kind which was much more effective, possibly through the persistence of intense rhythm, the feverish spirit, the hot, infuriate blood.

Miss Pauline Cramer was the singer. Her first selection was the scena and aria from "Oberon," which she sang in German; the more the pity. The opera is an English opera; it was written for a London theatre and for English singers; the woman that created the part of Rezia was the charming Miss Paton, who afterward as Mrs. Joseph Wood ravished the senses of theatre-goers of Boston in the thirties. Weber himself was anxious about his English; he took over 150 lessons of an Englishman, and studied by himself that he might set his music appropriately to English words. He praised the Covent Garden singers for their "perfectly good Italian education, fine voices, and expression." And we were obliged to hear the tune in German. No; the ocean is not such a mighty monster in German, nor does it curl in that language so impressively "like a great green serpent round about the world," to quote the inspired words by James Robinson Planché, Esq.

Miss Cramer also sang Adriano's scene and aria from Wagner's circus opera "Rienzi," in which he fell between Meyerbeer and Spontini.

The singer by her performance gave no good reason why she should have appeared at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. To be allowed to sing or to play at one of these concerts has long been considered as a high compliment, a guarantee of artistic worth. It is true that poor singers, mediocre violinists and pianists have occasionally had their little say before the audience, but they have been few, very few in number during the last 20 seasons. It is to be hoped that the high standard will always be rigidly maintained.

It is unnecessary to speak at length of Miss Cramer's vocal shortcomings. They were apparent to any one of natural taste and appreciation of good singing, as well as to any young man or young woman who is now studying under a teacher of reasonable intelligence.

Philip Hale.

A GAIN the annual performances of "The Messiah," a most admirable work, which might as well be sung on Good Friday, Easter, Ascension Day or All Saints' as on Christmas, so far as any mastering propriety is concerned. The oratorio was written without any thought of Christmas or performance on that day. It was first performed at Dublin on April 13, 1742, for the benefit of a hospital and an infirmary. It was sung again in Dublin on June 3. It was sung in London, March 23, 25, 29, 1743; April 9, 11, 1745; March 23, 1749. Other dates were April 11, May 1, 15, 1750; April 18, May 16, 1751. Where is the thought of Christmas?

As a matter of fact, up to 1743 Handel in London did not use the title "The Messiah," he announced the work merely as "a sacred oratorio," although he had not concealed the name at Dublin. Schoelcher believes that Handel was afraid lest "hypocrites might be able to arouse some scandal on seeing the name of 'The Messiah' upon a playbill," and Handel undoubtedly had powerful enemies at the time (1743-49).

There is, however, no use in argument, no use in appeals to history. Many estimable persons firmly believe that Handel wrote "The Messiah" for a Christmas service; that it suits only that day; that it would not sound in March or September.

To many, and with these we have full

sympathy, this Christmas music is full of association, of memory, of hope. There is not merely a performance of an oratorio; there is a religious ceremony; there is communion with the saints.

Let us dwell lovingly a moment on the first performance by the Handel and Haydn of this oratorio as a whole. The date was Dec. 25, 1818. The chief singers were Miss Sumner, Miss Bennett, Mr. J. Sharp and Master White, the infant phenomenon.

We are told that in those early days of the now venerable society, "decanter of ardent spirits were habitually provided for the use of the male singers, by the Superintendent of the hall, in one of its anterooms; and when these were thought to be too public, in a place under the platform, fitted up for the purpose. Amongst my earliest recollections: nothing impressed me more than seeing members leave their seats at rehearsals in the old Beylston Hall, and retire down the little narrow and steep stairs on either side of the organ, to refresh the inner man."

There is an organ in Symphony Hall. And all this reminds me of a sentence of William Maginn put into the mouth of Morgan Odoherty, Ensign and Adjutant, late of the Ninety-ninth or King's Own "Tipperary Regiment: "As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements."

The late Norman McLeod was a man of uncommon industry and energy. As organist and choir master he was busied in elaborate services outside of the regular routine of his office. As a singer and adviser he was a most faithful, enthusiastic, useful member of the Cecilia. As a teacher of singing his interest went outside of his room, nor did it flag with the giving of a receipted bill. He not only had the gift of inspiring his pupils with confidence; he looked shrewdly and wisely after their welfare; he gained positions for them. And thus as a musical force, without regard to the personal qualities that

endeared him to many, he will be sorely missed.

There is a report that Joachim will leave the concert stage at the end of this season. It is high time.—An opera by Orffice, which deals with the life of Chopin, was produced lately at Milan. Certain melodies of Chopin are introduced by the composer. The work was unsuccessful.—The music to d'Annunzio's tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," which was acted at Rome with Duse as the heroine, was written by Scontrino.—Geraldine Farrar sang Violetta in "La Traviata" at the Berlin Opera Nov. 29. Max Steuer wrote to the Signale (Leipzig): "Of course no one demands from a young maiden full expression of Violetta's character, and as an actress Miss Farrar is almost wholly inexperienced. As a singer she gave a highly stimulating and pleasant performance, although the last polish of virtuosity is still wanting."—A memorial chapel over the grave of Rubinstein was dedicated Nov. 20.—Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," with Grieg's music, was given at Paris Dec. 16.—Willy Burmeister, applauded in Europe, but unable to please certain audiences in this country, has signed a contract to give 100 concerts in Hungary, the Balkan, Turkey, Italy for 125,000 florins.—Georges Marty, the new conductor of the Paris Conservatory concerts, was recalled thrice and enthusiastically at the end of his first concert Nov. 24.—Gustav Mahler's new symphony, No. 4, was produced lately by the Kaim orchestra at Munich. A soprano solo is introduced in the fourth part. The words are taken from a well-known collection of German folk songs. The conservative in the audience were icy cold; but the young in the gallery applauded the symphony tumultuously.

Here is a queer story. Mary Halton appeared at Innsbruck, in "San Toy." There was talk of a pro-Boer demonstration. The frightened manager came before the curtain and said: "I am told that some in the audience propose to hoot Miss Halton because she sings in English. Allow me to remind you that Miss Halton is not an English girl, but a daughter of free America. You would do wrong to hold this young singer responsible, for English is the official language of the United States, and I entreat you do not disturb her." And then Miss Halton was received with the wildest enthusiasm.

Henri Marteau, the celebrated violinist, wrote to Music (Chicago) three years ago about the music of Paganini: Paganini has left only a few works, poor, even mediocre, if we may use the

ard, actually bad from a musical point of view. Paganini, as a composer (even he thanked!) has never had any influence upon musical literature, not even upon that of the violin. In the several concertos, fantasias and caprice studies which remain from his receive little attention, even among violinists, and these only because they are marred by execution and contain a particular kind of technique. Paganini's influence has been disastrous upon the future and development of the violin. The neglect of the beautiful compositions of Geminiani, Tartini, Corelli, Viotti, Rode, and many others, to whom we owe it, if not to him, is already very little inclined to love beautiful music, the public wishes to hear nothing but fantasies upon operas with variations abounding in acrobatic qualities and unbecomingly monkey-shines, in which the singing and expressive character of the violin disappears amidst the most uncouth imitations and billows of notes rolled up at leisure.

No, this has been for the violin a period of intoxication, and it is to Paganini that we must trace its cause and responsibility. Farewell the beautiful style of the old Italian school, the "barn-storming" style of violin playing, as somebody has called it, was born, fascinated by the genius of the man, all violinists set themselves to imitate him. In Italy this was the end. In France there were 40 years of catastrophe, and it is only about 15 years since we have broken out of this undesirable path. In Germany the strongly developed musical sense resisted his undesirable influence.

At Roveredo, says Le Ménestrel of Dec. 1, the audience follows the habit of Italy and laughs and talks through a performance. Now "Tannhäuser" had been carefully rehearsed and the conductor, Tango, fidgeted and fumed at the bad manners of the hearers. While Elisabeth was singing a gentle passage, the voice of a young woman was heard: "My dear, let me present to you my betrothed." Tango kept on beating time and shouted: "Delighted, sir, to make your acquaintance." And there was quiet, until the curtain fell. The duke was good only for that night.

Was this the Tango who came over here with Mapleson a few years ago? He was young—apparently a boy—and remarkably gifted.

They will give Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" in the form of an oratorio at the next Sheffield festival. The censor will not allow a stage production because "the subject is taken from the Bible." It is true that the Queen of Sheba is mentioned in the Bible, but her singular adventures are not told there. —Benedictus has written an opera in one act and two scenes: "The Moonlight Sonata." The book is by Judith Gautier, who tells of the love of Beethoven for the famous Guicciardi. —Victor Maurel proclaims in the Figaro that singers should know everything—especially anatomy. This recalls the description of the ideal architect given by Vitruvius. Will there be classes in anatomy, pathology, physiology, surgery at the Conservatory?—Guilmant has resigned his position as organist at Trinité, which he has held for nearly 30 years. They say that he was treated shabbily by the curé, who never cared for good music. —Georgette Leclerc, who will soon be Maeterlinck's wife, sang at Lille the last of November in Georges's opera, "Charlotte Corday." —They now say in Berlin that the violinist Petschnikoff has not fulfilled the promise of his youth. When he played in Boston we all rubbed eyes and strained ears; for his performance was immeasurably below his reputation which preceded him. —Josef Sucher has been named by the Berlin Chief of Police musical expert to determine what works should be performed there in public on certain holidays.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 10 has described Kocian, the new violinist, who made his first appearance in London Dec. 9:

"Kocian is a player most undoubtedly of extraordinary gifts and of amazing musical talents. In appearance rather like a fair version of Kubelik, he is singularly modest in manner, and refined in gesture. We do not think that his sheer power of musical emotion has yet developed to its utmost; but when it does we have little doubt that we shall find here an artist of the very first rank. He has an ear which is absolutely perfect, a rich golden tone and a mixture of gentleness and firmness in his bowing which belong quite to the highest order of playing. He has, too, a curious subtlety of expression, a sort of expression within expression, which was very strongly evident in many parts of the Kreutzer Sonata, which, we may add, was magnificently played throughout. It was in Ernst's Concerto in F sharp minor, however, that his technical gifts were more fully to be appreciated. Here he showed a speed and an accuracy which literally reminded one of a bird's flight. Absolutely true and sweeping from its poise on the wing with unerring skill and accuracy, never once did he swerve aside from the very centre of the musical thought. It was really a marvelous exhibition of skill, and one which at the same time meant a good deal more than a mere display of virtuosity. We have heard a quantity of rumors concerning the excited enthusiasm which Kocian has aroused by his playing on the Conti-

nent, and we confess that we do not feel in the least astonished thereby. It is indeed gratifying to note the brilliant uprising of a young generation to join the ranks of elder players of great renown, who, fortunately, are still with us."

The New York Sun of Dec. 20 gave this account of a new cyclis, "The Tind of Time," for quartet and piano, produced in New York on the day before:

"Harry Girard, whose pen-name is 'Victor Kemp,' is responsible for the music of this cycle and W. H. Gardner is guilty of the words; the latter vary from the religious to the inane, divided off into twelve stanzas, each one referring to a calendar month. It is remarkable that a composer should have sought in these verses inspiration for a musical setting, but extraordinary that he should have succeeded half as well as Girard did. And to this uninspired libretto may be attributed some of those dreary wastes of uninteresting stretches in which the fertility of the whole scheme is laid bare. It becomes evident with the first, assured with the second verse, that the composer is writing popular music or music which he hopes may grow popular, and in a later instance he takes the threadbare formula of a comic opera aria and fits it to the commonplace words. The work is meted out to solo voices, duets, quartets—accompanied and alla capella—and a piano prelude. This relieves much of the tedium of the affair, especially as the arrangement is cleverly done. Regarding the popularity of the composition it would be vain to prophesy; one still recalls with shudders the sweeping success of 'The Persian Garden' despite its obvious lack of merit. So after all, this cycle has a very good chance of becoming a drawing room favorite. Some of the numbers are light and catchy as well as tuneful. Mrs. Seabury Ford, Miss Marguerite Hall, MacKenzie Gordon and Harry Girard were the quartet."

The Meiningen Court Orchestra was unfortunate during its recent tour through Germany. In Frankfurt it was cheated out of 8000 marks, by an agency which failed after collecting that sum for four concerts. "In Cologne, another manager guaranteed a certain sum, and when the Meiningen concerts failed to draw, he fell short 3000 marks in his payment. Finally, on the homeward trip, a harp, valued at 4000 marks, was entirely demolished. Moral: The Meiningen Orchestra should stay at home."

—Times.

Raoul Koczalski has composed a musical drama, named "Rymond," which is to be produced shortly in his native town, Warsaw. The book is drawn from a novel by the Polish Count Fredrow. Raoul Koczalski is now 15; he has not been heard of much since his tour, some eight years ago, as an infant wonder-performer on the piano, during which the rumor was spread that "he" was a girl.

THE MESSIAH.

First Concert of the 87th Season of the Handel and Haydn—A Large Audience and an Excellent Choral Performance—Miss Anita Rio.

"The Messiah" was sung last night at Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. The concert was the 730th. The solo singers were Miss Anita Rio, Mrs. Clara Poole-King, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, Mr. Frederick L. Martin. Mr. H. G. Tucker was organist.

This oratorio does not lose in popularity in England and America, where it is still regarded as a work of plenary inspiration, and the performance as a species of religious function. It is a work that contains many pages of marvelous strength and beauty, and its admirable features would be thrown into bolder relief if there were only one performance in three or four years; just as the better symphonies of Beethoven would seem to be still greater masterpieces if they were heard only at long intervals. The dwellers among the mountains wonder why men come from afar to see sights that are associated with their daily life and taken as a matter of course. The enormous popularity of "The Messiah" has hurt the name of Handel, for there has been no room for a few of his oratorios that are perhaps as great. How many in Boston have heard "Theodora" or "Belshazzar"? In Germany there is not this blind prejudice, and Handel is taken in moderation and judiciously.

Nor do we hear "The Messiah" as Handel wrote it. It was an evil day when Mozart tinkered the score; it was a fatal day when Robert Franz thickened the mixture with his additions and improvements. The choruses and the airs do not need such reinforcement. The simpler the accompaniments the better; for Handel was first of all a melodist, a squanderer of tunes, and yet in spite of his extravagance his storehouse of melody was always full. Now a great tune does not depend on the accompaniment. If the accompaniment calls away the attention of the hearer, the tune is not great.

The performance last night embraced the popular numbers of the work. (It might be interesting to attend a concert in which only the omitted numbers were sung.) The choice was no doubt wise for the most part, and yet the bass solo, "The people that walked in darkness," might well be omitted, as well as the bass recitative, "Thus saith the

Lord," to make room for other airs or the once familiar "For as in Adam." And since there are some who wish to hear every note, why should not the whole work be performed, say once in five years, without a cut and with due street-car and railway arrangements.

I have spoken on several occasions of the almost incredible improvement made by the Handel and Haydn under Mr. Mollenhauer; how there is now attention paid to phrasing, contrasts, the crescendo, and all nuances; how there is clear contrapuntal walk, well defined contrasts of parts, decisive attack, and general briskness and alacrity. These features were often fully in evidence last night; but there were times when one might reasonably have expected a fuller body of tone from so many singers. Thus the passage "Wonderful, Counselor," etc., did not come like a thunder clap; nor was there once an overwhelming sonority. When there was a mighty sound, one-half of it was furnished by the organ. There may be danger that the swing of the pendulum will be toward a jaunty delivery, and that lively clearness will degenerate into a gay indifference. Here again is another evil result of so many performances of the same work: Familiarity enters—and the favorite child of familiarity is known even in music.

Some of the choruses were sung exceedingly well—as "His yoke is easy," "Behold the Lamb of God," but the magnificent ending of "All we like sheep," was for once comparatively ineffective, and the performance of "Lift up your heads," was almost boring. Or is this chorists itself going the way of all music and all flesh?

Miss Anita Rio is a soprano of more than ordinary promise. Her voice is of agreeable quality and good compass. It is flexible but not metallic or heartless. It has a dash of color that aids the singer materially in the display of emotion. This voice is under firm and wise control. The singer's attack and release of tone, her sustaining of the phrase, in a word her management of breath—these are admirable. She may be that rare phenomenon known as "a natural singer," she may have toyed at her task like the tanned galley-slave; she knows what she should do, and she is able to do it, as though she could not do it otherwise. It would be a pleasure to speak of her at greater length, of the distinctness of her enunciation, of the simplicity of her style, of her ability to carry vowels without change of tone quality; but I must content myself with the record of impressions. It was not necessary to wait an hour and a half to determine whether she could sing. Her delivery of the first recitative answered the question. Nothing equal to her performance of "Come Unto Him" has been heard here in oratorio for a long time; it was womanly in feeling and appeal, yet there was no touch of incongruous sensuousness; it was devout without affectation of piety. Her coloratura in "Rejoice greatly," was also worthy of praise, but are not all sopranos or conductors taking this air too fast, so that it approaches a scramble? It is not merely a tune to display agility; there should be breadth even in the bravura; there should be nobility; the announcement is of a monarch.

Mrs. King was at her best in "He was despised," which she sang quietly and without the nauseating exaggeration of woe affected by so many lethargic altos. Her singing of "O Thou that tellest" was weak and unsatisfactory, and as a whole her performance fell to mediocrity and occasionally it fell still farther. Mr. Van Hoose was not wholly in voice; at least his tones were not so delightfully pure and frank as they were at the Symphony concert this season. He sang "Comfort Ye" and the beautiful recitative and air in the second part with true emotion and in the grand manner. His florid airs were not sung with the same authority. Mr. Martin has a sonorous voice which was doomed to dreary music until he reached "Why do the nations." His sombre tones were well suited to "The People that Walked in Darkness," and he delivered "Why do the nations" with spirit; but in the latter air his roulades, though even, were somewhat labored and rigid, and he did not rise to the height of that superb phrase, "The Kings of the Earth," which is an example of Handel in his might, towering above all composers. I am aware of the difficulties of this air, and I recognize the good work done by Mr. Martin during the evening; but his voice is of a quality that may easily engender monotony of style, and in this air he missed the opportunity of a striking contrast. "The Kings of the Earth rise up"—a noble sentence and still nobler music. Nor was the rhythm of the strictly bravura passages persistent, and on this persistency rests much of the effect.

The hall was filled; there were some who stood; and there was generous, and, as a rule, discriminative applause.

Philip Hale.

How the agony in the latest story about the ingenious Mr. Sherlock Holmes is spinning out! Will it last a year? And what a wretched-looking person Miss Stapleton is, according to her picture on page 606. The description of her in the preceding text was distinctly alluring; but the artist represents her as an unattractive 'Arriet coquettish on a Bank Holiday. Flaubert was sound in his dread of illustrated novels. How seldom the hero or heroine answers your idea, compounded of writer's narrative and your own imagination. Du Maurier's picture of Beatrix, "holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond," is a rare exception. (We forget; Mr. Howells does not approve of Mistress Beatrix or the novel.) The por-

traits of that delightful villain, Count Fosco, in "The Woman in White," are admirable. Such a superb creature as Eustace Vye should be spared, nor do we care to see Tess pictured or on the stage. The heroines of the novels that pass in swarms—and rapidly—and are so soon forgotten—are all Gibsonized things, with blocks for heads, ready for golf, all clothed alike, no matter to what period or country they belong. The most interesting pictures in the magazines are those of the women in corsets, dress-shields, union-garments, women that use various soaps and tooth washes. These we look on with admiration and yearning. There is no need of text. Sometimes they figure in a kind of continued story. Thus we see this week that a ravishing brunette who two or three months ago was taking a tonic with beneficial results is now strong enough to brush her teeth; we hope before spring to see her busy in a parlor gymnasium, and in the summer she will surely push a lawn-mower.

Some time ago the Western newspapers introduced us to several Colonels, Majors, Doctors, Hotel Clerks, Passenger Agents et al., who were "raconteurs." (A raconteur is a polite term for an unmitigated bore.) A long-winded story would be introduced something like this: "It is a singular thing," said Judge Poindexter, as he put his noticeable boots on the freshly painted railing of the Charliss House piazza, 'it is a singular thing that I can't drink as many mint-juleps as I could in the late fifties. I remember once at the St. Charles'—and then there would be half a column of slush. Or General Passenger Agent Skinner would bite off the end of a 50-cent cigar and unwind his yarn: "Speaking of blizzards, when I was at Omaha two days before Christmas, eight years ago, I said to Flannigan—his wife was sick at Kansas City, and he had not heard from her for three hours," etc.

They apparently have disappeared. What has become of them all? Have they repented of their lies? Is the Judge in his family tomb? Is the General Passenger Agent in jail or President of his road? Where are all the generals and the raconteurs? There is an awful solution—one we hardly dare whisper in the ear of a deaf man: they are all at work on their new reminiscences for 1902.

Cynicism is the exposure of truth without apology or mitigating circumstance. If you, Mr. Soper, were to write down at the end of a business day exactly what you had said and done, what others had said and done in your presence, what was said and done in your own house, and if you could persuade a newspaper to publish your account written without comment, charity, or pity, you would be described as a master cynic, although you now are known far and near as a beaming philanthropist.

A woman's tailor said to us last week: "I don't mind working over hours, if I am paid for my work within a reasonable time. The women in moderate circumstances are all right; it is the rich women in the Back Bay who ruin some of us poor devils by their custom. There was one who used to come here—a fine looking lady—always pleasant—she always smiled and had a cheerful word—well, she owed me \$200 or more for a couple of suits. I waited and waited. Finally I asked her if she would not give me the money. 'Why, what do you want of it? Two hundred dollars means nothing to you; but we people of property like our interest.' I did not get the money for two years—not until after her death."

Rich people who do not know what Christmas presents would be acceptable might pay their sewing-woman, florist, grocer, fishmonger, and especially all bills not over \$10 that have been handed to them by men and women of humble circumstances, and for work actually performed. The prompt payment of such bills would be, indeed, a holiday surprise.

We read that the Hall of Tara, County Meath, was put up at auction, but the bidding was low, and therefore the place was reserved for private sale. Did the harp go with it? No doubt the plumbing of the hall is in poor condition, but are not the associations worth anything? It was at Tara that St. Patrick sang his celebrated Hymn. Wise men tell us that Tara is derived from "Teamur," the wall or building of Tea, wife of Heremon. "Teamhair," pronounced Tawer, signifies an elevated spot commanding an extensive prospect. The 'teamhair' of a house is a balcony, and the 'teamhair' of a country a hill commanding a wide view. We were under the impression that Tara was finally abandoned by Diarmuid MacFergus—that a huge green mound was the most conspicuous feature. It would have been a pleasure to hear Moore

sing his own song. Abraham Hayward said that it was "just the sort of singing a man without a musical ear may appreciate—very little voice, but clear, sweet and expressive."

It is curious that more has not been said about the death of Eyre, the savage crusher out of the Jamaican insurrection. An English Tory newspaper in a eulogistic death notice said that he was the very man needed now in South Africa. Hayward, whom we have just quoted, was much exercised in 1866, and wrote: "Wherever I go in the fashionable world I find the fine ladies and gentlemen all of opinion that the hanging and flogging of Jamaica was all right. Wherever I go in the thinking world I find the reverse." How all England was agitated! Artemus Ward wrote to Punch about a groaning cabman, who said to him: "My mind's upset today. I at one time tho't I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been readin' all the daily papers to try and understand about Gov. Eyre, and my mind is totterin'." But see how even a man of broad observation like Richard F. Burton could write of the oppression of the weak by the strong: "It is said that Great Britain is never without her little war; as far as West Africa is concerned, this dictum is certainly true. And why not? She can no more expect to be at peace with her thousand neighbors than a man of £50,000 per annum in landed property to be without a dispute or lawsuit. These little wars cost less than Aldershots, and are ten times better schools for soldiering."

Dec 24, 1901

It is the old story. Not only was Col. Mapleson's funeral neglected by all singers, players and others for whom he had made money, but his widow, who is now over 70 years of age, nearly blind, is practically penniless.

Has the tramp-novelist, Maxim Gorki, one of the most interesting apparitions of late days, a press agent? Stories are now circulating about him in foreign journals. Here is one which came all the way from St. Petersburg. It seems that this novelist and playwright of extraordinary talent, if not absolute genius, is suspected by the Russian Government as a revolutionary because he searches "the barbarous survivals of Russian life for secrets better hid." He was not allowed to winter in the Crimea without authorization, and only on condition that he would not go near Yalta. At Moscow, through which he passed, some hundreds had organized a platform reception and demonstration of sympathy. They were allowed to organize and prepare their little speeches, and even to assemble on the platform; but the express train was stopped just outside the city, Gorki was ordered out, put into the conductor's compartment of a freight train, ordered sternly not to show himself, and in this way he passed through the Holy City of All the Russians.

We came across this curious statement in the "Life and Labors of Jehoiachin E. Graves, D. D." (Hartford, 1894): "For the first year at the Divinity School, he labored indefatigably but was buffeted sore by Satan who tempted him with inferiority of the flesh. These he overcame by prayer and fasting. For nearly a year he supported life on crusts of bread, dried apples, and water; yet was his health unimpaired and he was filled with the wind of the Spirit."

You remember, no doubt, the story of the play-actress, Miss Lillian Vernon, a dashing blonde, who bought a wash to turn her yellow hair red. After faithful applications the hair turned green, possibly a darker and richer shade. We regret that the statements here wander into vagueness, although the point is an important one. She sued the druggist and said that the wash was not of genuine henna leaves. The druggist, stung by the reflection on his honesty, was aroused, like the holy man in the familiar story in which King Darius figures prominently, to a keen sense of repartee. He forgot gallantry, and swore, through the mouth of an expert, that henna leaves used on clean heads would turn the hair red, but used on unwashed heads would turn it green. Lillian was justly indignant and said in rebuttal, or "abuttal," for she preferred this term: "Judge, I wash my hair every Sunday regular, yes, sir, regular every Sunday. The jury don't do against her and her claim for \$500 damages."

Mr. Valentin, a former editor of Luck, wrote to the New York Sun and reminded the readers of Tittlebat Titmouse, the hero of "Ten Thousand a Year," who wished his red hair turned black; but he anticipated the fate of Lillian. Mr. Valentin also reminds us that Richard Mansfield played the part of the green-haired Tittlebat a few years ago.

Two points, at least, may well be con-

(1) Henna is used by Eastern women to stain certain parts of their hands and feet a yellowish red or deep orange color. Some dye only the nails; others as high as the first joint of each finger and toe; some make a stripe along the next row of joints; almost all stain the whole of the inside of the hand and the sole of the foot. This color is renewed once a fortnight or in three weeks. Henna is also used by the Oriental women, as are indigo leaves, galls, etc., for a hair dye, but Mohammed said, "Change the whiteness of your hair but not with anything black." The Persians who apply henna to white hair use afterward a paste of indigo leaves; and the stages then are: black green, emerald green, bottle green and at last lamplblack. The henna flower is a favorite of these women on account of its peculiar, singular perfume—we do not think it best to be more explicit—just as the tearless is dear to English women. You have read this verse in "The Song of Solomon": "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi." "Camphire" is here an erroneous translation; the true rendering is "henna."

(2) Why should a woman be distressed because her hair is green? Can she not dress in harmony with it? Of course her coiffure should not be of a clashing hue. We can easily imagine women of rare charm with green, blue—anything but magenta hair. This matter of color is merely an affair of time, place, fashion. We read the other day in a "History of the Caribbee Islands" that the Caribbee women attribute the highest perfection of beauty to black hair, and the Indian women of Peru "are so enamored of black hair, that to make their own of that color, when nature does it not, they are willing to endure incredible pains and torments."

Verily, the church organist in certain towns is only a little lower than the sexton. An advertisement in the Montreal Star of Dec. 11 informs us that an organist is wanted for Bishop's College chapel, Lennoxville, "to play at services Sundays and week days, and at practices." He is offered tuition, room and \$100 a year. They might have thrown in the cheese and whisky of the country. At a church in Lincoln, England, the organist is offered £50 a year for two Sunday services (sometimes three), with one week-night service; he must act as choir-master, and have a weekly practice—all for about 4 shillings a service. At Lower Edmonton the organist and choir-master at an independent church receives £12 a year. No wonder Truth remarks: "Just imagine the good luck of the professional man who manages to obtain this precious berth. Twenty whole shillings every month to pay all your expenses to and fro, to feed and help clothe you, and to remunerate you for playing the organ and training the choir. I should suppose that an organ-grinder rather than an organist is wanted at Lower Edmonton, although I doubt very much whether the services even of one of those peripatetic Italians who so sorely annoy Dr. Stanford (and his critics) could be secured at the money."

Dec 25, 1901
"AND WAS MADE MAN."

Out of the ivory palaces

Whereby they have made Thee glad,
Out of the sovereign majesties
Wherewith Thou wert crowned and clad,
Adown a cloudy stairway Thou hast stopt,
And into a poor stable Thou hast crept,
While the world slept.

Out of the spherul harmonies

And singing of sevenfold quires,
Out of the passionate ecstasies
That the Face of the Lord inspires
Unto the lowing of awakened kine,
And twitter of birds above that bed of
Thine,
Pilgrim Divine.

Out of the glistening companies,

The cohorts of flame on flame,
Out of the phalanx of victories,
The hosts of the Holy Name
To simple folk, to men of peace and prayer,
Thou didst descend, their servitude to
share,
And still art there.

Are we not losing the knack of Christmas? How much Christmas joy did you see in the faces of shoppers yesterday, and the day before? Did any one of those eager and panting at a counter have thought concerning the spirit of the Feast? Was it to the well-to-do or to the poor that you gave gifts?

Christmas to many is merely a holiday for which they make material preparation. Mrs. Jones gave you a present a year ago; why, you never knew. You think it your duty to return the compliment. But what shall you give her? Her rooms show that she has no interest in any kind of art. You know she does not read. You also know that she is rich and that your husband's income is moderate. Therefore you feel bound to give her something which you cannot really afford to give. They say that in New York the delight

of a woman is to give a more expensive present than she receives so that she can make her friend uncomfortable thereby.

To say that women vex their nerves and injure for a time their health by choosing Christmas presents is to state the tritest fact. The chief anxiety comes from the desire not to appear mean. Louisa is not passionately attached to Eliza Jane, but she must remember her at Christmas, and she is afraid that Eliza Jane will consider her gift paltry, ridiculous. Louisa haunts the shops until she is the Spectre of the Shops. Pale from breathing foul air, haggard, she flits about, with the glare of madness in her eyes. She finally buys at random in her despair a costly, useless thing, and sends it to Eliza Jane, with her love. She receives in return a badly printed, shabbily illustrated, flimsily bound volume of poems.

This painfully material feature of Christmas as it is now observed need not detain us. It is easily studied in any household. Nor is it exaggeration to say that in hundreds of most respectable families Christmas is merely a Bargain-Exchange, or, if you prefer, a Gift-Lottery.

Christmas should be something more than this, it should be something more than a day of much eating and drinking. It is pleasant to read of the old-time feasting in England, to go over the pompous roll of dishes, to remember the sports and mummery peculiar to the day. It is pleasant to remember the Christmas dear to Dickens: the miser suddenly becomes extravagant and throws about guineas with both hands, the shivering girl receives a fur-lined cloak, the ragged boy is put into a responsible position at an enormous salary, the disinherited sits at the head of the family table, all eat and drink till the veins are ready to burst, and if they are in the city, they all go to the pantomime.

The pantomime! The poor little wretches in Boston, whether they dwell in a mansion of the Back Bay or in a squalid tenement, do not know the joys of the pantomime. In London the Playgoers' Club have worked so industriously that 8000 children of the poor will see these shows. During the waits they will be fed with tea, coffee, cocoa, cake—an unwholesome attention. Some one well asks: "But where are the oranges and the peppermints?"

The feasting is still known in our cities. There is a dinner of unusual pretension in almost every flat—that is, when the maid-of-all-work kindly consents to spend the day at home. But, after all, the goose, the plum pudding, the mince pie—these are but gross symbols.

There is a Christmas in the village. The simple church is decorated and without thought of borrowing from pagan rites. The anthems, rudely and vigorously sung, tell of the shepherds, the wandering and adoring kings, the joy of the Virgin Mother. Snow crackles under the tread of the villagers. Never was the skating so fine. At night the stars sparkle as on no other night. There is the reunion of friends, there is talk of those who have gone away from this world, and there is talk that they would like to hear. Perhaps there is some simple game; perhaps there is wooing in a corner of the parlor, under the portrait of uniformed Uncle Mark, who served with Bainbridge and then disappeared many years ago. At midnight the logs are smoldering in the sitting room, and the white-haired man, about to go upstairs, looks across the fields to the hill-side burying ground, without fear, without undue or querulous anticipation.

Christmas should be a day of anniversaries, which are set around the one great Anniversary. The remembrances may be of joy or of sorrow, they may be sweet, or wholesomely bitter as when one recalls his own blunders, meanness, selfishness. There should be the thought, the conviction of the abiding imperishable God in Man, whatever be the formal creed of the thinker. In this conviction is relief from external strife, and disappointment, and failure; in this assurance is courage for each day. The world is still inhabited chiefly by barbarians; but how slow was the development thousands of years ago. Idleness, poverty, the esteem of your neighbors, the so-called honors in social and political life—these are but episodes, trifling episodes in the life of an immortal; yes, death itself is only an episode, and there must be many deaths in the successive promotions.

To understand the holiness of Christmas you must be poor in spirit. It is the great and holy day of the poor even though they receive no gifts. The

birth of the Holy Babe was among the poor, and there is supreme symbolism in Kings bowing with their offerings before that cradle in a manger. He is to be pitied to whom even the symbolism is of no meaning. His little boy with the commercial eyes has no faith in Santa Claus; he says it is a silly story. Yet it is something to believe in Santa Claus, the reindeers, and the midnight entrance down the chimney. When machinery, science and commercial interests destroy all illusions, then may the landscape be metallic, as in the dream of Baudelaire, and men and women merely shrewd automata, made for the sport of some depressed Arch-jester.

Dec 26, 1901

W. F. W. writes concerning the attitude taken by the Faculty against the pocket handkerchief, the mouchoir, that little dab of lawn or lace dear to women, especially distressed heroines in society plays and coloratura prima donnas in passionate operatic scenes. "Expert observation has shown that for no other article of woman's habilitment has the microbe such a fondness as for her handkerchief. Who the expert observer is who has ascertained that discomfiting fact, and how he ascertained it, the report of the Paris committee which has been sitting on handkerchiefs for the last few months does not state. But as the result of this inquiry, and of the statistics which supplement it, the mouchoir microbe is held responsible for more cases of consumption than is the cow herself. This possibly may be explicable by the fact that people use handkerchiefs and cows do not."

Here is a sentence from a shoemaker's circular: "Please remember, we have some elegant dress shoes also at reasonable prices, and the Social Season at hand demands your attention along this line as well." The circular has peculiar force, for it is couched in the form of a personal appeal. Who knows? Some poor wretch thus flattered may determine to buy a pair of dress shoes and by wearing them proudly stamp his way into our best society. He certainly cannot go in on sneakers.

Mr. Sully-Prudhomme, the French poet, who received about \$40,000 as his share of the Nobel prizes, proposes to give the money to a fund that will help young poets in the publication of their verses, and then they may be presented to the Academy. He declares that the sum represents at least "four times as much as the outcome derivable from his poetry in 25 years." His poems then have not given him more than \$400 a year.

Before you follow the advice of Mr. Andrew Lang and buy crystal balls to stare into until you see visions, ponder the question gravely like the man who was thinking of building a tower. A study of Dr. Pierre Janet's opinions may be of service to you. He maintains that only a very few persons really see anything in a crystal; that the faculty is seldom met with among persons normal and sound, "it being in fact, a neurosis or disease of the nerves to which only abnormally nervous or hysterical persons are subject." Again: "The state induced by prolonged gazing at a faintly luminous object is on the same authority, a kind of incomplete hypnotism in which hallucination occur which are in every way deceptions of the senses. But these hallucinations have for their subjects only those things which are within the conscious or unconscious memory of the gazer, and one is just as likely to gain from them an hint of facts lying without the gazer's knowledge as to learn the future from the stammerings of anybody drunk. Thus, in one case collected by the Psychological Research Society, where the speculatrix—to use the old-fashioned word for such seers—saw in the crystal a newspaper announcing the death of a friend, which afterward turned out to have actually happened, Dr. Janet is able to show that there was in the room a real newspaper with the announcement in question, the inference being that the speculatrix had read at mentally noted it without conscious grasping its significance."

Furthermore, Dr. Janet does not think that the habit of seeing things in crystals is one to be freely indulged in. To use his own words: "I am quite convinced that its perfect success will be favorable to your moral health." It should also be remembered that dissimulation is the sister hysteria, and that hypnotism is sometimes the sure weapon of the evil disposed.

We have received a pressing invitation to try our luck in the Lottery, the town of Sofia. The invitation comes from the Franco-Bulgarian Bank of the said town, and we are shown that in consideration for a ridiculously small sum, we have an excellent opportunity of gaining 300,000 francs, for there are 50,000 half tickets

th 25,000 prizes in that far off city, how Sophia! The following quotations from the circular show how the gift of philanthropy shines through the ragged garments of acquired English.

"The management of the Lottery has proved the plan for the next Lottery and succeeded to perfectionate it." "Considering these facts, we have decided to overtake the General Agency of the sale of these tickets." "Kindly write lisibly your full address."

and how courteous, how inspiring the thing:

"Trusting to surprise you very soon with a favorable result."

Every precaution is taken against disappointment: "Please remit us your order with the annexed order sheet by turn of mail, otherwise you are exposed that all tickets will be sold before your order reaches us."

H. S. writes: "With all due gratitude to Livy for telling us of Hannibal's four great victories when he carried the war into Italy, it must be added that he failed to give us any account of Hannibal in Missouri."

This story is going the rounds in England as fresh and exorciatingly any. Is it old? Or is it old because another fellow told it just as you were going to tell it to him?

"Recent references to law in Jamaica revived memories of the legal stem there in vogue, and, among them, is story: The friends of a prisoner argued with murder 'got at' a cold gentleman on the jury and impressed upon him that in no circumstances should he consent to any other verdict than one of manslaughter. They made it clear that there would be opposition, but he was to stick to manslaughter and not to argue. In due course the jury retired, as is usual in these parts, to an upper veranda, and a spectators soon saw eleven men rounding and arguing with one another. The prisoner's friends were sure that their ally had not deceived them, and were delighted when a unanimous verdict of manslaughter was given. Soon they met the obstinate jurymen. 'I did as you told me,' said he; 'they all wanted to acquit me, but I would have nothing but manslaughter!'

Dec 27, 1901

Mr. Pillsbury, the chess player, met 6 members of a New York club simultaneously at 16 boards, and, blindfolded, expelled all the boarders save one. During the whole of the play Pillsbury would never cease smoking for minute, taking now and then a drink of lemonade." Poker, they say, leads to dissipation. Chess must lead to concentration; and the latter is perhaps the more destructive to body and soul. We have on sundry occasions indeed a bugle call against the evils of chess. Now that a champion player seen smoking incessantly and forced lemonade that he may play his game, even the callous may be pricked into realization of the dangers that beset the young, for chess is still recommended by graybeards and the mathematically inclined. The game of jackstraws, however, hurts neither mind nor body. And golf, were it not for the horrid profanity, might now be pursued with advantage by the elderly and rheumatic. A fat man on hockey is still better, but it must be on the ice.

Mr. "Buck" Campbell of Wilkes-Barre sat on a hot radiator for an hour as a wager, and then fell in a faint. Next day he contracted pneumonia. His lungs must come pretty far down.

We read in an English journal that London women were taught by American cousins the value of the "hamman" or Turkish bath. "The modern woman has learned not only how to maintain the texture of the clinging satin, that clothes her in a robe of all price, but how to get the tincture of neurotics." (We prefer the "hammam," but this is a detail.)

But are American women, or, to be all and particular, are many Boston men frequenters of such bath-rooms? Orientals, men as well as women, use the Hamman for private parties. I frolic there the greater part of the year. The bath is a luxury as well as a necessity to the most staid Moslem. We are told that men sit there for hours talking chiefly of money and the love of adventures, and the women is the time in complaining about their husbands. The frigidarium is down as Heaven, and the calidarium Hell; and there are many allusions there in Eastern poetry, as:

"Life of the bath is the joy of man's life, but time is short for us there to bide; Heaven, where it seems it were to stay; Hell, delightful at entering-tide."

There are any truly adequate book on the most important subject, baths and bathing? Think of the strange customs, the stranger theories concerning

benefit and injury, the superstitions, the laws and ordinances. Even now some physicians are bitterly opposed to the Turkish bath, as it is called. We have heard such protests made in Boston by members of the Faculty. "Action of the skin, induced by other means than the sudorifics of the pharmacopoeia or the regulation bodily exercises, was considered as something very much like an unwarrantable interference with natural laws. Cardiac trouble might be anticipated, and there was always the risk of catching your death of cold. I mind me, it was long before you could get a neophyte to understand that a ten minute sojourn in the hot room and a plunge through the cold tank would fit him to run for his life. This is a luxurious and dyspeptic age. It is also a strenuous and a hard working age. The luxurious, the dyspeptic, and the strenuous worker have alike found their way to the sudarium, the massage-slab, and the revivification of the cold douche, or the tank."

Suetonius tells us concerning Caesar Augustus: "But as great infirmities as he was subject unto, he maintained and defended his body with as much care and regard of himself: but principally by seldom bathing: for, anointing hee was very often and used to sweate before a light fire; and then upon it to be dowsed in water luke-warme, or else heated with long standing in the Sunne. And so often as he was to use the Sea waters hote, or those of Albulia for the strengthening of his sinewes, he contented himselfe with this: namely, to sit in a wooden bathing Tub which himselfe by a Spanish name called Dureta, and therein to shake up and downe his hands and feet one after another, by turnes." Philemon Holland adds in a note that physicians could hardly compel this abstinence "so ordinarie it was in those daies to bath."

Christendom went dirty for centuries because paganism had been so clean. The righteous and dirty men and women found no warrant for their uncleanness in either the Old or the New Testament. For bath chambers near the roof or in a garden (as in poor Susanna's case) were common, and holy women among the Jews used perfumed washing balls. There were prominent men among the cultivated heathen who decried the use of hot water. Thus Hermippus' said reproachfully: "By Jupiter, it is not necessary for a well-to-do and respectable man to get drunk or to take hot baths; yet you do these things."

It might be unpleasant to trace the history of the bath in France. Michelet gives unsavory details, and the writers of memoirs unconsciously expose the filthy personal condition of gallant men and noble dames. Philip de Commines, a grave historian, reckoned baths as among the corruptions which peace had brought into the Low Countries. Even when there were many public baths in Paris, the Court stank, so that the women of the Kermont, descendants of Jonah—and therefore they eat no fish—were to be preferred; for they washed themselves from head to foot, after coming from market, or any public place, where they may have touched any one of a sect different from their own. The lazy could quote the authority of the church, for as late as 1760 the Dominican Richard allowed that the use of the bath might be permitted, provided it were as a necessity, not as a luxury. But the indifference of beautiful and aristocratic French women to the rules of ordinary and decent cleanliness during otherwise splendid years is incredible. No wonder that the men were brave in battle.

We have wandered sadly, for the subject is one that alternately repels and fascinates. Are there Turkish bath parties in the city? They might be made as entertaining as a musicale or a lecture in French. Indeed a small orchestra might play appropriately selections from Handel's Water music; and is there not a tune in "Evangeline" "Into the water we go?"

Dec 28, 1901

Some time ago we spoke of the miserable quality of the black pins sold in Boston. A correspondent now writes and tells where excellent pins may be obtained. We cannot publish here the name of the shopkeeper, for this is a suspicious world, and we should be accused of listening to bribery and corruption. Thus the high educational and moral value of this column would be impaired; we should be a hissing, as were they that kept the statutes of Omri and all the works of the house of Ahab; we might even be the song of the drunkards. Yet we gladly publish the letter.

Boston, Dec. 26.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

The black pin with the unburnished head and darkly blue body can be bought in small black boxes just as of yore at the right place (viz.: —'s, Winter Street.) The black pin of the German cubes, black with a white body

of soft iron, is a manifestation of the inferior races of man, and of German wisdom in supplying their wants. Germany sent the American good cubes of good pins, four gross to the cube and a picture of a pair of pink and blue grinning peasants by way of ornaments. "Twenty-five cents!" said Germany. Decent American shopkeepers bought them, sold them and were happy. "If you'll give us something for our trade, we'll buy several millions," said shopkeepers. "With-a-celerity-of-a-kind-not-to-be-exaggerated," said Germany, and she produced a cube with two gross of black-headed pins, two of colored pins, and a black label in place of the peasants in pink and blue. "Twelve cents," said Germany, and every head came off of every pin that did not snap or bend the first time it was used. "Never more good pins will I for these Americans at a high price make," said Germany. But she did. The decent shopkeepers uttered an exceeding bitter cry, and now one can buy half cubes, cubes divided diagonally, and holding about 200 excellent pins with colored glass-heads, really as pretty as the semi-precious stones, for 15 cents. These will probably be imitated and debased in a month. The good black pin lies evermore in a box and is called English.

ALTRUDIS ADELGETHA.

There are various kinds of English pins. Altrudis, and one pin differeth from another in glory. Thus the black pin that comes in a stiff paper package, although it was countenanced by Queen Victoria, is inferior to the black pin in a box. Yet pins were not used in England until 1543, and in 1581 Stafford recommended that they should be manufactured rather than imported. In 1573 in England they cost a shilling a thousand. "At Edinburgh in 1720 we find the first pin-maker"; but what does this mean—the first pin-maker in Edinburgh?

We read with pleasure the account of the holiday proceedings in Mr. Rockefeller's Sunday School. Has the advanced Bible class ever discussed the seventh verse of the sixth chapter of Micah? "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?"

Mr. James T. Powers, the eminent and subtle comedian, "thinks Boston and Philadelphia the easiest cities to please." Yes, Boston is dead easy, and has been for some years.

Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin discusses audiences, and he does not mention Boston, the scene of his chief triumph, which shows that a librettist may be as ungrateful as a republic. But he tells this story: "Some people pretend to know a great deal about the susceptibility of audiences. In 'Lost, Strayed or Stolen' there was a line, 'There will be a massacre that will discount St. Bartholomew.' After one of the rehearsals a gentleman came to me and advised me to cut out that line, on the ground that it might offend descendants of the Huguenots who were killed in that massacre three centuries before!"

Mr. Marshall P. Wilder finds that his jests are accepted in a more kindly manner in Chicago than in other towns. "A Boston audience seems always more or less on the defensive." And why not? Even the worm will at last turn.

We are informed by a Viennese physician that the wearers of silk stockings suffer from vertigo and retching. In nine cases out of ten this unpleasantness comes from the supper, not the stockings.

Siegfried Wagner visited Berlin early this week. "The management of the Royal Opera, hearing of this, paid him the compliment of putting 'Der Barenhauser' in the bill and inviting him to conduct. Herr Wagner complied." Of course he complied, all the policemen in Berlin headed by William himself could not have kept him away from the conductor's chair. But how about the audience?

For the benefit of the channies, we hasten to announce the important fact that the latest popular catch-phrase in London is "How well you're looking." This succeeds "There's air! Let 'em all come." "Now we shan't be long." "What ho! she humps." "How's your poor feet?" and other phrases for oiling conversation, or showing good will.

We spoke the other day of Governor Eyre, "a soul of pure steel," as the Referee described him in a notice of his death. Mr. G. R. Sims recalls the rebellion in Jamaica, the prosecution of the Governor, the indignation of John Stuart Mill and other honest and humane men, and "the magnificent defiance of Thomas Carlyle," who generally took the side of the oppressor, and then the disappearance of the sorry hero from public view. "First we have Count D'Orsay's daughter tripping in at the stage door of Her Majesty's, and now Governor Eyre of Jamaica is filling the papers with obituary reminiscences. We shall wake up one fine morning and find an elderly Miss Blucher putting the Daily Telegraph right on a detail of Waterloo, or a centenarian will be discovered in Leicester Square who as a

boy ran for the doctor when it was discovered how greatly Charlotte Corday had interfered with M. Marat's enjoyment of his bath."

To A. R. We are told that the real name of d'Annunzio is Gactano Rapagnotto, and that he was born at Rome in 1864; but we do not know. Information about distinguished Italians is not always accurate. Take the case of Christopher Columbus.

In the new and rubbishy piece "Valabregues Sainte Galette" at the Vaudeville appears a "Mr. Brooklyn, the King of Bacon in America."

Dec 29, 1901 SYMPHONY NIGHT.

First Performances in Boston of Bruckner's Fifth Symphony, a Colossal and Singular Work, and Mottl's Arrangement of a Concerto by Bach.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Symphony Hall last evening. Mr. Gerlicke conducted. The quartet of singers was made up of Miss Elsa Heindl, Miss Janet Spencer, Mr. Herbert Johnson, Mr. Frederic J. Martin. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Der Freischuetz".....Weber
Concerto in F major No. 2 for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin with accompaniment.....Bach-Mottl
(First time.)
Love songs for quartet and piano, op. 52.....Brahms
Symphony No. 5 in B flat major.....Bruckner
(First time.)

We do not hear enough of the music of such men as Bruckner, Richard Strauss, César Franck, and others of the ultra modern school. Occasionally a work by one of them is played. It perplexes many, it disappoints, or it surpasses expectation; but the performance is in a way experimental, and the music itself leaves on many only an unreasonable impression of dislike or approval. The language, spoken by these composers is strange; their methods of thought and expression are unusual; their purposes are unknown or misunderstood; their milieu is not allowed to enter into the consideration of the hearer, to whom the name of the composer is often a name and nothing more.

All this was true of the first performance of works of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Wagner. But history repeats itself, without even a smile of irony at the outcry raised against that which is new in form or expression.

How much is known of the music of Bruckner in this city? Four symphonies have been played once, and at these intervals: 1887, 1899, March 9, 1901, and last night. Four performances in 14 years. How has any hearer, with the best intention in the world, any opportunity of arriving at a definite and fixed conclusion concerning the symphonies of this unusual man?

A long row of symphonies is not summarily disposed of for all time by a hundred or two hundred lovers of amiable, genteel, familiar music, saying "I like Bruckner's music," or "I detest the music of Bruckner." It was years before Schumann found a hearing in London, Paris, or even in Boston.

Surely the strange symphony played last night is not to be dismissed with a wave of the hand or to be assigned its proper place in musical literature during the ride home in a crowded street car. It is easy to speak of apparent faults; inordinate spinning out of an idea; haltings that seem without reason and are a disturbance; a curious simplicity that sometimes seems puerile; climaxes that are followed by anticlimaxes; unexpected endings; borrowings from Wagner, whom Bruckner adored and from whom he at times deliberately quoted to prove his devotion. Yes, it is easy to speak of these and other faults, or foibles, eccentricities, what you will. It is never as easy to praise in adequate or discriminative terms that which moves you mightily, as you, solitary, are moved by the sight of the ocean, by the stars seen from a hillside on a wintry night, by thunder in the early morning, by any perturbation or phenomenon of nature.

Or this symphony may be likened to a series of gigantic frescoes, some finished, some sketched, some abandoned. Here there is a lack of continuity; here something is defaced; and here there is no clue to the intention; but every now and then the looker-on is lost in wonder, at the daring fancy, the supreme flight of imagination, the mastery of the painter. He does not mind that which is unintelligible or that which is almost grotesque. The soul of the extraordinary man is revealed unto him, and he accepts the whole, as he accepts that which is raw, savage, incomprehensible in view from some mountain peak.

Surely the slow movement of this symphony is unusually impressive music. It may suggest a mighty dirge to one, some solemn cathedral service to another; this matters not, the music is noble, uplifting, sublime. It is not of this earth, earthly; it is not sensuous, either in longing after fleshly delight or in lamentation for the amenities of a gone by; it is as the meditation of a serene and lofty soul pondering the mysteries of life and death. It is as impersonal, as unearthly as some of the music of César Franck, although in expression of thought it is far different, and far less austere.

The first movement is not so sonorous and irresistible. Here there are pages of great beauty; but the structure is mosaic-like; and the attention is jolted by the composer himself. The Scherzo recalls, or hints, now and

at other scherzos. There is the thought of a famous phrase of Beethoven. There is now an unexpected delicacy; and now there is a peasant-strain of hearty jollity, which suddenly assumes formidable proportions and turns to wildness and mad mirth.

To me Bruckner is duldest in this symphony—and he has a genius also for dullness—when he is deliberately fuging in the finale. His orchestration then seems brutally rough; his thought in the exposition seems labored, and yet afterward how many passages of contrapuntal and exquisite delicacy!

A strange symphony, but a gigantic one, one that should not be put away for a dozen years. No doubt 20 years from now the work will seem logically simple, and the critics will wonder why there was pother about it. For if the dead ride fast, so do the living in this nervous age.

Felix Mottl did many things to Bach's concerto, so many that it might be a pleasure to hear it as it was originally written, for the private band of a Prince and for a comparatively small room. The Andante is the most striking movement; it is of wondrous beauty, and the solos were played admirably by Messrs. Kneisel, Marquardt and Longy, whose work, in fact, cannot be too highly praised. The other movements, in spite of the efforts of the three soloists named and the first trumpeter, sounded like much of the conventional and perfunctory music of Bach.

Brahms's Love songs were sung for the second time at these concerts. The accompaniments were played as before by Messrs. Gerleke and Zach. Some of these waltzes are pretty with a touch of the melancholy that characterizes the true Viennese waltz, and some of them are tiresome. They were agreeably sung, but whether such composition has any just claim for admission to a symphony concert is another question. Personally I should prefer to hear the waltzes, and in the course of a miscellaneous vocal concert.

The overture to "Der Freischütz" was superbly performed so far as the allegro was concerned. The horn quartet has been played here with more poetic tone and feeling.

Philip Hale.

THE functions of the Greek chorus are tolerably well understood. There was hieroglyphic and mysterious dancing; there was "the most passionate of the ancient poetry," and some think that the music was lyrical as well as solemn. "One great error," says De Quincy, "which remains to be removed is the notion that the chorus either did support, or was meant to support, the office of a moral teacher. The chorus simply stood on the level of a sympathizing spectator, detached from the business and the crash of the catastrophe; and its office was to guide or to interpret the sympathies of the audience."

The functions of the chorus in grand opera are well known. The members, both male and female, are supposed to express consternation, joy, rapture, horror at stated intervals; sometimes by turning a little from the audience, sometimes by removing their eyes for a few seconds from the conductor, sometimes by raising rheumatic arms and pointing fingers as though they might go off.

Equally familiar are the functions of the chorus in comic opera. (The CHORUS in comic opera is always female. There are men who assist in finales or appear as happy peasants, robbers, retainers, but the Chorus is distinctly female.) Nor is it necessary to inquire too closely into the functions of this carefully-chosen body.

There is another chorus, that of a singing society. Thus in Boston there is the Handel and Haydn chorus; there is the Cecilia chorus, and there are other choruses. You would suppose naturally that the chief function of such a body is to sing. It appears, however, that of late years many members of these societies regard applause as their first duty.

The chorus is seated and the performance is about to begin. The conductor of the chorus has hitherto been irreproachable, but lo, a solo singer enters. She may have sung here 20 times; she may be a newcomer; the chorus suddenly is turned into a pair of gigantic applauding hands. Each singer is thus greeted; and then comes the turn of the conductor. Applause breaks from the same source after each solo, duo, quartet. The audience looks on with calm wonder during these exhibitions of enthusiasm before the concert begins, and in the course of the concert it sometimes aids the chorus, as pattering raindrops aid July thunder.

The chorus is thus supposed to show good will. Or does it prophesy an excellent performance and thus encourage the audience to stay? The members may never have heard Miss Anna Kauf-drop, the soprano, or Miss Jenny Belcher MacSwat, the cavernous-voiced contralto; nevertheless, they applaud madly at the first sight of coiffure, pectoral expanse, and concert

the approval of the more discriminating in the audience. It makes no difference whether the voice of the soprano is as charming as that of Miss Anita Rio, or like unto "the shrill-edged shriek of a mother dividing the shuddering night;" whether the tenor is clear voiced and manly, or a beebler; whether the bass reminds you of Plancon, or the famous brazen bull with the inventor roaring inside; the applause is just as hearty—I may add just as impertinent.

The oratorio chorus, unlike the Greek chorus, is not always detached from "the crash of the catastrophe." It is often in it and of it; the vulgar might say it is "it." Nor should its object be to guide the sympathies of the audience. It should remain passive at the end of a solo, with the air of one saying, "I have heard just as good singing," or in more aggravated cases, "I have heard that better done." An ideal performance is one without applause from any quarter. Why should beautiful or noble sounds be followed by most irritating noise, especially when the unjust on the stage receive about the same treatment as the just?

Even in Symphony concerts the applause of the orchestra is out of place and disturbing. Some in the audience watch this applause of the players, and consider it a graded scale of approval. The violinists may applaud in a listless manner—especially when the soloist is a violinist. They are tired, or they are sick of the piece, or they do not care for his peculiar style. But is it fair to infer from this that they consider him unworthy of their accompaniment? Masterly inactivity on their part during the waits would be much more dignified and it would not be misunderstood.

The English tenor, Charles Lockey, died on Dec. 3. Born in 1820, he made his first appearance as an oratorio singer in 1842. He sang at the Birmingham Festival when "Elijah" was produced. He was one of the most eminent and popular singers of his day, but an affection of the throat compelled his retirement in 1859. A letter from Stanford gives interesting facts about the errors that are now traditional in the performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio.

"The death of Mr. Charles Lockey, the last survivor of the soloists who took part in the first performance of the 'Elijah' at Birmingham in 1846, suggests that I should give a short record of a conversation which I had with him about eight years ago. I had been much struck by the marked differences of tempo and style in latter-day performances of Mendelssohn's oratorio from the traditions of my boyhood, when I studied it with my father, who was present at Birmingham, and who, though an amateur, sang the part of Elijah frequently at the Antient Concerts Society in Dublin. I had always heard from certain of Mendelssohn's pupils whom I knew that he was most careful and precise in his metronome marks, and not long before I visited Mr. Lockey I rehearsed the oratorio with an orchestra which would scarce believe that my tempi were sane, until I produced a metronome to verify them. The general tendency has been to sentimentalize the andantes, and to reduce the fiery speed of the quick movements. When I saw Mr. Lockey I asked him to hum for me the most obvious cases as nearly as he could recall in the composer's tempi, and in every instance his pace was that of the metronome. The most striking modern lapses are in the contralto airs 'Wee unto them' and (especially) 'O rest in the Lord.' The latter air was sung in 1846 by Miss Williams, who afterward married Mr. Lockey. He told me that Mendelssohn impressed upon her the importance of singing this song quite simply and without dragging. It is now frequently reduced to nearly half speed. He also mentions the prodigious pace of the final Baal Chorus and of the song, 'Is not his word like a fire?' two movements of which (as my father told me) Mendelssohn's conducting was like whipping cream." I then told Lockey of the modern fashion, beloved of solo tenors, of making a sweeping portamento at the return of the theme in "If with all your hearts," and asked him if it was traditional. Lockey threw up his hands in horror at the idea, and told me that Mendelssohn impressed upon him again and again the vital importance of perfect simplicity in singing this air.

"San Toy" finished a long run in London Dec. 14. It was produced originally at Daly's Theatre on Oct. 21, 1899. Amy Castles, the 19-year-old Australian soprano, who made a successful debut in London, has been offered by Williamson, an Australian manager, £500 for a concert tour of the chief colonial cities. The main idea of the new musical play, "Hidenseck; or the Romance of a Ring" (London, Dec. 10), is to satirize "Sherlock Holmes." Geraldine Farrar has been definitely engaged at the Royal Opera, Berlin, for a term of several years. The Berlin correspondent of the Era writes: "This is the first case within my 20 years' recollection of a foreign artist being engaged at the Imperial theatres."

Adela Verne gave a recital in London of unknown piano pieces by British composers. It opened with a "Theme and 19 variations by Parry. There were pieces by W. V. Hulstone, H. F. Birch Reynardson, Stanford, Thomas F. Dunhill, J. N. Ireland, Erskine Allen, J. F. Barnett, Percy Pitt, Algernon Ashton. Miss Verne did not include any piece by a woman. The overture to "Les Barbares," Saint-Saëns's new opera, was played in London for the first time, Dec. 7. "The overture contains several of the prominent themes of the opera, but, saying that of the love duet in Act II, which illustrates the sentiment expressed in the line 'Must the odours of the night let us mingle our kisses,' and that associated with Livia as avenger, they do not possess much character, and the composition does not leave a favorable impression in the concert room."—Mr. E. H. Lamare of London has accepted the position of organist at Carnegie Hall, Pittsburg. Nordica will sing in concert in England next fall. "Her husband, Zoltan Doehme, is to make his appearance in opera at Treves during the present season." What? At last? It looked as though his appearance at Bayreuth was his first, last and only. Sembrich will sing Mimi and Elsa in New York. Ternina may sing Ortrud and Leonora in "Il Trovatore" at the Metropolitan. For the Great Exhibition to be held at Milan in 1901 two important prizes are offered for competition by the art of the world. One is for painting and sculpture, and is of the value of \$10,000. To this Edouard Sonzogno, of the publishing firm, has just added another prize, also of \$10,000. It is for a musical work in one act is open to all nations, and the successful piece will be produced, at Sonzogno's expense, at the International Lyric Theatre of Milan. Adele Aus der Ohe will spend the winter in Italy. A piece by Bruni for viola d'amore and double bass was performed lately at a Colonne matinee in Paris.

Mancinelli's oratorio "Isalah" met with great success at Turin. It was written for the Norwich Festival of 1887. Charpentier's "Louise" will be performed Jan. 3 at Hamburg for the first time in Germany. It will be produced also at Berlin, Leipzig, Cologne, Wiesbaden, Nuremberg and other German cities. At Bucharest a young pianist was applauded heartily after a piece. She came out, bowed, and then shot herself between the eyes—Massenet's "Promised Land," which will be brought out here by the Cecilia, was performed about a month ago at Lisbon. Saint-Saëns's "Barbares" brought into the box office of the Paris Opera more than \$40,000 for the first 12 performances. The Ménéstrel pokes fun quietly at Miss Bessie Abbott, and her "Interview." Sylvio Lazzari, whose octet for wind instruments was played here lately by the Longy Club, conducted a concert of his own works at Marseilles, some weeks ago. John Coates, who sang here in a Galety show, proposes to sing such parts as Lohengrin, Faust, Samson, Romeo, Walter, Lionel, in German. The first city will be Cologne, where he has already sung in concert with success. Max Steuer writes with success concerning the appearance of billously concerning the appearance of Miss Mary Sherratt, a pianist who played Schumann's concerto in Berlin. "Neither Englishwomen nor American women are often successful when they have to do with such pearls of piano literature. They either fail in technique or in poetic spirit; often in both."

And on New Year's Day I went to the bath, where I refreshed myself and put on a suit of sumptuous clothes; then coming out I drank a cup of wine and smelt the scent of my new gear, which was permeated with various essences, and my breast was broadened thereby, for I knew not the tricks of Fate nor the changing ways of Time.

We have received the following letter: Boston, Dec. 27th, 1901. Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your article on Turkish baths for women reminded me of an unpleasant incident in my household life. My servant-girl does not like to get up early, and the hot water in our bathroom is dependent on fire in the range. The other morning she never came up from the regions below until 8.15, and as she was lighting the fire, I said to her: "What does this mean? Don't you know I have no hot water?" She answered, "Why should you have hot water?" Did she ask this in a spirit of investigation, as though I were a singular type, or did she mean to reproach me with luxurious practices, or was she simply and deliberately impudent? I did not know what to say. I came near answering, "Well, I don't know why I should have hot water." E. B. H.

Your question is not easily answered. It is easy to say the girl was cross and insolent, and you should have given her warning at once. But if she is a neat and comely girl possibly she was wondering at the difference be-

tween her lot and yours. How could she use hot water for her own body? She is obliged to carry it down stairs in small quantities; and have you provided her with even a bathtub, or has she only the crockery bowl, or the hideous metal basin that compels repeated emptyings? Her answer would have delighted William Cobbett, who never lost an opportunity of sneering against the use of warm water. We are inclined to think that it would have tickled William Hazlitt, who insisted that there was no difference between a fashionable Miss and her maid "but that of situation in the kitchen or in the parlor; * * * their talk, their thoughts, their dreams, their likings and dislikes are the same."

Did the women of New England use much hot water 40 or 50 years ago? What conveniences were there then in such towns as Northampton, Mass., or Windsor, Vt.?—we name towns at random. How many houses in large cities had well-appointed bath-rooms? We remember such a bath-room near the Connecticut River in the early sixties. It was used chiefly on Saturday night. During the rest of the week it held all manner of things that were not meant for it, and some that were singularly out of place. The youngest in the family, who began to dread the ordeal early Saturday morning, and would plead sore throat, snuffles, fever, malignant pustule, anything to escape, was the first to be summoned by the mother with her sleeves rolled up. The older lad would be equally rebellious, and yet the ice was hardly out of the river before he would plunge into the water at any hour of day or night. Did the parents follow their offspring in direct succession? These mighty preparations were for Sunday, so that the family might say with the blacksmith in the play, when a girl taunted him with his soot, "But I'm clean on Sunday."

When there were no tubs, how did the sweet women of those years maintain their sweetness? By wash-tubs in the kitchen? By repeated use of pitcher and basin and can of hot water brought from a kettle on the stove? Remember that these women were without many of the little comforts of cleanliness that now are known even to serving maids. Yet these same women were sweet and desirable; they were the women of poets; their faces served as illustrations in "Keepsakes" and "Tokens." They suggested immortality and not corruption. Nor was there a gradual decrescendo of sweet savor during the week, so that a wise wooer called on Monday rather than on Friday. It is true that they were not athletic in the

modern sense; they exercised at household work and by walking. And thus again were they women such as Herrick and Ben Jonson praised in song.

It was a Socialist, Antonio Fogazario, who made the strongest plea against the bill legalizing divorce in Italy. He thought that the bill would tend to lessen hypocrisy and immorality; but that it was impolitic to anger a strong enemy, the Church, and it was a retrograde step as a political measure. He argued that we have all risen from polygamy to monogamy, but divorce is a concession to polygamous instincts.

Little was made of the death of Mr. William Billington, "finisher of the law," or hangman in England. His immediate predecessors were John Calcraft, who, appointed in 1828, operated until 1871; William Marwood, who soon became puffed up with pride of business and died (1883); Edward Berry, who also took pride in his profession, signed himself "Executioner of England," and left the reputation of having done more than any of them for the ease and comfort of his patient. "Marwood no doubt meant well," says a careful student of their methods, "but he used to chalk a circle on the drop, in which he would insist that the patient should accurately place his feet. Details, on such occasions may be overdone and distressful. Berry settled all the details before the patient came on the scene. He was not only the inventor of the scientific long drop, but he further smoothed the passage to eternity by a mechanical arrangement which prevented the trappings from flying back and striking the passenger as he passed through them. If he had only been as discreet as he was, beyond question, clever, we should not have lost him in 1892."

Marwood was the hangman who visited the Houses of Parliament while the Legislature was in session, sat in the reserved gallery, and signed his autograph on House of Peers note paper for distribution. He was alluded to as "distinguished visitor," and "he evidently enjoyed the debate" which he heard "with special privilege" from the Speaker's gallery. No doubt he was wondering whether he should ever dress the necks of any of the honorable gentlemen. His vanity was morbid, and he put up a sign over his cobbler's shop, "Crown Office," although he was simply hired by Sheriffs of various counties.

There is much entertaining literature about executioners of all countries. What is that romantic story about the executioner's daughter—some German tale which her lover did not know of the her's occupation and how sons-in-law sons must follow it? And now the girl will sing the first two verses of the Stranger's Song in Thomas Hardy's 'Vessex Tales.'

O, my trade is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see!
For my customers I tie, and take 'em
Up on high,
And wait 'em to a far countree!
My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all—
My tools are no sight to see:
A little hempen string and a post
Whereon to swing
Are implements enough for me.

Dec 31 1901

FOURTH KNEISEL CONCERT.

First Performance of a Posthumous String Quartet by Ottokar Novacek, Once a Member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Excerpts From Cesar Franck's Great Quartet.

The program of the fourth Kneisel quartet, given in Chickering Hall last evening, was as follows:

Quartet in C major (MS first time op. 13)

Adagio and Scherzo from the quartet

In D major..... Franck

And quartet in G minor, op. 25..... Brahms

Ottokar Novacek, violinist and com-

poser, died suddenly in New York,

Feb. 3, 1900. He was born at Temes-

war, May 13, 1866. At Leipzig he was

a viola player of a string quartet

led by Brodsky, and his quartet in E

minor was played there Jan. 10, 1891.

He came with Mr. Nikisch to Boston,

and as first violin player he joined the

Symphony Orchestra. In 1892-93 he

played with Damrosch's orchestra in

New York, and also in the New York

String Quartet. Afterward he went to

Berlin, then he returned to New York,

and became a member of the Metropoli-

tan House Orchestra. Among his

works are a suite for violin, played by

Brodsky in Leipzig (1894); a piano con-

certo dedicated to Busoni; and played

by him at a Philharmonic concert in

Berlin, Oct. 26, 1896; piano pieces, as a

concert prelude and a concert toccata.

His quartet in E minor was played at

Kneisel concert in this city March 7,

1902, and it was at this concert that

Malie Joachim made her first appear-

ance in this country. I am told that

Novacek wrote a third string quartet.

When his quartet in E minor was

played here about nine years ago, it ex-

ceeded lively discussion. The music was

considered by the great majority of

listeners as extravagant to the verge of

madness. The originality was held to

be sheer affectation; that which was

amatic as grotesque; and when there

was a strong or beautiful passage, it

was regarded as accidental. This was

a judgment of nearly all of us; and

at some, who were perplexed and ir-

ritated, realized that the man who

wrote the music was indisputably a

man of genuine and marked talent, a

man of pronounced individuality. It

is only fair to add that this was the

judgment pronounced in Leipzig, al-

though in that stronghold of amusing

and pathetic conservatism, few would

admit that Novacek had talent, except

possibly as a viola player.

Nine years have passed, and we have

heard much modern music, not so

much as was good and nourishing for

the musical health of the community,

but to such an extent that many of us

are no longer frightened when we see a

strange and unfamiliar name on a pro-

gram. We have learned that men of

great talent no longer feel bound to ex-

press their musical thoughts in the old

conventional speech; that form itself

is a new shape; that harmony is

governed by Draconian laws handed

down, as from the sky, a century ago.

Therefore the quartet of Novacek that

was played last night did not seem wild,

irregular, amorphous. And if that first

quartet were to be played this season,

might we not pay gladly the tribute of

admiration that was denied the com-

poser while he was living, and while he

lived among us?

It does not appear to me that this

quartet in C major is on the whole so

artificial, so imaginative, so individu-

al, so "apart," as the former one; yet

the individuality of the composer is un-

mistakable, in melodic form, in har-

monic treatment, and in the matter of

color. The melodic flow is spontaneous,

there is no thought of the force-pump,

and in the avoidance of the common-

place, there is no deliberate affectation.

There is now and then, as in the open-

ing, a fragrant whiff of folk

music, simple, melancholy; and perhaps

the passages make a more potent ap-

peal than the bursts of complicated pas-

sages. Each of the movements is inter-

esting in its own way, the Adagio seems

less perishable stuff than the Scherzo,

the Finale, after one hearing, seems

to be the most labored as well as the

best of the movements. The work as

whole is one that again awakens re-

spect for the untimely taking-off of the

composer. It was played most skill-

fully and sympathetically, and there

are phrases given to the first violin,

phrases of sadness if not lamentation,

which Mr. Kneisel played as in memory

his lamented colleague.

It was a great pleasure to hear even

excerpts from the noble quartet of

Cesar Franck, which as a work of su-
preme art takes its place next to the
greatest of Beethoven. And in the
chamber music of Beethoven himself
it would be hard to find a loftier or
more sustained flight of pure and
heavenly music than this Larghetto of
the Belgian-Frenchman, who in his su-
preme mysticism is still intensely hu-
man. And when in the whole litera-
ture of music there is a more exquisite
play of fancy than in the Scherzo,
music that is of some dream-world
haunted by gentle spirits who once
knew and now remember vaguely the
sadness of earthly life?

Then there was a solemn function
for the Brahmsites, a function per-
formed with due propriety and rever-
ence, with Mr. Arthur Whiting of New
York acting as the well-instructed
and decorous high priest. This brought
the end to one of the finest and most
pleasurable concerts of the season. The
next concert will be on Monday eve-
ning, Jan. 27.

Philip Hale.

And knowing how it fared with his friends
—perfect health one day, a catarrh the next,
blinds drawn down, silence in the house,
blubbered faces of widow and orphan, in-
formation of the event in the newspapers, with
a request that friends will accept of it, the
day after—a man, as he draws near middle
age, begins to suspect every transient indis-
position, to be careful of being caught in a
shower, to shudder at sitting in wet shoes; he
feels his pulse, he anxiously peruses his face
in a mirror, he becomes critical as to the
color of his tongue.

The thought of the dying year walks
hand in hand through the chambers of
the brain with the conviction of a jour-
ney that must be taken, that may be
postponed on account of the weather
or by the zeal and skill of a physician,
but is, nevertheless, inevitable and
without a Baedeker.

Mr. Henley in his righteous indigna-
tion against the hysterical gush over
the man Robert Louis Stevenson speaks
of the bravery shown by thousands in
all walks of life, even when their bed
is not in the centre of the stage and
in the lime light. Stevenson met his
death bravely; he fought his fight
gamely and to the end; but he was
not the one illustrious example, the
martyr of martyrs. You meet doomed
men daily; you talk with them and
joke with them and never know that
they have received their letter of dis-
missal. These men may work for the
Elevated Railway, they may be in the
composing-room or talking before the
bench or mixing cocktails or at the
head of a great factory or shoveling
coal—they have had their notice to
quit, but they have not told their wives
or children or the reporter. A man died
some years ago in New York. He had
cancer of the tongue; yet till almost the
day of his death he wrote humorous
paragraphs and sketches and showed
a brave face. Or think of Grant at
work on his memoirs. No, Stevenson
is not the only one that was courage-
ous after he had been given warning.

This bravery is not given to all. Some
say with the Duke of Brachiano in the
play:

On pain of death, let no man name death to
me.

It is a word infinitely terrible.

They read encouraging Montaigne,
Bacon, Socrates, Jeremy Taylor, Haz-
litt, Alexander Smith, and for half an
hour they play the philosopher. There
is such a thing as constitutional timidi-
ty. Some do not wish to sleep out of
their own bed, to go to another city,
to change their diet. Nor is fear of
death a sign of an evil life or an out-
raged conscience. Men as blameless as
Homer's Ethiopians have shuddered at
the mere sound of the word. There
was the famous case of Dr. Johnson.

The manner in which men meet death
interests keenly the survivors, whether
the man was a Roman Emperor and
thought it behooved him to die stand-
ing, or a slave put out of the world
by the curious and cruel use of a mullet.
There are collections of death-bed say-
ings, which are for the most part
speeches that the dying might have
said or possibly would have liked to
say. There are books without end—
from Blair's "Grave" to Deslandes's
"Reflections on Great Men who Died
Joking." The imagination has been
stirred by the thought from the time
imagination was given to man for a
curse or a blessing—this point is not
yet decided. The thought may be noble,
sublime, as expressed by Job, or the
Preacher, Shirley, Walt Whitman; it
may be rank with the dread of corrup-
tion as in poems by Baudelaire and
Rollinat; or it may be quaint and in-
expressibly melancholy, as in the
charming verses of Marvel "To His Coy
Mistress."

The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

We read lately in the Correspondence
of Baron Grimm an account of two
interesting endings.

Madame de Lalande, Marquise du
Deffant died, 84 years old. She had

long been celebrated for her beauty
and her wit. Before middle-age she
became blind, and she gathered about
her the leading members of town and
court to exchange gossip. Her own wit
was bitter and malignant, and she thus
lost many of her friends; but there
were a few faithful to the end. The
wife of the Marshal of Luxembourg,
Madame de Choiseul, Madame de
Cambise played loto until she could
not hold her cards. Sickness and death
were never mentioned. To the priest of
her parish who wished her to confess
and take the sacrament, she replied:
"I'll confess to my friend, the Duc de
Choiseul." Grimm adds: "No doubt a
confessor so well chosen would have
given her with the best grace in the
world absolution of all her sins, includ-
ing the little impromptu couplet which
she once made against him."

Charles Pierre Colardeau was dying.
To him hastened Nicolas Thomas
Barthe and said: "I'm extremely sor-
ry to find you so sick, and I have one
favor to ask: I wish you to hear me
read by 'Homme Personnel.'" "But,"
said Colardeau, "I have only a few
hours to live." "Yes, alas, I know
it; and that is why I would give any-
thing to know what you think of my
piece." Barthe read the piece from
beginning to end. Colardeau said:
"Your chief character is deficient in
one most striking characteristic."
"What is that?" asked Barthe anxiously.
"He does not compel a dying friend
to hear the reading of a comedy in
five acts."

And Barthe, too, had his ending. He
received the night before he left this
world the Marquis de Villeville and
said to him: "The doctors say I am
better. I know from my sufferings
that I shall not recover. But let us
not discuss this, let me enjoy your
company. What's the news from the
Opera-house?"

Thus in various ways, according to
period, custom, locality, many men
and women make brave endings. We
that are left bolster up our courage by
pondering their example; by repeating
the last speech of Manfred; by think-
ing of the delicate women guillotined
during the Reign of Terror; by the
remembrance of weak and venerable
men burnt at the stake for the sake of
conscience, and holding up shaking
hands in prayer yet without fear; by
the hope of meeting loved ones; by
the sublime egoism that insists; "I?
Why, I can never die." But there are
downcast hours for the bravest. The
good Bishop himself was not ashamed
to write:

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.

Jan 1. 1902

MR. FELIX FOX.

His Second Piano Recital in Stein-
ert Hall—An Unconventional Pro-
gram, Which Included Unfamiliar
Pieces by Frenchmen and Rus-
sians.

The program of Mr. Fox's second
piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday
afternoon was as follows:

Variations on a theme by Glinka..... Liadoff
Song without words, F major..... Mendelssohn
Etude in B flat minor..... Mendelssohn
Impromptu in F sharp major..... Chopin
Tarantella..... Chopin
Prelude—Choral—Fugue..... Cesar Franck
Variations, Op. 19, No. 6..... Tchaikowsky
Prelude, Op. 17, No. 16..... F. Blumenfeld
Barcarolle in A minor..... G. Faure
Etude in F minor..... Liszt
Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's
Dream"..... Mendelssohn-Saint-Saens
Canzone Lituana..... Chopin-Sgambati
Chanson du Suisse..... Widor
Phalènes..... Philipp
Valse-Caprice..... "Wine, Women and
Song"..... Philipp
There was a rather small and ap-
plauding audience.

This program is printed here in full
because it is a departure from the
conventional cut-and-dried program,
which begins with Bach-Liszt or Bach-
Tausig and ends with Liszt.

It might be a good thing for Mr. Fox
if he should take a course of singing
lessons under a capable teacher. Not
that he should then go on the stage
as a singer, but that he might learn
the art of singing a melody on the
piano. For this same result, he should
listen attentively to good singers, vi-
olinists, cellists, and he might learn
much by sitting at the feet of Mr.
Longy, the admirable oboist. At present
Mr. Fox does not sing his melodies,
and his expression in melody is either
forced or spasmodic. Take, for in-
stance, the Song Without Words by
Mendelssohn; it was played yesterday,
it was not sung; there was no sugges-
tion of singing; there was over-ac-
centuation when there should have
been no accentuation whatever; the
touch was metallic; the phrasing was
purposeless. Yet this song is a little
piece that may give pleasure when it
is played musically by a pianist of

slight pretensions. And what I have
said of Mr. Fox's cantabile in connec-
tion with this piece may be applied to
his singing of melody in pieces of
larger proportions.

Mr. Fox, as I said lately, has gained
in mechanical proficiency. He often
plays runs, and trills, and all the
curlicues of ornamentation neatly and
elegantly. He has gained somewhat in
breadth and general authority. Yet
there were awkward moments in his
performance of Chopin's Impromptu,
and in the Tarantella it seemed as though
he had sworn never to forsake, no not
for a moment, the damper pedal. He is
not yet the man to play Cesar Franck's
Prelude, Choral and Fugue, nor should
this be urged against him as a re-
proach. There is a man behind the
gun, and so there is something, a verita-
ble force, if intangible and unseen, be-
hind the all-sufficient player of inher-
ently noble music. I cannot imagine
Rosenthal, or Paderewski, or even de
Pachmann playing this piece of Franck
as it was played by Harold Bauer, or
as it might be played by d'Albert. I have
named pianists of acknowledged
ability, and it must be remembered
that one star differeth from another
star in glory. Mr. Fox has not yet the
mechanical grasp or the aesthetic com-
prehension to interpret adequately and
sympathetically a revelation of this
great mystic, however much he may
admire him.

There were pleasant moments yes-
terday, especially in the variations of
Liadoff. The pleasure was one derived
from a display of polish, not emotion.
Again do I beseech Mr. Fox to master
the art of song, for without song, where
is emotion? And without emotion, the
piano is merely an ingenious mechan-
ical contrivance, useful in dances, or
as a stimulus to conversation.

Philip Hale.

It appears that there is a movement
of the Humanitarian League against
the manufacture of pâté de foie gras.
If the movement succeeds, it will be
a sad blow to many of us newspaper
men, although of course those in only
moderate circumstances will not feel
any deprivation. Is it possible that
we shall be obliged to come down to
codfish, pork and beans, sausages and
other dishes that are said to accompany
high thinking?

This is strange, very strange. Dr.
Depew has not yet filled a reporter
with his views on marriage, nor, so far
as we can find out, did he interrupt the
clergyman at Nice to tell him a new
story.

So they have found out the secret
of nerves in Chicago. There is no city
in which experiments on nerve may be
so easily and cheaply made.

We are glad to learn that nobody can
attend the Court receptions at Buck-
ingham Palace this winter "unless duly
invited." It would be a good thing
if this rule were enforced in Boston.
The element of surprise at seeing an
unexpected or an unknown face does
not necessarily make the hostess more
sprightly or genial.

Mr. Walter W. Bell of Philadelphia,
"old time newspaper man and shrewd
real estate dealer"—how seldom are two
such admirable individuals boxed in one
body?—is the sole surviving member of
the 33 men who composed the "Last
Man's Brotherhood," organized about
50 years ago. He will dine alone on
Feb. 16; there will be 33 plates on the
table; and he will drink a bottle of
wine that was stored away to be put
down by the last one of the company
on earth. Here is a subject for a short
story that would have delighted Haw-
thorne. By the way, does anybody in
these days, when the world is inhabited
chiefly by literary geniuses, read the
tales of Hawthorne? We do not mean
the dull allegories; we mean the vital
and unsurpassable tales.

It is the habit to say that there was
never so much log-rolling by publishers
or so much honey-dabbling by literary
critics as now. Mr. J. Churton Collins
undoubtedly told wholesome truths
about the condition of affairs between
literary journals and publishers of
London, and his indignant protest
against universal puffery was delight-
ful and true. Even in the United
States, where works of art are viewed
coolly and with discrimination, there
is reason to believe that unworthy
books are occasionally praised beyond
their deserts. But there has always
been complaint against the popular or
the commercial author. Terence did
not disdain to attack a rival in his
prologues. No doubt the Lesbian ladies
at their clubs discussed the reason of
Sappho's popularity among the critics
and folk and sniffed and pouted and
hemmed and hinted at scandal that
has come down to us through the cen-
turies.

Read Poe's "The Literati" and his other critical essays, which on the whole, in consideration of inherent quality and the period in which they were written, are the most acute and valuable literary criticisms by any American. You will find him asserting over and over again that the reading public of his day was clique-ridden, that chicanery was a far surer road than talent to distinction in letters, that the corrupt nature of the ordinary criticism was notorious, that there were "coteries which at the bidding of leading book sellers, manufacturers, as required from time to time, a pseudo-public opinion by wholesale for the benefit of any little hanger-on of the party or pettifogging protector of the firm." "What the reviewer wants in plausibility," said Poe, "he makes up in obsequiousness; what he lacks in time he supplies in temper. He is the most easily pleased man in the world. He admires everything, from the big Dictionary of Noah Webster to the last diamond edition of 'Tom Thumb.' Indeed, his sole difficulty is in finding tongue to express his delight. Every pamphlet is a miracle—every book in boards is an epoch in letters."

Was there never similar complaint in Germany? Read Helne and Schopenhauer. Or in France? Gustave Flaubert wrote to Feydeau in 1860: "After a thousand reflections I have a good mind to invent a magnificent autobiography, which will promote a good opinion of me."

"(1.) At the most tender age I said all the famous speeches in history: 'We'll fight, then, in the shade,' 'Get out of my sunshine,' 'Strike, but hear,' etc."

"(2.) I was so beautiful that nursery maids—and the Duchess de Berry stopped her carriage to kiss me. (This is an historical fact.)"

"(3.) I showed premature and extraordinary intelligence. Before I was ten years old I knew the Oriental languages and read the 'Mécanique Céleste' of Laplace."

"(4.) I have saved 18 persons from burning buildings."

"(5.) On a wager, I ate 15 sirloins on one day, and I can still without inconvenience drink about 150 gallons of brandy."

"(6.) I have killed in duel 30 carhineers. One day we were three, they were 10,000. We left them in heaps."

"(7.) I have paralyzed the harim of the Grand Turk. All the Sultanas said as soon as they saw me: 'O how beautiful! how beautiful he is! Taieb! Zeb Ketr!'"

"(8.) I steal into the hut of the poor and into the garret of the workman to ease unknown sufferings. Here I find an old man, there I find a young girl—and I scatter gold with full hands."

"(9.) I have an income of 800,000 francs. I give fêtes."

"(10.) Editors snatch manuscripts from me."

"(11.) I know the 'secret des cabinets.'"

"(12 and last.) I am religious!!! I insist that my servants take the communion."

Is it possible that Mr. Hall Caine and some nearer home read this autobiography of Flaubert and took it seriously?

MR. JAN KUBELIK.

His "Paganini" Recital Yesterday Afternoon in Symphony Hall—Miss Maria Victoria Torrilhon, Pianist.

The program of Mr. Jan Kubelik's violin recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall was as follows:

Concerto in D.....Paganini
(Cadenza by Sauret.)
Mr. Kubelik.
Etude de Concert (Automne).....Chaminade
Marche Grotesque.....Sinding
Miss Torrilhon.
Andante.....Paganini
Campanella.....Paganini
Mr. Kubelik.
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 8.....Liszt
Miss Torrilhon.
Variations on "Di tantu palpit!".....Paganini
Mr. Kubelik.

It is the fashion to sneer at violinists who play the music of Paganini. It is said of a virtuoso, "Oh, he's a Paganini player; he cannot play serious music." Paganini himself does not escape reproach. He is called a charlatan. "If he were to play today, he would be laughed off the stage."

Now this same Paganini was beyond doubt and peradventure the most remarkable violinist of the 19th century. He moved and swayed not only the curious, gaping crowd, he excited the admiration, the wonder of such sensitive and fastidious souls as Schumann. The conservative, pedagogic Moscheles

"His constant and daring flights, his 'discovered' flageolet tones, his g and beautifying subjects of diverse kind—all these

phases of genius so completely bewilder my musical perceptions that for days afterward my head is on fire and my brain reels."

Paganini had a most striking personality. He was tall, thin as a skeleton, lividly pale, with long, tenebrous hair, with heavy and mysterious eyes. He suggested the lost soul, the vampire, the homeless wandering spectre. It was easy for the crowd to believe wild and legendary adventures; that he had been in prison for murder; that his nights were spent in unspeakable orgies; that he had sold his hope of heaven to the Demon for unequalled proficiency in his art. It must be remembered that Paganini himself was sorely vexed by all such tales. He had no passionate press-agent in his service. He was not only the greatest virtuoso of his century, he was the greatest genius who used the violin to express individual musical thought and feeling—or the universal testimony of calm, unprejudiced judges is as the wind that passeth. Yet in every great virtuoso there is a dash of the rope-dancer, the mountebank, whether his name be Paganini or Liszt, Paderewski or de Pashmann. And to all great violinists the art of Paganini has at one time or another strongly appealed. Even the severely classical Joachim in his triumphant days did not disdain to play Paganini's music.

As I have said before, Paganini himself published only 21 caprices for solo violin, two sets of six sonatas for violin and guitar, three quartets for violin, viola, guitar and cello. (Why this attention to the guitar? Because a noble dame fell violently in love with him and bore him away to her palace in Tuscany. There he lived for three years. She was almost as fond of the guitar as of Paganini.) Whenever he went a-journeing he took only the orchestral parts of the pieces he played. The concerto in D, the 'Witches' Dance, the Carnival of Venice, the variations on "Non più mesta," and "Di tantu palpit!" were published long after his death. During his life no one saw the solo parts of any of his works. It is not likely that anyone living today knows the notes he played.

Mr. Kubelik should not be reproached for giving a Paganini recital. At his age the hey-day in the blood is not tame, nor should he be expected to have the tastes and convictions of a professor. But if he finds nothing in the literature of music so admirable as the music of Paganini, if as the years go by, he should be known only as a Paganini player, then may the judicious mourn at the display of indisputable but sadly limited genius; for Paganini was not only great, he was unique, and it was not so much the music that he played as it was the overpowering individuality, the unequalled and unsurpassable temperament that shook the musical world. Because there was a Paganini the Great, does Mr. Kubelik look forward to being Paganini the Little? There is even now somewhere in Europe a "Paganini Redivivus." I have seen and heard him. He is a sad sight, and his real name is Mr. Richard M. Levey. Let Mr. Kubelik play Paganini's music in moderation, and play it well; but let him see to it that he may in time play as well the music of Tartini, Nardini, Vieuxtemps, Bach, Spohr, Beethoven, Saint-Saëns. There are players of Paganini's music who would come to grief in a concerto by Viotti or Rode.

It may be said of his performance yesterday that while he nimbly accomplished surprising feats and gave ample assurance of technical mastery; while he occasionally sang in full and beautiful tones, and awakened pleasant thoughts of his possible future, he was not on the whole so interesting as on former occasions. No doubt the program had something to do with this, for the "Legend" of Wieniawski came like a fresh and beautiful maiden among a bevy of painted and jaded belles of former seasons. Too much mechanical dexterity; too much artificiality; too much inaudible pianissimo; too much Paganini. Let us hope that Mr. Kubelik after this tour will consider his ways, gird up his loins and set himself to the task of becoming a full and rounded artist.

Miss Torrilhon is a handsome young woman, so handsome that when she appeared on the stage she experienced fear at once that she would not play well. Their fears were confirmed by her performance of two pieces that have no place on a concert program, but might give pleasure, if they were finely played, at a social gathering. Her rhythm was faulty, her phrasing was accidental, her use of the damper pedal was excessive, nor was her presentation authoritative in any way. She showed more technical ability in the Rhapsodie, but she is at present hardly ripe for appearance in public.

There was a large and most enthusiastic audience.

Philip Hale.

"Editorial article reveals insanity." Impossible, even though the editor is now in the madhouse.

Boston, Dec. 31, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:

May I suggest to your correspondent who wondered why she could not have hot water, that her domestic was neither impudent nor complaining. She was very properly pointing out the impropriety of hot water for the morning bath. I think Tacitus will bear me out in saying that the external application of cold water makes men and women brave and beautiful; but if Tacitus fails to say so we have only to look about us for modern examples.

Yours truly,

HANS KALTBADEN.

We have searched Tacitus and found the following passage in his "Germany,"

which was written to rebuke the effeminate Romans. He is describing the daily habits of the heroic Germans, whom he greatly admires: "The moment they rise from sleep, which they gradually prolong till late in the day, they bathe, most frequently in warm water, as in a country where the winter is very long and severe."

See the Seven Books of the learned Isech Paulus Aegheta, especially Book I., Section LI.: "I think well of the cold bath, and yet I do not say that it is proper for those who use no restriction as to diet, but only to those who live correctly, and take exercise and food seasonably. * * * The warm bath is the safest and best, relieving lassitude, dispelling plethora, warming, soothing, softening, removing flatulence wherever it fixes, producing sleep and inducing plumpness. It is expedient for all, men and women, young and old, rich and poor." The ordinary bathing hour among the ancient Greeks and Romans was about 2 P. M.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS.

A.—I wish you a Happy New Year, Mr. Johnson. You have had many of them, I suppose.

Mr. J.—Yes, I am pretty near 80 years old.

A.—But you are remarkably well-preserved. You see and hear well, you have a good color, you walk without a cane.

Mr. J.—My eyesight is fair; I can hear street cars, and my wife's voice is always distinct. I can't chew my food as well as I did, I suffer a good deal from rheumatism, and I get sleepy early in the evening, but I feel as strong as ever I did, and I don't see why I should not last a good while, please the Lord.

A.—You must have had a happy life. You have held offices of trust and honor, you are rich, you are respected, you have brought up sons and daughters who are prosperous, you have traveled, you have patronized the arts, entertained distinguished guests, and your name appears from time to time in New York newspapers as a distinguished, public-spirited Bostonian. You have seen and done so much that your life has been full and memorable.

Mr. J.—Yes, I have done fairly well. As a young man, I had my fling; and I saw Europe before it was Americanized. I have talked with many men, Thackeray, Artemus Ward, Macaulay, Baron Haussmann, Lincoln; I have supped with Lola Montez, dined with George Eliot, breakfasted with Matthew Arnold. I have been fortunate in business, and I bought some Millets and Corots when they were cheap. I have first editions and they were bound in England. I have had what you call social honors, and they once talked of me for Governor, but I had no wish to go into politics. My wife has always seen to it that we had a good cook.

A.—Now, Mr. Johnson, what were the happiest days in your life? When you knew that you had done some generous deed, your honeymoon, the day of your first born, your intimate meetings with distinguished persons, your days of public honor, or those spent quietly among your books and art-treasures?

Mr. J.—H-m-m-m! Let's see. I think my happiest days were when I was a boy, and I was allowed to have coffee on Sunday mornings, and when my mother wasn't looking I crumbled a doughnut into the cup. Do you know, nothing has ever tasted as good since. Yes, those were truly happy days.

Boston, Dec. 30, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

The writer always reads with interest the "Talk of the Day" column, and has given much thought to many of the weighty subjects discussed at the Porphyry Club.

There is a subject of some importance of which I have seen no mention, and the writer wonders if the Earnest Student of Sociology and his friends have ever given consideration to it. I refer to the alarming prevalence in Boston of the habit of wearing black ties with evening dress. The fashionable haberdashers refuse to sanction the custom, and yet it appears to be increasing rather than diminishing. A super-critical New Yorker asserts that it is owing to the habitual dowdiness of dress common to Bostonians, and further intimates most unkindly that Yankee habits of economy have some bearing, inasmuch as one black tie with careful use can be made to last through two whole seasons, while obviously a white tie can seldom be worn more than two or three times. The cost of white ties would manifestly be a frightful extravagance, when added to the cost of carriage hire, opera tickets, etc. Now the writer is loth to accept either of these explanations and yet is at a loss to account for the violations of the Laws of Haberdashery in Boston and vicinity, so appeals to your columns.

STUDENT OF MEN AND THINGS.

And yet this question of a black cravat with otherwise "full evening dress" has been discussed at length in this column, and some of the leading citizens of Boston have given learned opinions at length and without our solicitation. There is no more melancholy sight than an elderly Bostonian of most respectable family at concert, opera, or formal reception, arrayed in swallow-tail coat, approved waistcoat and trousers, immaculate linen, and—oh hideous solecism!—a black cravat. Thrift is generally the inspiring motive. Sometimes the incongruous cravat is a symbol of the wearer's arrogant indifference toward the customs of polite society. Our correspondent speaks of wearing a white cravat "two or three times." We wear a white cravat once and then throw it away. We buy them for 25 cents a bunch—12 in the bunch.

Jan 3, 1902

"A high official of the Naval Department"—of course he is a brother or first cousin of the historic gentleman who did not wish his name to be mentioned—cannot understand fully the speech of the Rev. Dr. Geo. F. Strobbridge, who described before a Preachers' Association the uniform coat of a navy Chaplain as "a single-breasted, shad-bellied, long-tailed frock." Just what the doctor means by "shad-bellied" I cannot understand," said the "high official," who does not wish his name, etc.

To taste fully the bitterness of Dr. Strobbridge's taunt we must remember that he came from Stamford, Conn. We knew Stamford well in the seventies, and we had the pleasure of knowing Dr. Strobbridge, who was then a likely lad, seriously disposed, and fond of his books. Even then his tastes were fastidious.

It was for many years in Connecticut the custom to describe the legislators of the State as shad-bellies, for although the Connecticut shad was duly esteemed by the inhabitants, the belly of the fish, possibly on account of its architecture, did not meet with approval. "Shad-belly" became a general term of reproach; it was used to express contempt for shabbiness of action, cheese-paring economy, hide-bound conservatism, meanness of every kind; the term was applied by Yale students to State and city officials, and even, incredible as it may seem, to certain members of the college Faculty.

We are told in "Dialect Notes" (Part IX., 1896) that a shad-belly coat is a dress coat, a swallow-tail, and that the term is used in Maryland. The ingenious and often wildly inaccurate Mr. John S. Farmer alleges that the shad-belly coat is "a coat of the pattern now known as a morning coat. The old style was similar in character to that of the dress coat. From the fact that Quakers preferred the shad-belly coat at a time when the other style was the popular one they received the nickname of shad-bellies."

But Dr. Strobbridge had more in mind than the contour of the coat when he heated air with speech. Home-associations came over him in the act of denunciation. He remembered the term of cruel reproach and launched it at the offending garment. Hence the full venom of the malignant taunt. If the coat had been present, the buttons would have fallen to the floor, the cloth would have withered.

Dr. Strobbridge also declared that when an American warship was in foreign waters the Chaplain was sent below during any ceremony "to escape appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the officials of other nations." But nearly all uniforms and decorations are grotesque in themselves. They are effective, they incite respect only as symbols. A cocked hat is inherently funny; it cannot be otherwise. Familiarity lessens the shock. Thus if a plug hat had never been worn or seen, and suddenly a man appeared with one in State Street, traffic would be blocked, the organ-grinder would stop his deadly work, the Stock Exchange would be deserted. The wearer might be six feet high and perfectly constructed; his front might be that of Jove; yet would he not escape verbal injury.

A uniform is part of the game. They that are looking on cannot be expected to appreciate fully the splendor of the rig. How can any officer with a sense of humor keep from laughing when he is obliged to receive officers of other nations with all the show of fuss and feathers? A coronation must be a side-splitting show to the inhabitants of the air. John of England realized this and shook with laughter when he was crowned on Ascension Day. His swinish death may be regarded by some as a righteous judgment, whereas it was brought on by immoderate eating of stewed pears and cider.

Andrew Johnson was never so great as when he addressed in an alcoholic

st the diplomats in the gallery as
uns there with the gewgaws on."
spoke the honest American, un-
rupted by titles, decorations, frills.

as Blowitz really left the newspaper
vice? His name is Henry George
phen Adolphus Oppert. He is an
stralian Jew, born at Plisna, Dec. 28.

He took his newspaper name from
town of Blowitz, where he spent his
th, and he became a naturalized
nchman in 1870. He taught German
undry French cities, and after act-
as correspondent of the London
es he was instructed to organize
Paris in 1874 the central bureau of
atches. And whom has he not ju-
dewed? Thiers, the Comte de
mbord, Gambetta, Alphonse XII.,
Sultan, the Marquis of Tseng, Leo
I.—the list is long and formidable.

Is short and pot-bellied, and his
whiskers are of astounding length.
ur old friend Edmond de Goncourt
s how Blowitz, a petty officer in the
ional Guard, saved at Marseilles
Magistrate who was about to be
chered, and with this recommenda-
landed at Versailles, at the time
he treaty with Bismarck. Oliphant
he strango history was then corre-
spondent of the London Times, with a
ry of \$15,000 a year and the consid-
ation paid an Ambassador—the same
hant who fell victim to a fanaticism
led him to abandon everything
live for a time on the lake shore
New York. Oliphant employed
witz to do kitchen service—in plain
dlish, to spy at Versailles. Thiers

so obstinate for the rights of
nce that von Arnim finally said: "To
r you talk one would say that you
conquered at Sedan!" Thiers was
ous, spoke of insults to the van-
shed, and any further conference
impossible. The story is that Oli-
nt replaced Thiers, settled the
ty with von Arnim, and when
ers offered him the grand cross of
Legion of Honor he refused it, and
ed that the French correspondent
the Times before the war, Yriate,
uld be made Consul at Venice.
n Blowitz stepped into Yriate's
ce. Is the story true?

He spoke just now of the Quaker's
ction for the shad-bellied coat. Is
coat mentioned in Amelia Mott
nmere's "The Quaker: A Study in
time"? We have not seen the
k, but here is a story from it. A
nan in Philadelphia, now living, re-
ved in her girlhood an umbrella:
e carried the novel gift with great
asure and delight, but so new and
nown was the article that the meet-
to which she belonged became
med, and the overseers dealt with
worldly minded father. During the
trovsey one woman friend said to
girl: "Miriam, would thee want
t held over thee when thee was
ying?" That settled it, and the of-
ding umbrella was relegated to ses-
sion."

Jan 4, 1892

I listened to my old friend, Mr.
milton Fulton, the naturalist, with
common interest," said Old Chimes,
o has been, under the weather for
ne weeks, in fact, the doctor has rec-
mended a low diet and the 16-pound
sight-jacket that is thus far the
ndest achievement of earnest in-
tigators into rheumatism. "Fulton
el he had never found anyone who
ows how a hare keeps its beautiful
white waistcoat—which is always white
yet so near the ground—not only
pectable but spotlessly clean. He
often seen a hare cleaning its face,
never its belly with its paws. And
wondered if constant study of the
e, which, of course, includes viv-
tion, would enable us to keep our
te waistcoats clean, so that they
ld go round the year, a glory to
wearer. Not that I approve of a
te waistcoat with the conventional
s coat or clawhammer. I am old-
ioned and should dearly like to see
revival of splendid and extrava-
t brocades. I remember at the
ra, a few seasons ago, for Miss
taeia insisted that I should see
apothecary opera, 'Tristan,' there
a young man, a publisher, I was
who wore a gorgeous affair, and
onored him for it. It was superb.
utshone the lights in the corridor,
the lime-light on the stage. Mind
it was not gaudy; it was rich and
cely. Yet certain young squirts
house coats and opera-hats snick-
ed, and my friend Boreax viewed
wearer with suspicion. Yes, nat-
lists see and mark strange things.
etimes I think a naturalist is one
makes natural things seem un-
atural."

ho is the passionate press agent of
e Bessie Abbott? Even now the
e is hissing from the rhetoric of his
atches, and hardened mariners are
urbed by clouds of steam that hide

the sun. It appears that she sang in
"Siegfried" at the Paris Opéra, and
"achieved a great success." You would
think from the shouting and the han-
ner, that she had created a new Bruenn-
hilde or had taken the part of Mime or
the Wanderer. Know that she sang on
some stage tree, unseen by the audi-
ence, the few measures of the Bird, the
little Bird.

We read with pleasure an account of
the proceedings of the American So-
ciety for Plant Morphology and Physi-
ology, but we are still left in the dark
concerning the best manner of potting
plants. Nor did we find any informa-
tion that would satisfy investors con-
cerning the shrinking of plants that
had been considered valuable. Are not
plants sometimes potted by unscrupu-
lous persons for their own greedy en-
joyment? There are sensitive plants
besides the one sung by Shelly.

"In Fitzsimmons the genius of the
ring appears in its highest form." Thus
does the New York Sun settle a great
question for all time. If the judgment
had gone thundering out concerning a
book, a picture, or some social or polit-
ical question, there might still be dis-
pute; but in a pugilistic affair, in a mat-
ter of vital, basic importance, the Sun,
like Mr. Guppy's friend, is adamant;
and here it speaks with an authority
that is not like a brass band, but it is
imposing, serene, sure, like unto the
motive of the stars in their courses.

We spoke lately of Mr. Billington,
the accomplished and gentlemanly hang-
man of England. We now learn from
the Daily Chronicle of London that he
hanged Dr. Neill Cream with more
than ordinary satisfaction, for he be-
lieved him to have been Jack the Rip-
per, one of the most eminent surgeons
in the history of the profession. "Dr.
Cream did all he could to delay the
execution, and Billington becoming im-
patient, suddenly pulled the fatal bolt.
As he did so, he distinctly heard Cream
say 'I am Jack'—and believed that
in another second he would have con-
fessed he was 'Jack the Ripper.' Cer-
tainly, as Billington put it, we never
heard of the 'Ripper' afterward." And
now, we are ashamed to say, we do not
remember the case of Dr. Cream, whose
speech was interrupted by one gener-
ally courteous. Is there no biography
of him, with notes, portraits, and an
index? There is need of one, and it
should be bound in human skin, even
though the price be thereby raised.

Boston, Dec. 23.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

Reading the report of the trial of a
New York policeman today I came
across this passage in the Recorder's
address to the convict: "But the cir-
cumstances are such that there must
be a reminder to every police officer
that when he becomes a policeman he
becomes a public servant—a fact too
frequently forgotten." I was tempted
to send the quotation and this story to
the Police Commissioners, but on sec-
ond thought I burden you with them,
having, I am ashamed to say, little
confidence in the impartial enterprise
of most public officials. As the Com-
missioner is, so is the policeman, I be-
lieve.

A month or so ago a little girl who
works in a dressmaking shop near the
Common noticed that she was being
followed home nights by a man. At
first she did not mind this common oc-
currence, but before long the man
grew bolder and more insulting. She
was permitted to leave the shop earlier;
she went home by different routes. But
all in vain. The man was always in
hiding somewhere, and before she could
reach her home—which, by the way,
was on the eastern side of the South
End—he would renew his addresses.
Poor thing! she was always too fright-
ened to reply to him.

Then the man began to haunt the
neighborhood of the house, and even
when the little girl went out at night
in her mother's company he would
waylay her and recommence his black-
guardly appeals. Finally the girl was
driven into such a state of terror that
she dared not leave the house after
getting home from work all in a trem-
ble.

This Turkish condition of things went
on for some weeks, and then, following
a suggestion, the little girl went to the
District Police Station and reported
her distress.

"Oh, haven't you a big brother?" the
public servants asked.
"No," she said, "I haven't any brother
or any father. I live alone with my
mother."

"Well, now," said the public servants
to the little girl, "you make a date
with this man. Make a date with him,
and we'll have someone on hand to
grab him."

"Make a date with him!" I cannot
imagine that in his sober moments a
policeman would dare suggest such a

thing to a little girl living on Bay
State Road or Commonwealth Avenue,
nor can I imagine him inquiring
whether she had a big brother that
might do the work of the public ser-
vant.

To make a long story short, the little
unprotected, uninfluential family, moth-
er and daughter, escaped from their
persecutor by moving to another part
of the town. I heard of the case only
the other day, but as I, too, am without
influence, probably no good would have
come of my protest if I had heard of it
a month ago.

SOUTH ENDER.

Jan 5, 1902

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

MacDowell's "Indian" Suite and
Schumann's Symphony in B Flat
—Miss Olive Mead Plays Gold-
mark's Violin Concerto.

The program of the 10th Symphony
concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, was
as follows:

"Indian" Suite in E minor.....MacDowell
Violin concerto in A minor.....Goldmark
Symphony in B flat No. 1.....Schumann

When Schumann's symphony in B flat
was first played in sundry cities there
were loud cries of protest, or there was
sullen silence, or there was bitter rail-
ery. The work seemed complex, inco-
herent, ugly. The composer was classed
with Wagner as a revolutionary, a
radical of the radicals. Some went so
far as to declare him a charlatan; others
took a more kindly view and
hinted at delirium tremens.

Today this music seems clear, almost
childishly clear; and much of it still
seems ugly, in spite of Mr. Gericke's
earnest endeavor and infinite pains.
The ugliness lies in the expression
rather than in the thought. Schumann
seldom orchestrated as well as any
young fellow, fresh from the Paris
Conservatory, would score his cantata,
symphonic poem or overture in these
days of brilliant instrumentation. This
symphony was one of his first works
for the orchestra; and we see him la-
boring with all his might, but with tools
that were never familiar to him. He
had much to say, much of exuberant
joy, much of deep emotion; but he did
not know how to say it. His voice
stammered and choked, and only
through broken sentences, hoarsely ut-
tered, could even the sympathies gain
some clue to his feelings. No, Schu-
mann is the great musical poet in his
songs and in his piano pieces. Even his
"Manfred" does not fully express how
keenly he felt the tragedy.

And they that now look skew-eyed
at Richard Strauss and all his works,
at Bruckner with his noble thought, at
the wild Russians and the immoral
Frenchmen, and cry aloud, "Incompre-
hensible, impossible! Why is such mu-
sic played?"—they would do well to
read what such able critics as the
leaders in Vienna, Berlin, London and
other towns wrote for themselves and
in behalf of their audiences when
Schumann's symphony in B flat was
first performed. So 50 years from now
audiences may smile at the slow com-
prehension of works in 1902 that to them
are simple and a delight, although the
orchestration of Strauss may then seem
naïve in its frankness.

Fortunately for Schumann, Gold-
mark's dull and long-winded violin
concerto came between the symphony
and Mr. MacDowell's Suite. It is hard
to believe that the composer of the
"Sakuntala," the "Prometheus" and
the "Sappho" overtures wrote this
piece, which is tweedle-dum and
tweedle-dee, when it is not fiddle-dee
and fiddle-dum. The violinist was
Miss Olive Mead, who appeared last
night at these concerts for the third
time. She first played in January, 1898,
Saint-Saens's concerto No. 3, and then
in January, 1899, Viextemps's concerto
No. 5. The Symphony concert audi-
ence, therefore, is accustomed itself
to Miss Mead, who has had unusual
opportunity for display. Last night she
appeared as a young violinist, well
grounded in technic, with a full tone
that was often rich, a with a cool fa-
cility. She is not an emotional player,
and even the Goldmark concerto will
endure warmth and the suggestion at
least of passion. Miss Mead was heart-
ily applauded.

Mr. MacDowell's Suite was played
here for the third time. The Legend
was admirably performed, and so was
the Dirge, although the effect of the
horn solo, the unearthly voice that
comes as though it were far from the
scene of mourning, the voice of some
sorrowful ghost, would have been en-
hanced if it had been played accord-
ing to the composer's direction, behind
the scenes. The third movement might
have been fired with a spirit of even
more atrocious ferocity. It should be
led and played in war paint; the tom-
hawk should take the place of the
baton. There should be the thought
of battle, the torture, Pontiac, and the
scalp-dance. And the finale might
have been taken at a still swifter
pace. Yet on the whole, in attention
to detail, in tone-color, it was the most
satisfactory performance of the work
that has been given here. The Suite
itself is brilliant, pathetic, imaginative.
It is not interesting on account of the
themes; it is interesting in spite of
them; and Mr. MacDowell is of far
greater importance than any Indian,
whether he be Iroquois, Iowa, Chippe-

wa, or Dacota. The musician is first
of all a musician, not an ethnologist.
Fortunately for the work, Mr. MacDow-
ell is a musician, and of the first rank.

Philip Hale.

THE Orchestral Club, led by Mr.
Georges Enesco, will give its fifth
concert in Chickering Hall Tues-
day night. The club, it should
be remembered, is made up of amateurs
who are assisted at public concerts by
a few professionals.

The program of this concert is one
of unusual interest, for two or three or-
chestral pieces will be heard for the
first time in America. The most im-
portant of these pieces is the "Poème
Roumain" by Georges Enesco, pro-
duced at a Colonne Concert in Paris
Feb. 6, 1898, when the composer was
only 17 years old.

Georges Enesco was born at Corda-
reni, Roumania, Aug. 7, 1881. His
father was a farmer, in comfortable
circumstances. "When Georges was
three years old," says Mr. Hugues Im-
bert, "he asked his father to bring him
from the town, whither he went to sell
his stuff, a fiddle. The father humored
him; but, alas, it had only three
strings, and Georges, disgusted, threw
it down. 'I asked for a fiddle, so that
I could make music; I did not want a
plaything.' The next day he had a
real fiddle, and in a short time he
played the dance tunes that he heard
in the neighborhood, and even tried to
make dance tunes."

A musician who passed that way was
interested in the lad, taught him his
notes and left some music paper. The
boy immediately began to compose. An
amateur became acquainted with the
family and persuaded the father to
send Georges to the Vienna Conserva-
tory. Hellmsberger at first refused
him admittance, and said that the Con-
servatory was not a cradle; but
Georges was admitted; he studied from
the age of seven until he was eleven,
the violin and harmony, and at eleven
he received first prize.

Then the boy went to Paris and en-
tered the Conservatory, where he stu-
died with Marsick and composition with
Gedalde and Massenet. He took the
first violin prize in 1899.

There was in Paris a Roumanian
noble dame, the Princess Bibesco; she
was a faithful friend to the lad, and
at her house Colonne heard Enesco's
sonata for piano and violin played by
the Princess and the composer. Colonne
asked for an orchestral piece.

A concert of Enesco's works was
given in Paris June 11, 1897, when a
sonata in D major for piano and violin,
a piano suite, a piano quintet, two
cello pieces and two songs were then
produced.

The following description of the
"Poème Roumain" was published in the
Guide Musical (Brussels):

"He has recalled the souvenirs of his
native land. He has borrowed freely
from folk-lore; a tune well known in
Roumania (the pastorelle of the dute
in the first part), the dances in the
second part, songs of a religious na-
ture, and for finale the National An-
them of Roumania. 'Tis the evening
before a feast-day, a summer's night
in the country. Far off the bells are
heard; priests chant the Vigils. The
night falls, night calm and mysterious.
broken only by a shepherd's flute. The
opening is charming; strings and wood
wind are in mysterious dialogue, then
sad and in oriental tonality, the voices
of priests arise; and bells sound gently.
The oboe replies to a violin solo; the
flute breathes out melancholy tones.
Second part: The storm hursts, a storm
peculiar to a country where the heat
is extreme, and drought rules for
months. Contentment follows the tem-
pest. A cock crows in the morn. The
peasants dance; the 'hora,' a sort of
ronde of slow rhythm; there are quicker
movements; and then the 'Doina,'
which is generally played on a flute by
a minstrel. The National Hymn serves
as an apotheosis."

Other pieces by Enesco are a second
violin sonata, an octet, variations for
two pianos. Enesco is also known as
a virtuoso.

Among the other pieces to be played
at this concert are the prelude to act
I of Vincent d'Indy's "Fervaa!"—the
opera has a prologue. This prelude
opens with a delightful phrase for
horn, flute and solo violin, and the
leading theme of "The Garden of Gul-
len" is given to muted violins. It
tells of the rest found by Fervaa! in
the garden of the Emir's daughter, of the
charm and perfume of the scene. The
"Meditation" from Massenet's "Thais"
which will be played by Miss Jewell
was played here last April by Miss
Chandler at a concert of the Boston
Women's Orchestra. The overture
"Patrie" by Bizet was played at a
Symphony concert in 1896, but Maré-
chal's arrangements of certain piano
pieces by Chauvet, the predecessor of
Guilmant as organist of the Trinité,
Paris, are new. The saxophone will
be played in at least two of these
pieces by Mrs. R. J. Hall.

I quote from "Lives of the
trious," the following sketch

Paderewski, the eminent Polish hyp-
notist:

M. PADEREWSKI.

Paderewski, Ignaz Jan, President of the House of Keys, was born in St. James's Hall, 1859, having previously studied under Szymanowski, Rejzowski, Leschellitzky and Brinkewitschvitchchizky (pronounced Bertrand). His first recital was sparsely attended, but before the end of the season he was obliged to seek police protection from the embarrassing attention of his admirers. Thanks, however, to the application of the new Oring Armstrong system of wireless telephony, Sir Edward Bradford is not without hopes that M. Paderewski, who has recently taken to using a Panhard 8 horse-power 47 q. f. overstrung grand, with pom-pom pedals and Vickers-Maxim resonator, will be rendered fully audible to the naked ear in St. James's Hall without quitting his estate in Galleia, where he is now immersed in agricultural pursuits. M. Paderewski, who keeps wicket for the Warsaw eleven in order to harden his hands, plays all composers with impunity, and scores with astonishing rapidity.

Martucci has written a new suite for orchestra.—Colonel is reviving old works at his concerts given in the Nouveau Theatre. The program of Nov. 15 included Purcell's overture to a St. Cecilia ode, and a sonata by Vivaldi. "Fantimpis," arranged for solo flute by no less a person than J. J. Rousseau.—Mr. Imbert was much pleased with Harold Bauer when he played with Yeayes in Paris N.Y. 29, sonatas by Beethoven and Brahms, but he found that Mr. Bauer's performance of Schumann's "Carnaval" was wanting in suppleness and charm. "It was no longer the 'Carnaval' of Schumann. It was the 'Carnaval' of Bauer."—It seems strange that the congregation of the Trinity should allow Gullimant to go; but the Curé is evidently master.—The Musikalisches Wochenblatt of Dec. 12 speaks warmly of Mr. C. M. Loefler's "Divertimento" for violin and orchestra played at one of Richard Strauss's concerts in Berlin: "It is a work of great merit, fresh in its contents, fascinating in harmonies, charming melodically, and scored in an interesting manner. It is a healthy, sane, agreeable composition."—The orchestral score of Richard Strauss's "Eln Heldenleben" has been published in pocket form by Leukart of Leipzig, for the sum of six marks.—From the German Times: "An English critic recently wrote: 'I do not think I heard a real pianissimo all the time I was at the Leeds Festival.' The critic has our sympathy. We live in Germany."—Méhul's first symphony was received at the Paris Conservatory concerts Dec. 8, and the critics asked, "Why?"—Two pieces played for the first time at Brussels, Dec. 8: Introduction to the second act of "La Flançée de la Mer," a new opera by Jan Blockx, and an orchestral sketch, "Carnaval Flamand," by J. Selmer. The former is said to be without much interest in the concert room, and the second is "realistic," with a tendency toward vulgarity.—The National Theatre at Athens was opened Dec. 7. It cost \$187,500.—Weingartner's new opera "Orestes," will be produced at Leipzig in February.—The success of "Samson and Delilah" is so great at Berlin, that Sainé-Saens's ballet "Javotte" will be produced this season.—"The Chimes of Normandy" was given lately at the Royal Opera House, Dresden, for a charitable object.—They will revive Wagner's "Das Liebesverbot" (1836) at Munich. The story is founded on "Measure for Measure"; there was only one performance, and the libretto was declared licentious.—John Coates, late of the Gaiety, made his debut at Cologne, as Lohengrin, Dec. 8.—Handel's "Saul" was lately performed at Barmen. The Chrysander version was used. Let us hope that some day the Handel and Haydn will think it worth while to look at these versions. At present the motto is Toujours Messie—and always with Franz sauce.—A new symphony, and with a motto, by Kiekmann, has been produced at Gera.

"The Swincher and the Princess," a new "musical tale" founded on a story by Hans Andersen, music by Carl St. Amory, was produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, Dec. 19. "Mr. St. Amory has managed to produce a very dirty composition. At times he suggests Sullivan in his treatment of the score, showing, as he does, a particular love for specialized instrumentation when he has an eye to humor. Moreover he has a very distinct sense of tune, and he never allows his ideas to run on the path of vulgarity." Declina Moore was a charming Swincher. Phyllis Broughton delighted by her.

"In these days when the ver-
y thinks to impose upon the
ship, skip, and a jump, it
note movements
directed, and

carried out with such a beautiful sense
of the musical rhythm." It appears
that Miss Moore whistled effectively,
and "It is seldom that an art usually
relegated to the street-boy receives such
refined and humorous treatment."—
Alice Nielsen has been studying in
London under Henry Russell, the son
of the famous composer of "Cheer,
Boys, Cheer," and will make her debut
as a concert singer at the Queen's Hall,
Feb. 11.—Edward Elgar's "Dream of
Gerontius" was produced for the first
time in Germany at Düsseldorf, Dec. 19,
under the direction of Julius Euths.
"The composer had an enthusiastic
reception. He was cheered by the or-
chestra and presented by the chorus
with a laurel wreath." And so Ger-
many is ahead of the United States.

We learn from Robert von Koudell's
"First and Fürstin Bismarck"—that
the great Chancellor had a good ear
and an agreeable baritone voice; that
when he sang, he sang in tune; in the
early fifties he was fond of a short and
very piano piece by Ludwig Berger,
which suggested to him one of Crom-
well's riders rushing into the fight with
knowledge that men would die; he
dreaded the idea of a concert or of
spending money for enjoyment of
the art; he generally kept still at the
end of a piece; he preferred Beethoven
to Mozart—"Beethoven suits my nerves
better," and of the first movement of
the sonata in E minor (op. 57) he said
—"If I should hear this often, I should
always be very brave"; next to Beet-
hoven he liked Schubert, but of Schu-
mann he would say after the perform-
ance of a piano piece, "Very pretty";
he preferred the stormier to the
dreamy pieces of Chopin.

Jan 6, 1902

CATULLUS. ODE XXVI.

The Wind, my Furios, never plays
About my home with charges blind;
Blows not by South nor Western Ways
The Wind.

The cosy house, securely lined,
To Boreas rude no chink betrays,
Nor yet to Western blasts unkind.

Only 'tis 'blown'—(you know the phrase)—
Some fifteen thousand pounds to find;
A plaguey, nasty way to raise
The Wind!

The poet was complimented for his
use of an adjective. "It was so
unexpected and yet so inevitable; that
one adjective was the key to the treas-
ure house; it bathed the line in gor-
geous light; it was a creation. How in
the world did you think of it? Ah—
there's where genius comes in." The
poet accepted all the praise, modestly,
with blushing disclaimer, with gesture
as to say, "Far, far from me such
honor," and he never betrayed the fact
that the one supreme, immortal adje-
ctive was a mistake of the printer, and
that his own written word was ami-
ably conventional.

The patience of males in a stalled or
fuse-blown trolley car depends largely
on the presence of a handsome woman,
to whom delay gives facial activity and
allurement.

There is a man who is always apolo-
gizing, and some say, "How courteous
he is! How thoughtful! A born gentle-
man!" Know that he is a thorough and
aggressive egotist. He runs against
you, he steps on your foot, he tries to
pass you on the left, he knocks your
hat as he hangs by a strap in the car,
he sits on your coat-tail—what does he
not do to call attention to his own
breeding? Sometimes he throws the ac-
cent on "beg," sometimes on "par-
don." The speech is merely a rhetorical
flourish, and he has practised all the
variations. Rarely does he fire it before
he has given cause, and, when he does,
he is a foolish spectacle. He is of close
kin to the excruciatingly polite young
man who keeps bobbing up and down
in a parlor whenever a woman moves
as though to gratify a wish; the ex-
tremely civil young man whose excess
of courtesy is a mixture of shyness and
ignorance. If you, Mr. Hawkshot, grind
your neighbor's toes under your heel,
apologize without the graces of a danc-
ing-master; but don't be gay with your
heel. True thoughtfulness comes be-
fore, not after, the barbarous exploit.

How slowly some nations develop!
We read yesterday: "Not till the middle
of the 17th century do we learn of
Scotch whisky coming into use as an
intoxicating beverage."

We were much pleased with this ex-
ample of acute criticism contributed to
a Texas newspaper: "Mide, — has a
voice whose range is not noted for its
width, but for sweetness and flexi-
bility it has never been surpassed on a
Fort Smith stage. A woman who is
perfect in form at 150 pounds is not in-
creased in beauty 100 per cent. by feed-
ing up to 300 pounds. So it is with a
perfect voice; beyond its natural limit
it is not improved by stretching."

The Marquis Ito at a luncheon given
to him in the Mansion House, London,
spoke in Japanese. The other guests
were so affected and impressed that they
kept saying, "Hear! hear!"

Dec. 31, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

How pleasing it is to see Dives play-
ing Santa Claus. May I offer this
story as a sort of Recessional? A well-
to-do, and, I may say, fashionable
couple unexpectedly and at the eleventh
hour were invited to a relative's house
for the Christmas dinner. The couple's
own Christmas dinner was ready for
the stove when, quietly and unob-
served, they left the house without
notifying the servants. What they
thought the servants would do I can
only guess. Anyhow, some time after
the appointed hour the famished ser-
vants cooked and ate that Christmas
dinner. On Saturday the servants were
discharged. Happier sometimes than
the servants are the family cats that,
though neglected at home, forage at
liberty in the neighbors' backyards.

NORA CREINA.

Mr. James H. Tooker, who died lately
at Middletown, N. Y., was known as
the Sage of Wawanda, and the cham-
pion speller of Orange County. He
left behind him a son who is a million-
aire. What more could he have want-
ed? Talk of Caesar or Heliogabalus!
The cup of this man was running over,
and Solon would have called him happy
before the call of envious Death.

You probably read the other day of
a man and his wife who had not spok-
en together for 30 years, although they
had lived in the same house. Such
petty tragedies are not uncommon in
villages, nor is it necessary to go be-
yond the boundaries of the Common-
wealth to study them. We remember
a singular instance in a little town
of Cape Cod. But sometimes this si-
lence may be misunderstood by the
neighbors; it may be the most thor-
ough appreciation, the most intense
devotion. Let us read together a few
words from the life of S. Brandon
as told in that delightful book, the
Golden Legend: "And then S. Brandon
went to the church with the Abbot of
the place, and there they said even-
song together full devotedly, and then
S. Brandon looked upward toward the
crucifix, and our Lord hanging on the
Cross, which was made of fine crystal
and curiously wrought. And in the
quire were twenty-four seats for twen-
ty-four monks, and the seven tapers
burning, and the Abbot's seat was
made in the midst of the quire, and
then S. Brandon demanded of the Ab-
bot how long they had kept that si-
lence, that none of them spake to oth-
er, and he said: These twenty-four
years we spake never one to another.
And then S. Brandon wept for joy of
their holy conversation."

The New York Evening Post says:
"New England rum was generally a
rather poor grade of liquor." It is
amazing to what a length State jeal-
ousy will blind men that pride them-
selves on justice. By the way, should
not the famous saying attributed to
Commodore Tatnall read: "Rum is
thicker than water," for all sailors are
brothers over grog.

The Evening Post also says: "A year
or two ago there was a temporary re-
vival of the use of rum in afternoon
tea, but that has gone out now, and was
never great enough to affect the trade
to any extent." And why? Because
tea was too much and too strong.

"The announcement is again made
this week that the 'real author' of 'An
English Woman's Love Letters' is
about to reveal his identity." Too late!
Too late! He should have made his hay
while the sun shone. Who reads or
talks about those letters today?

Jan 7, 1902
If an European, when he has cut off his
beard and put false hair on his head, or
bound up his own natural hair in regular
hard knots, as unlike nature as he can pos-
sibly make it; and after having rendered
himself immovable by the help of the fat of
hogs, has covered the whole with flour, laid
on by a machine with the utmost regularity;
if when thus attired he issues forth and
morts a Cherokee Indian, who has bestowed
as much time at his toilet, and laid on with
equal care and attention his yellow and red
ochre on particular parts of his forehead
or cheeks, as he judges most becoming;
whoever of these two despises the other for
this attention to the fashion of his country,
whichever first feels himself provoked to
laugh, is the barbarian.

Chicago boasts of Miss Eureka D.
Metcalfe, who writes stories while she
sleeps. Several merry jests might be
based on this statement of fact, and
we shall be glad to receive communi-
cations in competition. Please inclose
a two-cent stamp, not necessarily as
a guarantee of good faith, but for our

own possible and personal use. Prizes
will be announced later. Address "K.
A. Skerett, Editor of the Eureka de-
partment."

Young Mr. Jorkins has lost his place
with the old and well known firm of
Bung, Cooper and Fassett. We asked
him how it happened, for we know that
he is a man of excellent habits and
the son of a former partner in the
firm.

"Well, it all came from reading in a
newspaper that some rich business-
man had made it a rule to read each
day a few lines at least of a celebrated
poem, or a page of some standard
work. The idea was not repulsive to
me, for I am fond of reading. So I
plugged away at all sorts of books.
I was particularly fond of Coleridge,
Keats, Thackeray and Hawthorne. One
day I was asked to visit a town near-
by and bring back a report concerning
the condition of a factory which the
firm thought of buying. 'Here's a
chance for you to do good work,' said
old Cooper. I went, made a careful
examination, and brought in my re-
port. Old Cooper read it, and his face
was like a thunder-cloud. 'I am ex-
ceedingly disappointed,' he said.
'What's the matter?' 'I told you to
bring a good piece of work. I wanted
details. This thing is fragmentary. I
say fragmentary, sir,' and his buck-
tooth fairly glistened with rage. 'I
tried to make it fragmentary, sir,' I
replied in reassuring tones, just like a
dentist. 'Mr. Cooper, if you have read
much poetry you have surely observed
that Coleridge's 'Christabel' is a frag-
ment, that Keats's 'Hyperion' is a
fragment, that Thackeray's 'Denis Du-
val' is a fragment, and they are all
ranked among the finest works of these
authors. I am told that Schubert's
Unfinished Symphony is also one of
his finest works. Then there is—'
The old brute interrupted me, told me
to get out at the end of the week, so
that I could have more time for read-
ing, and he said: 'I suppose you will
not care if I give you only the frag-
ment of a week's notice.' So here I
am.' Fortunately Jorkins has a pret-
ty income of his own; but is he dull
beyond belief, or is he a deep jester?

We observe with interest that the
female visitors to the Public Library
are still deeply moved by the mural
decorations, especially by the more se-
cluded panel of Sargent; and some are
so affected that they are supported by
the arms of male escorts until they re-
cover consciousness. This, too, is a
symptom of the art culture that now
pervades the city with its suburbs. We
heard yesterday of an elderly gentle-
man from Lacrosse who fainted at the
mere sight of the outside of the new
Palace of Art in the Fenway; and
when a policeman examined the pockets
of the man for identification, he found
by a business card and letters that the
stranger was an architect.

Mr. W. L. Alden wrote entertainingly
from London to the Saturday Review
of the New York Times about the
dearth of really good guide-books. It
is surprising that no one has thought
it worth while to publish a cheap tour-
ist's edition of Sir John Maundeville. In
the account of his travels the Knight
tells of certain towns under the domi-
nion of "the great Chan," and in these
towns is what he justly calls "good
custom." "For there be certain Inns
in every good Town, and whoso will
make a Feast to any of his Friends, he
that will make the Feast will say to
the Hosteler, 'Array for me tomorrow
a good Dinner, for so many Folk; and
telleth him the Number, and deviseth
him the Vlands; and he saith also,
'Thus much will I spend and no more.'
And then the Hosteler arrayeth for
him so fair and so well and so hon-
estly, that there shall lack nothing; and
it shall be done sooner and with less
Cost than if a Man made it in his own
House." There are no such inns men-
tioned in the complete works of Bac-
deker or Murray, and we doubt whether
there are any such taverns in this
country. What tourist would not find
delight in visiting them?

Mr. William M. Smith of Poughkeep-
sie, N. Y., at an indignation meeting
expressed a distinct desire to put his
fist in the face of Bishop Potter of
New York. He also said that he would
take either the Bishop or Dr. Rainford
into a room; he might "in that way
bring these distinguished clergymen
back to the Lord's side." Thus are
symptoms everywhere of going back to
the good old practice of settling great
moral questions by physical force. We
have been in Poughkeepsie—they once
sold uncommonly fine ale at the rail-
way station—but we never had the
pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith. We ad-
vise him, however, to begin with the
Bishop, for Dr. Rainford is an athletic
person, much given to out-door sports
and exercise.

To S. L. T.: "Morocco Bound" was

ed at the Shaftesbury Theatre, n, April 13, 1893, when Violet on, Letty Lind, George Gros- Jr., and Charles Danby were st. It was revived at the Comedy c, London, Dec. 19, 1901, when anby was again seen in the part re Higgins.

e has been discussion concerning al handicapper at golf. A friend hat the ideal would be a man mited leisure, who should spend time on the links, notebook in watching the performances of the one by one. Even to keep the in your head, as some recomy the simple method of aver- every hole as four or five, ac- to your status in the going and counting so many under or e average as you go on, leads abstraction in mathematical cal- when you ought to be attend- other matters."

Lalo, critic of the Temps wrote as follows about the of Miss Bessie Abbott at the "A great fuss was made at the over the debut of Miss Bessie who made her first appearance neo and Juliet." Miss Abbott e a small but pure voice, and ization is even. It is not pos- w to judge what her future but it seems likely that after more study she will rank with the birdlike automata of whom s the chief, and are made to e English and American taste han the French."

ADAMOWSKI QUARTET.

Performance at the First ncert This Season of F. S. Con- se's String Quartet, and a aphrase for Violin and Piano m Paderewski's "Manru."

Adamowski Quartet, composed euer, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. uer, Mr. Zach and Mr. J. Keller, its first concert here last evening ickering Hall. The program was llows:

et (new).....F. S. Converse hrase from "Manru," for violin piano (arranged by T. Adamowski E. Schelling).....Paderewski et (Paderewski's Ed. No. 17).....Mozart

Converse's quartet gives one the sssion that it was written when as still strongly under the in- ce of the music-school, and that s lately overhauled, revised, or- ntal, modernized; for it is de- ly academic and again there are toms of modern restlessness. In ymphonic poem inspired by a pas- from Keats's "Endymion," he ed a delicate poetic fancy as well mmdable fluency for one of his s. The quartet is for the most an exhibition of earnest labor. e is the desire to conform to ap- ed rules: there is the wish to show ical proficiency—and the wish it- s praiseworthy, but it should not en and exposed. There are some ant pages in the work; there are that are perfunctory; and there some that are ineffective and t justly be called ugly, as the ng of the Finale, in which the ng is such that the effect is coarse raw. Now it is a good thing for mposer to hear his works per- ed, if he is willing to listen cool- id judge them as though he were utside. Perhaps it is still wis- rite quartets, trios, sonatas and put them away in a warehouse for years. At the end of that time mposer may see in them evi- s of faithful work, which is of est chiefly to himself, as a stage s development. The quartet was d with sympathy and spirit, and was much applause.

Schelling is a pianist, a pupil of rewski, who now goes about play- paraphrase on airs from his mas- opera "Manru." He assisted Mr. rowski in the preparation of the hrase performed last night. The es are a gypsy song, which, ac- ing to a note on the program, goes gh the opera, and a tenor solo. Effective these themes may be on tage remains to be seen. As a con- paraphrase, the music is salon c of agreeable, but not distin- ed, nature. Mr. Adamowski played fervor, and Mr. Wallace Goodrich the pianist. There was an audience od size, and Mr. Adamowski and Quartet were heartily recalled.

Philip Hale.

Jan 6, 1902

have received the following letter: Nantucket, Jan. 5, 1902.

r of Talk of the Day: dinner today the writer noticed e in one corner of his napkin. hole just fitted on the top button e front of his coat. Every time apkin was needed it was right ready for use, and while idle ted the wearer's front effectually. What is the matter with having t whole worked in the corner of a n for such use. If the napkin is d in at the neck the corner often out of the neck into the soup, as s if it is tucked into the vest. s laid across the knees, it is crazy

to lie on the floor and is generally found there when it is wanted. You furnish the money, for I have furnished the idea, and we will get a patent out and go halves.

F. C.

Comment on this letter would be only another variation on a theme that has already spurred us to painful research and original thought. We are aware of the fact that men of various nations may be seen in eating-houses with napkin tucked in around the chin; but the sight is not a pleasant one to the fastidious, for table-cloth, napkin should always be spotless. The tucked napkin, or the napkin that is held up by a strap that encircles the neck, suggests gormandizing, bulk not flavor. Nor is the sight of summer squash or custard pie resting like a brood on the wearer's napkin any pleasanter than if it were on a waistcoat or a "fatigued shirt." As an unknown poet sweetly sings:

Tucking a napkin under his chin,
He still is a pig without and within.

There are perplexing combinations however, when the one dining strives after elegance in bearing. As when a moustached man sits in the dull splendor of evening dress before a plate of black-bean soup. (This soup, by the way, should have been three days in the making; it should be eaten for three days in succession; and three days should be given to physical recovery.) The thick soup will cling to the moustache. The guest must either sit with an oiled and dripping upper lip or he must foul his napkin. If the soup drips, the shirt-front breaks out in blotches. By the time the soup is finished, the front is here moist, there caked.

The anxiety of the man with the moustache almost equals the anxiety of the hestess. You often see a sedate person, some one distinguished for scientific attainments or the author of "Psychology in Civic Government," steadily looking down through the courses. He is not shy, he is not admiring his shirt-studs, nor is he lost in omphalic contemplation—he is watching his shirt front, the plastered, hideous symbolism of what is called advanced civilization.

We are in love with Cape Cod—not even Thoreau's sandy book dispels the charm exercised by that gray region; we have never seen Nantucket, but we are now living and working simply to live there the few last years; and therefore it grieves us to say frankly to our correspondent that we cannot aid him in his scheme, for we do not approve his idea, and we cannot furnish money for any purpose—this we wish to be understood distinctly.

If we had any money to invest, we should be tempted to buy the "East Indian Magic Fortune Cards," which are sold by Prince Mihira. We received lately from Wrentham, Mass., a most seductive circular in which we are told that the principles upon which these cards are based are "eternal—according to law." They represent "the outcome of the most ancient philosophy of destiny," and were invented by Hindu adepts with the assistance of our old friend Pythagoras, who, in order to put his whole mind on the task, gave up eating beans at no slight personal sacrifice. If you have a pack of the cards, you will know of business failures, deaths of rulers, plague, fire, honors, before they happen, and you will be singularly fortunate in making love. Listen to the voice of this hesiren who swears that there is only one other pack in the world. "You may wonder how I became possessed of these remarkable cards and how I know there is but one other pack in the whole world. I was in correspondence for many months with some great East Indian people—I did them some favors—and by a delightful coincidence I was made the happy possessor of this pack. And I positively know that there is but one other, which is recorded in the archives of a great government and held as sacredly and kept as secretly as are the Books of the Inner Temple." Prince Mihira uses this pack to tell your fortune, and he charges the ridiculously small price of one dollar, or to use the picturesque language of the Orient, one cold bone, one plunk. Now will not some one unite with us in the endeavor to purchase the whole pack? Perhaps Mr. Andrew Carnegie might be of help, if his attention were turned Wrenthamward. 'Tis a mad world, my masters: a world full of gold bricks, sea-gold, mines at Hocknum Ferry, Mass., and suckers of all ages.

"Poverty: a Study of Town Life," by B. Seeshohm Rowntree, is a pleasant book for holiday reading. The author has studied his subject by going from house to house in York, England. He and his assistants have cross-exam-

ined 11,560 families, living in 383 streets and comprising a population of 46,754, as to their means of subsistence. He concludes that given 20,302 persons living in poverty, or 27.84 per cent. of the population, 7.23 or 9.91 per cent. have not enough to keep them in health. (In London poverty is put at 30 per cent. of the whole, and York is an important railway centre but otherwise quiet and apparently well-to-do.) The water supply of the poor is inadequate; one tap is often the sole source for several houses. "The rooms reek of dampness; the floors consist of bricks laid on the bare earth, with no concrete or other foundation." Out of every 1000 children in the poorest area 247 die before they are 12 months old.

MR. GREGORY HAST.

First Appearance Here of the London Tenor in an Interesting Recital at Steinert Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

Mr. Gregory Hast, a tenor of London, made his first appearance in Boston yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. Mr. Henry Goodrich was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Es hing der Reif.....Brahms Die Mainacht.....Brahms Lockruf.....Buckauf Ein Tenor.....Cornelius The self-banished (Old English).....Dr. Blow Ma Mio.....Arranged by A. L. How Deep the Slumbers of the Floods (Carl Leewe).....Arranged by A. L. Minneld.....Arranged by A. L. Minneld.....Brahms Gone and The Letter from Tennyson's "Songs of the Wrens").....Sullivan Le Baiser.....Goring Thomas Immortal Love.....Arthur Nevla Phillis has such charming graces (Old English).....Anthony Young, 1625 Ye people rend your hearts, and if with all your hearts, from "Elijah" (by desire).....Mendelssohn She is a maid of artless grace.....S. Coleridge Taylor The Sands o' Dee.....Frederick Clay Roses in the garden.....Norman O'Neill Let us forget.....Maudie Valeria White Edward Gray.....Sullivan

Mr. Hast has certain excellent qualities. His voice is naturally pleasing, lyric rather than heroic, flexible enough, and a good instrument for the interpretation of the gentler emotions. His enunciation is delightfully distinct, after the manner of Englishmen—in song. His bearing is simple and manly.

I doubt whether he was fully master of his tones yesterday afternoon, for it is more than likely that an occasional hoarseness was due to the bronchial and pneumonic weather; on the other hand, the weather was no excuse for certain blemishes in his performance.

In piano and pianissimo passages and by the use of head tones he gave great pleasure, which was enhanced by the management of the phrase, as in the exquisite delivery of the opening measures of "How Deep the Slumbers." Admirable phrasing, charming tonal quality, intelligence, and sincere feeling characterized his performance of "Der Mainacht," "How Deep the Slumbers," "Phillis Has Such Charming Graces," and Frederick Clay's affecting "Sands o' Dee," which is a dramatic cantata in miniature. In these songs he was heard to his great advantage.

In more heroic strains he often disappointed, for he pushed tone till it was coarse; his voice fell back into his throat; and in a loud cadence of a more or less florid nature he changed tone quality with each vowel so that there was no symmetrical beauty or true dramatic intensity. And there was a striking contrast between the excellence of his work and the pooriness of it. For this man of gentle song proved himself to be also an extremist. His faults were more glaringly in evidence in "If with all your hearts" than in other numbers of the program. The recitative was delivered broadly and without that lethargy in tempo which is dear to so many of our native born tenors, who think drawingl synonymously with deep religious feeling. But Mr. Hast's performance of the Air itself was poor in conception and delivery.

There was a good-sized and heartily applauding audience.

Mr. Hast's second recital will be given on Saturday, Jan. 18.

Philip Hale.

Jan 9, 1902

We have been assured by advertisers and essayists that the corset is woman's nearest and surest friend; that it is a very present help in trouble. A recent episode in the village life of Robbins, South Carolina, might well be brought forward as a proof. It appears that there was a dancing party of well-to-do farmers at the "residence" of a Mr. Griffin; for there are residences in South Carolina as well as in the circulars of real estate agents. Each young man brought his girl and his gun, and there was much whisky. As the shank of the evening was approaching, Mr. Charley Hobbs stepped on Mr. Heyward Dunbar's foot. He apologized, Sah, hut Mr. Dunbar, in whose family the patriarchal spirit rules, went and told his Pa, Mr. George R. Dunbar, who rushed to avenge his son, and he drew his gun on Mr. Hobbs, who was gayly dancing. An impertinent bystander hit Mr. Dunbar's gun and the bullet struck and severely wounded Mr. Fletcher Bennett, who was enjoying himself by looking on. Mr. Bennett fell to the floor, but as he fell he drew in turn his gun

and shot Pa Dunbar through the heart. Nor was he satisfied with this easy triumph. Resting gracefully on one elbow he killed Mr. Harry Dunbar, a youth of 16 years. The next of the Dunbar family to abandon dancing forever was Arthur. A nephew, Mr. George Dunbar Kirkland, appeared on the scene. He advanced with his gun toward the recumbent Bennett, whose head was supported by his brother. Bennett, alas, had fired his last shot, and the brother begged the would-be avenger G. D. K. not to kill the helpless man, but G. D. K. promptly sent two bullets through Mr. Bennett's brain. Nothing is said about the actions of Mr. Charley Hobbs. He probably kept on dancing.

Oh, yes, we began by saying something about corsets. It appears that Mr. Bennett, leaning gracefully on his elbow, tried to plunk Mrs. George R. Dunbar, the wife and the mother of the original avenger; but "a steel in her corset broke the force of the bullet." Experienced singers do not wear corsets in church during a trying and festival service, or on the stage of the playhouse. Experienced women in South Carolina should always wear corsets when they attend dancing parties, and singers who visit that State may well follow their example.

Every now and then there is a wild shriek in this country to save something. "Save the Common!" "Save the Pallsades!" And now it is "Save the Adirondacks!" From what, pray? From civilization, which as a leveler and as a despoiler of the beautiful is like unto a steam-roller.

Civilization demands that there shall be a cable road up Whiteface, which is one of the most striking peaks of the Adirondacks, or the "Adirondacks," as we have heard the mountains called by those dwelling among them. Thirty odd years ago there was a pleasure in those pathless woods. It was an adventurous delight to start from old man Scott's at North Elba—where saleratus bread was a specialty—tramp to the Ausable Ponds, shudder at the sight of the Gothic mountains, visit Adirondack Village with its deserted forge, climb Marcy—its Indian name is more inspiring—see beautiful Lake Colden and go back to Scott's through the Indian Pass. You seldom met a tourist with or without canned food stuff or paper bag. The wilderness, even then, was a wilderness. Now there is complaint because it takes "more than half a day of good solid climbing" to reach the top of Whiteface, and, forsooth, there must be a railway. "Marcy is so densely wooded that not much of a view is obtained." Fudge, likewise 'Tush! The man that wrote this sentence is working for Whiteface; he has never been on the top of Marcy. The view from the latter mountain is far-reaching and singularly impressive. We remember seeing a rabbit on the top. He was at home and not at all shy.

The superficial may wonder why the dazzling intellect that illuminates the editorial page of the Providence Journal is often busied with questions concerning cravats. Yet hardly a day passes without a tragedy or comedy in which the cravat dominates the stage. Thus in a Missouri town—a town east of Atchison, to be precise—a lover brought wedding garments, among them a cravat, and appeared in them proudly before his sweetheart. The cravat offended her; she hissed the damning words: "Out of date!" and made bitter remarks concerning his taste. He returned the clothes to the storekeeper and said he guessed the wedding was off. Unfortunately, no description of the cravat is given. So there can be no discussion about the respective taste of man and maid. In the Dorchester district, so near us, a man and his wife collect neckties, not from sleeping guests or stray callers, or on the road, but as others collect coins, bugs, postage stamps, monograms, prints, caricatures, halters used by hangmen, appendices, etc. And think of the books that have been written on this subject! Only yesterday we saw in the catalogue of a Parisian dealer in second-hand books a title that may thus be Englished: "Cravatiana, a General Treatise on Cravats; with an Examination into their Origin, their Political Influence, their 'Physique,' Paris, 1823, 12." For such an invaluable work only three francs and a half are asked; and, remember, there is no duty to be paid. Why is there no exhaustive work on this subject in English? We still hope that our friend of the Providence Journal, when the clam season begins to ebb, will devote his spare time to a monumental treatise: "The History and the Psychology of the Cravat," which will trace the growth of this article of dress from linen scarf worn by Croatian mercenaries to the latest cravat of House John, the boy of Chicago. Nor shall

"presentation copy" with autograph dedication. As appropriate motto for the title page, we suggest respectfully a choice from these sentences of Barbey d'Aurevilly: "Dandyism breathes the serenity of the ancients into the breast of modern agitation"; "Dandyism was not the perfection of Brummell's gloves that followed the contour of the nails; it was in the fact that the gloves were made by four special artists, three for the fingers, and one for the thumb."

Does not Colonel Robert Fitzsimmons get know the value of seclusion and a tranquil mind? Must he go again as far as San Francisco for another and superfluous cap-feather? He has now reached the age of contemplation and meditation. His fame is secure—the New York Sun has handed down its opinion. He has money, a family, pet animals, and an assortment of friends and enemies. Why strain and relax again those mighty muscles? We recommended to him during the heated period of correspondence and tumultuous interchange of "defts," a charming little book: "Mollus the Quietist." The life of Mme. Guyon or of Mrs. Godolphin might persuade the hero to glorious inaction. Or if his blood must again be stirred let him give his days and nights to Homer's Iliad, as Englished by George Chapman, not by Derby, for the latter's version is sportive as befits the noble translator's name. If Colonel Fitzsimmons should desire still stronger meat, he might load his memory with the latest poems by Mr. Kipling. And what would the amateur not give for Hazlitt's essay "The Fight" in an edition de luxe, with preface and notes by the Colonel, 100 copies only?

KUBELIK ONCE MORE.

His Last Violin Recital in Symphony Hall Before Starting on His Western Tour.

Mr. Jan Kubelik, violinist, played again in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted by Miss Maria V. Torrilhon, pianist, and Mr. Rudolf Friml, accompanist. The program was as follows:

Concerto for violin in D minor....Wieniawski
Mr. Kubelik.
Arlotto.....Gluck-Joseffy
Nocturne.....Chopin
Hungarian etude.....MacDowell
Miss Torrilhon.
Prelude.....Bach
Mr. Kubelik.
Prelude.....Rachmaninoff
Barcarolle, No. 2.....Rubinstein
Miss Torrilhon.
Witches' Dance (by request).....Pagantini
Mr. Kubelik played yesterday for the fourth time in this city, and we all are now familiar with his merits and failings as a violinist. It may be said in general and with reference also to his performance yesterday that he is a young man of indisputable and uncommon talent who has devoted his time chiefly to the pursuit of technique, which he has certainly caught and mastered. His tone is often beautiful and individual, and it takes the place at times and plausibly of true and deep emotion. His intonation is generally excellent, but it is by no means infallible. The confidence with which he attacks difficulties and the ease with which he surmounts them makes, as always, a deep impression on a holiday audience. When Mr. Kubelik plays music that is of the highest order, his deficiencies as a full and rounded artist are plainly seen. The line of the phrase is not well defined, there is no masterly conception of the work as a whole, there is no serene and classic authority. At present he is in certain ways an interesting player. Let us hope that he will eventually be a master, the interpreter of masters.

Miss Torrilhon played her pieces in a slightly amateurish manner. There was an audience of only fair size, but it was enthusiastic.

Philip Hale.

Jan 10 1902

The reader of Mr Underhills "Spaniards in Literature in the England of the Tudors" is reminded of the fact that in the period of Queen Elisabeth, Spain was to the European world what Germany is today, and that the English were thoroughly "Spaniolated." The favorite novels, books of travel, theological treatises, foreign policy—and clothes were Spanish in origin, importation, or imitation.

The paragraph may serve as the text of a short dissertation. For some years certain Americans have been reproached for their imitation of the English in their daily walk, behavior, thought, beliefs. It is true that Mr. John S. Farmer, who is often brilliantly inaccurate, defines "Anglomaniacs" as "a club in London," the members of which "are devoted to anything British in every form." He surely is not thinking of the Somerset. Has he ever been to the meeting of the Clover Club when O'Reilly

ruled the roast? In another work Mr. Farmer adds this sentence to his definition: "The term is of course a contradiction, and should, to express the policy of its members, be Anglophobists."

There was once a word "Anglomaniac," which is said by some to have been invented by Thomas Jefferson. It meant a partisan of English interests in America, and years later the word was synonymous with Anglomaniac. The word "Anglomaniac" itself was used by Jefferson in 1787 as it is used today, and Coleridge and Carlyle both allude to Anglomaniacs in France before the Revolution; Carlyle speaks of the "Anglomaniac horseman rising on his stirrups," just as in 1856 the Saturday Review defined Anglomaniac as the "adoption of frock-coats and top boots as the national costume." Then there is the word "Anglomaniac."

For many years after the American Revolution imitation of the English in any way was held to be only just below the unknown and unpardonable sin, America for Americans! American clothes, habits, cookery—yes, dishes, for we have a little book printed at Watertown in 1831, which is entitled "The Cook not Mad, or Rational Cookery." We quote from the preface: "Still further would the impropriety be carried were we to introduce into a work intended for the American public such English, French and Italian methods of rendering things indigestible which are of themselves innocent, or of distorting and disguising the most loathsome objects to render them palatable to already vitiated tastes." Then follow recipes for such national and wholesome dishes as "pumpkin pudding," "Crockneck or winter squash Pudding," and with regret we see directions for making "Marlborough and Plum Puddings," which are distinctly English and must have been considered at that time by true patriots as immoral.

Frederick the Great wished everything to be French at his court. The rulers of Russia imported French philosophers as well as ballet girls to educate the aristocracy. The Mad King of Bavaria could never get far away from Louis XIV, and the tastes that prevailed during the reign of the Grand Monarch. The Russian aristocracy and the pretentious merchants and some authors imitated the French for years—see the bitter satire of Turgeneff in more than one of his novels. But the French themselves before the Revolution aped sedulously the English, although Bertin proposed seriously to Louis XV. a scheme for inoculating his people with the Chinese way of looking at things. The French paid homage to the English by various imitations. Fashionable women wore English hats and shirts, men wore dress coats and waistcoats; the salons were deserted, the boxes at the theatres were crowded and the great French institution of supper was abandoned. For as Grimm asked, "How can one sup when one dines in English fashion at four or five P. M.?" Clubs were established "after the English fashion." A new club popped up every day—Military, Italian Comedy, Art, Chess, American "They are large assemblies," said Grimm, "composed of persons who seldom know each other, but consent to come together in the same place without being obliged to spend either wit, attention, kindness on each other; the only politeness insisted on is that no one shall inconvenience another. They come and go when they please; there is no dressing in the true sense of the word. There is an amiable equality, but there is no intimacy, no play of spirit, no interest; no doubt there are members of agreeable and instructive conversation; but the general tone of these clubs is not likely to form or maintain real society." Is not this, with the exception concerning "incommoding," a faithful description of certain clubs today, even in Boston? One of the most brilliant talkers in this city insists that the ideal club is a well-conducted and private inn, where comfortable beds, good cookery, sound wines and liquors, and the best cigars may be had at lowest possible price; the mere fact that Jones and Robinson are fellow members does not give either one the right to intrude on the privacy of the other.

Grimm, however, was not cast down by this exhibition of Anglomaniac at Paris. He wrote bravely: "In spite then of clubs, wiskes (sic), blackcoats and everything offered by Sykes, the shopkeeper, in the way of charming vases and furniture, we dare to predict that we shall no more become English than Chinese, however ingenious may be the measures taken by M. Bertin to bring about this admirable metamorphosis. So may it be!"

But as we said at the start, the English themselves had for years im-

itated the fashions of Spain, and not only Spain but Italy and France. They were rebuked savagely for this by playwrights and satirists, just as the Roman fops were lashed for their adoption of Greek dress, manners and thought. We remember some biting lines in which an Englishman boasts proudly that his hat came from one country, his coat from another, his boots from still another, and that he was nevertheless a loyal Englishman. Of late have not the English adopted our straw hats?

One of the best books of advice to travelers ever written is the "Instructions for Porreine Travell" by James Howell (1642). In it he speaks of the course that should be adopted by a traveler "at his return home." He warns him against generalizations, as "That in Germany every one hath a rouse in his pate, once a day;" that he should not use an "odde kind of Anglisme" as "Your Poores of Holland, sir, your Jesuites of Spaine, sir." And then he says: "Others by a phantasie kind of ribanding themselves, by their modes of habit, and cloathing (and touching variety of cloathing, there be certain odde ill-favoured old Prophecies of this Island, which were improper to recite here) do make themselves knowne to have breathed forraigne ayre." But the most desperate Anglomaniacs are they that have never seen England. By their dress and behavior even Mr. William Waldorf Astor would be seriously impressed, and tempted to become again an American.

Jan 11 1902

THE TRUE LOVER.

What matter that the swift years shed
Their dust and ashes on my head,
That the days wither and make dull
A face was never beautiful!

I have a tender lover still,
A love no snows of age can chill,
A four-years lover, brave and wise,
And skilled in faithful gallantries.

"There is no pretty lady," says
The lover of my faded days,
"Except my mother." Ah, my sweet,
I put my heart before your feet.

So I am brave against the night,
The downhill road that comes in sight,
Since that my lover in his glass
Shows me a bloom shall never pass.

While I am beautiful to him,
Who cares for age and twilight dim?
Love me nor leave me, heart of gold,
Though I be gray, though I be old.

"Miss Bessie Abbott, the soprano, whose surname is Pickens, claims descent from the Abbotts of Abbottsford." Great Scott!

Long accounts are given of the jewels which Sarah Bernhardt will wear in the revival of "Theodora." On the top of the crown will be a butterfly, with a pearl body. Clusters of precious stones will hang on either side of Sarah's head. At the lower extremity of her sceptre is a lion's head in unpolished crystal. At the other end is a Byzantine cross made wholly of brilliants, while the body is set with emeralds, rubies, opals, pearls, etc. Yet when the great Theodora herself appeared on the stage at Byzantium in her full splendor, she wore only a loin cloth. (See the "Secret History of Justinian" by Procopius, Chap. IX, sec. 7.) Theodora, by the way, was "handsome of face, full of grace, but too small; her complexion was fresh and inclined toward pallor; her eyes were always keen and piercing." And here are other interesting details that are not familiar to playgoers: "She gave to her person all the attentions naturally demanded, and she went even beyond this. She was in her bath at an early hour; she stayed there for an absurdly long time, and then breakfasted. Then she slept. Nor did she neglect the hour of dinner, for she was served with the most delicate meats and the choicest wines. She was a great sleeper. In the daytime she slept till the first hours of the night; at night, till the rising of the sun." Little or nothing is said by the bitter gossip about Theodora's jewels. Corippus gives a long account of her husband Justinian's costume, and we know that the Emperor wore a diadem composed of two rows of pearls with four pendants.

We do know that Justinian and Theodora collected jewels. One Zeno was sent to Egypt as Governor. He loaded his ship with all manner of rich goods; for he possessed an innumerable quantity of golden ornaments adorned with pearls, emeralds, and other priceless stones. The Emperor and Empress corrupted some of his attendants, persuaded them to remove the riches from the ship, to which they then set fire. Zeno was told that the accident which impoverished him was a singular case of spontaneous combustion, a subject of scientific investigation. He died soon afterward, and the Emperor and the Empress produced a will by

which they were declared the heirs. The people whispered that this will was a forgery.

Ah, why is not history taught properly in our schools? How many children know anything about Justinian and Theodora? When we went to the grammar school in a Western town of this Commonwealth we were obliged to learn a long list of important dates in American history. One by one they left the memory. One stuck fast until we were 33 years old. Up to that time we could proudly tell when the first blockhouse was built in New England. Others envied us and we were alluded to as a man of much knowledge. One day the last date escaped us and joined its fellows. It winged its flight while we were shaving, the time when every thoughtful man goes over the past and speculates concerning the future. We mumbled as we were putting on fresh lather: "The first blockhouse in New England was built in the year —." The sentence was never finished. And yet such is the capriciousness of the memory that we still remember distinctly stories told to us by rude boys when we were in the district school.

Sarah proposes to give eventually these jewels to the Carnavalet Museum. Fortunate play-actress if they do not first stop at the pawn-shop!

There died lately in East New York a gentleman known as "Happy Days" Waring. He was said to be the inventor of the barroom phrase "Happy Days," an evident shortening of the kindly wish "Here's Happy Days to you," a speech that is accompanied by an act calculated to make the after years a long period of rheumatism or cruel kidney trouble. Mr. Waring did not live in vain, if he was really the inventor of the speech, nor was his nickname an inglorious one. Thus characterized, he may be ranked with one of Homer's heroes or heroines—most suffering-minded Tydeus' son, fair-helm'd Hector, Lycophontes, call'd Keep-field, Iris that hath the golden wings, white-armed Juno, etc.

A swindler in Berlin is advertised as "neatly dressed in American style." What do you understand by that? There was a time when an American was known in summer by a plug-hat, duster and carpet bag, and in winter by a fur cap and a low cut, pneumonia-waistcoat, which showed a bulging shirt-front. But what is the ideal American style in the eyes of Berliners today? In England, "American shoulders" is a term for the cut of a coat by which the shoulders are shaped and built to give the wearer a husky appearance. French swindlers call the confederate in a certain confidence game an "American." Furthermore, a Parisian swindler is described as one who has "the American eye," which may or may not be regarded as complimentary to this country.

To H. B.: No, we cannot discuss ping-pong. We must draw the line somewhere.

We commend this story to struggling female doctors. The story is true; it comes from Paris. A female doctor there has a sister who is a corsetmaker. Customers are first shown into the doctor's consulting room, where they undergo the usual medical examination. There is thumping, the heart is listened to, the pulse is felt, etc. "The doctor then draws up a diagnosis, an exact description of the kind of corset which the build or state of health of each customer requires that she shall wear." Some patients are forbidden, with apologies and regrets, to wear any kind of machine; but as a rule the applicants are passed, and they go into the fitting room, where the sister measures according to prescription. It is said that the two are rapidly making a fortune.

Jan 12 1902

THE concert given last Tuesday night in Chickering Hall by the Orchestral Club, Mr. Georges Lon-
g, conductor, was a musical event of unusual interest, for two or three of the pieces were heard for the first time in this country. Furthermore, the generally excellent results showed what can be done by patient amateurs, assisted by a few professionals, under a conductor of more than ordinary talent and magnetism.

The most interesting as well as the most valuable of the new pieces was the introduction to the first act of "Fervaal" by Vincent d'Indy, and although the music is by no means easy, the performance was the musical feature of the evening, so far as ensemble was concerned. The music itself is of tranquil beauty, languorous rather than actively sensuous. It is orchestrated in masterly fashion, and although d'Indy evidently knows his Wagner, he also knows his Franck, and, what

more to the point, he has his own manner of thought and expression.

Encsco's "Roumanian Poem" is a series of musical pictures, frankly episodic, frankly panoramic. There are some charming tonal effects, and the work is creditable to the imaginative sense of the young composer (he was born in 1881, and the "Poem" was first performed early in 1898). Descriptive music and dances founded on folk-tunes—and you have the "Poem." There are fortunate, successful incidents; as the effective introduction of male voices, behind the scenes in monkish chant; the crowing of the cock, with the final fall from pitch in portamento's curve. I doubt if the piece would bear many hearings. The dances are to me the least interesting part of the work; the themes themselves are not beautiful or striking or maddening,

and the dust of the dancers is felt in the score. As the concert-goer grows older, he is tempted to leave the hall whenever he sees the announcement, "based on a folk-song." Folk-songs are perhaps all right in a song recital, when they are sung by one who is entitled by birthright to act as interpreter, and when they are sung slightly out of tune, for nearly all folk-songs gain through false intonation; they sound far more exotic. The first part of the "Poem" is preferable to the second; and the charm of the former is chiefly in matters of timbre, not in thought or structure.

The "Meditation" from "Thais" for violin solo and orchestra has been played here before. Miss Jewell played the solo last Tuesday. The music itself is of a certain elegance, but without tonal distinction. Bizet's overture "Patrie" was admirably, most admirably played, with a fine attention to nuances, with irresistible rhythm, and with unexpected and convincing sonority. Mr. Longy's reading of this overture was masterly. I have never heard the overture in this country or in Europe when it was so effective. The dainty dance from Massenet's "Manon" was not well played. It is a Watteau piece and should be performed with delicacy and polish, with the height of fine breeding. Perhaps it was not beyond the abilities of the players, but they were certainly coarse and lousy for the time. Chauvet's "Album Leaves" is a pretty set of piano pieces; whether this music gains, through Maréchal's orchestration is a question that admits of debate. For my own part, I found the characteristics of Chauvet sadly changed or missing. The "Romance," for instance, is a charming twilight piece for the piano, and it should be played by a maiden to her lover. The orchestration turns on the gas, and romance flies at the announce-

ment of dinner. Yet one of the numbers of this suite, the imitation of the Alphorn as heard at Grindelwald, is more effective in Maréchal's transcription, and it was made doubly effective by the artistry of Mrs. Richard J. Hall, the saxophone player. The sombre, melancholy theme first given to the unsupported saxophone both thrills and leads to meditation. In quality of tone and in beauty of phrasing this solo as played by her was memorable. Why do composers neglect so disdainfully this instrument of such penetrating beauty? The question rises each time the saxophone is played by an artist—virtuoso—and they are few in number.

It may be said that the concert showed unmistakable orchestral improvement in all details of technique and general musical expression. Mr. Longy may well be proud of such players, and they in turn of him.

At the next concert one of the more important pieces will be Debussy's Prelude to Stéphane Mallarmé's "L'Après Midi d'un Faune," which was first played in Paris, Dec. 23, 1894, at a concert of the National Society.

What a generous program Marsella Sembrich has furnished for her recital in Symphony Hall! Among the classical airs is a song by J. A. Hasse, whose tunes are too little known in these days of wild intervals and vague or conflicting tonalities. Hasse was not only a musician; he was a philosopher, for he was the husband of the beautiful Faustina, the singer. Then there are the names of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, although these three are not song writers of the first rank, for Mozart's songs are in his operas. There is a group of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms. It is a pleasure to see again the names of Gounod and Godard on a program, for they also

have been shabbily treated. There was a time when Godard's songs were exceedingly popular in Boston; so were these of Taubert, who will be reintroduced to us by the great singer, D'Albert is not so well known as a song writer, but Bunsert has written exquisite melodies, whatever his homeric trifles may be. There is one name missed the name of a true genius in this field of composition, and that is the name of Anton Rubinstein.

To F. M. C.: I do not know the age of Mr. Gregory Hest. I am told that he began his career as a choir boy at St. Peter's, Vauxhall; that he studied oratorio with Sims Reeves; that he has sung in various churches in London, at Boosey's well-known ballad concerts, and at concerts and festivals of greater importance.

They say that Wolfram of Eschenbach's "The Geste of Percival" (written in the 13th century) has been found in a monastery at Amberg, Bavaria. The poet was Wagner's precursor. A mass by Patrick O'Sullivan was performed lately in Berlin with success. Mr. Augusto Rotoli's stirring song, "La Mia Bandiera," was sung Dec. 20 by Vittorio Arimondi at a Symphony concert of the Royal Orchestra in Dresden. Mr. Huneke of the New York Sun spoke as follows of Novacek's posthumous quartet played in New York Jan. 8, by the Kucisels: "Nor did this quartet impress one as original or very individual. The composer had not freed himself from his many models, and so we find him emulating the last quartets of Beethoven, with memories of Wagner and Mozart and again Wagner intruding in his various patterns. In a word, the style of the work is operatic rather than chamber music; it

is vivid in coloring and strongly rhythmic. The adagio contains the smoothest writing and it also is padded with conventional phrases and passage work. In the scherzo the 'native woodnote wild' sounds the clearest. Novacek had evident talent; his death is regrettable."

Mr. Wallace Goodrich has organized a society, "The Choral Art Society of Boston," which he will conduct. The Directors are Bishop Lawrence, Dr. W. S. Bigelow, Messrs. H. L. Higginson, S. L. Thorndike, C. P. Gardiner, E. D. Jordan, and Samuel Carr. Mr. C. G. Saunders is Secretary and Mr. Herbert Lyman is Treasurer.

This society is founded primarily for the production of those works which are best fitted for performance by a small but highly efficient chorus of trained singers, amid the most appropriate surroundings. In its general purpose and scope the organization follows the example of the Musical Art Society of New York.

The repertory of the society will be chosen mainly from the masterpieces of vocal composition, a capella, of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the works of J. S. Bach, and from such examples of more modern writing as in the same measure demand for their adequate performance resources of the character now provided.

The orchestral accompaniments, where such are required, will be furnished by the best available artists. The original score and instruments demanded will be used wherever practicable, and great care will be exercised to preserve the numerical proportion between orchestra and chorus originally conceived by the composers.

It is universally recognized that the achievement of the full effect of sacred

music of the type to be presented by the society demands such surroundings as by their eminent fitness will emphasize the intimate relationship of the music to its text. The permission kindly granted for the use of the Church of the Messiah for the rendering of the programs of sacred works assures the performance of ecclesiastical music under the most favorable conditions, from the point of view both of acoustics and of architectural dignity.

The chorus will be thus made up: Sopranos, Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Kiduff, Miss Hentz, Miss Dietrich, Miss Dunbar, Miss Lohbiller, Miss Masson, Miss Mitchell, Miss Van Kuran; contraltos, Mrs. Stoddard, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Shirley, Miss Hussey, Miss Spencer, Miss Wood, Miss Woltmann; tenors, Messrs. Dean, Dunham, Faunce, Hentz, Hobbs, Shirley, Thayer; basses, Messrs. Codman, Frank, Hitchcock, Kenney, Martin, Merrill, Morawski, White.

The first concert will be given in the Church of the Messiah, St. Stephen Street, Friday evening, Feb. 28. The program will be as follows: "Crucifixus" (8 parts), Lotti; Motet, "The Presentation of Christ in the Temple" (6 parts), J. Eccard; "Caligaverunt oculi mei" (4 parts), M. Haydn; "Or sus, Serviteurs du Dieu" (6 parts), J. Sweelinck; "Tenebrae pactae sunt" (4 parts), and "Exultate Deo" (5 parts), Palestrina; "Agnus Dei" from a mass for two choirs and two organs, Widor; "Jesu, dulcis memoria," Rheinberger; "By the Waters of Babylon," for female chorus, two flutes, solo cello (Mr. Schroeder), harp, organ, by C. M. Loeffler (first time); and these pieces by Bach: Choral from "Liebster Gott," "Incarnatus," from the mass in E minor; the first chorus of the cantata, "O ewiges Feuer."

A concert of secular music will be given in Chickering Hall the latter part of April, when instrumental pieces by old masters will probably be introduced.

Associate membership: Twenty-five dollars annually will entitle the subscriber to all the privileges of an associate member; five tickets to each con-

cert and tickets for the final rehearsal prior to each. Subscription membership: Eight dollars annually will entitle the subscriber to two tickets for each concert. No single tickets will be sold for the first concert. Subscriptions should be sent to Charles G. Saunders, Secretary, 95 Milk Street, Boston.

MR. HAROLD BAUER.

His Reappearance at the Eleventh Symphony Concert Last Night—First Performance Here of Liszt's "Dance of Death" for Piano and Orchestra.

The program of the eleventh Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Dedication of the House"..... Beethoven
Concert piece, op. 32..... Schumann
Symphony No. 6, "Fathetic"..... Tschalkowsky
"Dance of Death"..... Liszt
(First time.)

The program-book reminded us of the fact that Beethoven wrote in a most indifferent manner his music for the show-piece which opened a new theatre in Vienna; that he arranged most of it from former stage music—written for "The Ruins of Athens"—and that he composed only two new numbers, an overture and a chorus. The overture itself was queerly put together, and can in no wise be considered as one of the composer's distinguished works, even of the second class. The question naturally arises, why should the overture be played at this late day, except at some historical concert or in a "Beethoven cycle?" There is much music that is yet to be heard; and it seems a pity to spend time and strength on that which is too familiar as well as unprofitable.

Mr. Gericke's reading of Tschalkowsky's great symphony is known as one that is more concerned with the architecture and the detail than with the tremendous emotional contents. As a result this example of sublime musical expression of pessimism was presented in clear outline, but as without body, color or intensity. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this point. All conductors excel in some things and disappoint in others. If Mr. Gericke, for instance, reads the unfinished symphony of Schubert in an imitatively exquisite and poetic manner, it is also true that in modern music of poignant or crashing emotions his interpretation is technically delightful and spiritually pale. Now this same symphony of Tschalkowsky is one of the few colossal orchestral pieces of the last century. It is made up of the elements of life and man; but it breathes one long breath, and that is the thought of the inevitable grave. In music of this kind something more is needed than precise drawing or polished detail.

It was a great pleasure to hear Mr. Bauer, although his choice of pieces was not most favorable to himself. The piece by Schumann is inherently of an intimate character, and to be effective should be heard in a smaller hall, at closer range; and even then it is not a piece for marked virtuoso or artistic display. Liszt's "Dance of Death" is certainly a virtuoso piece, and only a self-restrained artist of fine sensitiveness and also a sense of humor can keep it from appearing cheaply bizarre. Mr. Bauer is sensitive, and he has a sense of humor, so that Liszt in his most serious mood does not necessarily impose on him. He made the variations ironical, sinister; and thus he perhaps disclosed the true intention of the composer. He at least succeeded by his mental power and mastery over mechanism in keeping the "Dance" from being a monstrosity, a characterization employed by Liszt himself in a letter to von Bülow, who was the first to play the piece. We understand that this was the first performance of the piece with orchestra in Boston. We have a dim recollection of Busoni playing it either as a solo or with a second piano in the place of orchestra. It is a pleasure to add that Mr. Bauer will possibly play here again with the orchestra late in the season. Last night there was, as usual, a large audience, and there was much applause.

Jan 13 1902

Our life is like a clouded day.

Roofed by a sky that scowls and lowers;
A highway robber, cloaked in gray,
Who steals their colors from the flowers
Who steals their shadows from the trees,
And hides but for a moment, when
Love, swept of clouds by some good breeze,
Shines out, soon to be veiled again.

Our joy is like a sheet of ice,

Uphearing, on its tremulous glass,
Towards the blue of sunlit skies

Our fearful footsteps as they pass;
Beneath, the lake of sorrow spreads,
So deep, so dark, so very cold,
Waiting to close above our heads
If once our feet should lose their hold.

Our love is like a lovely slave

Watching her captors day by day,
And dreaming of a lonely grave
In a fair country far away.
If once their eyes should leave her face
How swiftly will the captive flee,
And on that grave, in the far place,
Die happy, curing thee and me.

Somebody has been interviewing leading cannibals in forests back of the Ivory Coast of West Africa. It appears from their talk that "long-pig" is delicious with salt, and that one of the cannibals said: "All your talk only shows that human flesh is

the best sort of food, while the flesh of mere animals is a vile sort of nutriment," while another brought forward the fact that "men are in the habit of washing their bodies three times a day, and their flesh is cleaner and sweeter than that of cattle which are never washed."

Cannibalism undoubtedly began as a human sacrifice to the deities, or as a form of ancestor worship, or because the eater thought he might gain for himself the bravery of the eaten. Back in the seventies, cannibalism among the Fans was a quasi-religious rite practised only upon foes slain in battle. The food was eaten secretly by warriors; no women or children were allowed to look upon the flesh; and the cooking pots were all broken. No "joint of black brother" was ever seen in one of their villages. There was, perhaps there is today, a tradition among sailors that eating human food brings on insanity.

We read lately that Captain Cook's body was eaten by mistake, and sorrow was expressed a month or so ago by descendants of the banqueters. The apology, no doubt, is well intended; but is it not a little late—especially for Captain Cook?

To O. N.—They say that the first to introduce genuine kissing on the French stage was Charles Fechter in "La Belle Gabrielle." Miss Page was the kisser, and there was such a cry of "Fie, for shame!" that he was obliged to kiss her on the forehead. Dumas, the elder, insisted that there should be a "labial" kiss, as far back as 1831, but the management did not allow it. It appears that the players themselves had little to say about it, and even now French stage etiquette requires a kiss to be on the forehead or the cheek.

How the old stories reappear! Here is one of an American acrobat in Paris who presented a Post Office order at the nearest bureau. He had armed himself with all the proofs of identity he could think of, but the man on the other side of the railing told him he could not be sure he was an acrobat. Upon this our countryman vaulted over the rails, squirmed up a pillar, swung himself from a gas bracket on the counter. Then the clerk handed over the money. Sometimes it is Mr. Jefferson who says his dog Schneider would know him; sometimes it is a singer, who shows by a burst of colorature that she is what she claims to be; or it is a clown that pulls an unmistakable and identifying grimace. No doubt like stunts were performed in banks of the Egyptians thousands of years ago.

Another number of "Dialect Notes" is out, but, alas, there is no inquiry concerning the origin of the word "fuss-fungle," a name given to a paralyzing drink in McKeesport, Pa.,

which is said to be composed of alcohol, burned brown sugar, water and New Orleans molasses. "Properly mixed," says the New York Sun, "this stuff will start a fight in a church." Yet the term "relnikaboo" exercises the acuteness of contributors to "Dialect Notes," as do "binnekil," "shacklin," "galded" and other words. "To live on Queer Street" is "to be queer." Nonsense. Queer Street is inhabited by men and women of shady character. Panurge, who had threecore and three tricks to come by money, "of which the most honorable and most ordinary was in manner of thieving, secret purloining and elching," lived in Queer Street before he met Pantagruel "who loved him all his lifetime." The houses in Queer Street are sometimes shabby, sometimes secretive, often sinister. They hint at squalor, they wink at crime, or they shut eyes to tragedy. Nor is "skeezix" always a term for "a person dishonest in business." Mr. Farmer is no nearer the truth when he defines "skeezichs," "skeezix" or "skeezichs" as "a ne'er-do-weel, a good-for-nothing." An "old skeezichs" is first of all incredibly mean, stingy.

Is it true, as some Englishwoman asserts, that a man who has been in love with one woman and then has fallen out of love with her often falls in love with a woman exactly like her? When a man marries for the second time he frequently chooses a woman of antipodal appearance or character. This same Englishwoman—she signed herself Guinevere—says that the wife of a Royal Academician confessed to her she fell in love with her husband because he promised if she should marry him that she could eat Brazil nuts whenever she pleased.

To G. C. J.—We are afraid you have lost your wager. If we are correctly informed, Clara Lane was not born in Boston but at Ellsworth, Me. When she was about a year and a half old, her parents moved to Roxbury.

Lord Stratheona contributes an article to Young Men in which he gives what is described as "practical advice." Here are a few specimen bricks: "Be content with your present lot, but always be sitting yourself for something better. Be satisfied for the time. Grumbling will not help you on an inch." Yes, and never cut your corns with a razor. How much do you suppose the Noble Lord received by the line for such smug and easy counsel?

This is the feast day of good St. Remigius, who was so debonaire that little birds came and ate on his table and took meat at his hand; and once he lodged in the house of a pious woman who had but little wine in her tun, but the holy man went to the cellar and prayed until the tun was so full that "it leapt over."

All that men really understand is confined to a very small compass; to their daily affairs and experience; to what they have an opportunity to know, and motives to study or practise. The rest is affectation and imposture.

Mr. Paul Adam of Paris advocates the founding of a Temple of Beauty, in which the loveliest women of all climes and nations will be gathered "to serve as a logical standard of good taste." We were under the impression that there have been such temples in Paris for at least 200 or 300 years.

"A good old man, sir; he will be talking." Thus did Shakespeare in his creation of Verges foresee Dr. C. M. Depew. (Hervé put into the mouth of Henri II. the speech: "What? Already?" when someone mentioned at court the name of Molière.) Here is Dr. Depew talking gayly about his marriage and honeymoon to New York reporters, and we are informed that even on board ship the tireless jester lectured "On How to Spend One's Honeymoon." Juies Janin in like manner took the public into his confidence by describing his marital rapture in a feuilleton for which he received only the usual pay; and did not Bennett, the elder, talk freely about his honeymoon in the New York Herald? We heard Charley Backus, the famous old man, joke about his second bridal trip in a performance given by the San Francisco Minstrels in New York. Both Donne and Sir Kenelm Digby shared their bliss with the public, nor should King Canaules be forgotten.

"As common as the air we breathe." Yet is air beyond the purse of the poor wretches in tenements, the court-dwellers in apartment houses, and the man fighting wildly against pneumonia?

Some may not understand the Earl of Dysart; not because he offers \$50,000 toward the erection of a national opera house in London, but because he insists that men and women should go to the opera in whatever dress they please, while at his own dinners he expects guests in ceremonial costume, and he himself appears invariably in a pink coat and black silk tights. The color of tights should always depend largely on the architecture of the legs, and this is true of chorus girls as well as of bled Earls. This after all is not the main question. The opera is distinctively a ceremony, a function. As it is now conducted, the chief feature is brilliance, and the appearance of the audience is really of more importance than admirable singing or effective stage management. Hazlitt realized this when he wrote of an opera audience: "With respect to Lords and Ladies, we see them as we do gilded butterflies in glass cases. We soon get tired of them, for they seem tired of themselves and one another. They gaze, stare, affect to whisper, laugh, or talk loud, to fill up the vacuities of thought and expression." Yes, there must be at the opera men conventionally garbed and women bedjeweled until they blaze like a chandelier. The Earl of Dysart goes in strongly for Wagner's operas, with lights turned down and all that. Therefore the splendor of dress is to him as nought, and he sits in the gallery in every day clothes. We know that his idea of ceremonial dress is a pink coat and black silk tights. Now if he should sit in a box, his aristocratic legs would not be appreciated widely unless he should let them hang over the edge. (We say ducal, princely, kingly, baronial halls or legs; is there no adjective derived from "Earl"? Between "a dress-suit" and the costume dear to his own taste, the Earl compromises on a pepper and salt suit, or a black coat and lighter trousers.

We believe that Mr. George Bernard Shaw also glories in like independence, and Mr. Henry T. Finck, the music critic of the New York Evening Post, can justly call himself their brother.

The Dysarts have long been queer. Walpole wrote to Sir Horace

Mann in 1760 about a neighbor, "a strange brute called Earl of Dysart. His son, Lord Huntingtower, to whom he gives but £400 a year, is a comely young gentleman of 25, who has often had thoughts of trying whether his father would not like grandchildren better than his own children, as sometimes people have more grand tenderness than paternal. All the answer he could ever get was that the Earl could not afford, as he has five younger children, to make any settlement, but he offered, as a proof of his inability and kinness, to lend his son a large sum of money at low interest. This indigent usurer has £13,000 a year, and £60,000 in the funds." The son married a daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, took her fortune of £10,000, could not settle a shilling on her till his father died, and promised her then only £100 a year. If we are not grievously mistaken, the father of the present Earl died a miser, and in a garret. Misers of late have been dying in their "residences."

This is the feast day of Saint Firmin. The corruption of his grave was by a miracle turned to sweet and healing savor. "And it seemed that if all the spices of the world had been stamped together it should not have smelled so well as so sweet." Trees bent in worship as the body was borne in the city of Amiens, snow was turned to dust, meadows flowered and grew green. "And the lord of Beaugency, which was at a window and was sick of laziness, smelled the odor and was anon guerished and whole."

Much has been said of late about the cancer, death, and funeral of Henry Fouquier, man of letters; yet we have not seen any allusion to the report that he sat for Maupassant's portrait of "Bel-Ami." Let us hope that the report was merely the breath of malice; for Fouquier was in many respects an honorable and lovable character.

August Koetling is a tailor's assistant. He makes \$15 a week by toil so continuous and confining that his chest has become hollow and his cheeks sunken. It costs him eight dollars a week to live. The remaining seven dollars he spends in sugar, coffee and condensed milk. On Saturday nights he borrows a horse and wagon, and loads the wagon with a big can of steaming hot coffee. If the night is cold he stops for a while at Astor Place and Broadway, so that the conductors and motormen of the Madison and Second Avenue cars may have a hot drink. Where a crowd has gathered or idlers loiter he goes, giving coffee to any one who wishes it. If you ask him why he does this he will reply: "I have only a little. With coffee I can show good will to so many."—New York Evening Post.

A COMEDY OF PATTERNS.

The last rose-petal of the sunset's rose Falls in the further west, and faintly glows— A thought of roses in a world of snows.

Her finger-tips I clasp in either hand; 'Twixt Day and Night, 'twixt Fear and Hope I stand; Poised for a flight, I pause for her command.

She turns, I turn with her. The level rays Of the full moon, half veiled in opal haze, With rose-white magic light the eastward ways.

She flies, I follow. Through the gleaming plain Swift, hand-to-hand, we glide. I strive to gain Her side; she holds me back; such strife is vain.

She flies, I follow; Thus her power I own, That am a poor obsequious shadow grown, For still I touch her, still I'm left alone.

Paris is still ahead of Newport. There was an animal race at the polo grounds at Bagatelle, and each animal was led by a young, pretty and fashionable woman. The Countess de Sesmaloins laid her simoleons on a guinea-pig, the Baroness de Berckheim backed a tortoise, the Duchess de Noailles preferred a plesant, and there were monkeys, black-rabbits, and sucking-pigs. But no plain barn-door hen was entered. Why should there not be a hen-race at Newport early in the season? Let young Mr. Harry-Harry—what is his name, anyhow?—give his whole mind to it.

J. P. M. wrote these good lines for the New York Evening Post about Matthew Arnold: "Mr. Arnold had a microscopic eye and a microphonic ear. He could not see the march of the United States toward freedom, but he detected in Gen. Grant's 'Memoirs' a misuse of the words 'will' and 'shall.' . . . After discovering culture, he sweetened it."

"Every up-to-date druggist should have two women in his employ," said Mr. Henry P. Hynson of Baltimore. We have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hynson, but his statement is sound. One of these women at least

should be a skilled conversationalist, both should be handsome; neither should be allowed to put up prescriptions. We insist on the conversationalist for the chatter of the conventional drug-clerk is tiresome after a year or two. By that time you know all his opinions concerning the theatre, the physicians of the neighborhood, his employer, and your own health. Sympathy is what a man would chiefly like at the drug-store; not soda, not newspapers, not tobacco, not even the combination of telephone and directory, but sympathy for his snuffles, gripes, or limping; and sympathy is woman's true profession.

Mrs. Kendal is almost as bad as Dr. Depew. We glean this grain from her last bushel: A uniform should be provided for play-actresses, just as the clergyman, the soldier and the Salvation Army girl are distinguished. "My ideal dress would not necessitate too much of this sort of thing," she said, and she twirled an imaginary train, and pretended to arrange it in graceful folds round her feet, "although that seems to me the chief gesture one sees on the English stage nowadays." She was as disagreeable as ever—witness her remarks to her sisters in art: "It is no uncommon thing nowadays to see three sable tails, half a dozen ruses, a cluster of jeweled leaves, and two or three pieces of real lace all on one hat. I should advise you to cast off those sable tails and the bits of real lace, sell them or pawn them, and let the Guild have the money."

The French Old Age Pension Scheme may awaken interest. The purpose of the bill is to secure every working-man a pension of \$160 a year when he becomes 65, and after his death a pension of \$100 to his widow. To qualify he must if he earns more than 40 cents and less than \$1 a day pay two cents a day toward a superannuation fund, and his employer must contribute the same sum. Should the wages exceed \$1 a day, he will pay three cents. Any person who employs a foreigner must pay five cents a day, although the foreigner will not be entitled to a pension.

"Gen. Miles is a candidate for the Presidency." Yes, and there are others who would not need persuasion. Our own engagements are not fully made for the next six or eight years.

Does not the old rule that the accused is held innocent until guilt is proved apply to Miss Toppan, or have we been asleep and now are unaware of the abolition of the once famous principle?

We were pleased to hear of the success of Miss Portia Knight. English Dukes are created to marry American women or at least to pay them money with other attentions. How beautifully the press agent writes about Miss Knight! "Five years ago she went on the stage. In those years she ran the gamut of theatrical experience—weariness of tramping from agency to agency in search of work; the dreary night stands of New England, the glimmers of metropolitan engagement. Nothing in all the privation of the unsuccessful among her dramatic profession is alien to her." This reminds one of Dr. Johnson's description of the hardships endured by Richard Savage, or of De Quincey's account of Ann—walking in Oxford Street, the "stony-hearted stepmother that listened to the sighs of orphans and drank the tears of children." "The dreary night-stands of New England!" Yes, we, too, have known the horrors of nights at Worcester, Springfield, Meriden, Camden and Bellows Falls. Nights even without a cheering night car full of sausages and coffee. The Duke should have paid a still larger sum to Portia.

The death of Mr. William O. Perkins reminds us that the name of Perkins was once prominent in choirs, singing-conventions and on the operatic stage. Singing books compiled by Perkins were in all the churches and vocal societies. Henry S. Perkins, an indefatigable conductor of conventions from Maine to California, an editor of song books, hymn books, class books, quartets, songs, was President of various music schools, and in 1890 he founded the Chicago National College of Music. He studied in Boston—about the breaking out of the Civil War—and in 1875 he studied singing in Florence and Paris. Julius E. Perkins was a bass singer, who studied at Florence and Paris and made his debut in 1868. He married Marie Roze, afterward the wife of Henry Mapleson, and died in his 30th year. (He joined the chorus of the Handel and Haydn in 1866.) These three brothers came from Stockbridge, Vt. Marie Roze is still living, much respected as woman and teacher. She sang in public some months ago, although she was born in 1816.

This question may be submitted to any athletic debating society. Is the desire of admiration greater in a woman than her dread of contempt?

Jan 16, 1902

You will hear more good things on the out side of a stage-coach from London to Oxford than it you were to pass a twelve month with the undergraduates or heads of colleges of that famous university; and in home truths are to be learnt from listening to a noisy debate in an alchouse than from attending to a formal one in the House of Commons.

Mr. Max Beerbohm allows that some are pleased by the mere sound of such words as "gondola," "vestments," "chancel," "ermine," "manor-house," and shocked by "scrofula," "investments," "cancer," "vermin." "Horrible words are they not? But say gondola—scrofula, vestments—investments, and so on; and then lay your hand on your heart, and declare that the words in the first list are in mere sound nicer than the words in the second. Of course, they are not. If gondola were a disease, and if scrofula were a beautiful boat peculiar to a beautiful city, the effect of each word would be exactly the reverse of what it is."

Mr. Beerbohm is always paradoxical—he looks like a learned and trick-seal—and he is often amusing. In this game, however, we do not care to play with him. "Gondola" is a beautiful word, when it is pronounced correctly, and "scrofula" is not, chiefly on account of the "scr," the short "o" and the harshness of the "f" so near the "scr." There is such a word as "goulptuous," but we prefer "voluptuous," as "Gombroon ware" or "China ware" suggests a beauty that is not associated by the ear with "Chelsea ware" or "Wedge-wood." Miss Alice Brown makes her shabby Llandaff Warren a victim of sarcoma. We did not know the nature of the disease when we read, but the sound itself was malignant. Scarletina, on the other hand, is distinctly musical, while eczema scratches the ear. A person might play on the scarletina even though she were suffering from concertina. We read lately of the "mullions of a lanceolated window," and although the phrase is in Scott's "Pirate," we at once thought of the Venetian Fen-way Palace. This palace may be full of smuggled treasures, rare paintings, portraits of the owner, mosaic floors, columns of malachite; the plumbing may be of the best and it may have been personally conducted in the distribution; there may be even a flying buttress to the L and a pagoda in the garden; or there may be a bandstand for the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Spring-concerts; but if there are no mullions and no lanceolated windows, the palace is to us as a Tartar tent or the damp home of a Lake-Dweller. Is there any such thing as a "lanceolated mullion?" The sound alone should establish the thing itself. Brussels' sprouts sound as though they would stick and sprout in the stomach of the eater; and—why not be frank?—they do. Indeed, make us grotesquely sick. How edible in sound are succotash, gumbo, cauliflower! Squash looks and tastes as it sounds, but pumpkin is as the rallying cry of a proud nation. And what beautiful words are jasper, beryl, sapphires, chalcodony, emerald, topaz, jacinth, chrysophrasus, amethyst, fit words to describe the adornment of foundations in the new Jerusalem. If they were the names of foul diseases, the words themselves would be as beautiful. Nor would "schump" ever mean anything but chump.

It seems hard to fine Count or Col. Henry for being polite to women in the streets of this city, in the foyer of a theatre, or in a corridor of the Public Library. Women are seldom treated here in true chivalric spirit by Bostonians; why do they not rush to the defence of this elderly champion of irreproachable manners?

It is also true that women are treated in Boston most rudely by women. We are not talking now about "vulgar persons," we are talking about women who chatter and bustle high in the branches of recognized and indisputable family trees—recognized at least in Boston, Salem, Dedham and Milton, although in other towns they may seem as mere shrubs in the forest. The other night at a place of amusement a carriage that had been ordered was signaled by the starter. It drew up to receive the passenger, a woman, well-known, handsome, eminently respectable. Two younger women, unmarried, brushed her aside, jumped into her carriage, drove off, and left her standing in the storm. Incidentally, they knocked several about in their rush for this particular carriage, which was not there for them. An intelligent foreigner who saw the little episode could not be persuaded that the two interlopers had not been drinking strong drink immoderately.

It should be remembered that if you lose at Monte Carlo, you further the

cause of science, for the Prince is an expert and enthusiast in deep-sea dredging. He lost personal interest in suckers long ago; they are always near the surface; they do not need coaxing; yet he finds them useful in his work far down in the water. Science is held in great respect at Pittsburgh, as are music and painting, for they were discredited by the inhabitants only a few years ago, but games of "Klondike" accompanied the laying out of the settlement. To gamble in the cause of science is not only a pleasure, it is an imperative duty in the eyes of every loyal Pittsburgher, Pittsburghian, or Pittsburghite.

Mr. Paul Arthur is telling again the story of his early days as a play actor. The version published a fortnight ago in the Era (London) is less vivid, less picturesque than earlier ones. He says nothing about his appearance in an opera company with Marie Rozé, Arthur Byron, Laura Schirmer, W. T. Carleton, when "Carmen" was given to the consternation of provincial towns, but we are told that he had a fine drilling in Shakespeare under Edwin Booth, and that he began with Charles Fechter; from which any pop-eyed reader might infer that Fechter and Booth spent all the spare time of their latter years in moulding the rich talent of Mr. Arthur. "His manners are easy and charming, and after a very short acquaintance one feels that one has known him for years." (One and one make two—but let us not be flippant or ask, "How do you spell stovepipe?") His manners are easy—only Ananias would deny this statement; and it is also true that he acts after a short acquaintance as though he had known you as well as your Uncle Thomas on your father's side—Uncle Thomas drank and was near-sighted, poor man—for years, and years, and years. But when they say that Mr. Arthur is "full of Attic salt"—no; we dispute this; he is not full of attic or cellar salt—in fact, it is the one thing he needs badly.

A correspondent asks who wrote these lines:
"There was a man who had a clock
His name was Matthew Mears.
He wound it regular every day
For four and twenty years.
At last his precious time-piece proved
An eight-day clock to be,
And a madder man than Mr. Mears
You would not wish to see."
We do not know who wrote it. We didn't; nor do we find it in the complete works of Poe, Whitman, Shelley, Keats, or Cyrus G. Nash. We are inclined to assign it to some Concord or Cambridge poet, but it is not in Emerson's "Parnassus." We do not happen to have a volume of Whittier's poems.

I wander in exile as though my pilgrimage
Were sweet comedian scenes of love
Upon a golden stage.
A vagabonding guest, transported here and there,
Led with the mercy-wanting winds
Of fear, grief and despair.

The foreign journals bring us pleasingly melancholy anecdotes about Mr. Joseph, the great chef, who died lately. Was he not imported to this country to adorn a Vanderbiltian kitchen for a season? He began life as a cook, nor was he ever diverted from the path of duty by any inclination to be a physician, singer, lawyer, or statesman. He was short, broad-shouldered, long-trunked. His only recreation was to box of an evening in a sporting-hall. He was wise and did not let pride rule his days and spoil his nights; for he was a plain liver; he believed in a short and artistic dinner; and at the Savoy in London "he discouraged excessive epululation." ("Epululation" is a top-lefty word, but not well-used in connection with Joseph—for it does not refer to heavy feeding, but to the action of feasting or indulging in dainty fare. Sir Thomas Browne said of Epiphrasus: "When he would dine with Jove and pretend unto epulation, he desired no other addition than a piece of Cytheridian cheese." Pliny assures us, by the way, that cheese was unknown to barbarous nations. The question may then be pertinently raised, "Who invented cheese?" Joseph, they say, was an impressionist as a cook. And to think that there will be generations of eaters who, like the new King over Egypt, knew not Joseph.

We have received the following letter:
Boston, Jan. 13, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
A Christmas story, true in every detail. Mrs. X. Y. Z., a wealthy widow who is often seen in the part of Lady Bountiful at fairs and homes for this and that, and lives alone in a "sarcophagus" on the avenue, with six servants and a coachman, ordered a Christmas dinner and decided to stay at home and enjoy herself alone.
But on Christmas morning she was killed by one of her daughters at the

telephone, who insisted that her mother must dine with her—it was all arranged, and she must come. "All right," she answered, then rang up the market, rescheduled the order for dinner and ordered two pounds of Hamburg steak instead. Then she dressed and departed, and she told the servants she should not be home for dinner.

When the Hamburg steak came the representatives of Scandinavia formed a syndicate and sent the coachman with cash for the original dinner, which was duly cooked and enjoyed by the syndicate.

Only one fact remains to be recorded. The next morning the two pounds of Hamburg, cooked "en masse," was placed in front of Lady Bountiful. "She never said nothin'."

JAN OLSEN.

And here is a voice from the nursery:
Cambridgeport, Jan. 9, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

Terrible Infant was sitting in the lap of his aunt—a cultivated spinster. "Say, Auntie, you must be a misterogynist, ain't you?" "Why, what do you mean, child?" answered the aunt. "Well," chirruped the Infant, "they call a woman-hater a misterogynist, and so I suppose a man-hater is a misterogynist."

H. L. M.

We spoke about the joy in words as mere joys. Thus were we tempted to tell on Jan 15th episodes in the life of St. Maur, merely to bring in a beautiful word: "A clerk that was there named Langiso fell down off an high stair upon an heap of stones and was ad tofrushed, but S. Maur healed him anon."

"Tofrushed"—a most agreeable synonym of bruised or smashed. "To frush a chicken" was to carve a chicken. As William King, L.L. D., remarks in his "Art of Cookery" (1708): "Persons of some rank and quality say, 'Pray cut up that goose.' 'Help me to some of that chicken.' * * * not considering how indiscreetly they talk before men of art, whose proper terms are 'Break that goose.' 'Frush that chicken.' It seems to us that 'Frush' is the appropriate word for preparing a duck for distribution. 'frush' in the primary meaning—'to strike violently so as to crush, bruise or smash.' 'Frush' is still heard in English dialects, but it means to rub, polish, rumple, gush out. Frush also means brittle, crumbling, friable.

We do not intend to be cheated out of our saint for this day. His name is Anthony. Among all the apparitions of the Demon described in the Golden Legend, there is no appearance of the beautiful woman painted so often and so lovingly by artists, both ancient and modern. The devils came in form of divers beasts, wild and savage, "of whom that one howled, another siffled, and another cried, and another brayed and assailed S. Anthony, that one with the horns, the other with their teeth, and the others with their paws and orgies, and disturbed, and to-rent his body that he supposed well to die." But nothing is said of the voluptuous apparition who flashed herself upon the poor saint, yes, even from the cross, the shameless hussy. Who invented her?

A valued correspondent writes:
Boston, Jan. 11, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

In a leisurely way, as it looks to subscribers, the New English Dictionary has arrived at the article Leisurely, and the half-way house of the complete work is in sight or short expectation. Mr. Bradley, who does the letter L, is not the equal of Dr. Murray, perhaps, but produces good work.

As usual, America fares less well than it would if our thousands of professors professed less and contributed more. Mr. Bradley has not been in American politics, and does not know the man that "leaks." we do. His quotations of Latter Day Saints begin in 1842: a church of Latter Day Saints

was organized in Fayette, N. Y., in 1830. Lay, in the sense of pro rata pay, is an old American phrase, much used by farmers, miners and sailors. Men who work on the lay are called lay-men, especially in mining. In 1788 Thomas Jefferson writes of an overseer's lay, meaning his share of the crop. A lay-off is known to transportation men, who like to get a lay-off after a certain amount of travel. Railway, mail clerks are entitled to regular lay-off periods for study (Postal laws of 1893, sec. 916). And these same clerks can tell Mr. Bradley what a lay service is, for which railroads receive lay rates.

One might go on with such suggestions did not they look too much like finding fault with the Oxford editors, when in truth nothing is wanted but a little more American help in this peerless undertaking. Even our scholars are not fully aware of the

priceless stores of information packed into the Oxford English Dictionary. France & Germany have no such thesaurus of their languages, and the great dictionaries of the classical languages are left behind. Once more ours is the best lay-out of them all.

X. X. X.

(By Philip Hale.)

Mrs. Marcella Sembrich gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Luckstone played the accompaniments, and played them with exquisite art. The program was as follows:

PART I.

"Mein gläubiges Herze".....Bach
"Ritornel aus der Fink".....Hasse
"Lied aus der Ferne".....Beethoven
"Warnung".....Mozart

PART II.

"Der Mueller und der Bach".....Schubert
"Das Lied im Gruenen".....Schubert
"Mutter, Mutter, glaube nicht".....Schumann
"Lass mich ihm am Busen hangen".....Schumann
"Auftraege".....Schumann
"O Jugend, O schoene Rosenzeit".....Mendelssohn
"Wie Melodien zieht es mir".....Brahms
"O liebliche Wangen".....Brahms

PART III.

"Mignon".....Gounod
"Le Corbeau et le Renard".....Godard
"Ach, die Qualen".....Paderewski
"Allerseelen".....R. Strauss
"Zur Drossel sprach der Fink".....Taubert
"Sonne hat sich mued Gelaufen".....Taubert
"Von lustigen Grasmückelein".....Taubert
"Wenn die wilden Rosen bluehn".....Bungert

I wonder whether anyone ever sang the well known air of Bach so that it sounded free and spontaneous, and not like the inexorable tune of a barrel organ. The melody on paper is beautiful; it sounds well when it is played on an instrument; but the moment it is sung there is the thought of speed, and hurried breath, and a mechanical time-beater holding the singer under his stick. Not even Marcella Sembrich, with all her musical and vocal skill, removed this impression of an arduous task that should be performed within a fixed time. The venerable Bach did not write well for the human voice.

At first and, occasionally, later in the concert, Sembrich showed symptoms of fatigue, in slightly impure intonation, especially in the holding of long and sustained tones at the end of phrases. Nor is this strange, for her tour in the West under Mr. Grau was one of hard work, and then followed the news of the death of a son whom she dearly loved. But it is not necessary to make excuses for one that sang yesterday, as on so many former occasions, with brilliance, with unparalleled beauty of phrasing, with uncommon musical taste and intelligence, with unfeigned and irresistible expression. She is unique, this singer; and when she leaves the stage—may the day be long deferred—who will there be to console us and the composers whom she interprets so admirably?

The features of her concert were Schubert's "Das Lied im Gruenen," the songs by Schumann, Brahms's strangely fascinating "Wie Melodien zieht es mir," Richard Strauss's wondrously beautiful "Allerseelen" and "Serenade"—she gave the latter as an encore, and was obliged to repeat the former—and the second of the songs by Taubert. She was also obliged to repeat the above mentioned song by Brahms, and she added to the program a song by Loewe, which Lilli Lehmann, Mrs. Henschel and she herself have made familiar here. The songs by Mendelssohn, Godard, Gounod and Bungert do not represent these composers at their best, nor are the songs by Paderewski or d'Albert of any marked distinction. The song by Mozart, which she sang with full appreciation of the outspoken text, was written—probably in 1782—for a bass voice with accompaniment of two oboes, two horns and strings, and it was no doubt intended for some operetta or farce.

For the interpretation of the first two songs by Schumann and Strauss's "Allerseelen" something more is needed than consummate vocal art or conventional emotion. In these songs the acknowledged mistress of colorature sang with poignant feeling; yea, she unveiled her very heart. The revelation of sacred emotion turned the concert hall into a temple.

Nor is it easy, nor is it necessary after hearing such singing to play the part of the analyst. Pianists—even some of large reputation—might well study the secret of Sembrich's legato, but there is also such a thing as cold and flawless legato. There must be a soul as well as a mind that guides and controls song; a soul that has known poverty and toil and love and sorrow and exceeding joy; a soul that has triumphed through all these. Now Sembrich is the most womanly of singers.

It is a pleasant thing to note the effect of taming. We take supreme delight in seeing all varieties of domestication. It is for this reason that so many persons watch the progress of royal processions.

The word "badge" is of unknown origin; but we all know where the badges of the Common Council come from—do you ask, where?—why, from a grateful townfolk. The idea that this badge is like the bell or rattle that gave warning of the approach of a leper oozed from the soggy mind of an enemy, a hater of democratic institutions.

We were much impressed by the speech of Councilman Linehan of Ward

13, who began after the manner of our old friend Catiline by saying he did not desire to talk. Query: Why do so many talk when they "do not wish to talk," when they "have nothing to say?" The Ancient Mariner was agonized into telling his ghastly tale:

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach.

And so it is perhaps with our Councilmen. Many of them surely have strange power of speech.

Councilman Linehan once saw a policeman heating a man in Portland Street. (We have understood that this was the favorite diversion of peace-guardians in New York, a sport unknown in our more fortunate city.) Mr. Linehan bravely put his hand on the policeman's shoulder and said in a trumpet tone: "Stop." The policeman, who is probably near-sighted, asked him who he was. "Mr. Linehan remembered how during the glory of Rome anyone was safe throughout the Empire if he said 'Civis Romanus sum'; he cleared his throat, assumed a sculptural attitude and remarked: "I am a citizen of Boston." The policeman was not impressed; in fact this formula no longer carries weight even with a hotel clerk in Chicago. But when Mr. Linehan exclaimed: "I am a member of the Common Council," the policeman wilted as though Jupiter Tonans stood before him with all his electrical apparatus in running order. Mr. Linehan says: "That was the key-stone of the arch; if I had not had the badge, I would have got the same dose that the man got." How a badge can be a keystone, and what is the precise nature of this arch, are questions for family discussion round the wheezing radiator.

Mr. Linehan therefore believes, in badges and good ones, badges at \$10 apiece. "Then in times of necessity you can open your coat and show a badge that is not half green and which has not discolored your clothing." We do not see why he should have such a prejudice against the color green; but there is no use in disputing concerning color in wall papers, clothes, paintings, or music. We applaud him for his wish to be clean as an official and a citizen. The shirt of a Common Councilman should be as far above suspicion as that of Caesar's wife. (Some how or other this comparison does not sound truly classical.)

Just as we are deeply interested in the performances of our uncrowned kings and untitled aristocracy, so we read with pleasure about coronations and Kings' speeches. We like to think of Edward and his Queen in their royal robes, sitting on thrones beneath a canopy, just as we have seen play-acting monarchs and their wives in the theatre. When King Edward referred in his speech to the humanity of the British troops in South Africa, all the peers and peeresses, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and the other thing-um-bobs cheered and cheered, just as the choruses in our singing societies applaud wildly at their own concerts.

Are not these shows and trappings and processions in London inherently funny? How can anyone with a sense of humor take part in them without giggling? We should not have been surprised if Edward in the middle of his speech had thrown his crown at some eminently respectable and full-togged fossil and cried out: "What ho! Enough of this. Now let the sports proceed!" And at once taken the part of interlocutor. So, too, the flutter about Prince Henry and his silver gift to Miss Roosevelt is not without the element of opera-bouffe. The Emperor William is a German; his silver treasures are celebrated; therefore his present will be something in German silver. (This paragraph could not have been turned unless we had studied Jevons' Logic.)

Coronations are among the world's great shows. To thinking men they are of no more substantial importance than any street parade of four-legged and two-legged animals. One sagacious elephant is worth a dozen Kings with real crowns. But why should there be heat in protesting against coronations? Some Americans are even now suffering from coronationitis. They say that no self-respecting American should look at the approaching ceremony; that to cross the Atlantic to see it is a snobbish act, etc., etc.

Thus do they take shows seriously. We have missed several good shows: the entrance into the Ark. Nero's song recitals, the Emperor William in the act of making a speech, the Jardin Mabille. We say with Hazlett that a coronation, "which is the height of gentility and the consummation of external distinction and splendor, is a vulgar ceremony; for what degree of refinement, of capacity, of virtue, is required

in the individual who is destined, or is necessary to his enjoying this idle and imposing parade of his person? * * * There is no one faculty of mind or body, natural or acquired, essential to the principal figure in this procession, more than is common to the meanest and most despised attendant on it. A waxwork figure would answer the same purpose; a Lord Mayor of London has as much tinsel to be proud of * * * The stupidest slave worships the gaudiest tyrant. * * * There is little to distinguish a King from his subjects but the rabble shout—if he loses that and is reduced to the forlorn hope of gaining the suffrages of the wise and good, he is of all men the most miserable."

This Professor Loeb of Chicago insists that electricity is the antecedent of vital activity. Alexander Pope anticipated him when he wrote, "Vital spark of heavenly flame."

"Tall Troy's on fire!" is the burden of one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's ballads. But only one of her collar factories was burned this week.

"The Ylang-Ylang tree often attains a height of 60 feet." The perfume often travels way across a theatre.

The Diary of good Sir Richard Newdigate tells us how he ruled his servants in 1680:

Nan Newton, for breaking a Tea-pot in Phil's Chamber, 2s. 6d.
Richard Knight, for Pride and Slighting, 2s. 6d.

Win. Hetherington, for not being ready to go to Church three Sundays, 10s.

Tho. Birdall, for being at Nuneaton from morning to night, 5s.

Cook, dead drunk, 10s.

Arne Adams, to be washmaid at Lady Day. She went away the 29th of June for being wanton and careless. She lost five pairs of sheets and five pillowcases, for which my wife made her pay 4l.

Jan 19. 1902

MR. GREGORY HAST.

Second Recital in Steinert Hall by the English Tenor—A Program of Long Drawn-Out Sentiment

Mr. Gregory Hast gave his second song recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an appreciative audience of fair size. Mrs. J. E. Tippet was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Como raglio di Sol (Old Italian).....Caldara
Adelaide.....Beethoven
Ich wandelte unter den Eichen.....Schumann
Liebliches Kind.....Brahms
Aus deinen Augen fliessen meine Lieder.....Franz Ries
Kühn wir wandeln zusammen im Mondschin.....Cornelius
Songs My Mother Taught Me.....Del Young
Les donneurs de Serenades (MS.).....Del Young
Rose Kissed Me Today.....Del Young
Fair Rebecca (Old English).....Specially arranged
Annabelle Lee.....Henry Leslie
Recit. Comfort Ye, Aria, Every Val-ley, From "The Messiah".....Handel
(By desire)

The Plague of Love (Old English, 17th)
She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.....Lawrence
Birds in the High Hall Garden.....Smyvoll
To Mary.....M. V. White
Angels Guard Thee (Baroness).....Godard

Mr. Hast has now given two recitals here, and he can be judged fairly, for his programs have been varied. Some of his songs were made in Germany; some were old Italian; some were old English, tinkered to please modern taste; and some were by conventional and ideal young Englishmen. Nor was oratorio neglected of all a sentimentalist. He is inclined to hold hands with the audience. He is never so happy as when singing songs of love or telling in song sad tales of love. And then his voice is sweet and gentle and, as his enunciation is remarkably clear even for an English singer, the ladies do not miss a word and they are soon all of a flutter. In these songs he is more successful than in songs which require sharply contrasted emotions, the establishment of a contemplative mood, or a burst of heroic passion. Mr. Hast is a facile troubadour that entertains the chateaulaine while the men are with the Crusaders fighting against the Saracens.

Now such singing is agreeable for a time, and sentiment has a just claim on the attention; but when one weary stroller follows another without pitiable, acid, or bracing relief, when phrases for half an hour at a time are

James is the cream of the cream, and the hearer is strongly tempted to go out into the air, to shriek, to commit an unprovoked assault on some ill-dressed gentleman with irreproachable pluck and benign spectacles—simply to change his birds.

If Mr. Hast would only vary his style! If he would be real and vivid for only five minutes!

His singing yesterday afternoon was utterly good and melior. He sang a song by Brahms with exquisite taste, and then he phrased wretchedly the last sentence of Dvorak's "gypsy song." He occasionally took decided liberties with tempo, musical punctuation and even with the Latin.

In the old English songs he gives pleasure, but there are no real old songs as well as sentimental little in the great treasure-house.

Mr. Hast's voice was probably not in normal condition, for, as at a concert, he was occasionally

bars and not from a section. It has excellent characteristics: a good legato, a control of effect, a breath tones, an easy management of breath that encourages long phrases, distinct enunciation. As he sings today he is prominently a sentimentalist, and he suggests the parlor and a guitar.

Philip Hale.

WAS unable to attend the last Symphony concert, to my keen regret, for Mr. Bauer played Liszt's "Dance of Death," a piece that I have long wished to hear. It is seldom performed, although I notice that Siloti played it at a Gewandhaus concert at Leipzig Jan. 9, as well as Rachmaninoff's concerto, No. 2. Perhaps it was the title that fascinated, perhaps it was the discussion as to whether Liszt was inspired in this instance by Orcagna or Holbein, perhaps it was the character of the composition itself. Titles sometimes exercise a strange spell. Thus the mere title "The King of Lahore" is more suggestive than Massenet's music itself. There is always a Carcassonne to everyone, a town, an opera, a picture, an office never known. In all probability this "Dance of Death" will be my Carcassonne.

A friend said: "But you did not miss much." He did not like the piece; it was extravagant, bizarre, creepy, sinister. What on earth did he expect? Is a dance of death like a Haydn minuet or a Brahms vocal quartet in waltz form? He said: "Why did not Mr. Bauer play something we knew?" Here you have an excellent instance of the fine old trusted conservatism of Boston. A pianist should not introduce a new work, anything that may perplex or startle or lead a hearer to independent thought and judgment. It is always safe for a pianist to play Rubinstein's concerto in D minor, Saint-Saëns's in G minor, Tschalkowsky's in B flat minor, Beethoven's in G or E flat, Schumann's one concerto—but outside of these he should be careful, prayerful in choice. The attitude of many of the Symphony audience is that of Leech's native—I quote from memory: "Hullo, Bill; here's a stranger; leave the 'arf of a brick at 'im'!"

But my friend thinks Schumann's concert piece is full of poetry, and that Mr. Bauer did not reveal this poetic spirit as clearly as did on former occasions those highly imaginative pianists, Mr. Lang and Mr. Tucker. (It is only just to state that neither Mr. Lang nor Mr. Tucker ever shrank from producing a new work. Whatever the opinion concerning the interpretation may have been at the time.) My friend is a fetishist. Schumann, he argues, was a great composer; therefore his concert piece for piano and orchestra is a great work. Now Schumann wrote rubbish, as did Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner. This concert piece is wholly out of place in Symphony Hall, and although I have never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Lang play it in his days of fiery virtuosity, I doubt whether even he could transmute dross into precious metal. But, of course, as my friend argues, the piece must be a great one because Schumann

wrote it, and if a pianist fails in making it impressive, the fault is his. To which the only reply is the classic one: "Fudge!"

There is always what Walt Whitman calls "divine average." If I was debarr'd from hearing Liszt's "Dance of Death," which I am told by men whose opinion I respect is an exceedingly interesting work, a work of genius, and I am also told that it was played marvelously well by Mr. Bauer—and this I can readily believe—I was not obliged to listen to that stupid and perfunctory overture, to that waste-basket piece, known as the overture to "the Dedication of the House."

In the name of art, in the name of humanity why is such music played in Symphony Hall in the year of our Lord 1902?

Not long ago we were compelled to hear a wretched thing, the "Husitska" overture by one Dvorak. It was not a novelty; it had been played here before, and no one liked it then.

An overture by Auber or Rossini would be much more to the purpose. Does anyone seriously maintain that the "Dedication of the House" or the "Husitska" is better music than any one of a dozen overtures by Auber, or Rossini's overture to "William Tell," or even "Semiramide." Mr. Vernon Blackburn is well known as a man of ultra-fastidious taste; perhaps at times he is a little précleux. He is never weary of shouting for Bach and Mozart and Wagner and Tschalkowsky; but he heard Mr. Wood's celebrated orchestra play the overture to "Semiramide," and he did not hesitate to write: "We hear far too little of Rossini's work in the modern concert-room; since Wagner's time musicians seem to have been a little afraid to confess to any admiration of the Italian master's brilliant achievement."

Are there no comparatively new over-

tures that might give pleasure? The overture to d'Albert's "Die Abreise" was performed in Brooklyn two months ago at a concert of the Saengerbund of that city. The exquisite Prelude to Act I. of "Fervaa!" by d'Indy was produced here lately by the Orchestral Club; it will deserve a hearing at the Symphony concerts. Bizet's overture "Patrie," also played by this club, has not been heard at a Symphony concert since 1896.

Here is a list of pieces that have not been heard too often at the Symphony concerts, and might well be repeated: d'Albert, Prelude to "Der Ruhin"; Lalo, overture, "Le Roi d'Ys"; Reznicek, overture to "Donna Diana"; Richard Strauss, Preludes to Acts I. and II. of "Guntram"; Chabrier's overture, and Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline";

Taneieff, overture to the "Orestea"; Chadwick's Elegiac overture, "Adonais." I have mentioned only overtures; but there are symphonic poems, etc., that might well be played in the place of "The Dedication of the House" or even the Overture to "Athalia," which was prepared for the last concert, and then dropped overboard.

As a matter of record I now give a list of works produced thus far this season by Mr. Theodore Thomas of Chicago, works which were new to his audience: Richard Strauss's "Macbeth"; Fragments from "Das Rheingold"; Wagner-Thomas; Weingartner's symphony No. 2; Bourée I. and II.; Gavotte and Réjouissance from suite No. 4, D major, Bach; Dvorak's overture, "Aleh Helm"; Saint-Saëns's "La Jeunesse d'Hercule"; Ballet-suite, "Ruses d'Amour"; Glazounoff; suite "Eln Maerchen"; Josef Suk; Elgar's "Cockaigne"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar"; "Siegfried in the Forest"; Wagner-Jungnickel; Overture Solennelle, Glazounoff; "La Forêt Enchantée," d'Indy; Two Legends from "Kalevala," Sibelius; Sonate Plan e Forte and Carzon a 6, Giovanni Gabrieli (1557), ballet music from Rameau's "Castor and Pollux"; Goldmark's symphony No. 2; Elgar's "Variations." Hadley's symphony "The Four Seasons," which took the Paderewski prize, and has been played by the Philharmonic Society of New York, will be performed by Mr. Thomas's orchestra, Jan. 25, and at the same concert Elgar's "Cockaigne" and Suk's "Eln Maerchen" will be repeated—an excellent idea; for why condemn a serious work to one hearing and a snap judgment and then shelve it for two or three years?

Let us hope that some day we shall hear a pianist of Mr. Bauer's rank play César Franck's "Variations Symphoniques" for piano and orchestra.

Mr. W. J. G. of the Washington Times has at least the courage of his enthusiasm. He heard Nordica some time ago and rushed to catch the press. He caught it with this burst: "But when she came to the German songs and sang Grieg's impassioned 'Ich liebe dich' with all the ardor of a burned soul, before the last note had died away every man in the audience that wasn't a stick felt like rushing up and exclaiming, 'Do you mean me, Madame Nordica?' But why so formal—why so cold—why not 'Lillian!'"

Mr. Eduard Zeldenzust, the pianist, who will play here, the 29th, was born June 5, 1865, in Amsterdam. He studied first under Robert Collin; afterward at Cologne under Hiller; later with

Kwart at Frankfurt and Gernsheim at Rotterdam, and finally with Marmonel in Paris. He has played in London, Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, and in Italy. He made his debut in America at Cincinnati, Nov. 30, when he played Grieg's concerto.

Sembrich, Schumann-Helms, Scheff, and Bandrowski, Bispham, Muehlmann and Reiss will sing in the first production of Paderewski's "Mauru" in America. Walter Damrosch will conduct. Unhappy Poland, will thy sorrow never cease? And they say that Sembrich will be sacrificed on the altar of friendship—amid usque ad aras—for the tenor has the tunes.—Lucienne Bréval will be here the first of next month.—They said in New York that Sibyl Sanderson was "through," and now they say that she will sing at the Opéra-Comique next spring in "Ciree," by the Hillmachers brothers, and then go to Buenos Ayres, or that she may stay in Paris to sing in operetta. All of this is confusing, especially as we also read about her approaching second marriage.—A new "Concert Piece" for piano and orchestra by Da Venezia was played by Ernesto Consolo in Berlin. "It proved to be the most important work that has been heard here for many a month. The work is fresh, original and vital."—Hermann Wolff, the well-known Berlin manager, is seriously sick with cancer of the stomach.—Otto Hegner has

been giving piano recitals in Switzerland and France.—Miss Ilona Eibenschuetz is a pianist after our own heart. She marries a Mr. Karl Derenburg, and then "she will play only for charitable purposes."—Leoncavallo was invited by the Emperor William to write an opera, "Roland of Berlin." That was in February, 1894, and the opera will not be finished until next summer. Mascagni, Perosi or De Koven would have had it ready in April, 1894.

—An opera by Forster will soon be produced in Vienna. "The Dead Man," with a libretto by no other than—Ha is Sachs. The words are taken from an old Margiris piece by the famous shoemaker.—A posthumous work by Bruckner, for two tenors, baritone and chorus, entitled "The Song of Songs," will be sung at Vienna by students of the university. The work is so difficult that an orchestral accompaniment has been added to sustain the voices.—A posthumous Requiem by von Suppé has been performed with success at Vienna. The Agnus Dei, they say, reminds one of the march from "Fatinitza," while "Qui tollis peccata mundi" is in the form of a joyous jig. But there are solid and solemn pages.—Humperdinck is at work on a comic opera founded on Dumas's "Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr."—An unfinished mass in C minor by Mozart has been discovered

at Leipzig.—The singer Stella Bonheur is dead.

Mr. John Coates has made a sensation in Germany as Lohengrin, Faust, Romeo. He sang the parts in German, and had to give three performances of Romeo in eight days. The Koelnische Zeitung says he "has achieved a triumph such as has never been known since the palmy days of Goetze's prime." Furthermore, Coates has sung in concerts there with like success. "All the leading German towns are now competing for a visit from Mr. Coates." This same Mr. Coates sang here in Boston in the Artist's Model early in 1896, when he took the part of Rudolph Blais. The show was a good one, and even now I should prefer to see him in it than in "Lohengrin" or "Romeo and Juliet." Especially as I remember Mr. Goetze in his palmy days and nights, when he bawled and scooped to the great delight of German audiences.

The Athenaeum (London) published Jan. 4 an interesting account of coronation music. The record is meagre until the reign of Charles II., although Thomas Tomkins received 40 shillings for composing "many songs against the coronation" of Charles I. The new music for the coronation of Queen Victoria was by Sir George Smart and William Knvett. The latter wrote an anthem, "This Is the Day the Lord Hath Made." Smart wrote the Sanctus and Communion responses to the Commandments. These works were harshly criticised. The Spectator said they constituted "a libel on the state of art in this country." Thomas Attwood, a pupil of Mozart, had begun an anthem, but he died shortly before the coronation. The grandson of this talented composer writes that the heir "Carew Attwood, now ranching in Southern Texas, I fear destroyed whatever music there was packed away before the family vacated the Rectory, Framingham, Suffolk." Handel's "Zadok the priest," written for the coronation of George II., has been sung ever since at the ceremony.

The Incorporated Society of Musicians in England has been holding a convention, and Mr. Blackburn made remarks that may be applied to conventions in this country:

"It is a wonderfully good thing that musicians should congregate together and make their opinions worth interchanging in decent literary language, for musicians, we have always held and believed, are a lonely set of mortals. Their language, naturally, is somewhat remote from that of everyday life; and it is for this reason that men whose task it is to talk business hour in and hour out, are inclined somewhat to despise a certain corporation of artists who do not deal with the daily catchwords of life.

"And here we come to a rather delicate subject. The result of all this is assuredly that you mostly catch a musician at a disadvantage when he is talking. There are exceptions, of course. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Hubert Parry—these names immediately occur to one as the case may be (or write order of intelligence). But as a rule the musician is not very articulate, and it is probably for that reason that we have found the mere verbal discussions, so far as we have attended them this week, rather unfruitful, rather unpractical. Papers were read, of course, which advocated a policy that seems sound enough; but the fact remains that not a single teacher of music, not a single organist, not a single professor will leave London for his provincial work with any new line to pursue in his teaching or in his studies.

"Therefore we hark back to our original idea that though for any present use all the paraphernalia of a big meeting of musicians at a central spot

a somewhat wasted, the fact that the ceiling of artistic dignity has been projected, and that it is good to talk—even though you talk rubbish—to your fellow beings on the subject which recalls your lifework, is not to be commended, and goes distinctly to the general aggregate of that which is worthy in the world's musical art. We're most of us, cynics now—or pretend to be; and there was enough and to spare for the cynic over which to flourish his little jests in the meetings which have been the subject of this tender discussion, but, taken all in all, there is no doubt that, although there is no chance of a general agreement on any one point even among musicians, the Incorporated Society of Musicians is doing a great work by its general policy, if not so much by its particular encouragement of meetings whereof, however, the influence is more potent than one is inclined to suspect, and (with the reservations which we began by making) may indeed work finally to not unimportant issues."

Jan 20 1902

This sort of dreaming existence is the best. He who quits it to go in search of realities generally barbers repose for repeated disappointments and vain regrets. His time, thoughts and feelings are no longer at his own disposal. From that instant he does not survey the objects of nature as they are in themselves, but looks askant at them to see whether he cannot make them the instruments of his ambition, interest or pleasure; for a candid, undesigned, undisguised simplicity of character, his views become jaundiced, sinister and double; he takes no farther interest in the great changes of the world but as he has a paltry share in producing them: Instead of opening his senses, his understanding and his heart to the resplendent fabric of the universe, he holds a crooked mirror before his face, in which he may admire his own person and pretensions, and just glance his eye aside to see whether others are not admiring him, too. He no more exists in the impression which "the fair variety of things" makes upon him, softened and subdued by habitual contemplation, but in the feverish sense of his own upstart self-importance.

We doubt whether any man or woman fully grasps the significance of a physical or mental deformity. Pride sets optimistic or flattering spectacles astride the nose; and even when there is no nose, the individual will not recognize hump, lameness, deafness, catarrhal and announcing atmosphere, meanness, criminal intent. The blind are often exceedingly vain; the little man is always trying to prove how strong he is.

They say that the afflicted—the grotesquely fat, the absurdly lean, the pathetically homely—are seldom sensitive, and are never so keenly alive to street opinion as are the more conventionally favored. We know an amateur cook who cannot sit still if there is talk about the cookery of another. His fad is simplicity in sauces; although his one triumphant sauce is a simple matter, he prepares it with a flourish of trumpets and a "What ho!" He compounds the sauce in a large dish: ninthly Harvey sauce—then he adds Harvey sauce and pours it in a pontifical manner over flesh, fish or fowl until only a little island rises above the food. And he is more sensitive in regard to this than are any half-faced man and any woman with an artificial eg about what may be said of them.

"Laugh and grow fat." Yes, but after you are fat, you are not inclined to laugh. That singular observer, William Gardner, tells interesting facts about Daniel Lambert when he and Daniel were boys together. Daniel was envied by the lads who were learning to swim, for he could lie "like a whale, motionless upon the surface," and he would wallow for hours in the river. When he reached man's estate "he was highly sensitive upon the subject of his appearance; and when he ventured out was aware that it drew upon him the general gaze." In summer he could enjoy fresh air only by sitting at his door, without his coat. Dr. Hague, professor of music at Cambridge, went by one day; he made a full stop at the sight of Daniel and exclaimed: "Mercy on us, what a sight!" We are told that Mr. Lambert frowned. We are also told that he frequently tried the experiment of abstinence without any apparent diminution of bulk. "When restrained he would eat an entire hog of mutton." Poverty at last forced him to show himself for gain. His insubility remained, and he gave refusals to "gentlemen too particular in their inquiries."

If there were full realization of physical, mental, spiritual fallings and mishaps, there would be no continuance of the race. Horror-stricken men and women would say to the hills, "Fall on us!" (Would lovers find each other adorable if they could see a cross-section of the interior of their bodies?) And here is the terrible significance of the Last Judgment, when each mortal is revealed not only to the world at large, but to his own flattering, complaisant self.

Yet on that day what mother would not insist that the slight were some trick, some optical delusion? No, her son was never like that, not even if she had died before him of a broken heart.

This story is found in the folk-song of more than one nation. A youth fell madly in love with a woman, who said "Do you really love me? Bring me the heart of your mother, that I may eat it." He went home, killed his mother, and as he ran with her heart to his mistress, he fell, such was his haste. And then the heart of his mother said: "Gently, gently, my son; if you hurry, you may hurt yourself."

We have been reading in sorrowful mood the accounts of pantomimes prepared in London for the enjoyment of good children, young and old, during the holidays. "In sorrowful mood"—for where are the pantomimes of our younger days? We remember well the shows at the old Théâtre Comique in this city; then came George L. Fox with his Humpty-Dumpty, and with Miss Fanny Bean as the Columbine. We were passionately in love with her 30 odd years ago, and today we do not remember whether she spelled her name with, or without, a final "e." Never shall we again see such pantomime as Fox with his exhibition of the tame elephant. And Harlequin the spangled, the graceful, the elastic! Pantaloon is always with us; he is a highly respectable old fuddy-duddy; he is on committees; he is often interested in charitable work. And as we mused, we came resolutely to the conclusion that these shows, the delight of our youth, would be boring today even to the children; that Miss Bean was probably thick-ankled and rather heavy in the dance; that Harlequin needed a shave and was given to undue absorption of strong waters. But here is Mr. George R. Sims in the very stronghold of pantomime crying aloud in the agony of a strong man: "Where are the merry clowns, the humorous pantalons, the agile harlequins, the quick trick changes of my youth? Gone—vanished into the land of shadows." Thus we muster courage to say that the change is not in us; that we should still find joy in the old-fashioned entertainment, and still view Miss Fanny Bean with admiration, chastened, but not wholly chilled by the years. Reply not that the Columbine of today would be her daughter or grand-daughter. Columbine was never mortal, nor did she know the meaning of the words "Time" and "Death."

This is the feast-day of Saint Sebastian. Some say that he was put to death by shooting arrows into him; but they know not the true story. The Emperor Diocletian was angry at him, and "commanded him to be led to the field, and there to be bound to a stake for to be shot at; and the archers shot at him till he was as full of arrows as an urchin is full of pricks, and thus left him there for dead." So runs the story in the Golden Legend. But Sebastian lived some time after until Diocletian "made him to be brought into prison into his palace and to beat him so sore with stones till he died." There are many pictures of Saint Sebastian, and some are painted with such honest artlessness that he looks like a hatrack.

Jan 21 1902

We were much entertained by "The Laws of Etiquette, or Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society," by a gentleman. A new edition, Philadelphia, 1836.

The preface should not be skipped. "A writer who is popularly unpopular has remarked that the test of standing in Boston is literary eminence; in New York, wealth; and in Philadelphia, purity of blood." The writer replies: "None of these are indispensable, and none of them sufficient." We regret that he did not explain in a digression how this purity of blood was obtained in Philadelphia. Surely not by eating regularly pepper-pot and scrap-ple. Did the purity come from annual Spring doses of sulphur and molasses? Tell us, oh Rittenhouses, Cadwalladers, and Biddles!

And is not literary eminence in Boston still the test of standing? Read the sassiest columns. What are they filled with if not with the deeds of essayists, sonnetters, weavers of triollets, pamphleteers, novelists, poets (boss and minor)? What if the names of the members of this untitled aristocracy are hardly known beyond Portsmouth, Worcester and Pawtucket? Are the members on account of this the less distinguished?

Let us return to the "Book of Etiquette."

"If you have little eyes, without lashes, and hordered with red, wear

blue spectacles; a man may have bad eyes; it is absurd to have them very bad."

Here is practical and sound advice. There is no vague or theoretical generalization. Here is an imperative command as well as a searching diagnosis.

How about morning dress?

"In the morning before 11 o'clock, even if you go out"—remember, this was written for Philadelphians, who move slowly—"you should not be dressed. You would be stamned a parvenu"—and the stamping was probably done publicly at the mint—"if you were seen in anything better than a respectable old frock coat. If you remain at home, and are a bachelor, it is permitted to receive visitors in a morning-gown. In summer, calico; in winter, figured cloth, faced with fur. At dinner a coat, of course, is indispensable." Chicago papers please copy this last sentence.

Concerning conduct in the street.

"If you remove your hat, you need not at the same time bend the dorsal vertebrae of your body, unless you wish to be very reverential, as in saluting a Bishop."

"It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street, until you perceive that she has noticed you by an inclination of the head."

"Some ladies curtesy in the street, a movement not gracefully consistent with locomotion; they should always bow."

Listen to this.

"If you have remarkably fine teeth, you may smile affectionately upon the bowce without speaking." Of course if you have store, or bought-teeth, you should be stolid and dignified, or, as the old phrase goes, you may have to gum them again.

"As a general rule, never cut any one in the street; even political and steam-boat acquaintances should be noticed by the slightest movement in the world." We should extend this rule to balloon-acquaintances especially, if they are at the moment headed toward a bar.

"If you meet a rich parvenu whose consequence you wish to reprove, you may salute him in a very patronizing manner, or else in acknowledging his bow, look somewhat surprised and say, 'Mister—eh—eh?'" And this in the City of Brotherly Love!

"When you call upon a man staying at a hotel, with whom you are not personally acquainted, the most convenient method of presenting yourself is this: Arrest one of the servants, place your card in his hand, desiring him to give it to the person whom you wish to see, and to let him know that you are there. The servant will return accompanied by the object of your visit, and will point out to him the person whose card he has received." We advise any reader who has a spare hour to try this experiment at any tavern in town. The chief sport will be in "arresting" a servant. This may be practised when the weather is too inclement for golf.

"If the stranger whom you call upon at a hotel should be a woman, you would probably find her sitting with the other lodgers in the parlour." H-m-m-m!

"When dinner is announced, the inviter rises and requests all to walk to the dining-room. He then leads the way, that they not be at a loss whither they should proceed. Each gentleman offers his arm to a lady, and they follow in solemn order." They do—they do, even now in Boston as well as in Philadelphia. They walk as though the butler had announced in a choral voice: "Those that wish to see the remains, etc."

Nor is the etiquette of the table neglected. "The ordinary custom among well-bred persons is as follows: Soup is taken with a spoon. Some foolish fashionables employ a fork. They might as well make use of a broomstick. . . . When you have upon your plate, before the dessert, anything partially liquid, or any sauces, you must not take them up with a knife, but with a piece of bread which is to be saturated with the juices and then lifted to the mouth."

This was the accepted test of gentility in Philadelphia of the thirties: "It once occurred to me to be present in a small company of gentlemen, where the claims of a certain woman to be thoroughly bred became the subject of a somewhat protracted controversy. The decision was for some time doubtful, but was finally decided, by acclamation, in favor of her pretensions, in consequence of some one having observed that she had cut a lemon pudding at dinner with a spoon."

Here's enow for sad thinking!

Jan 22 1902

MR. HAROLD BAUER.

His First Piano Recital This Season in Steinert Hall—Some Brilliant Playing and a Large and Enthusiastic Audience.

The program of Mr. Harold Bauer's first concert in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon was as follows:

Concerto Italiane.....Bach
Fantasia in C.....Schumann
Scherzo No. 4 in E.....Chopin
Polonaise in C minor.....Chopin
Ballade in G minor.....Chopin
Impromptu in B-flat.....Schubert
Mephisto Valse.....Liszt

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Bauer again, although his performance as a whole was not, perhaps, of the high and sustained character that made his recitals conspicuous last season.

Moods are controlled by nerves and as Robert Burton said years ago: "Such as is the air, such are our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humors." And yesterday was surely a sad and lumpy day.

It may seem ungracious to say it, but Mr. Bauer's program was too long. He began playing at five minutes past three and he stopped—that is so far as the announced program was concerned—at five minutes before five. Now it is a safe rule never to exceed an hour and a half, with the waits included.

Let us be thankful that he played a piece written by Bach for a piano, or what in Bach's day was equivalent to a piano. Pianists may yet learn that "The well tempered Clavichord" was not intended solely for solitary and morose practice. The second movement is the one movement of the Italian Concerto that appeals to the men and women of this period; the other movements are dangerously near being scientifically made and conventional jingle, which is not unpleasant to some, especially after they have been assured that it is by the illustrious Bach. But suppose the piece were modern, new, and signed by Isaac Jones or Henry G. Terwilliger?

The features of the concert were the Scherzo and Ballade by Chopin and the Mephisto waltz by Liszt. These were played superbly. The Scherzo has never had the popularity of the first two. Perhaps there is too much spirit of tricky Ariel in it for those who wish their Chopin breathing in the odor of tuberose or alternately weeping and snorting over Poland. But what pray, should a Scherzo be? And is not the theme in minor of true beauty? The reading of the first two pages of the Ballade might be excepted to as slightly mannered, but the interpretation as a whole was poetic and strong. Schubert's variations were played with delicacy and grace, but was not Mr. Bauer in his wish to avoid sentimentalism in the presentation of the theme too precise and matter-of-fact? The Polonaise of Chopin was for once not very effective. A slightly quicker tempo might have helped it.

Mr. Bauer has proved to us that he was a masterly interpreter of Schumann, the whimsical, sad, passionate Schumann with his joy dashed constantly with woe. His performance therefore of the Fantasia yesterday was, on the whole, a disappointment. There were exquisite minutes—and in this Fantasia we reckon by minutes, not moments, but for once Mr. Bauer was not always authoritative and convincing. The performance was episodic, and I make this criticism with full understanding of what a Fantasia is. There were stretches of measures, particularly in the second part, that seemed sheer padding; and hitherto Mr. Bauer has been eminently successful in disguising or coloring Schumann's perfunctory or fatigued thoughts.

But the performance of the Mephisto waltz was a technical and esthetic triumph. I have heard the tune fiddled by Mephistopheles when it was greasy, low, and nasty, and the episode itself in the poem of Lenau may well be characterized by these adjectives. The music is a strange mixture of Liszt at his best and his worst; it is brilliant, seductive, pretentious, affectedly naive, and there are moments when you see the composer indulging himself in what is known in the prize ring as sparring for time. Mr. Bauer by his art and his imaginative faculty, glorified the piece, just as the sun sometimes gilds a fetid pond and makes it radiant and beautiful.

Mr. Bauer was most warmly welcomed and applauded by a large audience. He will give a recital on the afternoon of Feb. 4.

Philip Hale.

We have received the following letter from X. X. X.:

Boston, Jan. 19, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Everybody knows the most fashionable street car line in Boston. One likes it because it is patronized by the most accomplished men and the best gowned women. Incidentally one hears the latest news in the smart set. No other city on earth can boast of a line where, for five cents, one sees and hears the latest. It is not necessary to read novels, as the street car patrons will tell you all about the latest. But two things are remarkable. The men do not offer seats to women, unless these women are very young, a little dazzling, and stunningly dressed. The women, in turn, block the door. The moment the seats are fairly occupied, at least one or two women lean against the door, and make it hard for people to enter or leave. Conductors plead that patrons move up front, but no bright woman complies. The lovely women attract the more aesthetic men, especial-

...of literary or theological leanings, the result being that the fashionable street car is usually empty up front and crowded at the entrance. Usually a young gentleman of faultless attire stands between the door and the step of the rear platform, compelling all ladies of either sex to pass in front of his noble figure. There be other drawbacks and impediments; but the social and literary news is your reward when you ride in the most fashionable street cars of Boston. In an ordinary car, ordinary people make room for other ordinary persons, and show ordinary civilities; in a truly fashionable car, the door is blocked, the conversation not subdued, and the company the choicest, but utterly unwilling to sit or stand where there is room.

Boiled ham should never be eaten hot.

To G. S. W.: It was Lord Alvanley that described an acquaintance as a man who "muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills." It was Sir Hercules Langrishe who asked if he had finished three bottles of port without assistance and replied: "No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

A correspondent calls out attention to the fact that Joseph, the chef, of whom we spoke lately, had a surname. Of course he had; most men, even cooks, have surnames. Joseph's was something that began with D. But he will go gliding down the ages and turning the corners in the corridors of Time as Joseph. There is Napoleon; there is Chaucer; there is John L.; there is Joseph.

They are telling stories in Paris about certain ultra crusted, conservative old ladies in the Faubourg. One of these women cannot endure the courtesy shown by her friends and relations to the world at large. "Well, well," she said on one occasion, "when I am called to appear before my Maker, there is at least one thing which I can say in my defence; I have never had an American or anybody who did not profess the Catholic faith at any of my parties."

We have received this letter: Manchester, Mass., Jan. 20, 1902. Editor of Talk of the Day: It doesn't matter much, but if it would comfort your correspondent to know who perpetrated the lines about "Mr. Mears and the eight-day clock" that jarred him, you might inform him that it was the undersigned. The lines were first printed in Scribner's Magazine (now the Century) about 20 years ago. The late Deputy Sheriff Noyes of Newburyport is reported to have had that exact experience. JOSEPH A. TORREY.

There are some good stories in "Mary Boyle, Her Book." One is of a parson, the Rev. Lorraine Smith, who hunted in purple, "because it was an Episcopal color," persuaded by the same process of reasoning that led the Ordinary to drink a bowl of punch with Mr. Jonathan Wild, "as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture." The Rev. Mr. Smith was the man who altered the disposition of the tombstones: "He thought they looked awkward and untidy in their actual position, so he had them all taken up and rearranged according to his fancy, in lines, crosses, squares, etc." We hope he included the quincunial ordination so dear to Sir Thomas Browne, the quincunial ordination, "in the form of its square rhombus, and decussation, with the several commodities, mysteries, parallelisms, and resemblances, both in art and nature." A good fellow, this sporting parson. "One Sunday morning, a very cold winter's day, he had performed the service to a scanty congregation, and on going up into his pulpit, instead of opening his sermon book, he pronounced the following address: 'My dear friends, if you require it, I will preach you the sermon which I have brought with me, but if you are as cold and hungry as I am, I think you will prefer going with me to the rectory, where you will find some cold beef and some good ale.'"

Our correspondent, "N. X. N.," spoke last Friday of a "man that leaks," in politics, or in business. We know a man who refers to a fellow-being as one that "leaks baritone." He himself is not fond of music and is much annoyed when he is obliged to listen to singing or playing. Politeness once urged him to accompany a golfer over the links, course, or field—we are shamefully ignorant of the terminology of this sanitary game; the golfer consoled himself by constantly dropping

into song, both sentimental and humorous. To our acquaintance this man is now, at least three years after the melancholy event, "the fellow that leaked baritone." There are many who must needs hum or leak wherever they may be. They might well be compared to the grilloles or crickets of Hispaniola, as described by Mr. John Esquemeling, the buccaneer: "so full of noise that they are ready to burst themselves with singing, if any person comes near them."

Otéro wore \$300,000 worth of diamonds at the Olympia Theatre in Paris last month. And why not? No doubt she earned them.

Here is a story told by Mr. Sims that may please some: "A and B were dramatists and they had collaborated in a play. They had a private telephone wire between their houses. They had finished a four-act play, and B, who was the business partner, had arranged to read it to a manager at his (B's) house one afternoon at three o'clock. A had a bad cold, and his doctor wouldn't let him go out. About half-past five he thought he would ring up his partner and ask him how the reading had gone. But something was wrong with his bell. At any rate, it didn't ring at his end, and it probably didn't ring at the other.

He put the receiver to his ear, thinking, perhaps, it might have rung into B's study, and he was just in time to hear the following conversation:

Manager—Yes, I like some of it, but not all.

B—What is it you don't like?

Manager—The second act and the beginning of the third.

B—Ah! I wrote those; the rest of the play is mine.

When the collaborators met again A was decidedly cold to B, and B wondered why. Then A explained. B has since given notice to terminate his lease of a private wire, and A and B have not collaborated since."

Jan 23 1902

BOSTON SINGING CLUB.

First Concert of Mr. Tucker's Society in Chickering Hall—Unaccompanied Choruses by Ancient and Modern Composers.

The program of the first concert of the Boston Singing Club, under the direction of Mr. H. G. Tucker and given in Chickering Hall last evening, was as follows:

A Mighty Fortress.....Luther
O Salutaris Hostia.....Palestrina
O help, Christ, Son of God.....Gallus
Cherubim Song No. 3.....Tschalkowsky
Why standest thou afar off?.....Bradley
Persian Song.....Bradley
Now sinks the Sun.....H. W. Parker
The Lily closes.....J. C. D. Parker
The Sea hath its Pearls.....J. C. D. Parker
The Righteous will consider.....H. W. Parker
The Singers.....H. J. Stewart

This club was organized Sept. 3, 1901, by members of the H. G. Tucker chorus of 1900-1901. There is good material in it, and certain pieces were sung last night with considerable effect—as the noble Song by Tschalkowsky and H. W. Parker's "Now Sinks the Sun" from "St. Christopher." But when an effect was gained, it was by sheer sonority and not by tone-color, not by artful blending of different vocal parts, and not by delicate nuances. As a matter of fact, when there were attempts at such nuances, and they were few, there was uncertainty in attack and in the sustaining of tone.

No doubt the character of several of the pieces had much to do with a certain monotony of tonal force. There was, for instance, a psalm by Palestrina. The music of Palestrina and many of the writers after him was composed for a small choir of picked and remarkably trained singers. It is nonsense to suppose they sang the music from beginning to end in an artless and persistent forte. From all accounts we know that astounding effects were made by pianissimos, by one part swelling as another part was growing softer, by all manner of patiently taught devices. Then there were traditions that were zealously and jealously preserved for years. It follows that a conductor, to gain any true effect in the performance of such music, must have been trained in a school where such traditions have left at least an echo. And where are there such conductors today? There are conductors on every street corner of New York and Boston. Some, as Mr. Frank Damrosch of New York, have gained the fictitious reputation of being thoroughly conversant with mediæval music and are supposed to know how to conduct it. But how should they have this knowledge? A man like Mr. Rotoli of this city, trained in the Roman school, may reasonably claim acquaintance with the traditions; but I doubt whether Palestrina would recognize his music as sung by choral societies in America, even when it were sung by the much-praised Musical Art Society of New York.

Furthermore the spirit in which this music was conceived and the expression of the sentiment are wholly foreign to us. The generations are more than the chronological period apart.

Again, the only place where a properly receptive mood can be established is the church. Outside of the church

and sung according to the guess of a conductor, the great bulk of ancient music is either grotesque or boresome.

Would it not be wiser for such a society as the Boston Singing Club to confine itself for at least a year to the performance of English glees and part songs? They are sentimental or hearty; they are also intelligible and welcome, when they are of the first rank. It is not necessary for the hearer to play the hypocrite for enjoyment. And many of such glees, not the most difficult ones, are within the present capabilities of these singers.

Miss Edith Torrey, soprano, sang songs by Vidor, H. J. Stewart, Chadwick, Vidal and Schubert. Mr. George T. Phelps was the accompanist. There was an applause audience of fair size.

The program called attention to the fact that five of the pieces were composed by the three organists and choir masters "who have served Trinity Church in the city of Boston during practically the last 40 years."

Mozart's "Requiem" and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht" will be sung with orchestra at the next concert, April 2.

Philip Hale.

Why this fuss and perturbation in New York about the entertainment of Prince Henry? If we were Mayor Low we should give him a dinner at Lüchow's and then take him to Weber and Fields. It is a pity that Devery is no longer on exhibition.

If the Prince should come to Boston, we might show him the Public Library—and there is always the Twentieth Century Club, where they wind up and set the clock of the universe once a week.

We read with interest of the new-fashioned temperance tracts written by the Rev. Louis Richter of Minneapolis, who has been barred from the Presbyterian Ministers' Association because he is a paid agent of a brewing company. Is it possible that Mr. Richter is the author of the beautiful verses that begin:

What, give a poor man of his beer,
And rob him good victuals instead—
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear,
Do you think we can live upon bread?

The critles in New York are already much exercised about the "immorality" of de Lara's opera "Messaline." They should cheer up. The libretto is not half as lubricious as they fear—or hope.

Lovers of live, not stuffed, animals may be interested in this story. Mr. G. R. Sims overheard two women at a street corner discussing the slaughter of birds and seals for female adornment. One said: "I can't see that it's wrong to wear fur and feathers." "Perhaps not," said the other, "but what would you say to a tigress that strutted about with a necklace of babies' heads?"

And who does not know this cheerful and maddening doctor? "If the friend has suppressed gout the doctor says: 'Ah! good thing for you it doesn't come out. I've a patient who, etc.' When my friend's gout 'comes out' the doctor says: 'Ah! much better out than in.' The other day he had a poor patient who was nervous about being vaccinated. The man took smallpox and the doctor congratulated him. 'That's all right,' he said; 'now you won't have to worry about being vaccinated.'"

You have been sick for a fortnight and you were kept indoors. Naturally you are pale and weak when you go out, and your voice is childish, querulous. A sympathetic friend says: "Be careful. This climate is dangerous. You look all run down; why, you are sweating. Look out, or you'll have a chill." This vexes you mightily, but you say "Ha, ha! I'm all right. Never was better in my life." The friend makes no reply, but his face says: "Poor fellow! He's not long for this world." Another friend wounds you by not saying anything about your sickness. He talks in a jarring way about a show he saw at a theatre, and he tells a long-winded story about his quarrel with his landlord. Finally you say: "I've been sick." He makes no sign. "I've been in the house a fortnight." No answer. "I came mighty near having pneumonia." And at last he says: "You don't look it." When you leave him, you walk at a slow pace; you cough now and then, but unnecessarily; you stoop more than usual. You have a wild desire to tell the passers-by: "I am out of the house for the first time since a week ago last Thursday." The vanity of the sick is never satisfied.

Who can read without a thrill news of fighting in Panama Bay or anywhere near Panama? Not because the Panama hat factories may be injured, although they are eight stories high and stretch for miles along the coast—at least so we were told once by a gentlemanly stranger who said he had been there, as well as in Asia Minor.

Ah, but the fighting! "Captain Morgan set forth from the Castle of

Chagre toward Panama, the 18th day of August in the year 1670. He had under his conduct 1200 men, five boats with artillery and 32 canoes, all which were filled with the said people. Thus he steered his course up the river toward Panama." Is not that an irresistible opening? The imaginative or full-blooded reader rushes on, to learn that on the first day there was such scarcity of victuals that "the greatest part were forced to pass with only a pipe of tobacco, without any other refreshment." Then he reads how Captain Henry Morgan burned and sacked Panama, and of the ingenious tortures inflicted on prisoners. Later he comes upon the deeds of Captain Coxon, Sawkins, Sharp and others; how they called at certain islands, the Samballas Islands, where lived "well featured women . . . of these it is reported they can see far better in the dark than in the light;" how these brave captains resolved to plunder Panama again (1680); he reads concerning Captain Bartholemew Sharp, "that sea-artist and valiant commander;" how in the Bay of Panama there was good fighting between great ships, pretty big barques, and perlaguas; how 68 men defeated three small men-of-war and took two of the vessels, while the blood of the foe ran down the decks "in whole streams;" how the city of Panama was still fair to see, although it had been burnt four times in 10 years and was four miles to the west of where it was when Morgan and his merry men swooped down upon it; how ships were found laden with wine, sweetmeats, skins, and soap; how one vessel was caught with 2000 jars of wine, 50 jars of gunpowder, and 51,000 pieces of eight; how—ah, it is a great book, a wonderful book, truly the one Boy's Own Book. This "Buccaneers of America," by Esquemeling should be in every boy's library, with Captain Alexander Smith's "Lives of the Highwaymen," Dr. Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs," an early edition of the "Newgate Calendar," Burton's edition of "The Arabian Nights," the Rollo books, and the "Memoirs of Jacques Casanova de Selngalt."

The cablegram said that troops were brought from Bocas del Toro. "Bocas" or "Boca"—this is a minor point; but the place was centuries ago famous for the huge quantity of good and eatable tortoises to be found there always.

Jan 27 1902

MR. FRITZ KREISLER.

First Recital of the Distinguished Austrian Violinist in Chickering Hall This Season—A Concert That Gave Rare Pleasure.

The program of Mr. Kreisler's first violin recital in Chickering Hall last evening was as follows:

Concerto in D minor, No. 3.....Bach
Concerto in F sharp minor, No. 2.....Bach
Fugue in A minor.....Bach
Andante in D minor.....Grieg
Tambourin in C major.....Lecclair
Variations on a theme by Corelli, second sequence, in F major.....Tartini
Polonaise in G.....Liszt

For some reason or other Mr. Kreisler was late, and the concert did not begin until 20 minutes after the appointed hour. When he appeared, his welcome was unmistakably hearty and sincere. He surely knows by this time that in Boston he is at home. Nor will custom stale his welcome.

The program was well arranged, both for the display of the violinist and his enjoyment of some to sneer at the music of Viouxtemps. This season a critic in New York spoke of the concerto in A minor as being only "middle music," nothing but "fireworks." Sir Peladan in his "L'Art Idealiste et Mystique" compares amateurs who admire the paintings of Chardins and Wenick to those who "salute imbecile variations made to show off an instrument; they listen patiently to the concertos of Viouxtemps and other fooleries." But put one of these despised concertos by certain pretentious modern works of the same form, by the concerto of Dvorak for instance, and how the music of Viouxtemps rises above it, in melody, in violin character, in general structure. It is true that there are old-fashioned passages in the concerto played last night, but how beautiful and passionate is the Andante, how clean, spontaneous, brilliant are the Allegro and Finale. Remember that the work was published as far back as 1837, when the composer was only 17 years old. It was played marvelously well last evening. The Andante was sung with a breadth of tone that was always beautiful, without a whelming emotional depth, with the authority of the grand style. Such a performance would repay a long and toilsome journey. And accent and brilliance and general and absolute mastery characterized the delivery of the other movements.

Equally admirable was the performance of the fugue by Bach for delicacy, rhythm, distinctness in the walk of each respective part, proportion, and the finest taste. And so there is nothing but the warmest praise for the performance of the pieces that followed.

The air of Chuck was snug to the heart at the beauty was classic, not to be outdone with modern sentiment: It was direct in appeal, but without in-
gratious and hectic flush. The Tam-
bourin by Leclair, the French violinist
who was mysteriously assassinated,
surely not for his music, sent the hear-
er back to the 18th century, when music
was as artfully naive as any pastoral
noted in the pleasure gardens of noble
dames. And in the variations by Tar-
dini there was a return to the grand
style, which, so long as violinists like
Kreisler live, is not merely a tradition
and a theme for retrospective and pes-
simistic essays.

To speak in detail of Mr. Kreisler's
art is now superfluous. He himself has
made the task impertinent if not im-
possible. There is more than art in
his performance; there is a healthy,
virile individuality; there is keen sen-
sibility; there is high imagination;
here is the dominating presence of a
man, full grown, fully equipped. True
virility includes tenderness. And Mr.
Kreisler can lull and woo in tone as
well as command and astound.

Mr. Max Zach, accompanied with
sympathy and discretion. The audi-
ence was enthusiastic. Mr. Kreisler
was recalled again and again. He ad-
ded Schubert's "L'Abeille" and a "Song
Without Words" by Tschalkowsky to
his program.

Mr. Kreisler will give his second
concert in Chickering Hall on Saturday
afternoon at 3 o'clock, when he will
play Bach's sonata in G minor for vio-
lin alone, three movements from Raff's
suite in G minor, and pieces by Franz
Liedt, Françoise, de Angelis, Tartini,
Dvorák, Chaminade-Kreisler.

Philip Hale.

I have a dream, that some day I shall go
At break of dawn down a rainy street—
A gray old street—and I shall come in the
end

To the little house I have known, and stand,
and you,
Mother of mine, who watch and wait for me,
Will you not hear my footsteps in the street,
And, as of old, be ready at the door
To give me rest again? . . . I shall come
home.

A correspondent writes as follows:
"I send you some answers handed in
by teachers and candidates for teach-
ing to the 'Teachers' Regency' in New
York. I am sure these answers have
not been published.

"Spenser was very much disliked by
the Irish pheasants. A resurrection
broke out which drove him to England,
where he originated the Spencerian
style of handwriting.

"Lady Macbeth was not so brave as
she is made out to be. She called upon
the murdering ministers to come and
turn her milk to gall. But the mur-
dering ministers came not, and her milk
remained milk in spite of herself.

"Wordsworth's greatest work was
Peter Bell, which he intended to be
equal to Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' but it
came out very much less.

"Evangeline chased Gabriel west over
the mountains, but he fled to the
woods and escaped her. Finally Evan-
geline decided to become a nurse. She
worked at her new trade for a while.
One day as she was going through the
hospital she saw an old man lying on
a bed and she saw it was G. 'Why,
Gabriel,' she exclaimed, 'how camest
thou? When I've been looking all over
or you?' Then G. turned over on his
brow, opened his mouth and looked
at her. 'Don't blame it onto me, Evan-
geline,' he said, and passed away.
"Columbus had always been very anx-
ious to pay a visit to America,
"Undulations' means 'not dulations."

Here is a thumb-nail sketch by W. F.
V.: "But there be those who have no
element at all—the queer figures that
ad the hoof about the streets, and
natch precarious slumbers in dark
doorways, while the policeman is yet
t the further end of his beat. Nost-
ambulists as I am, I meet these nost-
ambulists up and down the ways every-
light and all nights. I mind me of a
air. They had just been 'moved on'
robably. I saw him wrap about her
ie bit of sacking that tempered the
oniness of the doorstep. 'Don't you
ish you were dead?' he inquired. 'Not
much, deary,' she assured him; 'it
t cold enough yet.' Not yet. But
w soon will it be cold enough, my
mmometer?"

ford Street, stony-hearted stepmother,
t that listenest to the sighs of orphans,
r drinkest the tears of children, at length
as dismissed from thee! The time was
e at last that I no more should pace in
ish thy never-ending terraces; no more
ld dream, and wake in captivity to the
s of hunger. Successors, too many, to
elf and Ann, have, doubtless, since then
den in our footsteps; inheritors of our
unities; other orphans than Ann have
ned; tears have been shed by other chil-
n; and thou, Oxford Street, hast since
ned to the groans of innumerable hearts.

as it was with De Quincey and
so with the two seen by W. F.
The woman was the braver, the
e hopeful, the comforter.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has re-
ed her part as Calypso in Mr.
hen Phillips's "Ulysses." She gives
reason: "I intended to play it with
the passion and emotion of which
a capable; he objected, saying he did

not want emotion and passion, only
just clearly enunciated words, and de-
sired that special attention be paid to
the 'ands,' 'ifs' and 'buts.'"

Much may be said on each side. We
shall not discuss the question whether
the island on which Calypso detained
Ulysses was Aea or Ogygia; or
whether she was a sister of Circe and
Pasiphae, though if she were it is only
fair to say that she was by far the most
properly behaved of the three. Chap-
man makes Homer speak of her as "the
reverend nymph," but the reader should
not infer therefrom that she was prig-
gish or past the flush of beauty. We
know that she was a good provider,
for she furnished Mercury, when he
visited her on an awkward errand, with
"meat, such as the gods taste, and
served in with it vermillion nectar,"
Vermillion nectar must have been hot
stuff; at any rate, it "confirmed his
spirits."

Why did Ulysses leave her? He told
her frankly that wise Penelope was far
inferior to her "in feature, stature, all
the parts of show." The affectionate,
unselfish creature helped him build his
boat, and gave him "victuals store,
wine, and strong waters, and a pros-
perous wind." She also gave him in-
structions concerning his watery course.
But there was no scene of passionate
farewell. No doubt Calypso was care-
ful about her "ands" and "buts." And
here Mr. Phillips follows Homer rather
than Mrs. Potter.

Ulysses described Calypso to King
Alcinous as fair-haired, and then the
unthankful man—Ulysses was a cad
as well as a schemer—reproached her
for keeping him on the isle for seven
years, where he whined and steeped in
tears his garments made by her. Yet
it must be confessed that home-
made trousers are trying even to a
philosopher, or much-enduring man.

No doubt Calypso was avenged. Did
Penelope never taunt her husband after
his return with the stay on the island?
Did she never say, "I suppose Calypso
gave you a better dinner; but you
needn't be sour today just because
there was an accident in the kitchen;"
or "If you don't like it here, why
don't you go back to your goddess?"

Ulysses at last left Penelope, "an
aged wife." Tennyson in his poem rep-
resents him, as holding the purpose to
sail beyond the sunset and the baths
of all the Western stars." Ulysses may
have said this to Penelope and Tele-
machus, but we are sure that as soon
as his ship was well out of sight he set
the course for Calypso and her isle. It
is not unlikely that he is there now.

We have received the following letter:
Boston, Jan. 17, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

In the first act of the "Mikado" Pooh
Bah has a song which begins as fol-
lows:

Young man, despair,
Likewise go to,
Yum Yum the fair
You must not woo.
It will not do:
I'm sorry for you,
You very imperfect ablutitioner!
Lord High Executioner.

Every time I have seen the word
"ablutitioner" I have wondered
momentarily what it meant, and as I do not
find it in Webster, and as you always
seem willing to impart useful informa-
tion, I write to ask you to enlighten
me on this subject. F. S. B.

The great Oxford English Dictionary
does not give the word "ablutitioner,"
but Mr. W. S. Gilbert had a right to
coin the word, and the meaning of it
is apparent.

Jan 25 1902
A singer's throat is not to be sneezed
at. Sembrich knows this now.

We searched the folios of the ancients
to find some wise saw that would bear
on the accident which cripples tem-
porarily the great singer. We found
only this: "Sneezing dischargeth the
heaviness of the head and easeth the
pose or rheum that stuffeth the nose;
and it is commonly said, That if one lay
his mouth to the nostrils of a mouse
or rat and touch the same, it will do as
much." The ancients are often disap-
pointing, sometimes disconcerting.

Sneezing reminds us of snuff, and the
two words are not far apart. The
Daily Chronicle assures us that the
habit of snuff-taking is growing among
the young men of England. Solemn
warning is given. "The habitual snuff-
taker's nose is in a perpetual state of
irritation, particularly the most notice-
able end of it. As time goes on the
chronic inflammation increases its size
and produces exactly the effect asso-
ciated with excessive drinking. Elegant
youths who are studying the nice con-
duct of a snuffbox would be wise to
consider the price of their pose."

And yet there is a fascination about
taking tobacco in this form. First of
all there is the snuffbox itself, often
beautiful, rich in historical associations,
and of indescribably fragrant odor.
Monarchs used to give boxes, orna-
mented with precious stones, or with
a portrait, or filled with gold coins,
to all males who found favor in their
eyes. Even the boxes of horn with
some rude device or a scurvy motto
still have their charm.

How the snuffbox on the stage gives
crutches to a limping repartee or some
platitude introduced with "Damm-

snuff!" How it seals a contract, mends
a cracked acquaintanceship! It makes
silence ironic, portentous, sinister. Or
the snuffbox may be grotesque. Did
not the great Lemaitre thrill or con-
vulse his audiences by the manner in
which his adroitly managed snuffbox
shrieked? We remember well the box
used by one Jones as the Spy in "The
Daughters of Madame Angot," when it
was performed by the Alice Oates com-
pany. (It seems as though Alice Oates
could never die. She was the elixir
of life. But what poor taste she
showed in her choice of amorous ten-
ors.)

The old country doctor took snuff by
the bedside as long as there was any
hope for the patient. His atmosphere
was snuffy. His box was a gift from
Sir Benjamin Brodie, with whom he
had dined in London. Was the sick-
ness a light one? He snuffed in jaunty
fashion. Was there danger? The
pinches were huge, held thoughtfully
for a moment, then taken meditatively.

Savages have for years been in the
habit of taking snuff composed of
stimulating plants, as the Booshuans,
and the inhabitants of Dagwumba. It
is said that the Irish practised the
habit long before the Scotch or the
English. Buckle found no mention of
snuff before 1559, and it is a singular
fact that King James I. in his "Coun-
terblast to Tobacco" does not mention
this form of the weed. Pope Innocent
XII. in 1590 excommunicated all those
who were found taking snuff or using
tobacco in any manner in the Church
of St. Peter's at Rome.

The use of the snuffbox has long
been considered by some a dandyism.
In Wycherly's "Gentleman Dancing
Master" Mr. Paris comes back from
France and sneers at everything Eng-
lish. He will have nothing to do with
Mr. Gerrard, and he gives as a con-
clusive reason for his contempt: "In
fine, to say no more, he never carries
a snuffbox about with him." In a
play by Congreve, Tattle, who is court-
ing Miss Prue, gives her a snuffbox.
We learn from the Spectator that fine
ladies had fallen into the practice. The
habit was considered coarse in the time
of Louis XIV. and it was not allowed
at Court.

Some objected to it because it was a
waste of time. Here is a calculation
made by Lord Stanhope: "Every pro-
fessed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-
taker at a moderate computation, takes
one pinch in 10 minutes. Every pinch,
with the agreeable ceremony of blow-
ing and wiping his nose, and
other incidental circumstances, con-
sumes 1½ minutes. One minute
and a half out of 10, allow-
ing 16 hours to a snuff-taker a day,
amounts to 2 hours and 24 minutes
out of every natural day, or one day
out of 10. One day out of every 10
amounts to 36 days and a half in a
year. If we suppose the practice to be
continued 40 years, two entire years
of the snuff-taker's life are dedicated to
tickling his nose, and two more to his
blowing of it."

It appears that the habit was a hard
one to break. George Stevens, the
editor of Shakespeare, had an iron will
which he carried with him. Though he
had taken snuff all his life, he never
took one pinch after he lost his box

in St. Paul's churchyard. "Had he
taken one he might have taken one
more, and then only another, and after-
ward only a little bit in a paper, and
then he would have died, as he lived,
—a snuff-taker." Some did not take
the solemn view entertained by this
biographer. Horace Walpole wrote to
Sir Horace Mann in 1753: "I am al-
most inclined not to say a word to
your last letter, because if I begin to
answer it it must be by scolding you
for making so serious an affair of leav-
ing off snuff; one would think you
was to quit a vice, not a trick. Con-
sider, child, you are in Italy, not in
England: Here you would be very fash-
ionable by having so many nerves, and
you might have doctors and waters for
every one of them." Walpole speaks
of the "snuff-titter-nerve-fever" and
adds: "You say people tell you that
leaving off snuff all at once may be
attended with bad consequences—I
can't conceive what bad consequences,
but to the snuff-shop, who, I conclude
by your lamentations, must have sold
you tolerable quantities, and I know
what effects any diversion of money
has upon the tobacco-trade in Tuscany.
I forget how much it was that the
duty sank at Florence in a fortnight
after the erection of the first lottery,
by the poor people abridging them-
selves of snuff to buy tickets."

We knew some young English bucks
fresh from the universities who af-
fected snuff in Stuttgart 17 years ago.
It was their especial delight to take
it between the courses of the table
d'hôte to the disgust of several bat-

tered Russian Countesses as well as
Baronesses made in Germany. We do
not urge the revival of the practice in
Boston. Yet it might cheer at lectures,
concerts, plays, or in church. It might
serve as a quiet defence against horses.
When they talked of their Raphaels, Cor-
reggios, and stuff;
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff!

Jan 26 1902

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

First Performance in Boston of
"Raymonda," a Ballet Suite, by
Alexander Glazounoff—Mr. Emil
Fischer Is Soloist—Second Violin
Recital by Mr. Fritz Kreisler in
Chickering Hall.

The 12th Symphony concert, Mr.
Gerike conductor, was given last night
in Symphony Hall. Mr. Emil Fischer,
bass, was the soloist. The program
was as follows:

Symphony in D (4. and H. No. 2).....Haydn
"O God, Have Mercy," from "St. Paul,".....Mendelssohn
Ballet-Suite, "Raymonda".....Glazounoff
(First time.)
Monologue of Hans Sachs from Act III.
of "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Overture, "Leonore No. III.".....Beethoven

The ballet of late years has been a
poor and shabby thing in this country.
There have been ballets so-called, but
the dancing has consisted of awkward
posturing, or women of assorted ages
and stretched in a long row have at-
tempted to make us believe that the
Babylonians were mightily pleased with
one, constantly recurring, synchro-
nous, abhorious kick, now to the
right, now to the left. The pub-
lic of the period do not care for
the ballet, perhaps because it does
not know what the ballet, as cultivated
in certain European cities, may be;
and even the skirt-dance as introduced
by graceful English burlesquers has
lost its charm. The ballet introduced
in the sporadic visits of grand opera is
a pathetic sight—the dancers are almost
always untrained, and the principals
are elephants or relics.

Europeans are still fond of this en-
tertainment, although the taste is now
for simple stories, and complex action
is no longer in fashion. The Russians
are as fond of stage dancing as the
Italians. Catherine I. borrowed Miss
Juliette from Paris, just as Catherine
II. borrowed a philosopher, Diderot;
and there was a Russian ballet before
there was a Russian opera.

Glazounoff, who began with sym-
phonic poems and overtures, then cul-
tivated the symphony and chamber mu-
sic, believes at present that only in the
ballet can he find scope for the full ex-
pression of his musical thoughts.

The excerpts from "Raymonda" that
were played last night do not prejudice
one in favor of the ballet itself, so
far as the music is concerned. The
story is old and simple: Two men and
one woman; virtue triumphs and is re-
warded in the last act. The music of
the suite does not show marked in-
vention, extraordinary sense or piquan-
cy of rhythm; in fact, it is not dis-
tinguished in any way, and some of it
is cheap, indeed. The most character-
istic of the movements is the Roman-
csque.

The greater portion is ordinary fresco
music or decorative in a commonplace
fashion. The suite is not to be nam-
ed in the same breath with suites ar-
ranged from ballets by Delibes—why
do we not see as well as hear his
charming "Coppelia" and "Sylvia?"
Lalo, Rubinstein, although in orchestra-
tion Glazounoff surpasses his com-
patriot, and minor names might here
be mentioned. This "Raymonda" is
musically little if any better than the
ballet music written for the London
theatres, the Empire and the Alhambra
—I mean the old Alhambra in the palmy
days. How clumsy, for instance, is
much of the "Valse Fantastique" the
ladies dancing about Raymonda in her
dramatic dance in rubber boots. Glazo-
noff's score calls for an extra full
orchestra. It calls for a célesta, which
was not used last night, for the ex-
cellent reason that there is none avail-
able in the city.

The symphony was read with un-
bounded sympathy and care, and it
was played with supreme finish and
beauty of tone. Haydn complained in
London that his minuets were gener-
ally played too fast. His minuets as a
rule smack of the soil and peasant jol-
lity. Seldom is there a touch of court-
ly elegance. The minuet in this sym-
phony hints at the court rather than
the village.

Mr. Fischer sang "O God, Have
Mercy," from "St. Paul," and it is in-
teresting to note that his mother, Mrs.

Caroline Fischer-Achten, sang the
chief soprano part in the oratorio when
it was performed for the first time at
Duesseldorf, in 1836.

Mr. Fischer also sang the monologue
Wagner puts into the mouth of Hans
Sachs—"Wahn! Wahn!" I heard Mr.
Fischer when he sang this part for the
first time in his life. It was at Dres-
den in 1832 or 1833; and the performance
was a memorable one: so true yet so
poetic, so satisfactory in voice and ac-
tion, so thoroughly German in the bet-
ter sense. That was almost 20 years
ago, and Mr. Fischer was born in 1840.
"Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,"
Mortimer Collins once said that the
poet Horace wrote to be quoted in the
House of Commons; but Horace wrote
many lines of universal application—of
application in music as well as in ordi-
nary street and house life.

When I heard Mr. Fischer last night
and remembered him as one of the
chief glories of the Dresden opera, the
thought was coupled with: "Alas, the

meeting, Mrs. my Postumus, my For-
tunus, the fleeting years glide away,
and play will never bring a check to
wealth, and Old Age's stern ad-
vance. And play here may well in-
clude devotion to art.

The program of Mr. Fritz Kreisler's
second recital, given in Chickering Hall
yesterday afternoon with Mr. Max
Zach as accompanist, was as follows:

First suite in G minor.....Raff
Prelude, Menuet, Corrente
Adagio for violin alone, G minor.....Bach
Study in G major on a Chorus by Han-
del for violin alone.....Franz Benda
Corrente, B. min.....Francoeur
Gigue, B. minor.....Groland de Angell
Fugue, A. major.....Tartini
Händel'ske, G. flat major.....Dvorak
Sérénade Espagnole.....Chamblade-Kreisler

Mr. Kreisler was unfortunate in this:
the program was not strongly varied,
too many of the pieces were practically
of the same character, and they did not
make demands on the noblest qualities
of this admirable violinist. With the
exception of the beautiful Adagio by
Bach, there was no broad, sustained,
sweeping melody, and there was little
or no opportunity for a display of the
elemental emotions. Brer Dvorak's
Coon song is a pretty thing, but the
sentiment is dangerously near senti-
mentalism. After the correntes, the
fugues and other pieces that Artemus
Ward would describe as "rapid fid-
dle," even this piece by Dvorak was
gratuitous.

The mistake was not in the choice of
any one piece; it was in the choice of
so many pieces of the same character,
lively pieces, interesting, ingenious or
elegant in their simplicity. They were
played with delightful ease and with
indisputable art; but, after all, music is
emotional, and if the emotions are not
stirred there are pleasant words for
the skill of the violinist—the rest is
style.

It was a mistake in judgment to play
immediately after the excerpts from
Raff's suite in G minor the pieces by
Bach for violin alone. The suite of Raff,
written in 1873 and first played by Hugo
Hermann, has a flavor of the ancient
spirit. The first movement is charming;
the second is by no means uninterest-
ing; and the suite itself is worth play-
ing; but it is of the higher grade of
salon music, without tender, intimate,
heroic, noble or mystical character.
Now the adagio of the Bach is both
beautiful and noble; but the two move-
ments that follow, and the pieces by
Francoeur, De Angell, Tartini, might
justly be classed together as lively, and
lively without distraction except for the
study by Benda, which surely cannot
be justly called emotional. Not even
the art of Mr. Kreisler could suggest
the needed contrasts. He has a surpris-
ingly large repertoire; he is equally at
home and at ease with the an-
cients and the moderns; it is always a
pleasure to hear him; but they that
know him only by no means acquainted with
his many-sided artistry.

De Angell is not a familiar name on
programs. This violinist was born in
1858. He was a pupil of Brazzini, a
teacher at the Milan Conservatory, and
solo violinist of La Scala until 1897,
when he was appointed chief teacher of
the violin at the Royal Irish Academy
of Music at Dublin. He made a concert
tour in South America about 1894, and
he wrote an opera, "L'Innocent."

There was a large and enthusiastic
audience. Mr. Kreisler was obliged to
add pieces to the program. These
pieces, too, were of a lively nature.

Philip Hale.

MR. FRITZ KREISLER has pro-
nounced personality as well as
dividuality, and personality in
these years is a great aid to the
performer. "In these years"—was it
not always so? The player or singer
may not be handsome, of commanding
presence, but there must be some in-
tangible, elusive force, which is some-
times hypnotic, sometimes of nobler
quality. Gregorowitsch impresses by a
certain refinement, elegance of hear-
ing; César Thomson by a suggestion of
something unearthly as well as by the
authority of supreme seriousness;
Ysaie controls an audience as soon as
he appears on the stage, nor is this
due merely to his bulk. Wieniawski was
singularly magnetic, even when he was
waiting for the orchestra to finish the
introduction. Wilhelmj and Sarasate are
other instances of strong impression
made by personality. It is so with pian-
ists, perhaps to a less degree, because
their personality is not wholly exposed,
yet there is the personality of Pad-
rewski, unparalleled in recent years,
even when he forgets his art and plays
indifferently or to the gallery. De
Pachmann has also a striking person-
ality; so has Harold Bauer, while Josef
Hofmann and Dohnanyi are not so
fortunate in this respect. And we all
know how many mediocre signers or
singers worse than mediocre are favor-
ites simply on account of some physical
charm or manner.

Mr. Kreisler's personality is one of
noble strength. His vitality is con-
spicuous. He suggests the athlete, the
triest. Women in all the centuries
have admired gladiators and those
skilled in many feats, from the Vestal
virgins to the Duchess that fell in love
with Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer; from
the noble dames described by Juvenal
to the Americans who sent by each
mail perfumed notes to Robert Stick-
ney, the bare-back rider. But Mr.

Kreisler's virility does not make him
envious; for it is natural, inevitable;
it is unconscious, absolutely without
affectation. As he is strong, as he
is a master of the grand style, so is
his sentiment healthy and robust in
beauty. There is no taint of mawkish-
ness, there is no odor of tuberoses.
You could not imagine him playing
deliberately to the fluttering ladies,
any more than to the gallery.

The man is like the player; simple,
generous, manly. I do not use the word
generous in the restricted sense. Mr.
Kreisler is generous in appreciation of
his colleagues, in his admiration for
the worthy. He was asked why he

did not play a certain concerto. "What!
After Ysaie?" It is a pleasure to hear
him talk about the talent of Marteau,
young Jacques, Thibaud, and others;
and when he criticises violinists, he
speaks without malice, open or sug-
gested.

Mr. Kreisler plays the music of Vieux-
temps, another great violinist and ex-
cellent musician. How generous, how
full of admiration for others, was this
Belgian, one of the most brilliant
glories of the virtuoso world. Vieux-
temps, excellent musician as well as one
of the very first of virtuosos, left frag-
ments of an autobiography. I trans-
late his account of Paganini.

"I still remember him! I see him! I
hear him! His fantastic, cadaverous,
dramatic apparition was a poem and it
made a profound impression. The ap-
plause that welcomed him had no end.
For some time he acted as though he
were amused by it, and when he had
enough he looked at the audience with
eagle eyes, yet diabolically, and he set
off a skyrocket that started from the
lowest note of the violin and climbed
to the highest, with a swiftness, a pow-
er of tone, a clearness, a diamond-like
brilliance so extraordinary, so verti-
ginous, that everyone at once felt him-
self conquered, fanatical."

"Again there was frenetic applause;
and this scene was repeated two, three,
several times, until the master had
enough and deigned to begin. I re-
peat, his apparition, this alone was a
poem. I shall not try to enter into
details of this gigantic, unique per-
formance."

"I heard the concerto in B minor,
called 'La Clochette,' the variations on
'Il cor non più minto,' the Perpetual
movement, and the 'Witches' Dance.'"

"The impression was profound, im-
mense, but I could not give a precise
account of the means that he used to
produce his effects. Nevertheless the
impression remained intact, and later,
when I was older in years and had a
deeper knowledge of violin playing,
many things explained and revealed
themselves. Yet the remembrance of
my sensations has always remained the
same, and my admiration has gone
even to the limit of improbability."

A New York critic has been lustily
sounding the praise of Mr. Jean de
Reszke's performance of Siegfried in
Paris. He did not see it; but he argued,
inasmuch as Mr. de Reszke was once a
distinguished tenor, he must be a great
singer until his death. The King can
do no wrong.

Now I happen to have several news-
papers of Paris in which elaborate ac-
counts of the performance were pub-
lished. The criticisms were written by
the leading critics of the city, who are
well known admirers of Wagner, who
know Bayreuth, whose experience, in-
telligence and honesty are unimpeach-
able.

I now quote from Mr. Adolphe
Julien, the well-known biographer of
Richard Wagner. His article was pub-
lished in the Journal des Débats (Jan.
5, 1902):

"But the hero of the festival—or rather
he should have been—was M. Jean de
Reszke, who returned from America
for the express purpose of playing be-
fore us one of the parts that he prefers.
Before going upon the stage he deigned
to grant a general 'satisfait' to the
whole personnel of the Opéra—conduct-
or, accompanist, chorus master, even
the manager—and he did not hesitate
to tell us that in order to comprehend
fully harmony of sound it is necessary
to speak at least three languages: Ger-
man, French, Italian; the severity of
the pronunciation of German inter-
preters does not always allow the nuance
desired by Wagner. After all these
beautiful speeches all he had to do was
to sing, and he acquitted himself of this
task as well as he could. He was al-
ways the elegant cavalier, address. He
was acceptable and even praiseworthy
in all the scenes where purity and dis-
tinctiveness of diction could atone for
lack of voice (thus he has breathed out
with true charm the reveries of Sieg-
fried in the shade of a tree.) But his
vocal means permitted him only to
sketch the song of the forge, as well as
the scene of Brünnhilde's awakening,
and thus the first act, in fact, the whole
work, was unlearned. There was not
the slightest brilliance, there was no
explosion of overflowing youth or im-
petuous love."

Henry Gauthier-Villars wrote in the
Echo de Paris, Jan. 4, 1902:

"I put my trust in puffery and ex-
pected great things from M. Jean de
Reszke. I am still waiting. How could
M. Gallhard—who I always thought
was a kindly soul—how could he be so
cruel as to impose this crushing part,
this part that demands so much force,
such youth, such go, an aged singer
who substitutes for a voice grimaces

and frowns—about that are in truth
melancholy? The management of the
Opéra should provide the audience with
microphones if it wishes its Siegfried to
be heard in the song of the forge. Not
one of the tones that he emits comes to
the sitters in the fauteuils, who are re-
duced to watching him putting his
sword together. . . . Mlle. Grandjean
(the Brünnhilde) . . . showed a
youthful vigor unknown, alas, to the
Polish Siegfried, who sang like a Ger-
man tenor and acted like an Italian."

Mr. André Corneau said in Le Ma-
tin:

"M. Jean de Reszke if he was an ideal
Romeo is not exactly the Siegfried
seen in dreams. That which he does
is miraculously clever, of an endeavor
that is constantly interesting, nor can
one dispute the merit of his interpreta-
tion. To carry to the end a part as
crushing as that of Siegfried shows
a valor that is rare. M. de Reszke
did as well as he could with an en-
feebled voice; he is full of talent; but

he is not Siegfried—and it is a pity."

Mr. Hugues Imbert wrote in the Guide
Musical (Brussels): "If M. Jean de
Reszke put into his impersonation evi-
dent good will and great intelligence, it
is necessary, however, to recognize the
fact that his voice is not large enough
to put such a crushing part into bold
relief; furthermore, he was a little
superficial."

The Paris correspondent of the All-
gemeine Musik Zeitung (Berlin) wrote:
"Jean de Reszke sang and played the
title-part, which on his account unfor-
tunately was much abbreviated. Ger-
man pretensions are not strong enough
for the once so celebrated singer and
player when he impersonates 'Sieg-
fried.'"

The Milan correspondent of the Musi-
cal Courier gives the following account
of Miss Stefi Geyer, a young Hungarian
violinist who has been playing in Italy
with great success. I quote in part
from the account:

She was born in Budapest on Jan. 23,
1888, and was taught by Jeno Hubay.
Her father is a viola player, her mother
a singer and pianist. She has blue eyes
and straight "black-brown hair," which
"covers her ears and side face or
cheeks and reaches to her shoulders,
being thick but not long; it is parted
in the centre and held in position by a
narrow band of silver encircling the
child's head, which, at a distance, re-
sembles a 'halo' ring, closely crowned.
Her dress is white, low cut and sleeve-
less for evening performances, but high
necked and full sleeved for matinée re-
citals." She also wears black stockings
and low-cut slippers. She plays a violin
modeled after the Amati school.

She first played in Italy, at Florence,
on Dec. 2. Then she played in Venice
and smaller towns. "Stefi Geyer is a
stout girl; she has a strong, full arm, a
fleshy hand, with dimpled knuckles and
very tapering fingers. She practises
one hour daily outside of concert play-
ing when traveling, and never practised
more than three hours a day, which in-
cluded all technical exercises as well as
preparation of repertoire. She says that
if the violin were like the piano, with
accompaniment and harmony study
combined, she might sit down to it and
remain longer at it; that if three hours
of daily serious and conscientious violin
study will not produce satisfactory re-
sults something else had better be pre-
ferred to take its place. At the age of
four, her father informed me, the child
used to pluck out tones at the piano and
inquire what they were, in which man-
ner she learned to recognize sound color

by ear, as others are taught sight color.
With five years the violin was gradu-
ally taken up, and soon became Stefi's se-
rious and all-absorbing plaything."

We read in the Musical Courier that
Dr. Duffield, pastor, has "worked
amplably" with Mr. W. C. Carl for 10
years. Any clergyman who has worked
amicably for that length of time with
any organist surely deserves a testi-
monial. Is there not a Guild of Or-
ganists in New York? Will it be back-
ward in appreciation of such rare pas-
toral forbearance?

The program of the next Worcester
(Mass.) Festival will include Chad-
wick's "Judith," selections from Bach's
"Christmas Oratorio," the finale of Act
I. of "Parsifal," and H. W. Parker's
"Hora Novissima." H-m-m!

The song recital by Mr. George Ham-
lin this week will be of unusual inter-
est, for the program will be devoted
wholly to songs by Richard Strauss,
who is now the subject of fierce con-
troversy. The songs by Strauss that
are already known here are great fa-
vorites, and nowhere is there any dis-
pute about his melodic invention in
song-writing. "In all these songs," as
Mr. Huneker says, "the music seeks
the emotional curve, in all is there
absolute fidelity to the poetic theme—
that is, fidelity as the composer con-
ceives it." Mr. Hamlin gave a Strauss
recital in New York in December, and
songs and singer were lavishly praised.
Mr. Henderson wrote: "It was the
first recital devoted entirely to the

works of this composer, and that fact
alone was sufficient to give it special
significance. But there was something
more than that. The truth is that the
songs of Richard Strauss heard on that
afternoon were masterpieces. This
may be said without any reservation.
These songs have never stood among
the debatable compositions of this
writer. Many of Strauss's songs are
yet unknown to Americans, but up to
the present time all that have been
heard have been received with pleas-
ure. Those which were heard for the
first time on Thursday were not heard
for the last time. Such songs have
come to stay. Mr. Hamlin is to be
thanked for having given to New York
music lovers one of the most deligh-
tful afternoons in their recent experi-
ence."

JANUARY 27,

"JUDITH."

"Judith," a lyric drama, music by Mr.
George W. Chadwick, book by Mr.
William C. Langdon, was performed
for the first time in Boston last night
in Symphony Hall. The solo singers
were Gertrude May Stein, Mr. C. B.
Shirley (Achior), Mr. G. Janowski
(Holofernes), Mr. Herbert Witherspoon
(Ozias). Mr. Wallace Goodrich was
organist. Mr. Chadwick conducted.

This lyric drama, or cantata, or ora-
torio, was performed for the first time
at the Worcester (Mass.) Festival, on
Sept. 26, 1901, when the chief singers
were Miss Stein, Messrs. E. C. Towne,
David Bisham, Carl E. Dufft. Mr.
Chadwick was then conductor of the
Festival.

There have been many operas and ora-
torios founded on the treacherous and
bloody deed of the widow Judith. She
has given the title also to stage music,
symphonic poems, melodramas, ballets,
Italian, Englishmen, Germans, French-
men, Russians, have paid her this tri-
bute. From the 17th to the 20th century
her name has been on the lips of singers.
And yet not one work that bears her
name has been durable or widely known.
Absit omen!

Nor is Mr. Chadwick's "Judith" the
latest musical version of the Apocryphal
story. August Klughardt's oratorio
"Judith" was performed for the first
time at Dessau, Oct. 20, 1901. The critics
are of the opinion that the character
of the text is prejudicial to the long
continued if not immediate success of
the music, and for these reasons: The
librettist has not provided for the
work a "deep psychical or philosophi-
cal ground" as a foundation. Differ-
ent episodes, as the oppression of the
Israelites, Achior's behavior, the mur-
der of Holofernes, may awaken a cer-
tain historical interest, but they do not
move the soul of the hearer. The char-
acters have little or no vitality. Judith's
deed has no general significance; it is
not typical or elemental; it is an episode
of a remote war of merely local in-
terest.

Such in substance were the charges
brought against Mr. Leopold Gerlach,
the librettist of Klughardt's oratorio;
and they may be applied justly to Mr.
Langdon's libretto. I spoke at some
length concerning this text when the
work was produced at Worcester. I
read the libretto again yesterday. I
read it calmly and slowly, and I read
it without prejudice, although I re-
membered that the author is a Profes-
sor of English in a New Jersey school.
It would be a pleasure to hail it as
a masterpiece; for masterpieces are few.
It would be a pleasant duty to say that
it is clearly and effectively written.
It is not a masterpiece; it is not even
conventional and commonplace. It is
often bombastic and absurd; it is sophis-
tically weak where it should be
strong; and the scene in which Judith
tells the friendly chorus how she took
advantage of Holofernes' drunk, Holo-
fernes who "wooded with foul intent"
—incidentally to furnish Mr. Langdon
with a rhyme for "torch-light in the
tent"—might have been written for the
bravest favorite of a single-tangle. Nor
is it necessary to point out curious
figures of speech, as when Mr. Langdon
puts into the mouth of Judith:

"The storms of Asshur burst o'er Judah's
hills,
Their rolling thunder every valley fills,
Like rain we fall.
O send us shelter from the fiery blast,
And clear the sky that death has overcast."

A reader may say: "You quoted these
lines last fall." I did. I quote them
now. I should like to quote them again
about March next or April 2d. I hope to
quote them next year. There are some
things that never grow stale.

The libretto reeks with blood: "Har-
vests of gore"—I should prefer here the
phrase "buckets of gore," for it is
more in keeping with the spirit of the
Old Bowery that the libretto breathes—
say rather, snorts.

"Till round the charred impaling-stake
Grim death has fed full grist."

But was not the impaling-stake sharp-
ened and not charred? Sir Richard F.
Burton has a curious note concerning
this unpleasant punishment—perhaps it
is just as well not to pursue the dis-
cussion.

Irons rend and break, bones are
crushed, "Wine with blood besmeared
his fame," "blood with wine was

strangely blent," "bleaching bones and ashes"—and last, but not least, Death is pictured as "laughing, streams of blood to Asshur quaffing." We almost forgot that Holofernes distinctly expresses the desire to turn "Egypt's dry and breathless sands" into "a gory pool." But what do you expect of a heathen who asks a visiting woman, and a widow, "Dost scorn this rich collation?"; a heathen of "vile carresses," and "loathsome smiles"?

All this rhetorical beating on pans does not make a drama. There is little possibility of drama in the story as it is told by Mr. Langdon or even by the author of the book in the Apocrypha. Holofernes is not a complex character. He is a simple soldier who was fascinated by Judith. To use the language of "The Golden Legend," he was "caught by his eyes," for even Ozias and the priests "marvelled of her beauty." He said to her, "Sit down and drink in joy for thou hast found grace before me." She answered, "I shall drink, my lord, for my life is magnified this day before all the days of my life." I doubt whether Holofernes sang to her about the "roaming honey bee" or "crystal-line domes." According to "the Golden Legend" he "was merry and drank so much wine that he never drank so much in one day in all his life, and was drunken." Then he went to bed and "lay and slept in overmuch drunkenness." Judith sneaked into the bed-chamber, smote him twice in the neck and cut off his head. A dramatic episode—but this is not enough for a drama.

Mr. Langdon's text is suitable only for concert use or solitary entertainment in the library.

Mr. Chadwick did the only thing he could do under these circumstances. He wrote in oratorio style when there was opportunity, and again, when there was opportunity he expressed himself in quasi-operative form. His choruses are superior to the solo music, for the different characters are not sharply defined, and there is little true portraiture. The music given to Ozias and Achior is for the most part respectably commonplace. Judith is vaguely drawn; there is no substantial, palpable creature of flesh and blood, and one wonders at the sudden infatuation of Holofernes. Thus, in her vision there are a few successful moments, as in "With grief and lamentation," but this music has no special, inevitable relationship with character or situation, and the two last pages, with a suggestion of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" in the accompaniment, end impotently what should have been a strong scene. Holofernes fares a little better, and his song of seduction is pretty and graceful, sentimental rather than sensuous. Judith, on the other hand, sings steadily through her widow's veil. The scene of the murder, with the exception of the cry of the Sentinel, is ineffective: it is not tragic; it is not even melodramatic.

But in the choruses Mr. Chadwick often shows true strength that is well sustained toward a genuine climax. The chorus "God, Jehovah," is impressive; and some of the ensembles in which contrasted sentiments enter are written fluently, picturesquely, and with power. Witness the chorus of soldiers and others and the tent-chorus in the second act. Furthermore the orchestration is often full of color, vital and glowing, or ingenious and making points in no experimental fashion. In this orchestration the composer is often dramatic. And so while the solo pieces are not conceived and are not expressed dramatically, there is something in the accompaniment that keeps the attention from wandering. Dramatic feeling, color and force are in the instruments, not in the voices.

The performance of the chorus was for the most part good in attack, accuracy and body of tone; but there was no attention paid to the dynamic indications of the composer. Miss Stein was in far better voice than at Worcester. The inherent charm of many of her tones gave a fictitious interest to many of her measures, and when the music gave her opportunity for dramatic expression she enlarged this opportunity. Mr. Witherspoon had a thankless task. Mr. Shirley was an unsatisfactory Achior as regards voice and art.

Mr. Janpowski made his first appearance here. He took the part of Holofernes, and I am inclined to think that Holofernes in his wilder moments must have sung as Mr. Janpowski sang last night.

The performance of the orchestra was ragged. There was an appreciative audience of good size. A wreath was given to Mr. Chadwick after the first act.

Mr. Walter W. Conklin asks the New York Sun why does a dog wag his tail? He asks in all seriousness, and does not wish the customary answer. "I have consulted numerous volumes, big and little, with no result."

This is, indeed, a serious question. Ursus in Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui rit" told the men and women of London that his wolf Homo was a dog made perfect, and he added: "Let us respect the dog. The dog—what a comic beast!—whose sweat is on his tongue, and whose smile is in his tail."

We, too, have searched the books. The latest work on natural history that we have at hand was published in 1607: Edgar Topsell's "Historic of Four-footed Beasts." It is an invaluable work. Topsell says many things about dogs—dogs in general, "the water-spangle; the mixt kinde of Dogs called in England Mangrels or Mongrels; the village-dog; the Mimick or Getulian-dog, and the little Melitaean-dogs of

gentlewomen, the Harrier, the Terrar, the Blood-Hound, the Gase-Hound, the Gray-Hound, the Leviner, the Tumbler, the Theevish Dog (Canis furax), the Spaniel, the Mastive, the Curs of the Mongrel and Rascal sort," etc., etc. He does not explain why a dog wags his tail. Yet he was observant of tails: "Now you are to observe the divers and variable disposition of Hounds in their finding out of the Beast: some, when they have found the footsteps go forward without any voyce or other shew of ear or tail. Again, another sort, when they have found the footings of the Beast, prick up their ear a little, but either bark or wag their tails; other will wag the tail, but not move their ears, other again wring their faces, and draw their skins through over much intention (like sorrowful persons), and so follow the sent, holding the tail immovable." He also tells us that the voice of a dog is by the learned interpreted a railing and angry speech.

Pliny has much to say about dogs, but he does not discuss the vital question. He informs us that for the bite of a mad dog there are some, "who hurn the haire of the same mad dog's taile, and conveigh the ashes handsomely in some tent of lint into the wound."

The poets say little or nothing about this gesture or smile of the dog. Homer describes the poor old dog of Ulysses recognizing his master:

Up went his dog's laid ears, and, coming near,

Up he himself rose, fawn'd, and wagg'd his stern.

But Homer merely states the fact; he does not analyze the action.

We have received the following letter: Boston, Jan. 24, 1902.

Editor Talk of the Day:

I am a stranger in your famous town, and for that reason, perhaps, I am more appreciative of your local advantages than are your citizens, to whom these advantages are a matter of course. I have been aided materially in my work at the Public Library by the unfailing courtesy of the attendants. But this morning I was severely shocked in this same library.

While I was waiting in Bates Hall for some books I looked at some of the shelves filled with volumes for immediate consultation. I discovered my old friend Montagne both in French and English, and I pulled down the English edition (shelf-number, 694.2). I turned at once to my favorite essay: "Upon Some Verses of Virgil." Judge of my surprise and wonder when I found that the essay had been cut out. Was this the work of some sneak, or is it the habit of the Trustees and the Librarian to mutilate, to Bowdlerize the works of the great masters of literature? If this is the case, how do Shakespeare and the Book of Books escape? I had been told that there is prudery both in selection and in mutilation of books by the officers of the Library, but I could not, I did not wish to believe it.

I wonder why young specialists of the nose, throat and lungs do not spend an hour each day in Bates Hall. There is a marvelous catarrhal, bronchial and

pulmonary exhibition. Your neighbor does not hesitate to cough without covering his mouth; the man opposite barks violently in your face; the one next him has the snuffles and no handkerchief. I do not insist that cough lozenges, inhalers and wipes should be provided at the expense of the city. The consequences of such rash philanthropy would be terrible. But I wonder that many of these well-dressed persons were not taught in their childhood the rudiments of decency. And in spite of the advantages of Boston, I am tempted to prefer the wild bronchos of my native California to the cultivated bronchitics of the modern Athens. What is true of the behavior in Bates Hall is true. I regret to say, of behavior too commonly observed in your street cars.

Yours truly, H. B. L.

We have neglected the Saints shamefully for a few days. Our good intentions were choked by the gross cares of this world. But this is the day of St. John Chrysostom, who as Bishop of Constantinople was at first grievously misunderstood. Because he would not bid his clerks to dine with him, and because he would not eat with them, they said he did it because he ate his meat so foul, and the other said that he did it for the excellence and noblesse of his meats. And the truth was because that his stomach was off sore and grieved, wherefore he eschewed the great dinners and the feasts.

We were under the impression that the duty of the lawyer who makes the opening address in a murder trial is to describe the incidents of the murder and state what the Government expects to prove; that it is not his duty to indulge in rhetoric, to be theatrical, to make a "terrible arraignment" before a witness has been called. But they think differently in New York: see Mr. Osborne's address in the Patrick trial. And even in this Common-

wealth is not the accused obliged to prove himself innocent?

It is said that the Chinese envoy who will go to the coronation of King Edward is "without personal distinction." To a superficial observer all Chinamen look alike, and are therefore without distinction. But sad mistakes may arise from such flippant judgment, as in the case of the Heathen Chinee sung by Bret Harte.

The Paris correspondent of the Referee writes: "I am under a vague and ill-defined impression that I saw Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt' at the Nouveau Theatre. I know that I paid 15 francs for a stampon that with care could have formed a resting place for a kitten. I know that during the entr'actes strange beings with long hair and high collars with stocks spoke of 'the Master,' but whatever passed on the stage will remain a mystery—to me—for the rest of my life. The hall was in darkness; so was the stage, but even this would have been passable if the chief d'orchestre had not turned on a kind of searchlight and blinded you as you sat. Grieg's entr'acte music was very beautiful, and was the only thing that the highly-collared audience applauded. Jane Avril, from the music halls—listen to it, Ibsen!—was the only artiste who achieved any success."

Jan 25, 1902

KNEISEL CONCERT.

Fifth Concert of the Season in Chickering Hall—A Program of Familiar Pieces—First Appearance Here of Mr. Zeldenrust, Pianist.

The program of the fifth Kneisel concert, which was given last night in Chickering Hall, was as follows: Quartet in F, op. 95.....Dvorák Quartet in D (K 575).....Mozart Quintet for piano and strings, op. 44.....Schumann

Here was a program that gave pleasure to many. No one of the pieces was new, there was no curiosity as to what the character or the performance might be, for the appearance of even a strange pianist in chamber-music does not excite general attention. The pieces were familiar, well-approved. And only from some extraordinary circumstance could there be in such pieces criticism adverse to the Quartet.

Yet there was a time when Dvorák's quartet made much stir. The symphony in E minor (op. 95) written in New York, and this quartet written at Spillville, Iowa, were thought to be models for American composers who might wish to write "true American music" with themes taken from mimetic negroes, creoles, "Red Indians," all supposed by certain enthusiasts to be the only genuine Americans with folk songs. Themes, rhythms, color—all these were to be Congo-Indian-Creole. A little book was devoted to the explanation of the quartet; there were thematic illustrations and learned comment with digressions concerning the true nature of the Scot's snap or catch and pentatonic coloring of melody. It is true that even at the time a cautious clause of qualification was introduced, in which the symphony and quartet were described as experiments, "highly successful experiments"—but experiments.

Dvorák went back to his beloved Bohemia, and since then he has written little of any worth. The symphonic poems of late date may justly be described as glittering rubbish. We fear he has forgotten the negro and the Indian of this country. Even composers are forgetful.

And have the two works exerted any real influence on the music of the United States? Mr. MacDowell's "Indian suite" was written before Dvorák's symphony was played. Where is the school of which Dvorák was to be the founder?

No, national music is not created suddenly even by the musical incantation of an imported foreigner who wrote amiable pieces that were hailed as American.

The quartet was played in Boston for the first time Jan. 1, 1894. It was pleasant to hear, it is still pleasant to the ear, for it is fluent and spontaneous music, frank, melodious, often romantic in naive fashion; but the very use of the pentatonic scale that some delighted in as characteristic and "national" has robbed the work of its modernity, so that it might not be paradoxical to say that it seems older in a fashion than the quartet of Mozart, written over a century ago for his patron, King Frederick Wilhelm II. Mozart received for it, they say, the customary gold snuffbox with 100 Friedrichsd'or. As the King found pleasure in the 'cello, especially when he held and played it, Mozart was prudent and brought the instrument into greater prominence than in the masterpieces he dedicated to Haydn. But his invention did not flag even in the days of poverty and sorrow, and the classic, serene beauty of musical expression is still fresh and admirable. Modernity is swift-winged. Too often the more modern a piece, the sooner it is hopelessly old-fashioned. The supreme works of art do not suffer from sliding years and shifting modes.

Mr. Zeldenrust made his first appearance here as a pianist in the piece that Saint-Saëns was rebuked for saying, that at first he put it above all chamber music, then he went to the other extreme, and at last to all coolness he appraised it at its just worth. Yet it is a singularly narrow man that never changes his opinion, a man who does not wish, does not know how to develop. Schumann's quintet must not be heard too often. Mr. Zeldenrust is a Hollander, born at Amsterdam in 1865. He has studied in various cities, and he made his debut in this country at Cincinnati, Nov. 30, of last year, when he played Grieg's concerto with Mr. Van der Stuken's orchestra. He is a pianist of parts, and every pianist of genuine parts is expected to play acceptably and with musical spirit and understanding in chamber music. He will give a recital here Wednesday, and I prefer to delay discussion concerning his merits.

There was the usual interested and applauding audience.

Philip Hale.

A new public park in London was formally opened on Jan. 25th and named "Little Dorrit's Playground," because the site was formerly covered by the Marshalsea Prison. The adjacent streets are Dorrit and Clinknam. Thus is one of the poorest novels of Dickens immortalized.

A correspondent gives other answers handed in by teachers or applicants in New York State to that august body, "The Regents":

"Luminous summits are very high, and loom up above the rest."

"He who is good need not fear God."

"He gave vent to his wrath by a moody silence."

"Ellen proceeded to sing a very touching song of her own composure."

"Words are divided into two classes: verbs and proverbs."

Mrs. Gallup, who has stirred up another Shakespeare-Bacon row, is described by a London publisher as "a very charming and modest woman, a typical Bostonian, who believes heart and soul in her work, and is obviously and thoroughly sincere. Here is her portrait, and a good one, too." A Pall Mall Gazette reporter adds: "It appears as a frontispiece to her book, and shows an intellectual and remarkable but decidedly winsome face. Spectacled and crowned with a profusion of light, wavy hair, the face is molded of strong and well marked features, and the only trace of weakness apparent is in the eyes."

But is a remarkable face seldom winsome? Or must an intellectual face be repulsive? Is the trace of weakness in the eyes visible through the spectacles?

Dr. A. L. Wood, a passionate vegetarian, said in New York that he drank daily a gallon of distilled water; hence the secret of his strength and spryness at 62. He then indulged in sundry larks; he placed the palms of his hands flat upon the floor without bending his knees; he stood on one foot and put the other to his face—we have seen the like feat done by young ladies on the stage; he stood on a box eight inches in height and touched the floor with his hands. But he did not leap into the air and crack his heels together thrice before he hit the floor.

Now this is all very wonderful, but there are still more wonderful stories in the "iron-bound, melancholy volumes" of the Magi.

Pontanus writes of a woman who never drank anything in her lifetime, except once when she was forced to drink wine by the command of Ladislaus, King of Naples: "She received much hurt thereby."

One of the family of Tomacelli in Naples drank nothing during his life.

Mago, the Carthaginian, did three times travel over the vast and sandy deserts of Africa where no water is to be met with, and yet all that time he fed upon dry bran, without taking anything that was liquid.

Abraames, Bishop of Carras, "lived with that rigorous abstinence that bread and water, bed and fire seemed superfluous to him." It is said of this great man that he drank not, nor made use of water wherein to boil his herbs, or any other thing. Yet he entertained his guests with the best bread, the most generous wines, the better sort of fishes, "and all such other things as a generous mind and a real love could produce, and himself would take upon him to be the carver, and to distribute to every man his portion."

The New York Evening Post republishes part of the address of a barber that appeared in its issue of Jan. 15, 1902.

"Called upon to undertake the duties of dressing and ornamenting the heads of Ladies and Gentlemen, John Richard Deborus Huggins avails himself of this opportunity to express his grateful thanks to that portion of his fellow-citizens for the favor with which they have been pleased to look toward him. * * * Advancing, as he hopes, to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye. * * * he shrinks from the con-

Until we all learn whether the story is true or a joke, the choir will no longer sing, "Put me off at Buffalo."

A curious question has been revived in England: What did Cambronne say on the field of Waterloo? It is known that he never said: "The Guard dies, but never surrenders," any more than Kosciuszko exclaimed: "Finis Poloniae!" Kosciuszko himself denied the speech and called it an unpatriotic blasphemy.

It is now generally understood that General Cambronne used a short, emphatic, and exceedingly coarse word, when he heard an officer of the enemy say: "Brave Frenchmen, surrender." Victor Hugo did not hesitate to print it in the second volume of "Les Misérables" and he devoted a eulogistic chapter to it. It is not a word found in polite literature, although the Muse of Dean Swift did not shrink from uttering it in exclamation.

And now some say that Cambronne did not use this barrack word. No one of the disputants refers to a pamphlet of 15 pages, "Le Mot de Cambronne," by Pierre Larousse (Paris, d.), which we happen to own. Larousse shows that the rhetorical flourish about the Guard dying, etc., attributed to Cambronne appeared in the *Indépendant* of Paris a few days after the battle; that it was republished in many journals, and soon made its way through France. Thiers in his history of the Consulate and the Empire embalms the legend, but hesitates between Cambronne and Michel as the author of the heroic speech. Larousse says that soon after the publication of *Les Misérables*, Cuvillier-Fleury protested against the crudity of the speech that Hugo substituted, and demanded an inquiry into the truth. A Grenadier wrote that he was near Cambronne on the field; that the General used the *oliter* and longer phrase. The son of Michel—Michel was killed at Waterloo—swore that Cambronne had declared afterward that he had made no reply whatever; that one of his companions had answered "The Guard dies, c." The two sons of Michel demanded that the famous phrase should not be inscribed on the statue to be raised to Cambronne at Nantes; but the government answered that this matter is to be settled between the said City and the Michel family.

Larousse brings evidence that Cambronne himself, rude in speech, repeated the word attributed to him by Hugo, repeated it "with heroic energy" at a dinner where the question was put to him—but only after the ladies had left the room. He also has testimony to show that Cambronne at a banquet given in 1830 by the city of Nantes in honor of the return to a Liberal Government denied solemnly that he had made any speech whatever.

"What is truth," said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." What did Cambronne say? Did he say anything at all? He was not a theatrical person. We are not in jest, and we are willing to stay for an answer. Can anybody give information outside of Larousse's pamphlet?

Cambronne surrendered and, sorely wounded, was led captive by a German officer in the English army named Falkett. It is said that during the loping times of peace, Cambronne and Falkett met—in a German mud-bath. One of the present disputants insists that Cambronne died in 1826. Larousse fixes the date as Jan. 28, 1842.

How Dr. Conan Doyle is spinning out "The Hound of the Baskervilles"! Yet we all wonder and guess concerning the conclusion. A friend tells us that Barrymore, the butler, is surely in the service of Sherlock Holmes. We are easily deceived and we had supposed that Barrymore was a deep-dyed villain, probably because he has black and suspicious whiskers in the pictures. How the surprise at the end of the 11th chapter is discounted by the insertion of the frontispiece! Truly a grievous error in judgment. Was it worth while to bring Holmes to life again for such a tale? Nevertheless we are eagerly waiting for the next number of the magazine.

Here is interesting news for the friends of female suffrage. Mrs. Hubertine Auclert, the President of the Woman's Suffrage Society in Paris, talked lately to a reporter. The membership of her society is now over 200. "We cannot expect to vote for the elections next May, but we do expect to become electors and eligible for the Council Municipal. Why not? Women are essentially economists. It is by their economies that the households are kept going in France. Men are the spend-thrifts. Look how lavishly the Councilors dissipate money. Women would economize both in the town and in the State. It is no reason why we should

not have our votes because we cannot serve the three years. Men vote who cannot be soldiers—the deformed, and so on. It is not long since the priests have performed the military service. And as to that other question—the social one—women who are free would be too proud and too worthy to be vicious. They have fallen because they have no hope. Women are in a bad position in France. Take, for instance, the question of divorce. The woman who has divorced her husband is very often in an unhappy state because she has no means. We would enforce an impôt on the husband and compel him to support the wife and children."

We mentioned sometime ago a fact that has excited comment and amusement in Paris. This Society has determined that married women should retain their family name. Mrs. Auclert sees no objection to this; Even now a married woman signs her patronym before a notary. "I myself never signed my married name, which is *Levriér*, when my husband was alive." Our sympathies are with the late *Levriér*.

MESSRS. HAMLIN AND BIDEN.

Their Recital of "Classic" Songs and Duets Yesterday Afternoon in Steinert Hall—Some Songs Heard Here for the First Time.

Mr. George Hamlin, tenor, of Chicago and Mr. Sydney Biden, baritone, of New York gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mr. Ulysse Buehler was the accompanist. There was a small and appreciative audience. The program included duets by Schumann, "Autumn," "Spring Song," "To the Nightingale," "To the Evening Star," "Blue Eyes," a duet by Eugen Hildach, "Passage Bird's Farewell." (Hildach is a baritone singer, born in 1849. He intended to be a builder, and with that purpose attended a builder's school at Holzminden. He was unable to study singing until he was 21 years old. He married Anna Schubert, a mezzo-soprano. From 1880 to 1886 they taught at the Dresden Conservatory and they then devoted themselves to concert work.)

Mr. Hamlin sang Dvorák's "Liebeslied" and "Als die alte Mutter;" Sjöegren's "Und schlafest Du;" "Hab ein Rosenlein;" "Vor meinem Auge;" Rubinstein's "Es blinke der Thau;" "Der Traum;" Brahms's "Minnelied;" "Meine Liebe ist grün;" Mr. Biden sang Felix Weingartner's "Weberlied;" "Die Postim Walder;" Franz's "Auf dem Meere;" "Maedchen mit dem rothen Muedchen;" "Im Herbst;" and Hugo Brueckler's "Gebet;" "Verrath;" "Auf dem See;" "Dem aufgehenden Mond." Songs by Brueckler (1845-1871) were favorites of Mr. Max Heinrich, who, I believe, introduced them here.

Mr. Hamlin again sang most artistically, with full appreciation of the composer's intention, with finesse in expression. Such interpreters are rare. It is to be hoped that he will visit us again, to make us still better acquainted with the songs of Richard Strauss. While he was effective in all the songs of Sjöegren—I name the least well-known of the songs chosen by him—the songs themselves are of unequal worth. The last of the group, "Vor meinem Auge," is dramatically as well as musically, by far the best.

Mr. Biden made his first appearance here. The songs by Weingartner are unconventional and ultra-modern. In the first a weaver tells of his wretched condition. The son is a soldier, the daughter has been seduced and her child is hungry; his own wife is broken-hearted. Fly, shuttle, fly! But the fire is out, the windows are covered with frost, it will be night. Stop, shuttle, stop! In the second song the postilion's horn is heard persistently in a key remote from the tonality of the song. This song is of the night, the rolling wagon, moonlight, the forest, love. Such songs need dramatic interpretation, and Mr. Biden's intelligence is at present well in advance of his vocal art, which cannot be praised. The voice itself is expressive, and with due care Mr. Biden might free himself from faults common among German singers.

Philip Hale.

The Rev. W. P. Hines of Norfolk, Va., traveled over a Virginian railway, and while so doing lost a bag which he had checked. The bag contained about 200 sermons in manuscript—"besides some wearing apparel"—possibly a clean collar, possibly a shirt and drawer. (We have been told that sermons are usually packed in barrels, but these were in a bag.)

A Board of Arbitrators has been appointed to determine the value of these sermons. Mr. Hines has chosen a brother in his faith and the railway company has shrewdly named a clergyman of another denomination. The two will select a third.

Will they put a value on one sermon and then multiply by 200? Will they give value to an extra effort and to a plain, ordinary Saturday night hurry, strike an average and then multiply by 200? Will they stand by each other and name a high price, or will they improve the opportunity to show their brother what they really think of his intellect?

We remember that Prof. Horatio W. Parker of Yale University lost some time ago a lecture "through the care-

lessness or laziness" of a newspaper man; as though a newspaper man could be careless or had time to be lazy! Prof. Parker valued this lecture at \$5000. There was some comment on this valuation, and there were rude persons who exclaimed in the language of the immortal Goethe: "It is to laugh."

Prof. Parker's lecture, if we remember correctly, was on a musical subject; was it not an elaborate sermon on the irreligious nature of sacred music? It was in the form of an exposure; it was destructive.

The sermons of Rev. Mr. Hines were intended to ram conviction into an alarmed sinner with the force of a pile-driver. They were also, no doubt, full of fiery appeal of lofty exhortation. If any one of these sermons had turned a poor sinner from his ways, was it not worth easily \$5000? What is the sum of \$500,000 weighed against an immortal soul? A feather, chaff, air, dearly beloved.

Yet we know too well that a gross and sordid world does not share in this view. Even railway companies that are sometimes connected intimately with the next world may not be inclined to appreciate the value of a moving discourse.

Parson Adams once told a landlord "that there were in that bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript sermons, as well worth a hundred pounds as a shilling was worth 12 pence, and that he would deposit one of the volumes in his hands by way of pledge; not doubting but that he would have the honesty to return it on his repayment of the money; for otherwise he must be a very great loser, seeing that every volume would at least bring him ten pounds, as he had been informed by a neighboring clergyman in the country." The landlord said that he was "no judge of the price of such kind of goods, and as for money, he really was very short." Adams was still more discouraged when Parson Barnabas said to him: "I once intended to print a volume of sermons myself, and they had the appreciation of two or three bishops; but what do you think a bookseller offered me? * * * Not twelve pence, I assure you, nay, the dog refused me a Concordance in exchange." But perhaps the Rev. Mr. Hines has not read "Joseph Andrews" since he was a boy.

We have received the following letter from a valued correspondent:

Boston, Jan. 28, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

The point is, to find the earliest record of the term "Latter Day Saint." It seems that 1830 is too early, and that Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, originated the term Latter Day Saint at Kirtland, Ohio, in 1834. This is a mere inference, drawn from McClintock and Strong, VI., 624, and direct evidence is wanted. Similar difficulties surround many of our denominational names, such as Universalist, Episcopalian, Unitarian, not to mention the word Congregationalist, on which the Oxford Dictionary is mistaken. Find the birth-day, the birthplace, and the author; and rest assured that it makes some difference, to use another illustration, whether automobiles were first named in 1876, at Paris, or ten years earlier in London or Chicago.

In the Suffolk Deeds, XI., 276, Bozoun Allen, in 1677, pledges himself to supply his mother "with raske for firing during the term of her natural life." What is raske? Is it the refuse of lumber yards and shipbuilders, fit for fuel? Is the word a variant of our old friend

rascal? Rascal used to mean anything below the proper standard. The Promptorium defines rascals as "simple people." Boston was a great lumber market in 1677, and the unmerchantable stuff might well go for fuel. The volume referred to, by the way, mentions a fireproof vault as in full operation near the site of the new Journal building.

C. W. E.

Mr. Kipling's attack on the use and abuse of athletics reminds Mr. R. A. Streafeld of a passage in Euripides which Mr. Streafeld kindly translates for us. Our Greek is shaky and not unlike that of the gentleman portrayed in Fielding's great gallery: "Aye, and Greek now, I'll warrant you: 'Ton daponimobinos polufosboio Thalasses.' But I have almost forgot these things." Mr. Streafeld, on the contrary, still socks with Socrates and rips with Euripides.

"Mr. Kipling," he says, "is not the first poet to attack the worship of sport. I happened today to light upon a passage in one of the fragments of Euripides—the few lines which are practically all that remain of his satyric play 'Antolycus'—which anticipates rather curiously Mr. Kipling's diatribes against 'fanned fools' and 'muddled oafs.' I fancy that the passage has never been

put into English before, so I am compelled to append a version of my own, which, however lacking in elegance, represents, I hope, the spirit of the original with tolerable accuracy:

Of all the myriad plagues that harass Greece 'Tis sure the tribe of athletes is the worst! They learn not how to make a livelihood, And would not if they could; for how should they.

Slaves to a gullet, panders to a paunch, Add even a stiver to their fathers' store? Nor can they suffer poverty, nor suit Their ways to varying fates, for being used To no wise habits, hardly can they change In adverse fortune. While their bright youth lasts,

They walk admitted, the darlings of the crowd;

But when the bitterness of age is come, Like worn-out garments, they are cast aside. And much I blame the custom of the Greeks, Who gather from afar to see these men, Honoring their useless sports, which do but serve

To whet the appetite of greedy folk.

For grant a man has wrestled well, or won A foot-race, deftly pitched a quoit, or struck A ringing blow, how has he served the State? Why do ye crown him? Will he, quoit in hand,

Do battle for his country, or go forth

To box with foes who come in armor clad? When swords are drawn, we put these follies from us.

But wise and good men, these 'tis well to wreath

With crowns of laurel, they who rule the State.

Calm tumults, and avert the woes of war.

Feb. 1, 1902

"How shall we address Prince Henry?"

We don't know what you are going to say to him, but we shall address him as "Du." "Sie" would be too formal, and he might not understand the implied tenderness in "Hank, old man."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell denies that she won \$22,222 22 at bridge-whist. She says she never played bridge-whist in her life. She never bets, never gambles. "This thing has almost made me ill."

From all this a conclusion must be drawn. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is not only the greatest living play actress, but a perfect lady.

What business have Americans with any decision of the German Reichstag concerning the copyright of "Parsifal"? Why should they serve the greed of the vain widow and her valuer son? Because, forsooth, Wagner wished "Parsifal" to be played always at Bayreuth? But would he enjoy the performances of any of his operas as they are now given according to the ideas of the family left behind?

This is not the first time that the wife of a jailer has run off with a convict whose escape she aided. History is full of such instances. The peculiarly sad feature of the Pittsburg case is that the Warden lost his best overcoat.

Were you aware, O Bostonian, that in the Chinook Trade Jargon used by "people possessing among them 16 languages as their native tongues," a jargon "widely diffused among the 50 tribes of Oregon, British Columbia and Alaska," an American is a "Boston"?

There was a time when it was not unusual to find in periodicals and books such words of encouragement as these: "Your room is humble and poorly furnished. You have only a rickety bed with scanty covering, a cracked pitcher and washbowl, and two kitchen chairs. From your window you look out on chimney-pots and roof clothes-lines. Yes—but above them you see great Orion with his belt and sword. Take courage, O faint-hearted!"

How Orion, with or without his belt and sword, would make the wretched mortal more comfortable in bed, or seated, or in the act of washing himself, was not clearly explained. We are afraid that the late Thomas Carlyle was responsible for such fine writing.

We heard a young man say: "If I were rich, the first thing I should do would be to engage a valet who could make me a Welsh rabbit every night." If the valet were compelled to confine his attentions to making rabbits, he might be endured. But think of any healthy person in full possession of his faculties and limbs allowing another man to have an intimate acquaintance with his clothes and washing-list. How many valets dress their masters without internal snickering or disgust? What merry talk there is in the servants' hall about Master's taste in underclothes, his fidelity to old-fashioned night-gowns, the architecture of his legs, the peculiarities of his feet and hands, etc., etc. If, however, the valet were allowed to minister only as a preparer of rabbits, he would cease to be a valet. And a rabbit every night? Even though the eater were of Welsh descent, would not rabbit at last be as loathsome as the traditional quail?

Mr. Blackburn was pleased by

old Godwits, who gave a piano
ital in London Jan. 16. "He appealed
one at the outset as a player of
at vigor; as, however, he progressed
in the work the appeal was rather
at of an artist of great distinction,
ally, after hesitation, doubt, and
lancing, we come to the conclusion
at here was a genuine and true musi-
an with a command of musical emo-
n which is altogether rare, and with
power of expressing that emotion
ich is even rarer. * * * We come
en to a distinct conclusion that in
Godowsky we have a pianist of
ost exceptional, of most remarkable
lity. From the purely mechanical
nt of view, so far as we could judge
n this recital, there is nothing to
ek. But once granting the technic,
e extremely important question of
imperament intervenes, and on this
nt we merely repeat that this player
a most genuine and most sincere
musician. Some of the applause which
as allotted to him, we may venture to
signate possibly as rather unmanner-
an its enthusiasm; but the sincere
ppreciation with which he was gen-
ally received was obviously based
pon a true recognition of his merits."

Algar's incidental music to "Grania
and Diarmid," a play by George Moore
and W. B. Yeats, was played for the
first time in concert at Queen's Hall,
London, Jan. 18.—W. G. Alcock has
been appointed organist to the Chapel
Royal, St. James. The salary is about
£50. The duties comprise services on
each day of the week, the training of
the choir, and "composer to His Majes-
ty."—A new Italian vocal suite, "A
Child's Song" by F. A. Randegger, was
sung for the first time Jan. 13 in
London by Denis O'Sullivan.—Amy
Castles of Australia sang in "Elijah"
Dec. 11—her second appearance in
London. "She sang 'Hear ye Israel'
like an angel—but a very inexperienced
angel."—Percy Pitt is writing
the music for George Alexander's pro-
duction of "Paolo and Francesca."—
Hilhelm Kohn's new opera for Berlin
"Hilmar, der Narr."—The opera
Covent-Garden will begin May 12.
The dress boxes have all been taken.
Six of the newly redressed works will
be Wagner operas, two cycles of which
the rate of at least a couple of per-
formances a week, will be given at the
outset of the season. For these a special
subscription, in which Mr. Schultze-
Guthart will co-operate, will be opened
for the stalls and cheaper seats. The
operas thus to be represented will be
Die Walküre, "Siegfried," "Tristan,"
Die Meistersinger, "Lohengrin" and
annhäuser. Some of the leading
era singers of Germany will be en-
gaged. Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore"
will be given, and there will be a re-
vival of Italian operas. Among the
new singers will be Ceruso, an Ital-
ian tenor, and Miss Fremstadt, who
once was known in this country.—
Eugene Bertram, "a Spanish tenor from
La Sala, Milan," sang for the first
time in London at one of Newman's
concerts Jan. 9. "His interpretation of
the 'Legend' from 'Lohengrin' was de-
clarent in dignity, but his voice is mu-
cal, and in his subsequent song, given
as an encore, he showed himself to be
an excellent vocalist."—Sir Alexan-
der McKenzie has consented to con-
duct his Coronation Ode at the Alham-
bra during the Coronation Week. The
composition has received the approval
of the King, and Sir Alexander will
be appearing for the first time at a va-
riety theatre as conductor. He will be
second English musician to fill that
position at the Alhambra. The first
was Sir Arthur Sullivan, who directed
the first performance of his musical set-
ting of Rudyard Kipling's lines, "The
Sent-Minded Beggar."

quote from the Catholic World:
A short time ago I heard at a cath-
edral Wagner's "Pilgrims' Chorus" as an
eratic "Tantum Ergo." What would
e artist think of this treatment of his
hole life's effort to teach men that
nothing is good without respect? The
thedral is less inartistic, though more
ofane, that gives us a benediction
ena from Donizetti—very well sung,
it who would think he was in a
urch that cared two straws about
at the Holy See wills as to "pro-
ne" music when he listens to the in-
esting maiden of Braga's "Serenade"
eamy violin obligato and all? Hav-
g tried to pray, in spite of distrac-
ns, the congregation is invited to
re with "Tantum Ergo" to Sir Ar-
thur Sullivan's "Lost Chord," and is
ced into the memories of the draw-
room, forbidden by common sense,
artistic fitness, and by the Church
at sits in Rome. What is she? Who
she? What is her word worth? We
n hardly think too much on these
ngs. Do we really think she would
e the mild domesticity of "Home,
et Home" for "Vitam sine termino
patria"? Another large church lately
mched its worshippers into that senti-
mentality. None of the old Roman
rit there, my masters! Ireland is
lear country—"Ireland, Ireland, cara
anda, sempre fidele"—but she is
a Paradise. "The Hark That Once
ough Tara's Halls" immediately
er the elevation! What is "the land
at is very far off," where "mine eyes
all behold the King in His beauty"?
c we educating our souls for the
tural or for the supernatural; are
at peace with this world; are we for
getting sin while alive and for twad-
ing flowers rather than prayers.

when we are dead? What would Rome
think of the Americanism of "Yankee
Doodle" played, and played quick, at
the offertory at holy mass? The present
writer heard it at a church served by
religious, within the last year.

Feb 3 1902

"Mr. C. M. Schwab will sail for the
United States on Feb. 8." And if he
has the fear of the New York Evening
Post before his eyes he will not ven-
ture to enter a pool on the ship's run.

Mr. Thomas Hitchcock does not pro-
pose to give up his parterre box at the
Metropolitan Opera House to any
blasted foreign Prince or Duke. "I con-
sider myself quite as good as Prince
Henry. I should like to see anybody
take my property without my consent.
This whole matter of a royal box is a
piece of snobbishness." Thus Mr.
Hitchcock speaks right out in meet-
ing like a true-born American. If this sort
of talk goes on Mr. Grau will be in
the box. Meanwhile we hear that
Prince Heinrich proposes to spend much
of his time on the voyage in the smok-
ing room; like any honest German im-
porter or smuggler or musician.

A statue of Shakespeare is to be
erected at Weimar. Shakespeare is to
be represented from his feet to the top
of his head. Bacon's face will not ap-
pear on Shakespeare's neck. What do
Mrs. Gallup and Mr. Cabot of Boston
say to this high-handed outrage? Or
do they regard it as merely an instance
of German obstinacy?

This reminds us of an admirable edi-
torial article in the latest issue of the
Era. We make room for this short
extract:
"How difficult, too, must it have been
for Shakespeare to have kept up the
character of the author! The Queen
commands Shakespeare to write a play
showing Falstaff in love. Shakespeare
hurries away to Bacon with the news.
Bacon is dreadfully busy—a most wor-
rying and important case is just coming
on—yet there is no getting out of it.
After stewing himself to death in court,
he has to sit up with wet towels on
his head all night and ply his pen with
locked door. The result is 'The Merry
Wives of Windsor.'"

Mr. G. R. Sims likes a tune now pop-
ular in London—"Goo-goo Eyes"—but
he has no idea what "goo-goo eyes"
are. He surely has been in Kent,
where there is a dialect word "goo" to
express astonishment; but has he never
heard a baby say "goo-goo" and has
he no imagination; can he not guess
how one looks on a woman or on a
man with "goo-goo eyes"? We thought
better of him.

We should like to see Forestier's
play "Le Médecin de Campagne" at the
Renaissance, Paris, for it is at once
realistic and polemical. The audience
learned that a French country doctor
takes his boots off when he goes in to
dinner, and puts them on when he is
summoned by a patient. He eats large
quantities of cheese, and talks freely
with his servant, although the law has
declared in Paris that professional et-
quette forbids a doctor to speak con-
cerning the nature of a sickness even
to father, mother or wife (There are
certain physicians in Boston that might
ponder this French view of the hippo-
cratic oath). "The rival doctor falls
ill with an acute bronchitis and incip-
ient pneumonia. 'There is only one thing
to save his life,' says the practitioner
who puts his boots on when he goes
out, 'and that is to plunge him into iced
water.' 'No,' says the sick man's wife,
'you will bleed him.' He obeys, and
reflects that he will kill his old col-
league by so doing. A doctor to be
cultivated. At any rate, the wife was
right, and this really delightful play
finishes up when a specialist arrives
with a disquisition as to the treatment
to be followed when the patient is thin
and when he is stout, suffering from
an acute cold. I forget which way it
went, but the argument was con-
vincing."

We are told that the reason of Maxime
Gorki's unpopularity with the Russian
Government is not because he is sus-
pected of nihilism, not because he is
occasionally coarse, but because many
of his short stories are "little more
than elaborate lamentations over the
purposelessness and futility of the life
led by the average subject of the Tsar.
Their great vogue is presumably due
to the fact that they do faithfully depict
a real state of things, and mirror a
widespread though hitherto inarticu-
late dissatisfaction with the conditions
of existence in places like Nijni Novgo-
rod. But to be dissatisfied with the
conditions of existence is by implication
to be dissatisfied with the Tsar, and
his Counsellors, and the Third Section,
and the Procurator of the Holy Synod.
The people perceive that and organize
demonstrations in Gorki's honor."

To F. B. G.: The new English gold
coins, with the head of King Edward in
place of that of the late Queen, were
issued from the Mint on Jan. 1. The
King is described as "Edwardus VII.
D. G. Britt. Omn. Rex, F. D. Ind.
Imp." This led the Speaker to observe:
"The insertion of the title of Emperor
(Indiac Imperator) is an ominous viola-
tion of the understanding arrived at
between the Crown and the people
when the Royal Titles bill was passed.
The last 'Imperial' coins struck in Eng-
land were, it is said, those of the
Roman Emperor Maximus, about 387
A. D. An unfortunate usurper, Maxi-
mus was compelled to accept what
Gibbon truly calls 'the dangerous pres-
ent of the imperial purple.' Maximus,
it is said, was married to a Welsh
lady of Carnarvon."

We have received the following letter:
Boston, Jan. 31, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
"C. W. E." pays no attention to the
fact that Joseph Smith himself wrote
in a letter dated Nauvoo, Ill., March 1,
1842: "On the 6th of April, 1830, the
'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day
Saints' was first organized in the town
of Manchester, Ontario County, State
of New York." (Hayward's "Book of
Religions," Boston, 1842, p. 263.) "XXX."
stated in your column that the
New York town was "Fayette." Was
the Prophet inaccurate in his state-
ment? Is his statement not "direct
evidence?" E. B. E.

And here is another letter:
Boston, Jan. 31, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:
C. W. E. raises an interesting ques-
tion about "raske" and "rascal." In
Robert Sherwood's "Dictionnaire Anglois
et Francois" (London, 1672), "rascal"
is translated by "ribaud," "rien-ne-
vaut," "maraud," and other words, all
of which are terms of reproach. May
not "rascal" have been derived from
the Saxon word that means "old trash,
trumpery"—see Bailey's Dictionary
(1736)? But Bailey defines "rascal" as
"a sorry fellow, a villain or rogue." I
fear we shall have to wait some years for
Vol. R. of the Oxford English Dictionary
or Vol. R. of Prof. Wright's Dictio-
nary. G. B. S.

LONGY CLUB.

Second Concert of the Society of
Wind Instruments in Chickering
Hall—A New Work by Andre
Caplet.

The second concert of the Longy Club
was given in Chickering Hall last even-
ing. The club was assisted by Messrs.
Gebhard, piano; Lenon oboe; Metzger,
clarinet; Helleberg, bassoon; Hein, horn.
The program was as follows:
Octet in E flat, for 2 oboes, 2 clarinets,
2 bassoons, 2 horns.....Beethoven
Suite for flute and piano.....Widor
Quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon
and piano.....Caplet
Mr. Longy, not a whit discouraged
by comparatively small audiences, con-
tinues to give concerts in which new
works are introduced and admirably
played. Here is a true artist, a great
artist, master of tone, technic, taste,
who sings on his oboe with a purity and
beauty of phrasing that any soprano of
the very first rank might envy; an
obolst of international reputation, who
surrounds himself with worthy col-
leagues; he produces both standard
works for wind instruments and modern
compositions written in ultra-modern
vein; and yet such chamber-concerts,
which might possibly be equaled but
would not be excelled in Paris or Brus-
sels, fall in a measure to awaken the
general interest of the public.

Only last week a recital of songs by
Richard Strauss, the composer most
discussed today in Europe, was given
here by Mr. George Hamlin, an excellent
interpreter. One would think that curi-
osity alone would have packed the hall;
but Mr. Hamlin sang to a few enthusi-
astic listeners.

And what has been the experience of
Mr. Grau when he has attempted to
produce a new opera in Boston? "La
Navarraise," with Calvé—"Tosca," with
Ternina and Scotti—both memorable
performances—and how small was the
audience in each instance!
Mr. Longy is, indeed, a courageous
man.

Beethoven's "Octet" was probably
played as a guarantee of good faith for
the benefit of those who are inclined to
shy at the mere mention of an un-
familiar name. Caplet? Who, pray, is
he? What business has he to write
music? But Beethoven—ah, Beethoven;
Octet is one of his youthful works; it
suffered transformations and appeared
in other forms; and is it in these days
reminder of how wind instruments were
treated in chamber music of that per-
iod. There is historical interest—if you
wish; but Beethoven is known in the
work only by his name. The piece was
performed with beauty of tone, praise-
worthy precision and infinite care in
phrasing.

Widor's Suite has charming pages, es-
pecially in the Allegro and the Scherzo.
The Adagio is not so wholly original,

and the Finale is not so distinguished
as the two movements first named,
but the Suite is well made throughout,
how far it is removed from the footle-
tootle of so many "standard works for
the flute" that in miscellaneous con-
certs almost brought blasphemy to the
lips of ordinarily pious hearers and
affixed the term "water-logged" to the
instrument itself! Meaningless bravura
passages that alternated with smugly
sentimental tunes, and thunderous and
meaningless interludes to rest the
flutist—no, Widor departed widely from
the time-honored scheme. Compare, for
instance, this very Adagio of Widor—
which, as I have said, is not the
strongest movement, although it is
well-defined and eminently melodious—
compare this Adagio with slow move-
ments that in years past, you have been
obliged to hear. Mr. Maquarre played
delightfully, as a virtuoso-musician.
Mr. Gebhard, the pianist, occasionally
forgot due proportion, and drowned the
flute in the lower register.

Andre Caplet is a young French con-
poser who gave a concert of his own
chamber music in Paris about a year
ago. His Quintet is an unequal work.
The first movement is clear and firmly
knit together. The themes are not of
great distinction—indeed one of them
recalls, or rather hints at, the most
familiar theme in the first movement
of Schumann's piano quintet—but the
harmonic treatment and the develop-
ment are interesting, and the work-

manship is indisputable. The Adagio
is sombre, dolorous, impressive. It is
moodily some might say sullen; but the
timbre of each wind instrument is em-
ployed with much judgment, and the
composer certainly establishes a mood.
The Adagio leaves a distinct impres-
sion, without the aid of any salient
theme or figure. The Scherzo is origi-
nal, dainty, yet melancholy wital. The
young Frenchmen seem to have lost the
frank gaiety that so long character-
ized the race. The Finale is the most
complex and ambitious of the move-
ments. Here the composer seems de-
liberately to forget the limitations of
the wind instruments; he attempts to
swell them into orchestral force and
fury. In the desire to be intense, he
forgets the size of the frame, and the
result is not satisfactory, at least after
one hearing. The performance was ex-
cellent, and it would be invidious to
single out any one player for com-
mendation.

There was hearty applause through-
out the concert. The third of these
entertainments will be given on Mon-
day evening, March 31.

Philip Hale.

Do not sneer at the "Answers to Cor-
respondents" published in certain news-
papers. A young man or a young wo-
man may be without a mother or sister
to give advice in delicate matters, and
often there is not even the well known
and generally blundering friend to say,
"I'll tell you what I'd do." Remember
how Thackeray excused Rebecca for
her advances toward Joe Sedley.

A sensitive young man does not like
to ask an acquaintance, a boarding-
house companion, whether he should
wear a blue or a pink cravat with a
dress coat or whether he should offer
his arm to a young lady, whom he
has met for the first time, who has
been intrusted to his care, to protect
her against footpads, wild electric cars
and other nocturnal foes.

But the Editor—ah, the Editor! There
is a true guide, philosopher, friend. If
he is asked a question, he does not
guffaw at the innocence or the inex-
perience of the questioner—at least, the
young man does not see and hear him
laugh. The Editor knows everything;
he has experienced all the perplexities,
joys, sorrows of life. His shirt front
is soaked daily with the tears of the
oppressed who weep confidently upon
his breast. His hand—generally the
right one—is always on the lever that
moves the world.

And so we are not surprised to find a
young man telling an Editor that while
he can talk freely with men, he trem-
bles like an aspen in the society of
women. How can he be cured?

"The Editor recommends 'a zinc pill.'"
But why zinc? We rushed to consult
the learned leaches of antiquity. In
the index we found:

Zambach, a species of jacinthum, first de-
scribed by the Arabians, XV, 459.
Zeduary, account of, and its use in medi-
cine, II, 845.

Zerumbet, see under Zeduary.
Zingiber, or Ginger, uses of in medicine,
XXIII, 34.

Zythus, or Ale, medicinal uses of, III, 124.
Not a word about zinc, either as
pill, tablet, powder, or in liquid form.

It then occurred to us that zinc was
perhaps not known to the Greeks, Ro-
mans or Arabians, unless a passage in
Strabo is evidence that the false silver
mentioned by him, the "pseudarguron,"
was in reality zinc. (The name zinc
first occurs in Paracelsus.) The learned
Beckmann begins an article by stat-
ing that zinc was not known to the
ancients, and he then tries to prove
that it was known to them.

Suppose that their "cadmia" or cala-
mine, was the siliceous oxide of zinc
or the carbonate of zinc. The ancients
are now of assistance. "When cala-
mine is burnt, * * * it is useful for
sores requiring to be filled up, about
the eyes and in the whole body, more
particularly those on softer bodies,
which are more humid, for those upon
harder bodies require stronger means."
We read that it also cleanses the eyes.
But how is this a cure to shyness? We

understand how it might cure an absurd passion by restoration of the judgment. But why a zinc pill for shyness? "The pill should be taken immediately before going into the society of ladies"; and the Editor also recommends the bashful youth to go into society as much as possible.

Mr. Armando Sepplili, the opera conductor, who is well known here, and is now with Mr. Gran's company, fell and dislocated a thumb and two fingers in his attempt to save himself. We are not told whether the hand was the right or the left. If it is the right, he may share the fate of a Viennese conductor who was accused of showing contempt for certain operas by conducting them with the left hand. The

poor man was obliged to explain that he wished to relieve the right one.

The Pall Mall Gazette praises Miss Mary E. Wilkins in general, and finds fault with her "Portion of Labor" in particular. "There is another property which comes out harshly in the larger form she has adventured. The vice of sentimentality to which the author is subject was not so visible, did not, at least, flaunt itself so wildly and with such self-satisfaction, in the short tales. Here it is rampant and undisguised. Parts of the books are a very welter of sentimentality, as, for example, the chapters which relate to the disappearance of the child, and to the egregious Cynthia Lennox, who badly wanted smacking."

But perhaps the reviewer does not know that Miss Wilkins has lately had pleasant cause to be sentimental. That she has not lost her peculiar power is shown by her short story, "The Wind in the Rose-Bush" (published in Everybody's Magazine), a most admirable story, in which village realism and the supernatural are cunningly combined.

It appears that the Bishop of Bath and Wells, as one of the ecclesiastical supporters of Edward VII. at the coronation, has been commanded to wear a cope. Precedent does not provide a cope, and it is said that few Bishops have one in their palaces.

The cope as used by clergymen was at first a rain-cloak, "pluvialis." It was first introduced amongst the clergy by Pope Stephen in 1156, as a garment to be worn in processions, at funerals, at any outdoor function. It was never an exclusively sacerdotal vestment. (See Tyack's "Historic Dress of the Clergy.") It was of all colors, shape, adornment; sometimes it was trimmed with fringe or fur; sometimes it was slashed open up the sides, or buttoned down the front. It was often the subject of condemnation by austere officials. The clergy of all degrees wore in mediaeval times black stuff copes over their surplices in the choir offices. At first it had a hood, and the semi-circular appendage to the back of the garment is merely a modification of the hood. "Finally it came to pass that the cope was regarded as the proper robe for the officiant at all solemn services other than the Eucharist. . . . The robe of state worn by an English peer is simply a cope, developed upon very slightly different lines; and a cope forms also part of the coronation robes of most European sovereigns." There were gorgeous copes in the cathedrals. Some were embroidered with flowing patterns, or with designs illustrating the life of a saint. One at Canterbury was embroidered with gold and had a fringe of 140 silver bells.

Little by little the garment fell out of use. "Even Durham discarded its copes, and Westminster alone saw their use, and that only at such state functions as coronations, and, occasionally, at funerals of special solemnity." And yet the cope had symbolical significance. "It has a hood at the top, which signifies the joy above; it reaches to the feet, because it is meet to persevere in a holy conversation unto the end, etc."

We hope the good Bishop will find a cope in time to attend the Coronation. A Bishop without a cope at such a ceremony would be indeed, as Artemus Ward would say, "a Loathsum object."

2288 (90)

We have received several letters.

Boston, Feb. 2, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I arrived this morning from New York and I did the proper thing in Boston—I went to church and from there across the square to see the new paintings in the Public Library. The combination was too much for my nose as I found myself humming the following verses as I returned to the hotel:

Lines
On Visiting the Public Library
On Going to Church.
Every-point the gorgeous,
With gilt and paint bedecked,
Saw sight and mind all we red:
I knew not, Oh, I knew not.

What a tale painted glare,
The messiness of coat,
Confusion just compare!

For when I'd see the painting,
The light gets in my eyes,
And when I'd read the story,
The reading always flies!
They hang, those so-called frescoes,
Gauguin, framed and all,
Just like expensive chromos
In Mrs. Nouveau's hall.

There Gabriel is ever
A-bowing in the smile
Of Christmas candy angels,
Sans prisms as well as gulle,
And what can mean that symbol
Of domesticity,
That white and gilded object
Beside the red knight's knee?

For in that final panel,
Beneath those angel feet,
Is a waste-paper basket
With handles all complete,
Delivered from the gorgeous
Bedight in every part,
No marvel people crowd thee
And wonder at thy art!

I have been told, even in New York, that certain parodies are in doubtful taste. Perhaps this one belongs to that class, but you can hardly deny, if you have seen the paintings, that the sentiment of my verses is unimpeachable, and that the most conspicuous object in the last panel is a scrap-basket of an approved department-store pattern.

Ever your obedient servant,
HAROLD DRINKWATER.

Boston, Feb. 3, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Yes, I have been aware "since nigh onto 40 years" that an American, in the Chinook Trade jargon, is a "Boston." But are you aware, O ornament of your sex—not to say Light of the Harin—that in Chinook "Tillicum" is a "chief" and "Hyuss" is great, and that when a Congressional Committee went up to the Northwest Coast in the early 70's, the Chairman was introduced to some Indian dignitaries as a "Hyuss Boston Tillicum." I heard him tell the story. He said he felt suddenly a wholly new sense of importance.

T. E. B.

Boston, Feb. 3, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I have heard severe criticism lately regarding the habit indulged in by chorus or orchestra in applauding a soloist either upon his appearance on the platform or at the conclusion of his performance. Is not the practice in poor taste? As the chorus or orchestra shares with the soloists the responsibility of the entire performance, it should have no right to express approval, which should be left entirely to the audience.

I never once construed this thoughtless and senseless habit into a bid for applause from the audience. I think that the entrance of the conductor, regardless of his popularity with the forces he is to direct, should also pass unnoticed, except by the audience, which should have the exclusive privilege of expressing any feeling in the matter. The whole affair should be unbiased and any active appreciation of the musical worth of any one connected with the performance should emanate spontaneously from the audience.

I have been trying to ascertain the origin of the saying: "There are only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." What can you do for me?

There is a variant: "There are only two generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-waists."

F. A. W.

Boston, Jan. 31, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

My wife read about Mr. Paderewski's narrow escape from an infuriated piano that assaulted him on the steamer and bruised him severely. She read the story, and then remarked: "The warm has turned at last."

C. S. E.

Boston, Jan. 23, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Charles O. Cromwell of Lima has just paid me a royalty on a play, "His Excellency the Governor." A striking combination. The fusion of Charles and Cromwell, after many years, has resulted in favor of the drama, I see.

F. F. G.

Prof. Calvin Thomas objects, in the Times this morning, to the use by that paper and the Evening Post of the word "chauffeur" for the driver of an automobile. Now we agree heartily with Prof. Thomas in disliking chauffeur, but what is one to say? "Driver," which he suggests, has to be qualified by the mention of the vehicle. "Automobile," another suggestion of Prof. Thomas's, is highly logical, but unfortunately that excellent word has been already appropriated to the drivers of electric cars and similar vehicles. Automobile driver is a cumbersome, automobileist, execrable, chauffeur, which, with apologies to Prof. Thomas, means not "scooter," but "scooterer," is expressive and convenient, and until somebody gives us a better word we are bound to use it.

New York Evening Post.

CECILIA CONCERT.

Mr. Loeffler's Maeterlinckian Ballad
"L'Archet"—Reappearance of Mrs.
Julie Wyman—Mr. Harold Bauer's
Second Piano Recital.

The Cecilia, under the direction of Mr. Lang, gave an interesting concert last night at Symphony Hall.

The concert began with a good performance of Tancleff's "Sunrise," a four-part song without accompaniment. The music is well-made, with knowledge of vocal resources, but the musical ideas are not of marked distinction. César Franck's "150th Psalm" was written for chorus, orchestra and organ. Last night it was sung with only an organ accompaniment, written by one Jadassohn of Leipzig, and a sorry substitute it was for Franck's orchestral score. The piece even with organ alone could be more effective than it was last night, for the contrasts between piano, forte, fortissimo were often gayly disregarded; the volume of tone was small when the number of singers is taken into consideration; and the registration of the organist, Mr. Whelpley, was not always fortunate—thus his pedal part was often too light, and the sonorous and necessary walk of the bass in the fortissimo passages existed for the time being only on paper.

Mr. Janpolski sang a recitative and aria from Tschalkowsky's "Eugene Onegin." The program book, which made several astounding statements, said that operas by Tschalkowsky "have not been presented outside Russia." Two or three have been given in several German cities and "Eugene Onegin" was performed in London with Eugene Oudin of New York as the Byronic hero. I am told that Mr. Janpolski sang the aria in Russian. This might have accounted in a measure for singular tone production and a certain facial effort, had he not shown the same characteristics of his art in Mr. Chadwick's "Judith" which he sang in English, a language that is still heard occasionally in our concert halls. It is just to add that Mr. Janpolski sang with unmitigated fervor, and that he sang the harpitone solo in Cornelius's "Salomaleikum" with which the concert closed.

Mr. Loeffler put music to "L'Archet" of Charles Cros, a brilliant Frenchman who had negro blood in his veins. The annotator of the program described him as "a strange little negative person . . . bitter and fantastic . . . a man of keen mind." Pray, what is the annotator's definition of a "negative person"? But poor Cros is dead, and he possibly does not mind whether he is now known as positive or negative. Mr. Loeffler's music is for mezzo-soprano solo, female chorus, violé d'amour, piano and organ. Mrs. Julie Wyman was the singer. Mr. Loeffler played the violé d'amour, and Miss Hawkins was a none too sympathetic pianist. The piece was performed in a private house last season. The music is Maeterlinckian. I spoke of the ballad itself last Sunday. Mr. Loeffler's music enwraps the wild story as in a garment of gray. There is no rhetoric, there is no spasmodic cry, there is no attempt at panoramic music.

The story is told quietly, and oh, so sadly. There is not one sensational note; there is no thought of passion, of action of any kind. The lover and his mistress with her hair like unto autumn's harvest, the King and the dark Queen—they are all as figures woven cunningly in tapestry. The music is so strangely subtle; the intensity is so quiet. Thus Maeterlinck would write in music. This music haunts the memory. Not by means of any garish and melodious force, not by any hysterical climax is the impression made; there is no commonplace expression of shocked morality or exultant free-love; it is all so quiet and so sad. The only question is, whether the episode of "Agnus Dei" which Mr. Loeffler introduces into Cros's poem is in keeping with the prevailing tone and whether the treatment of the Latin words is not so long that it takes away from the directness of the ballad. In the poem there is no thought of the church, or of "eternal rest." To my mind this episode is so long that it becomes incongruous. But as a whole how exquisite this ballad is! It is one of the very finest, most poetically musical works of a composer who combines the rarest fancy with uncommon skill in workmanship and the keenest appreciation of nuances in color.

Mrs. Wyman sang the music of Mr. Loeffler with her well known charm of tone and the simplicity which is the perfect flower of art. Her reserve in such music has deeper meaning than the most impassioned song of others. Later she sang three songs by Brahms and a sombre romance from "La Dame de Pique." Our concert stage has missed her sorely. There are few, very few singers with such luscious, purple tones, with such command of true expression, with such repose, with such deep, womanly feeling. She is one of the few that have, and unconsciously, perhaps, "the grand style." It is a pity, as well for our local singers as for the pleasure of audiences, that she sang here last night only as a visitor. Of the songs by Brahms—"In der Nacht," "Mal," "Immer Frisch"—the last was the most striking.

The program also included H. W. Parker's noble hymn, "Jam so recedat"; Mr. Arthur Pote's motet, "Vita nostra plena bellis," a dry piece which the Cecilia sang under the composer's direction as though singing were treadmill service; and Miss Lang's charming "Love Phrases His Wings," which was sung in lighthearted, choral-homage mood, in utter disregard of the text and music. Mrs. Alice Rice sang "Softly the Balm Zephyr" from Prof. Paine's "Azara." The aria depends in large measure on the dramatic situation and the orchestral accompaniment; and it is pity that we cannot hear it

in its proper place. It needs a warmer voice and a broader style. Mrs. Rice sang it calmly and correctly.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The hall was filled; some stood; and there was much applause. The program was as follows:

Prelude and fugue in E minor, op. 35. Mendelssohn
Fantasia in C major, op. 35. Haydn
Nocturne in E-flat major, op. 32, No. 2. Chopin
Ballade in A-flat major, op. 10, No. 3. Chopin

Mr. Bauer began with an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue.

The exposition of the fugue, the treatment of the detail, the preparation and the fury of the climax—here again Mr. Bauer showed himself a master. In Haydn's Fantasia a fine flavor of the naïveté of the period was preserved, and there was the suggestion of a smaller and thinking instrument. Furthermore, there was a display of exquisitely polished mechanism. The pieces by Schumann were played with poetic feeling as well as intellectual grasp, although in his reading of "In der Nacht" I missed the murky atmosphere and the song as of a star far above the clouds and revealed only for a moment that characterized the performance by de Buschmann. Chopin's Barcarolle had

cameo-like distinctness; there might have been more dash and passion.

But the feature of the concert was a most impressive reading of César Franck's "Prelude, Aria, and Finale." It is not music for idle worshippers of virtuosos, or for young women who gush about their favorite pianist, doctor, or clergyman. I doubt if it will be a "popular concert piece" for some years; perhaps not till Franck and Richard Strauss are ranked as dealers in common-place; but there is material enough in it for a dozen pieces, and the feeling and the workmanship displayed are little short of marvelous. The chromatic modulations, the shifting tonalities, the pure, ineffable beauty of many passages—these were triumphantly revealed by Mr. Bauer, who is at his best as the interpreter of such music—and can there be higher praise?

Philip Hale.

Feb 6, 1902

The visit of Prince Heinrich reminds us of scenes in opera bouffe in which the villagers plan entertainments for the approaching Duke or King. Now it appears that he will not ride in a gondola to the Venetian Palace in the Fens. Next we shall hear that the visit to the Public Library is abandoned and that the earnest genealogists who make Bates Hall their winter home will be deprived of a rare treat. But if he is driven through the streets with the pomp of a brass band, milk-white steeds, prominent citizens in hacks, that will at least be something. What is the name of that opera bouffe in which the villagers keep saying, "O, Prince, you are too kind?"

We heard two young women discussing their husbands in a street car. One said that soon after her marriage she chose with extreme care two beautiful cravats for her lord and master. When she gave them to him, he hardly said "thank you," and she cried all night. The other one confessed that she knew nothing about cookery and that she had no luck with servants. When the dinner was particularly bad, he glared at her, and said, "I wish they had taught you cooking at your fashionable school instead of a smattering of French and German." They finally allowed that their husbands had some good points.

We were reminded of a pleasant episode in the high life of the Back Bay. There was a dinner party. The host, an emotional person, cursed openly the soup and said, "Take it away; it isn't fit to eat." They that knew him intimately were surprised that he did not throw plate and soup at his wife. Perhaps she was farther away than usual and he did not wish to jeopardize his reputation as a marksman. The wife paid no attention to the behavior of her spouse. The next course was served. Again the husband cursed: "This is worse. I can't stand this; I'm going to the club." The wife smiled and said: "As you please, dear; we shall all be happy to go with you." And the wife and the guests left the table, went with the astonished man to the club, where all dined "sumbustiously" at the host's expense.

Mr. Schwab should have waited at Monte Carlo for the chess tournament. Chess is a thoughtful game, eminently proper for financiers and statesmen. Even the New York Evening Post would not have said a word if Mr. Schwab had joined in the tournament. What we should like to know when Mr. Schwab is safe home, safe home in port, is whether he gambled according to a system. Mr. Sala thought he had invented an infallible scheme. "The idea occurred to me of purchasing a miniature roulette wheel with a cover to it, and carefully noting down the result of each 'spin,' comprising the number, the color, the pair and impair, the 'passe' or the 'manque'."

and I went to Monte Carlo and played the contrary game at roulette to that which I had played at with my private wheel. The surprising result was that the private little almost exactly repeated itself the gilded saloons of 'Monty,' and as nowhere. At home I staked only haricot beans; at 'Monty' I played \$5. They say that gambling is an insurable vice. Do not believe anything the kind. That little game of haricots versus louis practically cured me the passion for play."

no recurrence of Gambetta's anniversary revived the question—did he from a bullet wound inflicted by the person? For strange stories were told in 1883 about the death of this and homme de café as the man—at the Temps called him, stories as wild a character as those told at the last night of Skobelev, Henry Raymond, Cornelius Galba and other distinguished men.

the legend of Gambetta is explained this way. He was handling a revolver, and wounded himself slightly in hand. At the same time he was fined to his room by intestinal inflammation, and the servants in the house gossiped about a bullet-wound in abdomen.

arty passion ran high at Paris in 1891. Mr. Sala noted the fact that one of the extreme radical papers observed the Gambetta was sick: "We regret find that the news this morning of Gambetta's health is more reassuring."

Gambetta died at "Les Jardies" at le d'Avray. It was at "Les Jardies" at Balzac wrote some of the last pages of his "Comédie Humaine." Balzac's last letter from this house was complaint to his sister about want of money and pressure of work. He had agreed to write 378 columns for four newspapers in four weeks. The Paris correspondent of the London Times sent on an elaborate detail of Gambetta's room, death bed and the corpse itself. Great men in politics went out there to stare at the body, it was worthy Pennsylvanians lately have, rode, walked, in hundreds to be at the two dead convicts. As he says in "Pagliacci": "The comedy finished."

Surely if there had been any strange story about Gambetta's death that was founded on the love or jealousy of a woman, our old friend Edmond de Goncourt would have entered it laboriously in his journal. What do we find there? Charles Robin told him that there were no perforations in the "caecal appendix" of Gambetta; that indigestion, the merest trifle would have brought death at any moment. Why was there not an operation? But Veruill said at the autopsy: "My children, what a blessing that we did not interfere!" Hébrard suggested that as Gambetta was a fierce cater and in the habit of bolting partridges, perhaps he had swallowed a shot; but Lannelongue thought death came from an indigestion produced by truffles. It appears that the body was dismembered, at least at a time; the brains were in one place, an arm in another; and they say that the appendix itself is still preserved in Paris, possibly by an indefatigable collector.

We read the other day a story of adventure in colonial days. The hero had blood-curdling hours right here in Boston. There was fighting galore in these sacred streets; there were brave feats of daring, secret passages, wicked rustees, all sorts of persons and things. Is any one of our readers familiar with "The Unfortunate Traveler, or the Life of Jack Wilton," by Thomas Nash (1594)? It is one of the first of picturesque tales written in English, and it is a singularly clear revelation of human character. There are digressions that some find dull, but listen to this oration of cider:

"There was a Lord in the camp, let him be a Lord of misrule, if you will, or he kept a plain alehouse, without velvet or guard of any ivy-bush, and sold cider and cheese by pint and by pound to all that came (at that very name of cider I can but sigh, there is so much of it in Rhenish wine nowadays). Well, Tendent ad Sydera virtus, there's great virtue belongs (I can tell you) to a cup of cider, and very good men have sold it, and at sea it is Aqua celestis, but that's neither here nor here, if it had no other patron but this peer of quart-pots to authorize it, it were sufficient. This great Lord, thought no scorn (Lord have mercy upon us) to have his great velvet breeches larded with the droppings of this dainty liquor, and yet he was an old servitor, a cavalier of an ancient house, as it might appear by the arms of his ancestry drawn very amiably in chalk, on the inside of his tent door."

Feb 7, 1902 FLORIZEL, VIOLINIST.

A Boy of Remarkable Musical Gifts and Technical Acquirements—First Appearance Here of Miss Lucy Gates, Soprano—Mr. Klahre's Recital.

Florizel Reuter, a boy violinist, made his first appearance in Boston last night at Symphony Hall. He was assisted by Miss Lucy Gates, soprano, and Mr. Adolf Glöse, pianist. The program was as follows:

Concerto, E minor.....Mendelssohn
Allegro, Andante, Rondo,
Florizel Reuter.
Aria, "Care Nome" (Rigoletto).....Verdi
Miss Lucy Gates.
Concerto, E major.....Vieuxtemps
Allegro moderato, Introduction, and Rondo
Florizel Reuter.
Songs: (a) Pastorale.....Bizet
(b) "Sing, Sweet Bird".....Ganz
Miss Lucy Gates.
(a) Caprices 21 and 24 (violin alone).....Paganini
(b) Alts Russes.....Wienlawski
Florizel Reuter.

An infant phenomenon is usually dismissed by sitters in the seat of the scornful with a few familiar formulas: "The boy undoubtedly has talent and he plays in certain ways surprisingly well. But it is absurd to expect any display of emotion from a child. His taste must be that of his teacher. Children are imitative even in music. The boy should be withdrawn from the stage at once. The feverish life should be abandoned, or he will be eaten up with vanity, and the promise of his early years will not be fulfilled."

Florizel Reuter of Chicago is now about 10 years old. The son of a violinist he took to the violin when he could hold a small instrument. He has been fortunate in his teachers. Mr. Max Bendix laid the foundations, and Henri Marteau taught him in Geneva, where the boy gave his first concert Feb. 27, 1901. He played in Swiss towns and last fall gave concerts in Stockholm. I believe he has also played in Brussels. His first appearance in this country was with orchestra at New York last Tuesday night.

There have been many boy wonders who have displayed surprising technical proficiency; and the chief impression made by the majority, whether they were violinists or pianists, was that of constant study under a severe taskmaster. Oscar Ralf of Berlin used to say that he could take a day-laborer out of the street and teach him so that he could in two or three years play brilliantly difficult piano pieces. The sight of a ten-year-old playing merely notes at a surprising speed is no longer wonderful; it was never edifying. Of such a performance, one might repeat the speech of the gentlemanly ring-master "Yes, yes, Mr. Merryman, she rides well for one so young. What will the lady have next—the hoops or the bananas?"

Now this boy, Florizel, who plays on a violin of three-quarter size, has a tone that is remarkably pure, appealing, even authoritative. His bowing is delightfully free, and there is unmistakable spontaneity in his attack and treatment of the phrase, whether it be bold and dashing, or sentimental. In many ways his technique is worthy of high praise into which the question of age need not enter.

There is more than this highly developed technique. There is unexpected intelligence in rhythm and accentuation; there is musical feeling in the phrasing; there is a sense of proportion, contrast; one allegro does not seem exactly like another to this boy. How charmingly capricious, for example, was his rendering of the chief theme of Vieuxtemps's

Rondo! There was more than one instance of genuine finesse; there was the ability to characterize, to distinguish. To say that all the excellent, the surprising qualities of his performance are simply a matter of memory, the act of a parrot, is absurd. It would be equally absurd to say that his performance was flawless; but Florizel Reuter revealed himself last night as something more than a boy of talent; he proved that he is a born violinist, one who may be justly described as a genius.

It is easy to say that a boy of his age cannot be emotional. There is emotion in music, and there is emotion in life. Life is not necessarily a matter of years. There are old men and old women who are distinctly molluscan, and there are young boys and girls who suffer or rejoice intensely. A boy may play sensuously on a violin in all innocence of what the word sensuous means; while no child sings with passion, for the instrument of expression is not formed; even if the child were unfortunately precocious, the voice itself would not serve as a medium. The fact remains that Florizel did last night often display true emotion, an emotion that cannot be taught in the schools though it may be encouraged or controlled. He was not painfully sentimental, nor did he move as by accident. There was no effort to remember a phrase as this one or that one had taught it; there was continuity of feeling; and there were contrasted emotions. Truly, a remarkable child. Hearing him awakens pleasure as well as amazement; and there is no thought of a goading taskmaster, no prevailing feeling of pity.

Miss Lucy Gates has a good voice of large compass. She has had little experience and her artlessness is noticeable in song as well as in manner. Her naturally flexible and agreeable organ will undoubtedly please audiences, as long as she confines herself to such songs as Ganz's "Sing, Sweet Bird." With further and well-directed study she might please the more critical.

There was a large and very applauding audience.

Philip Hale.

MR. KLAHRE'S RECITAL.

Mr. Edwin Klahre gave the second of his piano recitals of the season yesterday afternoon, and it was a pleasant affair. The program included Beethoven's Variations in A major, Schubert's Impromptu in E flat, Mendelssohn's Cascade du Chaudron, a nocturne and a polonaise in A flat by Chopin, Beethoven's sonata op. 27, No. 2, Liszt's nocturne in A flat and Tarantella. For an encore Mr. Klahre played a piece by Rubinstein. He played with taste, discretion and at times brilliantly, and he was warmly applauded.

O water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand,
All night long crying with a mournful cry,
As I lie and listen, and cannot understand
The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of the sea.
O water, crying for rest, is it I, is it I?
All night long the water is crying to me.

Unresting water, there shall never be rest
Till the last moon droop and the last tide
fall,
And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west;
And the heart shall be weary and wonder
and dry like the sea.
All life long crying without avail,
As the water all night long is crying to me.

News about the various members of the President's family should be published always on a particular page if not in an established column, so that it may be read easily and at once. We were pained to find an important item—that Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., does not wear a hat or cap at Groton—mixed up with articles of mere political or financial interest. They manage these things better in England.

An English journalist moralizes on the approaching coronation. "The cheers of the street are stale. The salvos of cannon are so much head-splitting noise. The duties involve an irksome and tedious round of being buttoned and unbuttoned. No monarch can love pageantry. He must dread it rather."

But what is our "too daily life" but an "irksome and tedious round of being buttoned and unbuttoned." In this the free-born son of the eagle, the American citizen, has no advantage over him that is born in the purple with head shaped by nature and heredity for a crown.

Buttoning and unbuttoning! But these are only two of many irksome details. There is the bath; the discarding of soiled clothes; the donning of fresh underclothes and linen; the winding up of the watch with measured counting of 9 or 10; the taking down at night and putting back in the morning a fern that stands near a window; the breakfast habit of skimming the newspaper; the routine of shop, office, profession. The days pass, spent in narrowing, soul-shrinking, regularly recurring duties. Are you invited to a dinner party? You know what will be served; you know the precise nature of the talk, which will not stray beyond the boundaries of Boston. Routine sends you to the hospital and cares for you there. There is routine at the burial, for who would wish to be original at a time when he himself could not enjoy the effect, the consequent consternation, the surprised clergyman, the shocked guests?

The same journalist states that Edward will go to Westminster "with a glory of State about him which he has reviled only because he knows himself a symbol at the centre of a school of symbols." This is a little vague. Is it a way of saying that fetishism is not confined to Africa, and that there is a "Long Ju-Ju" in London as well as in the heart of the Aros country?

There have been preparatory lectures on "Manru" in New York, in explanation of the performance of Paderewski's opera. Neither the story nor the music is complex. Why is there need of explanation? Probably because Mr. Walter Damrosch will conduct.

Isidore de Lara's "Messaline" may or may not be poor stuff; it has certainly aroused the music critics of New York to a revival of classical learning. Tacitus, Suetonius, Juvenal have been rummaged, and all the damaging evidence against the poor Empress has been read with evident smacking of the lips. Tacitus had no confidence in his kind; Juvenal was a satirist by trade; Suetonius was a yellow journalist born out of due time. Possible that Messalina went slumping in an official capacity as the head of some club of reformers, as a ministering angel? Such a sense of duty has often been cruelly misunderstood, and there were many at Rome to protest against an Empress who should leave her throne and stoop to play the part of consolatrix.

A London newspaper remarks: "The German press has the good taste of the age combined with the grace of the

elephant." An, brethren, 'tis a pleasant, kindly world.

Here is an "Unfounded Rumor" in the Referee: "That some of the Brigands who captured Miss Stone have died of old age and left their share of the ransom by will to their grandsons."

"A Babu in India had with great difficulty obtained an introduction to an important personage. After the interview an English friend met him and inquired how he got on. 'Oh,' replied the Babu, 'not very well. In Shakespeare's language, he praised me with faint damns.'"

Is there anyone in Boston that can name accurately 1200 of the best known species of lichen? We are in doubt as to a few of the names.

Boston, Feb. 4, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Suppose the prohibitionists are successful; the saloons are closed; drunkenness is merely a tradition; there is no rum in the land. The saloon keepers for the most part could retire and rest on their laurels, or rather their barrel. They would not suffer much. But what would become of the temperance lecturer? What would become of the comic papers whose stock in trade consists chiefly of jokes about intoxication in various degrees, from a light working jag to a deep still? What would Puck or Judge do without the 3 A. M. jest, the supporting lamp post, the word test? Would not the athletic comedian with topical song be crippled beyond repair? What would become of the Police Judges? These are all serious questions.

Yours in the Band of Hope,
GEOUGH M. PITCHER.

Feb 8, 1902

If you look at the sky late at night, Orion climbs proudly, Orion with his belt and sword and dazzling gems. When you were a child, you used to pore over a strange map of the heavens, where gods and goddesses and demigods, whales, bears, dogs, crowns, sickles, chairs, all manner of persons and things were in wild confusion, all star bedecked. There was a Square of Pegasus that frightened you when you finally found it in the sky, for the four stars seemed lonely in a huge black space. But Orion was the constellation that fascinated you during a colder season; it excited your curiosity and awe more than the Pegasus of a warmer if mysterious sky. By following a glittering line in Orion you knew Sirius, the blazing fire of bodelement, but you went back quickly to Orion. You read the legends; you pitied the fate of the giant; Tennyson's "great Orion sloping slowly to the West" delighted you; later you devoured Horne's magnificent poem and learned passages of Poe's praise of it by heart. John Phoenix offended you because he said that the constellation "takes its name from the founder of the celebrated Irish family of O'Ryan."

That was many years ago, but still you are awed by Orion and his stars—Betelgeuse, Bellatrix, Saiph and Rigel. They neither mock nor console you. Watched reverently from some lonely road or wind-swept hill far from electric lights and chattering two-legged creatures, they fill you with awe, and you shudder at your own crawling littleness. The Lord still answers your petty doubts, hopes, snarlings, exultations, as he answered Job out of the whirlwind:

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

When you are in the apartment house built by contract and supplied with all the modern inconveniences you shake off your awe, and think cheerfully of the wonderful discoveries of astronomers. These very stars may have gone out long ago. Perhaps next week Orion, the gigantic figure, may be crased from the heaven.

And the constellations are there simply as a decoration for the delight of man. They were arranged by accident or solely for his pleasure. He named them in a burst of condescension. But from some far off star serene beings that are to us as Plato or Shakespeare to a diseased oyster may look indifferently at the solar system, which is known to them by the name of a singular animal or a grotesque summer vegetable.

Gracie Honsley, a play-actress, dropped dead in a Birmingham theatre while she was singing "Dolly Gray." Only a few nights before, Georg Worltzsch died behind the scenes in London when he was playing Sam Gerridge in a German musical version of "Caste." There have been many similar deaths, some of them famous and so familiar that it would be impertinent to recall them. Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of this grim, tragic irony was that of Madame Patey, who died when singing "On the Banks of Allan Water," just as she

reached the line "There a coarse lay
sh." No wonder that some one said:
"In fiction such a thing would be con-
demned as too frightfully obvious. But
life and death are frightfully obvious,
and art cannot hold a candle to them,
though she does her best to compete
with them on very unequal terms."

It is stated—and the statement seems
incredible—that out of 70,000 wandering
showmen in England 12,000 are total ab-
stainers.

We read the other day in some "Home
Companion" this interesting paragraph:
"The Scandinavian bridegroom gives
his betrothed a Prayer Book and many
other gifts, which usually include a
goose. She, in turn, gives him, espe-
cially in Sweden, a shirt, and this he in-
evitably wears on his wedding day.
Afterward he lays it away, and under
no circumstances of state or poverty
will he wear it again while alive. But
he wears it in his grave, and there are
Swedes who earnestly believe not only
in the resurrection of the body, but in
the veritable resurrection of the be-
trothal shirts of such husbands who
have never broken their marriage
vows. The Swedish widower must de-
stroy upon the eve of his second mar-
riage the wedding shirt his first wife
gave him."

We cut out the paragraph and read it
as a propitiatory offering to the maid
of all work—the Swedish Movement
of the household. "Here, Ingrid," we chir-
ruped, "here's something that will in-
terest you." She snifted when we had
finished. "Read again," she command-
ed. We obeyed—from force of habit.
"That is all one stupid lie," said the
Swedish maiden; "Say, are you going
to be late to dinner tonight?"

The Pall Mall Gazette published this
parody of verses by Calverly:

He thought he saw a flannelled fool
"Compelled a 'century.'"
He looked again, and saw it was
A D.S.O., V.C.
"If letters rain like this," he said,
"None will be left for me."

He thought he saw a muddled oaf
Emerging from a "scrum;"
He looked again, and saw it was
A Bard who banged a drum.
"To Rudyard Kipling," he observed,
"A Swollen Head has come!"

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

An Interesting Program Without Novelties or Soloist—A Few Words About Tschaiakowsky's "Manfred" Symphony.

The program of the 14th Symphony
concert, Mr. Gerike, conductor, was as
follows:

"Manfred" symphony . . . Tschaiakowsky
Savanne Rhapsody in D major, op. 45.
Symphony No. 4 . . . Dvorak
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" . . . Wagner
Tschaiakowsky's "Manfred" Symphony
has now been played for the second
time. The first performance was in
April of last year, and it was not easy
after one hearing to come to a definite
opinion concerning its rank among the
works of this great composer, the most
emotional orchestral writer of the latter
half of the 19th century.
It is not worth while to discuss whether
the work is a symphony or a suite.
It is program-music, and there is a pre-
face which is not crowded with detail,
but is suggestive, and, in a way, help-
ful.

Tschaiakowsky is most successful when
he is nearest to Byron's poem. I won-
der whether young men or old men read
"Manfred" today. Since Mr. Rudyard
Kipling is taken seriously as a poet by
many, it is not probable that a great
number of readers can find much in
"Manfred." Macaulay with all the
glitter of his Corinthian rhetoric and
familiarity with his constant sneer at
"My Noble Lord" persuaded a generation
or two to look askance at Byron
and his works, but what poet of the last
50 years has reached the height of By-
ron in his best mood, the Byron of
"Ripon," "Don Juan," "Child Harold"
and "Manfred"? What tragic poet
of later years for there are still tragic
poets, has approached the last scene of
"Manfred"?

Now Tschaiakowsky was a supreme,
unqualified master in the expression in
music of horror, gloom, despair, death
and its suggestion of annihilation and
hellish things. He treated death in
music, as John Webster did in his two
tragicomedies. There are pages of
music in this symphony as well as
in the Pathetic, that are as the famous
pages of Claudio in the grim comedy of
Shakespeare.

This is not surprising that the
strongest movement of this symphony,
the most impressive in thought and ex-
pression, is the first, in which the
portrait of Manfred is painted in
tones of portrait on canvas, and the
portrait of the Prince that tell of the
death of Arimanes, and show us
Manfred's death. The first movement
is a mighty passion and its ter-
mination is lightened only by the

melancholy passing of the fair Astoria,
whom Manfred still loves, though it
were madness and sin to love her while
she was on earth. This movement is
one of lofty imagination and poignant
expression. The finale of it is one of
the most moving chapters in all musical
literature, surpassed only by a
heightened treatment of the same idea
near the end of the symphony. "Eter-
nal passion—Eternal pain" might well
be the motto of this movement. Tumults
and shattering emotions, doubt,
rage, despair—these are expressed with
irresistible power. Familiar instru-
ments assume sinister shapes. The or-
chestra is full of sobbing, raging
voices. And if the movement were
longer, the imaginative hearer would
himself cry out.

The Manfred theme that appears in
the various sections of the symphony
may or may not have been a thought
borrowed from Berlioz, but the scene of
"The Fairy of the Alps" was un-
mistakably due to the influence of the
Frenchman, just as we find Berlioz
again in the bacchanal in the fourth
movement. The orchestration is inge-
nious, the contrast is needed; but the
mood is that of Berlioz, and the or-
chestral expression is that of a disci-
ple of Berlioz. The Song of the Witch
is individually Tschaiakowskian. The
Pastorale is far from the spirit of By-
ron's poem. Much of this music is
graceful, pretty, but only with the ap-
pearance of Manfred is there the ap-
pearance of the sombre, intense Rus-
sian. The awful measures, measures
full of bodement that are given to the
quartet of stopped horns, are never to
be forgotten. They freeze the blood.
The tomb opens and waits.

Nor is the festive music in the palace
of Arimanes wholly worthy of Tschai-
kowsky's situation; for the reader
will remember that there is no
orgy in the poem. The feverish
gayety is too deliberate. The demons
dance and drink as though there had
been formal invitations and toasts were
in order. It is good melodramatic stage
music, but with the entrance of Man-
fred we are again in black and terrible
tragedy. Why did Tschaiakowsky in-
troduce a fugued passage after the sp-
ulchral music of the invocation? The
mood of the hearer is rudely broken;
he begins to wonder whether there will
be a real fugue. No one but a man of
overwhelming authority could after
such a digression again hold the audi-
ence breathless, and no one, not even
Tschaiakowsky himself, has surpassed
in purely orchestral writing the mys-
tery and horror of Manfred's ending.
The scene between Don Giovanni and
the Stone-Man has the advantage of
action, scenery, the presence of a su-
pernatural being and the sight of the
doomed and blaspheming rake. Tschai-
kowsky makes the flesh creep by the
force of music alone.

To me the music that comes after
the suggestion of the church and possi-
ble redemption, is an anti-climax.
If not an imperfection, and the theme
of the "Dies Irae" given to the double-
basses is only hinted and at a pace that
forbids solemnity.

Thus there are pages that are among
the greatest of this composer; pages
that no other composer of any period
or country could have written; but as
a complete and rounded work of art it
may justly be put below the Pathetic
Symphony, the 5th symphony, the
"Romeo and Juliet" fantastic-overture.

The Rhapsody of Dvorak is a fair ex-
ample of the Bohemian's earlier, more
spontaneous, more "naive" vein. It en-
tertains for a time, and then induces
weariness. And the most successful
page is that of a Bohemian patrol.

The concert closed with a broad, son-
orous, noble performance of the Prelude
to "Die Meistersinger."

Philip Hale.

THE statement has been made that
Florizel Reuter, the wonderful
boy violinist, is amply supplied
with money for his education and
pleasure by enthusiastic "patrons of
art," prominent members of the uni-
tarian aristocracy of the West.

The boy's father is dead; his mother
accompanies Florizel, who is now
playing at a tender age, to make
enough money for him to continue his
studies next year. It is not from
chance, not from vanity, not from
greed that this little boy is now living
a feverish life.

No doubt the passionate press agent
excited prejudice against this genius,
as well as against Miss Lucy Gates, an
amiable, inexperienced, crude soprano
with a good and flexible voice. Listen
to the Press Agent a minute. Here is
his translation of a sentence in a
ecologist article that appeared in a
Geneva newspaper:

"Recalled by the unanimous applause
and continued stamping of the feet,
from which the audience was shaking,
the child prodigy gave us an excellent
interpretation of a fragment of a sonata
by J. S. Bach."

(This is almost as funny as an ex-
cerpt of the compiler of the last Cecilia
program book, who translated or in-
terpreted "negroid" as "negative.")

But it is in original description that
the Press Agent rises to a supreme
height of passion.

"There is probably not a sch-ölthoy
of his age in the world who is as well
up on physiology and natural science.
He acquired, when little more than
six years of age, a thorough knowledge
of the bones of the human body. He
knows the correct Latin names of nearly
all our native birds, and can describe
their eggs, nests and habits. He has
an exceptional knowledge of the strange
animals of Africa and South America,
to say nothing of those more familiar.
He goes butterfly hunting and can give
the names, both Latin and popular, of
forty varieties of the gorgeous insect

and describe their habits and habits.
It matters not upon what subject he
is questioned, he has an amount of in-
formation that is astounding. In ge-
ography, zoology, mythology, national
and foreign history, machinery, music
and literature, he is widely informed.
The enumeration of his accomplish-
ments would lead one to suppose that
he was being crammed by over-zealous
teachers. This is not so. Florizel ac-
quires knowledge as readily as he
breathes. It is natural for his phenom-
enal mind to absorb, and absorb it
does."

Poor Florizel! The Lord deliver you
from such friends.

Miss Gates suffered, perhaps, still
more severely. We were told that she
was a daughter of one of the four
surviving widows of Brigham Young;
that her teacher, Mme. Corelli, said
Miss Gates was "the most promising
singer she had ever known;" that Miss
Gates refused "many dazzling offers
to sing in opera, as she had promised
her people that she would return home
after her three years abroad and noth-
ing would induce her to break that
promise."

Miss Gates sang for Marchesi, "who
after hearing her sing, clasped her
hand in both of hers, declaring that
she must come to her and study." This
we readily believe.

Mr. Adolf Glöse, who "has traveled
with Kellogg, Thursby, Nilsson, Patti,
Nordica, and all the great singers,"
said to Major Pond, "Major, we've had
a good deal of experience with singers,
but there never was anything like this."
Wily Mr. Glöse! And thus he kept
within the pale of truth.

"Frank Damrosch heard her, and ad-
vised her to settle in New York, saying
that she would have all the singing
she could do." Shrewd Mr. Damrosch!
"All the singing she could do."

"She trills on E flat as easily as she
sings any other note, with a sustaining
power that almost takes away one's
breath." For "one's" read "her."

But here is the crowning triumph of
the Press Agent. It deserves a separate
paragraph.

"Like all Mormon girls, she has been
trained to work. She and her grand-
mother have kept house while in Berlin,
doing all their own housekeeping and
dressmaking. Every article of clothing
she wears she has made herself, ex-
cepting her concert dresses, which she
brought from London, and one of which
she wore for the first time at the re-
ception at Major and Mrs. Pond's."

Some complacently point Florizel
to the fate of Maurice Degenmont of
Rio Janeiro, who gave his first con-
cert when he was 8 years old, and after
triumphs in this country and Europe,
pettered out and died almost in obscuri-
ty. Degenmont died from dissipation,
not from playing concertos. I saw
him in the early eighties in Berlin, and
then when he was surely not over 17
or 18 years old, his face was bleached
and his nerves were unstrung. Women
adored him—they spoiled him as surely
as they did Orpheus.

Think for a moment of infant ph-
enomena who became great or at least
celebrated violinists and fulfilled the
promise of early years. Rudolphe
Kreutzer, Baillot, Rodé, Habeneck,
Spohr, Paganini, de Berliot, Alard,
Sivori, Vieuxtemps (who played in pub-
lic a concerto when he was six), Miska
Hauser, Wieniawski, Sarasate, Wil-
helmj, Joachim, Saurct, Marteau, the
Milanole sisters, Lady Hallé, Camilla
Urso, Teresina Tua, Irma Sæthe—and
there are others—as Kreisler.

Florizel Reuter is even more remark-
able for rhythm, taste, repose, bril-
liance, dash, sense of proportion and
intelligence in contrasts, than he is for
any merely mechanical display. He is
first of all musician, he is not an as-
tounding human parrot.

The Kneisel Quartet will play at
Chickering Hall Monday night a string
quintet by Mr. Loeffler. The piece is
not new; it was performed by the
Kneisels Feb. 18, 1895, when Beethoven's
Septet was also performed. Of those
who then assisted in the Septet only
Mr. Hackebarth is left. The sad fate
of Pourtau and Golde is known to all;
Mr. Litke is no longer a member of the
orchestra.

A correspondent wrote lately to the
Journal concerning the foolish and im-
pertinent practice of chorus singers
applauding noisily solo singers and con-
ductor before the performance. The nuisance
is known also in New York, witness
this letter to the New York Times:

To the Editor of the New York Times:
I am going to the Metropolitan Opera
House Sunday evening, and expect to
have a rich treat in hearing the Peo-
ple's Choral Union. But I do wish
that those most excellent singers would
come at last to consider themselves
seriously.

I like to see their splendid enthusi-
asm, but I think it is woefully out of
place for them to show it by applaud-
ing the conductor when he first comes
on or by applauding the soloists or any
portion of the program.

If they wish to be taken seriously,
they must get seriously. Let them ap-
plaud Mr. Damrosch at rehearsals as
much as they choose, but he should
discourage all such kindergarten dis-
plays in a public concert.

The Choral Union members must
learn that they are performers as well
as the soloists and orchestra, and that
it is utterly ridiculous for them to ap-
plaud a program of which they are a
part.

Also, it is in shockingly bad taste for
those who don't pay to get in to try
to represent with applause the senti-
ments of the paying public.

The sentiment of the stage is one
thing; the sentiment of the pay seats
is quite another.

ADMIRER OF THE P. C. U.

The correspondent has found the
proper term for this applause: "Kin-
dergarten display."

"Albani is still singing 'Sweet bird'
with flute obbligato." Great heavings!

Parisian cities allow that Mr. Reson-
nat pounded wildly when he played
Liszt's concerto in E flat at a Concert
Lamoureux, Jan. 12, 1902. It was his
first appearance in the city for 25 years.

"Lucifer," a new opera by E. A.
Bul (Palermo), was a failure. And
Lucifer's fall in Milton's poem was a
terrible one.

Jules Douval wrote the music for an
opéra, "La chambre bleue," founde-
d on Prosper Mérimée's amusing story of
the same name. The libretto was
voted stupid at the Opéra-Comique,
Paris; the music pleased.

Mr. Max Steiner criticised Miss Ger-
aldine Farrar's Nedda at the Berlin
Opera House (Jan. 15) as "vocally and
dramatically unripe."

A new tenor, Sylvano Isalberti, made
a sensation at Trieste in "Feodora."

Mr. James James, composer of the
Welsh national song, "Land of my
Fathers," or as the Welsh call it, "Hen
wlad fy Nhadau," was buried Jan. 16
at Aberdare, in his native Wales. By
occupation he was a licensed victualler,
and shortly after the tune was pub-
lished Mr. James was accused by a
well-known local musician at Cardiff
of having plagiarized it from among
other things, the old song, "Resin the
bow." Mr. James was given full and
due credit for the originality of his
melody, and his work became the
national song of the Principality.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a recent
review of Mr. Van Biene's play, "The
Broken Melody" (The Princess's, Lon-
don, Jan. 14), remarks: "Without at all
trespassing on the musical critic's pro-
vince, we may observe that there is a
certain class that cannot stand out
against the cello. It may be that the
tone of the instrument is one of mourn-
ful introspection, a moaning, bewailing
voice that might have graced the cave
of Adullam. The cello, again, com-
mands sympathy, we believe, as being
a misunderstood and ill-used instru-
ment. To the general public it is always
held upside down, which may account
for its lamentations. Again, many who
think it held the right way up, noticing
the spike on which it stands, regard it
with the friendly compassion they feel
for a man with a wooden leg."

I quote from the latest issue of the
German Times, Berlin:

Arthur Hartmann scored a full and
legitimate success at his concert in
Beethoven Hall. This in itself is of im-
portance, but the event gains im-

measurably in significance, when the
fact is considered that young Hart-
mann received his entire musical educa-
tion in Boston, U. S. A., from Charles
M. Loefler. I wonder whether all the
critics knew this when they wrote su-
perlative praises after the concert?

"Voluntuous tone, of pure and
sweet quality, exquisite color effects
and contrasts, brilliant, all-conquering
technic, extraordinary mastery of the
bow, invigorating rhythm, breadth and
authority of conception, and irresistible
verve and spirit—all these form the
rare combination of artistic virtues
that helped Hartmann to make enthu-
siastic, cheering friends of a hall full
of strangers, and to send home as con-
verts many that had come as sceptics.
The Tschaiakowsky concerto has never
been done better in Berlin by any one
else. In parts it was done here for the
first time by Hartmann. The Lalo con-
certo was a gem of noble sentiment and
tonal refinement. Small wonder that
the cheering and the shouting would
not subside until the young artist had
bowed dozens of times and played sev-
eral encores. Moral: Boston has a
Hochschule, too."

The same journal publishes these
paragraphs:

Accuse us again of unfairness, oh
Germans, when we contend that you
have no ear for vocalism, that you lack
all sense of song. Read this from the
Breitner-Weser-Zeitung and ponder deep:
"Herr Grunz gave us the impression
that, even should he lose his voice en-
tirely, he would nevertheless be able to
sing beautifully."
One of the most classical bits that
has ever come to our notice, we dug
out from the Posener Zeitung some time
ago. It will please all music-critics.
Here it is: "The above criticism is not
from the pen of our regular music-
expert, but was sent us by a valued
contributor."

And yet another gem of German
music-criticism: "The basso Renner is
of imposing, Junoesque appearance."
Elbing Allgemeine Zeitung

The Paris correspondent of the London Referee writes:

"Siegfried" was a magnificent triumph for the Opera, and the Wagnerian school are entitled to a contented smile of satisfaction for after many years they saw their master acclaimed in positively frantic fashion by all who count for anything in Lulitla. Tickets were quoted at from £2 to £30 by the box office keepers, and even at that there was a ready market. Jean de Reszko had apparently taken my note of last week to heart, for in an interview he denied my assertion that his illness was exaggerated. But it is significant that when Gailhard decided to pass over his part to his understudy, Jean came out and sang more powerfully than he has probably ever done before. This, I regret to hear, is practically his swan song. After a visit to Monte Carlo Jean will take a rest in his palace in the Rue de la Faisanderie, where he has constructed a tiny little theatre, and after a series of revivals

at the Opera permanently retire. The mounting of "Siegfried" was, by the way, absolutely superb and the mountain scene a glory to the stage craftsman's art."

HANDEL AND HAYDN.

A Concert of a Popular Nature That Awakened the Enthusiasm of a Great Audience in Symphony Hall—Works by Gounod and Rossini.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave last evening in Symphony Hall a concert of an extremely miscellaneous nature.

The first piece was Gounod's "Gallia," and the performance of this small but skilfully contrived work was the musical feature of the evening. Gounod, who was living in London in 1871, was invited to write something for the opening of the International Exhibition of that year. Ferdinand Hiller was asked to represent Germany; Pissini, Italy; and Sullivan, Great Britain. Gounod thought of France crushed by Germany, went to his Bible, chose verses from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and wrote the motet "Gallia." It was sung on May 1st and Mrs. Conneau, the wife of Louis Napoleon's physician, was the solo soprano. There were six harps in the orchestra.

Then Gounod took "Gallia" to Paris and with it Mrs. Georgina Weldon, who afterward caused him much vexation of spirit; first by her adoration, then by her hate, and her hatred included a lawsuit. Mrs. Weldon sang the solo part at the Opera-Comique. The scenery represented Jerusalem in ruins. Mrs. Weldon wore a Hebrew costume, which sadly incommoded her, but she herself said that prominent statesmen were moved to tears by her singing, and that even her husband, Mr. Weldon, wept copiously. This conduct on the part of Mr. Weldon was nothing less than noble.

Mrs. Weldon sang when the work was given elsewhere in Paris, and in other cities, as in Brussels, at the Monnaie in 1872. Gounod refused to arrange it for church, and said: "Gallia" is not a good thing for the organ, or for the church. It is what it is."

There have been performances of "Gallia" in Boston, by the Foster Club, in May, 1877, without orchestra; by the Boylston Club in 1882, again without orchestra, and by Emma Albani and a chorus and orchestra in March, 1889.

The music is written simply, yet with full knowledge of choral and instrumental effects. The sentiment is sincere, and at times intense, without any thought of theatrical effect. The performance was admirable and impressive. The opening pages were sung with uncommon attention to dynamic indications, and the sonorous climax was overpowering. Mrs. Bradbury's voice is well suited to such music, and she sang with intelligence and artistic as well as natural sentiment.

Then Mr. Bispham appeared and was loudly cheered by the friendly chorus. Why? Was the chorus surprised at seeing him? Is he not a man of his word? Had he just escaped accident by tunnel or herd? And he had not even opened his mouth.

When he did open his mouth it was to sing an air from Mozart's oratorio, "The Marriage of Figaro," in which, as will be remembered, Figaro, the stern old prophet, clad in locusts and wild honey, mocks the youth Cherubino, who has strayed from the path of wisdom.

Mr. Bispham is a man of taste. Why in the world did he make such an incongruous choice? Furthermore, why did the managers of the Handel and Haydn allow the piece to go on the program? Is it their purpose to give at least one serio-comic entertainment a year? Or do they propose to enliven the concerts by the introduction of sparkling songs from operas and operettas? Shall we have the pleasure of hearing the Sextet from "Florodora" between parts of Bach's Passion according to Matthew?

Mr. Bispham added Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn," and in neither one of the songs did he do justice to himself. Mrs. Schumann-Heink was greeted, as Mrs. Bradbury and Mr. Bispham and Mr. Mollenhauer had been, by thunderous applause from the ever friendly chorus. She sang Adriano's aria from Wagner's well-known oratorio "Rienzi," another singular choice for a Handel and Haydn concert, but inasmuch as the name of the Deity is mentioned at least once by Adriano, the piece may perhaps pass as "sacred." Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang with passion, effectively, although she occasionally indulged herself in well established German vocal indiscretions.

The friendly chorus after the intermission applauded vigorously the Quartet, Mrs. Bradbury, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. Bispham. The tenor and the bass surely needed encouragement. The chorus then applauded the conductor, the organist, the audience, and itself. When this homage had been duly paid, Mr. Mollenhauer started the performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the familiar work of the always jocose Rossini.

It is too late in the day to discuss the singular taste or want of taste displayed by this genius, who once said that the work was written "Mezzo Christiano." It is a work, however, that demands four singers of the very first class, singers who have sensuous or noble voices, breadth of style and infinite finesse. If these singers are not of the first class, much of the music at once becomes dull or vulgar, or vulgar and dull. But even a feeble soprano cannot wholly ruin the "Inflammatus," and the music of the quartet "Quando Corpus" is beautiful as it stands on the page.

The men of the quartet were unsatisfactory, inadequate. Mr. Williams again gave his now too celebrated impersonation of a tenor with a severe cold, an impersonation that is fast becoming stale. I have seldom heard the "Cujus Animam" so poorly sung and with such evident satisfaction to the singer. Rossini's music has not been for Mr. Bispham since he contracted a severe case of Bayreuthitis. Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang "Fac ut portem" with considerable effect. The duet was not sung with finesse in the ornamentation, and Mrs. Bradbury's voice, pure and beautiful as it is, is not of sufficiently heroic character to thrill a hearer by her delivery of the "Inflammatus."

The audience crowded Symphony Hall, all the standing room was occupied. And whenever the chorus gave the audience opportunity, it applauded the solo singers, chorus, and conductor, heartily, and in some instances enthusiastically.

Philip Hale.

When you're asked out to dine with a Prof. who has wine
Of the mildest description it's risky
To say "Very kind; but if you don't mind,
I'd very much rather have whiskey."

When he asks you to take some inferior port,
It's the greatest mistake to politely report
That you'd very much rather have whiskey!

The fiercer a man's cold the more violently he blows and coughs on you in conversation. And this is a microbic age.

The news that men with whiskers have been milking cows in Central New York was a distinct shock. We had supposed that in New York as well as elsewhere cows were milked by milkmaids, with traditional complexions and short skirts. We had never heard of a bearded lady milking cows in her leisure moments, and the combination of beard and man was too much for us. We have read of Brizida de Penheranda, a Spanish woman, "who at the age of 60 had a beard that reached down to the pit of her stomach," but her biographer said nothing about her coaxing ways with cows (Zacut. Lusit. Prax. Adm. l. 3, obs. 92, p. 394). Does either Hotomannus or Beckmannus in his eulogy of the beard celebrate the praise of any woman with Piccadilly weepers, or Galway Sluggers? Moustached women are common and in certain Southern countries highly esteemed as piquant and savory.

Men have done wonderful things. Burton in disguise went to Mecca; this one has tried all kinds of day labor; that one has journeyed and slouched with tramps—all for the advantage of the race at large. Why does not some one board with freaks, become intimate with them, keep a journal as material in the future for a psychological biography? What does the Human Ostrich eat at home? Probably some spoon or health food. Does the Bearded Lady shave during the off season?

Imagine a bearded lady, beautiful only in June and July. Perhaps she is attractively sensuous with her richly colored skin rather than beautiful. A young fellow, poor except in ambition, meets her in June and goes well nigh mad in his love for her. She loves him—but she is haunted by the thought that on August 1st she must start her beard, for she will need it in her business. He discovers her secret, surprises her in the act of strapping a white-handled, trusty razor, or finds a moist and half-used stick of shaving soap on her dressing table, or the jealous Circassian Girl betrays her rival. He reproaches the bearded lady, yet he cannot live without her, and his income will not allow him to keep her from the dime museum. She reasons with him; she embraces him fondly; enraptured, he forgets the roughness of her chin—the day is August 2d. "This beard," she says, "will mask my beauty while I earn money for us both. Nor will you tire of me as other husbands tire of their wives. Each recurring June, you will hold a younger and fairer woman, a new woman, in your arms; two months of open happi-

ness will more than balance ten months of disguised and hidden affection or even repugnance. And in a few years, darling, I shall have money enough to shave every day in the year, and then I shall never leave you."

A law of the Twelve Tables forbade women the use of the razor, lest they might dispute with men the sovereignty. The Cyprian Venus was represented with a thick chin beard. In 1726 a favorite ballet dancer in Venice charmed by her black whiskers as well as by her twinkling feet, J. A. Dulaure said in his "Pognologie" (Constantinople and Paris, 1796): "How many brunettes are obliged in the secrecy of their toilet to use—but let us refrain from unveling these mysterious operations; we should be indulgent, since they strive to please us; furthermore, women may well be pardoned for correcting this error of nature, since men do not blush at disfiguring themselves. It is as ridiculous for a man to resemble a woman as for a woman to resemble a man. Yet a beardless man would surprise us less today than a bearded woman; this shows us how far our tastes and customs are removed from nature."

Who was it that put in the mouths of certain American publishers these hints to authors?

All persons offering MSS. must be Americans and live in Indiana; they must know no history except that of the 17th century; they must not trouble themselves about psychology, probability, manners, long descriptions, but must make something startling happen in each chapter; they must not bother about the unities, nor write with the pen, but must practise dictating two different works to two different typewriters at the same time; they must tell everybody they are famous, and in time it will be believed.

But what are the methods of Mr. Peter Fraser, author of "Tatty"? Mr. Fraser has a solemn preface by way of portal before his garden of delight. We learned before we began the novel that "Tatty's spiritual Ego was united to one man and her material Ego to another." That day we read no more.

Emile Richebourg, whose serials brought him \$20,000 apiece—and a Paris newspaper took as many as he could write—used to write several stories at the same time, and in order to keep the plots apart and not turn suddenly a heroine's red hair black, he had sets of dolls made and labeled. When he wrote, the right set for the story stood on his desk. He was appreciated. The newspaper thought it could get along without him, so Jules Verne was substituted. The newspaper lost \$9,000 subscribers in one week. Richebourg heard the news philosophically, and was rewarded, for he was humbly invited to come back. For some time he earned \$100,000 a year. And yet, ten to one, you would find his stories dull stuff.

"A magnificent statue of Minerva, five feet high, in white marble, dating from the second century, was uncarthed at Poitiers by some workmen."

We were under the impression that Minerva was a tall, an extremely tall and angular person, and we cannot help thinking in spite of chronology that she wore spectacles. Perhaps Mr. Harry Becket's impersonation of the goddess left an erroneous if strongly marked impression. Only five feet high? The ancients represented her as striking terror; she was no pocket Venus. She wore a helmet, and the helmet had a plume; she carried a shield, with the unpleasant head of the dying Medusa on it; and occasionally, when she donned full dress, she wore living serpents about her breasts and shoulders. No, she was not a cuddlesome person; she did not suggest cooey sofa-talk. Ovid was so ungentlemanly as to call her a virago. The reverend and ingenious Mr. Spence wrote: "Minerva, as a native or inhabitant, at least, of Africa, has a great deal of the Moor in her complexion." She was dark, stern; she inspired awe and terror. Only five feet high? Go to!

We remember distinctly a performance of "Hamlet" in which E. L. Davenport impersonated the Dane. Directly in front of us sat a well-preserved old gentleman who had taken with him a lad to see the tragic show. The old gentleman's hands rested on a thick, gold-headed stick. Whenever Polonius rapped out a prudential and selfish saw, or when Hamlet had achieved one of his famous lines, the old gentleman turned purple with delight, punched the lad, and pounded vigorously the floor with his stick. (The cane had an inscription, but our neck was not long enough to ascertain its nature.) Any moral sentiment handed out over the footlights was received with instant approbation by the bearer of the stick. This was surely 30 years ago, but we see the old gentleman and the

boy as though they now sat before us. We also remember that after the second act the uncle—we knew at once that the boy was his nephew—said: "Sit here, Robert; I'll be back soon." And we remember, not without pleasure, that when he returned there was for some time a curious odor, as of fire-crackers; but the appreciation of morality was if anything more instantaneous and violent; indeed, on several occasions the old gentleman anticipated the play-actor.

There are no such play-goers today. Have they disappeared with gold-headed sticks and brocaded waistcoats? In those days a cane, richly ornamented and handsomely inscribed, was an exposed certificate of substantial worth. The old men now in the streets seem to disdain a stick of any kind. They dress rakishly; they walk jauntily; they go to the play-house, but not to see Hamlet, and their approbation follows lines such as Polonius would not have approved. We are told, however, that they, too, go out for fresh air, to rest their legs, while the chorus girls are resting theirs, and that the return is still accompanied with that inexplicable smell of fire-crackers. We speak only from hearsay; for we have no uncle to take us to the theatre: "Hamlet" is not given every week; and we do not wholly understand the modern plays, for we unfortunately are unable to keep up with the rush of modern novels.

Who first sported a gold-headed cane? Was he an Egyptian? Leigh Hunt wrote a delightful essay on sticks, but he gives little precise information. The Bamboo, the Whang-hee, the Jambée were the result of better acquaintance with the Indies. Hunt says: "The physicians, till within the last few score of years"—this essay was written in the early thirties—"retained among other fopperies which they converted into gravities, the wig and gold-headed cane. The latter had been an indispensable sign-royal of fashion, and was turned to infinite purposes of accomplished gesticulation."

In Paris an "Institute of Coiffures" has been established. "Advanced instruction will be given in all the subtleties of coiffing women." "It was impossible," said one of these specialists, "to remain where we were lost in a flood of other coiffures. * * * It was necessary for the advancement in our great art, that certain of our number possessed of ingenuity and passion, should go out from the main body and found a new settlement, with new ideals, and yet preserving the ideals that have ever reposed in the breast of every true member of the craft."

Mr. Octave Mirbeau, who lifted up his voice some years ago to call Maeterlinck "the Belgian Shakespeare" and afterward wrote some exceedingly entertaining novels, now breathes out threatenings and slaughter against all Academies. He says that anyone who wishes, to have his work "crowned" by an Academy must first leave copies with its house-keeper, addressed to each member and decorated with "the most crawling dedications." These books never pass the porter's lodge; they are a part of his perquisites. Then begins the real labor? "It is not this or that Academician who awards it; it is his female friend, his doctor, hairdresser, or chiropodist; and you had better apply to one of these persons, or better still, to all of them, than trust to any merit in your works." Nevertheless, we should dearly like to see an Academy in Boston. Nor should it be confined to 40 immortals. There would be at least 400 nervous applicants within 24 hours after the announcement of the scheme. The fun would be in reading the claims for immortality, and watching the antics of the candidates.

We call the attention of anxious mothers with daughters that are beginning to wither on the stalk to a practice in high favor among the modern Hindus. A missionary writes from Nepal that local parents find it difficult to make advantageous matches for their daughters, and they prevent an overstocked market by putting them to death. This practice is not confined to what are popularly known as "the lower classes;" but Hindus of high birth, even Rajputs—we accept this word on faith, it may have some disagreeable or even low meaning—hire men to rid them of the little embarrassments. In 1810 there were only three girls under 12 years of age in 73 villages. The English Government passed laws, but what is a foreign law to a Rajput? The Hindus now allow their girls to live until the age of 12, then poison is administered in small and not necessarily unpleasant doses. In many districts 25 out of every 100 girls sicken and die, to the consternation of the family. "Those girls who have been

married very early, generally between fourteen and fifteen years, and that not according to their own choice, but by the will of their parents, which is decisive. An Indian family of good rank could not keep an unmarried daughter. It would not only be a public shame, but also a crime against religion. To procure husbands for those who have not already found them, there are a number of Brahmins, old and decrepit, called Kulin Brahmins, who go about with the one object of going through the ceremony of the 'seven steps' with as many young girls as they can upon receipt of a large sum of money, but afterward to leave the country and perhaps never to see them again."

"FLORODORA."

"Florodora," a musical comedy in two acts, book by Owen Hall, music by Leslie Stuart, was produced last night for the first time in Boston at the Colonial Theatre by a company under the direction of Messrs. Fisher and Kiley. The cast was as follows:

Dolores Maude Lambert
Angela Guelma Baker
Lady Holyrood Isadore Rush
Giffain M. Peyton Carter
Capt. Donegal M. Armstrong
Abercrombie Sydney Deane
Twelvepunch James Klerman

This musical comedy has been a long time in coming to Boston. It was produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, Nov. 11, 1899. New Haven, Conn., served as the dog whose good opinion was courted Nov. 9, 1900, and the piece began its long run in New York Nov. 12, 1900, at the Casino.

The piece has enjoyed a popularity that approaches the favor shown "La Mascotte," "La Pille de Madame Angot," "La Belle Helene" so far as continuous runs are concerned, and yet when it was first performed it was not considered the equal of certain Gaiety pieces. The performance was praised for high spirits. Mr. Willie Edouin was criticized for accomplishing the feat of making bricks out of straw, and all confessed that the music was pretty, but no one prophesied such popular success. "Florodora" defied augury.

And what are the causes of this uncommon popularity? Surely not the book itself, not the dialogue. The book is reasonably coherent, as such books go, but the episodes might be more skillfully and amusingly treated. The dialogue for the most part is weak; it is not to be compared even to that of such pieces as "The Shop Girl" or "An Artist's Model." The chief comedian's part is not inherently side-splitting or originally grotesque.

The success has been undoubtedly due to the pretty music, the general attractiveness of the stage-production, and the opportunity given for the display of sumptuously dressed and physically seductive women. The double sextet alone is enough to insure a long run for any piece, and repetitions of it without number do not dispel the charm.

Nearly all of this music is pretty, for that is the adjective. There is no wild attempt after originality, but the character of the melodies and the natural but suggestive harmonic treatment and discreet and often charming orchestration have a certain individuality of which one does not easily tire. And the slight of handsome, shapely women moving and gesturing gracefully to such music casts inevitably a spell. When the piece was first performed at the Lyric, no encores were allowed, no matter how genuine the enthusiasm. They that wished to hear for the second time a sprightly melody, a soothingly sensuous number, or would fain fix firmly in their mind the combination of the eternal feminine with music that occasionally unclothed as well as clothed the situation, were obliged to visit the theatre a second time. Thus were the managers as wise as serpents.

Nor would it be fair to say that the performance of last night depended wholly on this blend of fair woman and music. Mr. Klerman had his amusing moments, although he was too often obliged to let a violently to make his points. Miss Rush was characteristically incisive. She played her part with a certain distinction that was effective, and with her singular, dramatic speech and gesture and unerring good nature she contributed largely to the prevailing hilarity. And with due recognition of Mr. Carter's success in making a common place a little more than a trifle, the criticism of individual performances may end.

It was the ensemble rather than any one individual that made the piece go so triumphantly last night. Here is a company that has no singer of charm or power, no dancer of uncommon grace in action, and yet there was such harmonious action, there was such a semblance of spontaneity that the dull moments seemed few, and the hearer left the theatre pleasantly disposed, with the agreeable memory of the sextet of damsels, every one of them desirable. Now when the hearer goes home with such a memory he finds his pleasure alive the next day. He hums the tune to which the damsels moved and smiled—and languished; he hums it over his work and it is easy to foretell his fate. He goes to "Florodora" again and again. Why argue longer concerning the popularity of the piece? Especially when it is produced in such handsome fashion.

Mr. Arthur Weid had admirable control of the orchestra. For once the accompaniment of pieces in a musical comedy was an unalloyed pleasure and were thus when the accompaniment rested the hearer during a song. The conductor of natural taste and

power and art acquiesced as well as in a tested by orchestra as well as in a show imagination in the accompaniment of a simple ballad; he often proves his ability by refraining from going what others are eager to a lieve. And it is not extravagant to say that Mr. Weid in all respects showed true and enviable artistry.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

Philip Hale.

KNEISEL CONCERT.

The Kniesel Quartet, assisted by members of the Symphony Orchestra, gave a delightful concert last evening in Chickering Hall. The program included widely contrasted pieces: Mendelssohn's Quartet in D, op. 44, No. 1, and Beethoven's Septet, as opposed to the exquisite Quintet in F major for three violins, viola and cello by Mr. C. M. Loedler, a member of the ultra-modern school, or still better, a man apart in fancy and expression. Mendelssohn's quartet was written in 1838, when the composer, as he said, had a violin concerto running in his head, but the concerto bears the date of 1844. Beethoven's Septet has an historic interest for many of the men of his day were frightened by his 9th symphony and violin concerto and begged him to return to the style of his liner works, among which this Septet was mentioned, which was played over a century ago. Mr. Loedler's Quintet was produced six years ago this month, and its charming tonal tints and fascinating harmonies again gave rare pleasure.

Tremont Theatre: "King Dodo"

At the Tremont Theatre last evening there was presented for the first time in Boston "King Dodo," a comic opera in three acts, the book and lyrics by Frank Pixley, the music by Gustav Luders. The cast was as follows:

King Dodo I Raymond Hitchcock
King Dodo II Reginald Roberts
Pedro Arthur Woolley
Dr. Fizz Charles W. Meyer
Mudge Albert Jahre
Sancho, an innkeeper W. W. Black
Bonilla, prime minister to Queen Lili Albert Jahre
Lo Baswood W. J. Wilson
Lopez John Barry
Diego Lawrence Wilbur
Tino Ray Aldrich
Queen Lili Greta Risley
Queen Lili, the king's ward Elsa Ryan
Angela, the king's ward Cheridah Simpson
Piola, soldier of fortune Gertrude Quinlan
Annette Phrynette Ogden
Poursuivant Lillie Sieger
Herald Tillie Sieger

"King Dodo," written by the authors of "The Burgomaster," was originally produced at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago on May 27, 1901, with a cast which included William Norris in the name-part, William Pruette as Bonilla, Miro Delamotte as Pedro, George W. Callahan as the Indian, Lillian Green as Piola, Celeste Wynne as Angela and Maude Lambert as Queen Lili. Those who went to the Tremont last evening were promised "the complete original cast," but as one member died and nearly all the others had dropped

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

Patrons of the Bijou Opera House were treated to a delightful taste of grand opera last evening. Mile. Frida Ricci, the sweet-voiced Italian singer, said to be one of the greatest coloratura sopranos on the stage, made her American debut in the title role of "Lucia di Lammermoor," the four-act opera by Donizetti, and she scored a pronounced success. Her reception at the Bijou was born in Florence, Italy. In 1897 she began her operatic career, and since then she has mastered 30 operas. She has sung in Rome, Milan, Palermo, Trieste and other musical centres, with some of the most noted singers of the world, and she has only just completed a three years' tour of South America. She is booked for the Metropolitan Opera Company next season.

Where is the farmhouse, red-roofed, low,
Smothered in creepers to the eaves?
The path that we were wont to go
Skirted the stackyard, gold with sheaves

Where is the stile? The pigeon-cote
And all its raised terraces, where?
The chimney-swallows used to float
And dive in yon blue bath of air.

Where is the murmur of the bees?
The scent of roses and of may?
Where are the silences, the trees,
All the lost sweets of yesterday?

Is this the very place? A row
Of meadow houses, drab and dull,
Follows the path we used to go
When the old world was beautiful.

A railway cuts the fields in half;
The fields! degraded out of mind.
Now write the country's epitaph,
So fast the town creeps up behind!

The hideous houses blot the scene:
This town's a hag, ignoble, base;
Her trail defiles the tender green.
Is this the place? Is this the place?

We learn that Mr. William Riley died in Arizona, Feb. 9. He fell from a horse while he was trying to rope a steer. "Nobody knew where he came from. He had lived here many years; but he was never heard to speak of his family." He was known all over the Territory as "One-Eyed Riley."

No doubt there was a mystery in his life, but we cannot believe that he

was the hero of the convict-song "One-Eyed Riley," a ballad that will go down with "Sam Hall" and that French companion-song "La Vestale," which, sung by the wretches in a galley-cart, made Cosette shudder and Jean Valjean tremble. But the first named ballad is much older than the oldest cowboy, although friends of the late Mr. Riley may insist that he was the dashing hero.

Perhaps some of our readers might like to see all the verses of "One-Eyed Riley." Inasmuch as there are two or three versions, we prefer to wait until we have compared them scrupulously with a manuscript guarded in the Public Library.

A HUMBLE FOLLOWER.

On week-days she is a dressmaker, at the beck and call of any one who can pay her the dollar and a quarter which she charges for her day's labor in making over shabby clothes into a poor semblance of the gowns she sees pictured in the fashion magazines. She "light-housekeeps" in a hall-room at the South End. She is the drudge of landlady and shabby patrons, and the butt of the port young women who live in the house with her.

On Sunday all is changed. She is of the Lord's anointed! She arrays herself in her elaborate and pitiful best—gowns fashioned from the pickings and savings of 40 years of dressmaking. On their creation she lets her starved imagination run riot. Bows, ribbons, and cheap jewelry in astounding confusion bedeck her meagre form and rubicund face. Silk mits and an ornate parasol complete her self-satisfying costume.

She sallies forth to her church in spiritual and worldly pride. It is a congregation of the poor and humble. She lords it as paragon of fashion and chief laborer in the vineyard. Throughout the service she is conspicuous. She reads in a loud voice; she sings in a penetrating quaver; she prays with the sinful; she welcomes the stranger; she shakes hands with the deacons; she patronizes the minister.

On summer Sunday afternoons she attends religious meetings on the Common. She stands in the select group behind the speaker. She sings with primmed mouth and enforced sweetness; she says, "Amen!" "That's so, brother," "Praise His name," with smug authority. Sometimes she testifies, and always with pleasure. She chats with bystanders about their souls.

At night she visits the prayer meeting in her church, prays with the mourner and urges the backslider.

But there is the inevitable return to the hall-room. Tired and happy, she folds away the gown, smooths the laces, and rolls the ribbons on her bony fingers. She hums a hymn and falls upon her knees, thankful for a blessed day of work and usefulness. And she dreams of another dress for Sunday, of testifying again among the Chosen Sheep, which in her dream shine curiously in purple and orange, like the mat before her landlady's parlor door.

G. S. E.

How they love Mr. Hall Caine in England! A Mr. C. Fred Kenyon has written a life of the eminent Manxman, and a reviewer snatches up the hatchet with whoop and infinite glee; "Innocence, beautiful, brainless innocence shines from every page of this little work. . . . The great man has not escaped calumny. But think of his genius once more! If he has not done himself quite justice as a dramatist, if he abandoned poetry to reach a large public, yet, as a critic, he was bound to reach the foremost place had he persisted. But why stop there? Why does not Mr. C. Fred Kenyon ask us to believe that had things been otherwise, the Great Man would have attained eminence as an exploiter of grate-polish or pills, as Captain in the Salvation Army, or a bare-backed circus rider?"

But let us quit the scene of torture. The reviewer begins to show spite, and there is the appearance of straining and labor in the castigations. A reviewer, critic, paragrapher should keep at least his head cool. He is not writing for his own health or pleasure. He is defending humanity against a quack or an oppressor. His face should be philosophically calm, or if there be a glow it should be the fervor of pure philanthropy. He should never scream. His tones should be most courteous when they stab the heart, or whatever organ is the seat of vanity, the very breath of life.

This London reviewer begins to scream and make faces at Mr. Caine. See how the reviewer jumps into the air and paws at! See him shake his fists! Are you not glad that we left him? And really, Mr. Caine is not worth such excited attention. Nobody is compelled to read his novels.

TWO RECITALS.

Mr. Harold Bauer Plays the Piano at Steinert Hall in the Afternoon and Mr. Fritz Kreisler Plays the

Violin at Symphony Hall in the Evening.

Two recitals were given yesterday that do not require extended comment, for the artistry of each player is now well-known. In each instance the player deserved a larger audience, and in each instance was there the warmest appreciation.

Mr. Harold Bauer played an arrangement of Mozart's Fantasia in F minor; Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques (with the five posthumous etudes), Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso; Chopin's Prelude in A flat, Mazurka in F sharp minor, Etude in C minor; and Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 2.

Mozart's Fantasia, a work of his latest period, was written originally for a musical clock exhibited at Mueller's Art-Cabinet in Vienna. Both the fast and the slow movements are in his largest and freest style, and it is passing strange that a piece of such breadth was ever conceived for a musical toy. Perhaps the very irony of the idea pleased Mozart's fancy. The piece is known in its form for four hands, and the arrangement played by Mr. Bauer was made, I believe, by Kullak. Let us hope that when Mr. Bauer returns he will have the courage to play a sonata by Mozart. Either the one in F major or the Fantasia-Sonata would be welcome, for these pieces often mock virtuosos, and even "formidable" pianists recognize the difficulties in the apparent simplicity.

Mr. Bauer gave a performance of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques that was essentially heroic rather than romantically poetic. Eusebius should have his say as well as the stormy Florestan. Indeed, the original title of these Etudes was "Studies in Orchestral Character by Florestan and Eusebius." In the second edition (1852) two of them were cut out, but they were restored in the third edition (1862), and in 1873 five studies were added. The material found after his death. The complete series is a task for the hearer as well as for the pianist. The series as it is generally found is long enough. Yesterday there was monotony in the display of strength.

The Rondo by Mendelssohn and the Etude by Chopin were finely played, and were the final measures of the Prelude. The Mazurka and too much of the Prelude were without atmosphere; they were too clearly defined, and almost matter of fact.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, assisted by Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, accompanist, played Mendelssohn's Concerto; Tartini's Sonata (The Devil's Trill); an arrangement of the Prelied from "Die Meistersinger," and Poppers' "Elfentanz"; the familiar Canonetta by Godard; the violinist's arrangement of a Mazurka by Chopin; and Hubay's Czardas. Of course Mendelssohn's concerto without orchestra is in a way a sketch in black and white rather than a painting, but Mr. Kreisler reminded us forcibly by his art of the many beauties in the solo part, which endless repetitions have not staled. He was still more impressive in Tartini's sonata, which defies the maw of Time. This was played with great dignity and the slow movement was serenely yet intensely beautiful. The other pieces gave pleasure, although the reading of Walther's song was mannered rather than frank.

Virtuosos, who in this exacting period of time are hurried from one city to another and exposed to the discomforts of travel and the changes of air and diet, are unable to be always in the mood or fully master of their resources. It is not surprising that a violinist occasionally sings below the true pitch or plays passages of trifling importance in a somewhat perfunctory manner. The wonder is that Mr. Kreisler maintains such an unusually high standard of excellence. This standard is known to all in many lands, and wherever Mr. Kreisler plays the hearer is sure during the concert to recognize and rejoice at that which is noblest and most musical in the interpretation and astounding in the techniques of the art.

Philip Hale.

Last night I met my own true love
Walking in Paradise;
A halo shone above his hair,
A glory in his eyes.

We sat and sang in alleys green,
And heard the angels play;
Believe me, this was true last night,
Though it is false today.

The inhabitants of Nashville protested against a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the opera house. Have they no sense of humor? The piece was revived not long ago in Paris.

But the English are still fond of humorous verbal plays in their own ponderous fashion. Here is the latest exhibit: "Why is King Edward the Seventh?" "Because E. R." And yet there is talk of friendly relationship between England and the United States.

A New Yorker wrote to the Evening Post: "Massachusetts, I am informed, passed a law some years ago requiring surface car companies to inclose platforms." Yes, all the platforms of cars in and about Boston are inclosed. The conductor stands on a hot soapstone, and in the coldest weather steaming coffee is served him in the Subway and at the end of the route by the company, whose only aim is for the comfort of employees and passengers. Judge Dewey recognized this fact the other day.

Subjects for popular discussion in the newspapers return with the unerring regularity of well-behaved comets. Just now the London journals are giving space to "Causes for French Depopulation" and "The Possessive Case." This reminds us that the "New Poem" credited to Poe has turned up again. Of course, the owner "indulgently declines handsome cash offers" for it.

An Englishman after morning church at Monte Carlo went to the gambling rooms and staked on the number of the hymn. His plety was liberally rewarded. Next Sunday the church was crowded. As soon as the number of the hymn had been given out, the entire congregation rushed for the door.

This reminds us of a story told by Mr. Sims. He was at Geneva and saw a crowd round a table at which the game of little horses was playing. He put his hand into his pocket for a five-franc piece and pulled out with it a ticket for his umbrella, ticket No. 3. He put the piece on No. 3, won, tried it again, in fact four times, and won each time. Then he went to the coat room and asked for his umbrella, No. 3. "Pardon, sir," said the old woman, "your umbrella is 6."

Ristori's first teacher was a clown.

We kiss the hand of Miss Suzanne Després, a play-actress in Paris. A reporter asked her: "If the alternative were presented to you, the fireside or the artistic side, would your choice be still the theatre? Which of the two lives would you wish for your daughter?" Suzanne, who has been on the stage for four years, answered: "I do not know, I am too young; call again in 30 years' time."

But even Suzanne admitted that the life of the theatre was "terrible." Adeline Dudley said: "Would my choice be still the same? For me, yes. For my daughter, no. * * * The dresses for the opening performance absorb all the earnings of the season." Yvonne Garrick, now only 22, escaped from family life and is happy at the Odéon. "My art procures me deep joy and largely compensates for the sacrifices I have made."

Petrarch once said: "Strange to say, I often feel a craving to write, without knowing to whom, or on what subject." That is where Old Pete differs from a newspaper man, whose "craving" is about as intense as that of a horse in a brick yard.

Women's clubs in Boston may learn prudence and thrift from like organizations in Berlin. The Deutscher Frauen Club has been hospitable toward visiting lionesses, and the committee arranged last month a "Social Tea," to which Mrs. Durand, who edits *La Fronde*, and our friend Loie Fuller were invited. On account of the size and roar of the two lionesses, the members of the club were asked to pay a sum equivalent to 75 cents each for the pleasure of seeing and hearing. This proposition was rejected by a great majority, and many of the "representative members" sulked at home on the day of the reception. But was not the combination of "editress" and dancer worth three marks?

It will cost \$30 for a sitter in an orchestral seat at the Metropolitan to see a live Prince yawning, or asleep, or with his visiting smile firmly riveted to his face.

Guinevere of the Referee finds that English girls are more thoughtful and more simply dressed since the death of Queen Victoria, and she makes this astounding statement: "King Edward is very particular about the upbringing of young girls; it is almost a hobby with him."

Guinevere adds: "One great advantage which will accrue from the fact that invitations to the Royal Drawing Rooms will be substituted for promiscuous admission, is that there will be less overcrowding. Another, that the business—bad enough taste, God wot—of trafficking in the exploitation of young ladies from South Africa and North America will come to an end."

It is pertinent to say right here that "Every effort will be made by the Faculty" to keep the hair of English women dressed as low as possible in the nape of the neck, surmounting this "whenever the circumstances admit" by a great black ribbon bow. Docs Miss Maude know the difference between a "crépon" and a "transformation?" A transformation is shaped to the line taken by the roots of the hair round the face, and a crépon is merely natural wavy hair mounted on to a narrow straight band. There is another difference: A crépon costs, at the utmost, \$10; a transformation costs \$35 and upwards. Vulgar persons call

a transformation a wig. Tafteta, "plain, patterned, and 'changeant'" will be the stuff of the immediate future. A prophet announces that a speedy accoutmenting of the persuasive pelerine, skirts appreciably fuller, and sleeves bountifully bouffant. And now there's a heavy load off our mind.

A man applied the other day for admission to a Paris hospital, but after examination by one of the students, he was declared to have nothing the matter with him. The "malade imaginaire" was so delighted to find himself quite well that he gripped the student's hand so hard as to crush his fingers. The unfortunate youth howled with pain, and the would-be patient was given in charge to the police. Arrived at the police station he broke a thick log of wood in two, bent a pair of pincers with three of his fingers, and snapped a rope tied in tenfold thickness round a cask. They call him the man with the steel hands. His peculiar powers are wasted in Europe; he ought to emigrate to the United States and get engaged by the President to act as his deputy at public receptions. He would be invaluable in checking that American national tendency to shake hands which has nearly proved fatal to many public men in that country. We commend this person to the attention of President Roosevelt.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MASTER ROBINSON, VIOLINIST.

Master David Robinson, violinist, gave a recital in Steinert Hall, last evening. He played a concerto in A minor by Bach, Vieuxtemps's *Reverie*, a Hungarian dance, pieces by Schumann and Partinl, etc.

I understand that the youth is of Russian parentage; that he was born here and now lives here. He undoubtedly has talent, and he has been taught by an excellent teacher, who fully realized before the concert that it was a great mistake for his pupil to play in public, and made every effort to keep him from the stage. Boys are often headstrong, and friends and even parents are not always the best advisers.

And so last night there was merely an exhibition of rough talent. To criticize the performance in detail would be an unnecessary and futile task. It is enough to say that if the boy be kept hard at work for some years he may then give genuine pleasure to the hearers, and be able to repay his friends for the substantial interest that they have already shown. If he is now allowed to run loose with his violin, there can be no illustrious or even moderately successful career. He is not so young as to excite lucrative curiosity; he is at an age when he has learned enough to think that his accomplishments are such as to compel the applause of the judicious, for he is by no means shy or modest in performance.

There was a very friendly audience of fair size. Flowers were handed to the boy, and Mr. Alfred De Voto played the accompaniments.

Philip Hale.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

Return of the Celebrated Humorist to Boston—His First Entertainment in Chickering Hall—Mrs. Helen Hopekirk's Second Chamber Concert.

Mr. George Grossmith was welcomed heartily last night by a large audience in Chickering Hall. He at once began the entertainment by playing a piano solo, because, as he frankly admitted, he had not brought a pianist with him.

He played "Home, Sweet Home" with extraordinary variations, which showed how the air was disturbed by finding itself in a strange key; how it tripped with joy, when it made its escape. The last variation was of the kind not wholly ignored by distinguished composers, for as Mr. Grossmith aptly said, in such variations it little matters what notes are played. The performance of this music, once favorite of our aunts, brought the memory of "The Wrecker's Daughter's Quickstep." Variations on "Love Not," compositions by Wollenhaupt, "Showers" of various jew-els, "Cascades" and descriptive autumnal pieces. The burlesque was excellent, one of the chief features of the entertainment.

Mr. Grossmith's theory that love songs might be woven inseparably together with the thought of vegetables instead of flowers was illustrated by a song, "It Was in the Time of Turnips," but in this instance the humor was in the presentation rather than in the matter itself.

With his good natured railery Mr. Grossmith does not pursue large game. He chases the little foxes that spoil the vines. The daily, petty annoyances and vexations of life and the pleasures of society rack the nerves and sour the sweetness of the soul; for man is soon weary of resisting them, while even the naturally timid and weak may be heroic in the face of tragedy. Thus Mr. Grossmith's humor may benefit as well as amuse by

leading estimable men and women to reflect on the fact that they may bore their neighbors as well as be bored by others; that they may selfishly disregard the rights of others when they think they are merely prudent. Mr. Grossmith's bolts were shot at the dwellers in apartment houses; your neighbor with healthy and loud-voiced children, your neighbor who practises piano-scales from morning to night, or is going through that mysterious operation known as "producing tones," according to the "only true Italian method" which is known to many teachers who feel it their duty to impart it—for a consideration. Mr. Grossmith also described various "Somebodies who are really Nobodies, and Nobodies who may after all be Somebodies." There was the bluff old army officer who had sung the same dilsnally comic song for 40 years without accompaniment and was woefully disconcerted when he was persuaded to sing it with a pianist. The butler who left Mr. Grossmith after 15 years because—he could not lie—he was sick of the sight of Mr. Grossmith and his family was the bright particular star of the constellation, although the snobbish English lady who said "Pouff!" in the railway carriage was hardly of lesser magnitude. Delightful, too, was the university young fellow, so full of amateur theatricals that he answered all questions, even about his poor uncle's health, to the accompaniment of a dance.

The song "The Noisy Johnny" is not one of Mr. Grossmith's best.

It was a pleasure to hear this kindly humorist again. It may be said of him, as it was said of Artemus Ward when he lectured in London, that no hearer ever feels ashamed of his laughter, that no one is conscious of superiority when listening. The hearer realizes that Mr. Grossmith is entertaining him as he would entertain in turn if such amusing gifts were his. Mr. Grossmith once described himself, I believe, as a Society Clown. He is

a clown as Touchstone was a clown, as Chival was a clown; for he is a man versed in the ways of the world, acquainted with the so-called elegancies and able to estimate them at their true worth; a man of pretty and humble wit, of gentle disposition, who feels charitably with peer humanity.

Mrs. Helen Hopekirk, violinist, assisted by Mr. André Maquarrie, pianist, gave her second chamber concert in Chickering Hall, yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Suite, 13 major.....Sinding
Aus dem Volksleben.....Grieg
On the Mountains.....Grieg
Friedal Mat. H.
Carnival.....Schubert
Introduction and Variations, flute and piano, op. 160.....Schubert
On "Treckle Blumen."
Wlegand, MS.....Lesechitzky
Ganzonetta.....Lesechitzky
Scherzo, E minor.....Mendelssohn
Woodland Scenes.....Mendelssohn
To a Water-lily.....Macdowell
By a Meadow Brook.
At an Old Trysting-place.
From Uncle Remus.
Etude, F minor (Posthumous).....Chopin
Waltz, F major.....Chopin
Etude, G flat.....Chopin
Sonata for flute and piano, "Undine".....Reinecke

The feature of the concert so far as the pianist was concerned was the performance of Sinding's suite and Grieg's Folk-pieces. The Suite is not familiar, nor is it as deliberately radical as much of this composer's music. He follows the spirit of the old form, but he is not pedantic in the letter. The different movements are not merely a wearisome imitation of the antique; there is a saving modern flavor. The most interesting portions of the Suite are the Sarabande and the Gavotte. Mrs. Hopekirk played this music with marked taste, and with a refreshing freedom and breadth.

Her performance of the pieces by Grieg was full of imagination and poetry. It is so easy for a pianist to allow these fantastic pieces to appear extravagant, trivial, or experimental. Mrs. Hopekirk caught the mood, or she at least established a mood which seemed inevitably that of the composer. And so throughout, her performance was one of much distinction. Mr. Maquarrie played with beauty of tone, fluent technic, and admirable management of breath, so that there were phrases of extraordinary length. But why, oh why, did he and Mrs. Hopekirk choose the interminable, old-fashioned, pointless, manufactured variations by Schubert? The performance was a sad waste of time and talent.

Philip Hale.

Now go and brag of thy present happiness, whoever thou art, brag of thy temperance, of thy good parts, insult, triumph, and boast; thou seest in what a brittle state thou art, how soon thou mayest be dejected, how many several ways, by bad diet, bad air, a small loss, a little sorrow or discontent, an ague, etc.; how many sudden accidents may procure thy ruin, what a small tenure of happiness thou hast in this life, how weak and silly a creature thou art.

Boston, Feb. 12, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:
When you tire of art and society, study terrestrial magnetism. It is a pleasing pursuit. But work out new problems, for instance, the variations of the compass in the seventeenth century, when the land titles in State Street began, all resting upon surveys by the compass. Our boundary dispute with New Hampshire, which lost us Dover and Exeter, and Old Norfolk County, rested upon a magnetic survey. So did the famous lot our first hat manufacturer, Theodore Atkinson, secured in 1667 of the first church. Atkinson did not like to be called a hatter; he preferred to be a merchant, and in deference to foolish acts of

Parliament was sometimes called a felt maker. It was lawful to be a Boston merchant; to be a Boston hatter was not liked in London, and they made it a misdemeanor. When Atkinson got his seven acres in our wholesale district out of the first church, he had it surveyed by Elisha Hutchinson, later our Chief Justice. The principal line of more than 800 feet still appears in the Bromley map, and runs north 37 degrees and 50 minutes west, Hutch called it east 63 and 30 south, "by the compass." Of course, every lawyer in Boston sees that the variation of the compass on the 22d day of March, 1666, o. s., in Boston, Massachusetts, between Milk and High, Congress and Pearl Streets, was 11 degrees and 20 minutes northwest. Will not some kind soul give us an earlier datum of similar character? The world is in need of it, and the material is probably extant in the family papers of some good citizen who believes that we have made the same progress in the study of terrestrial magnetism which we have made in poetry since Shakespeare, and in religion since the Apostles. Wanted, a scientific survey of Boston earlier than 1667, when hope was young, life cheerful, and man merry, when more fortunes were made in real estate than now, and Boston was nothing if not Elizabethan. C. W. E.

In an Elizabethan act there is reference to "hat makers or felt makers." Did the "felt makers" make hats exclusively of felt? It should be remembered that the felt hat is an old article of dress, and the manufacture of them was known in Spain and Holland before the introduction into England, early in the reign of Henry VIII. In the second year of the reign of James I. the felt makers of London became a corporation.

Neither "felt maker" nor "hatter" is found, we believe, in Shakespeare, and there was not in the profession the pride felt by the cobbler or cordwainer. The cobbler, as we have shown in this column, was generally well-informed, a man of reading; strongly prejudiced, especially in politics; often inclined toward scepticism.

"Mad as a hatter." Why "hatter"? Farmer and Henley suggest: "Hatter, 'atter, adder." "Deaf as an adder," but is the adder crazy? Now the adder, as Mr. Edward Topsell remarked in 1658, is "a crafty and subtil venomous beast, biting suddenly them that pass by them," but we find no disquisition concerning the madness of this serpent.

In provincial English, especially in Northumberland and Yorkshire, the noun "hatter," is used in the phrase "like a hatter," as an intensive, in the sense of vigorously, bolder.

When tyrant Death grim o'er him stood,
He faced him like a hatter.

Is it not possible that the noun in "mad as a hatter" has merely this intensive meaning?

We spoke of the interest shown by cobblers in politics. Hatters have not always been indifferent to what is vaguely known as "the welfare of the country." Mrs. Piozzi tells this pompous anecdote: "A thorough election once showed me Mr. Johnson's collection of boisterous raillery. A rough fellow, a hatter by trade, seized his beaver in a state of decay, seized it suddenly with one hand and clapping him on the back with the other, 'Ah, Master Johnson,' says he, 'this is no time to be thinking about hats.' 'No, no, sir,' replied our Doctor in a cheerful tone, 'hats are of no use now, as you say, except to throw up in the air and huzza with,' accompanying his words with the true election halloo."

And during the campaign of William Henry Harrison was not there a Whig song with the refrain "When this old hat was new?"

"Hat" is firmly established in slang or popular expressions. The clerical gentleman in "Pickwick" was prepared to eat his hat and swallow the buckle whole, if he did not know more of life than another knew. To get into the hat, to have a brick in one's hat, to pass the hat, to talk through one's hat, all round my hat, where did you get that hat, shoot the hat, these are some of the more respectable forms of speech. "What a shocking bad hat" is said to have originated with a candidate for Parliament, "who made the remark to his poorer constituents and promised them new head-gear."

We Easterners do not pay the hat full honor. No Oriental will put his turban on the ground. The wealthier Egyptians have a chair, used for no other purpose, on which the turban is put at night. Lane tells a story of an Egyptian of science who was thrown off his donkey in a street of Cairo. His turban fell and rolled along several yards, whereupon many ran after it and cried: "Lift up that crown of El Islam!" while that neglected man of science shouted: "Lift up the learned doctor of El Islam!"

In Australian slang a hatter is a gold-digger who works alone.

Hats have been symbolical. The head-gear of Castor and Pollux showed their Spartan birth; and there was a time when bankrupts were obliged to wear a green cap for the safety of the community. Mr. William Lole, the "old Hermit of Newton Burgoland," had at least 20 hats, each of which bore a mot-

to: No. 1. "Without money, without friends, without credit." No. 5. "Blow the flames of freedom with God's word of truth." Then there is the batter with whom Alice and the March hare dined.

C. W. E.'s letter reminds us that English journals are discussing the word "theodolite." We once heard it defined as meaning "Gift of God." An Englishman answered in examination: "One that is inclined to disbelieve in the existence of a Deity."

Rivers and seas are useful not merely as bathos, and for all purposes of washing and cleaning, but also as reservoirs of fish, as highroads for the conveyance of commodities, as permanent sources of agricultural fertility.

A Newark girl was eating a soda cracker. She said it exploded in her mouth and knocked out two of her teeth, which she prized highly. Her father brought suit for \$10,000.

But is not a cracker always liable to explode? Is not explosion the métier of a cracker—as our volatile French neighbors would say? If Miss Brown had tried to be genteel she would have eaten a "soda biscuit," and no one ever heard of a biscuit exploding, although it is often a deadly missile, a lethal weapon.

Mr. Maurice Grau, who celebrated this week his 30th anniversary as an impresario, is said to know little about singing or music. This accounts, undoubtedly, for his success. The late Col. Mapleson had sung in opera and he played the violin. He died penniless. Mr. Hermann Wolff, the most famous concert manager in Europe, was an excellent musician. Well, he died of cancer of the stomach. Mr. Grau is prosperous, and, although he is often at the mercy of contending sopranos and tenors, he may be called well and happy. Why? Because he has keen business ability and shrewd sense. Does any one expect profound learning from a college President? His first duty is to get money for the college. A really first class musician would soon be a bankrupt as a manager; for his taste would be violently opposed to that of the public.

We have received the following letter:

Concord, Mass., Feb. 12, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

Sir: It would please me much to see in your valued column the song of "One-eyed Riley" which you lately mentioned. Any old version would do. I heard it sung by a deck hand on an Ohio River steamboat 55 years ago, some half dozen of the crew joining in the chorus, which they rendered something like this:

Too ri adalink, a too ri adley,
Too ri adalink, a One-eyed Riley.

Respectfully yours,
A many years' reader of the Journal.

Our correspondent's memory is, indeed, admirable. There are variations of the chorus, but his version is the one approved of by the leading scholastic and critics. We regret that we cannot just at present comply with his request. We hope in a few weeks to publish an exhaustive article on "One-eyed Riley," with illustrations of the hero in various situations. We have asked Mrs. Gallup whether she has any direct or indirect evidence which would prove Bacon to be the author of the ballad; and it is only fair to wait for her reply.

Surely New Yorkers should have been prepared to enjoy "Manru"; for both men and women lectured on Paderewski's opera, which, by the way, is intelligible both in music and libretto. A Mr. Bogert not only gave an "analysis" of the opera but also "sang snatches of the choruses and airs in a subdued, agreeable voice." Patronesses fluttered and some nearly swooned with well-bred ecstasy. Then Mrs. Stella Prince Stocker also lauded in the Paderewskian vineyard. "The magnetic personality of the composer-pianist was depicted as only a woman can depict such a quality in a man." One of the lecturers spoke at length concerning the "symbolism" of this opera, in which the horns chiefly says: "Ha! Ha!" This is, indeed, a "cultured period"; but whenever we hear the word "analysis" we are reminded of the butler in "Our Mutual Friend." Poor Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Bizet! Their operas were performed without preparatory lectures.

Apologies of Mr. George Grossmith's masterly performance of "Home, Sweet Home" we quote a remark of "Merlin" in the Referee:

"It is an odd thing, when one comes to think of it, that we English, to whom 'Home, Sweet Home' is the dearest of proverbs, should be the most wandering people under heaven, and that the French, who haven't even a name for that precious symbol, should be, after all, the most domestic."

But on that curious fact, the solution of the language problem will have to depend in the long run."

A correspondent writes: "Do you know it is almost impossible to find any decent court-plaster? I asked an apothecary the reason why. He said, 'Because our customers are satisfied with inferior qualities and think only of the cheap price. It is so with other goods we sell, just as it is with scissors, black-headed pins, razors, and many things.' By the way, why the term 'court-plaster'?"

Ask us a harder question. We clear our throat and say in a bell-like voice: "Court-plaster, ladies and gentlemen, was invented by the first Napoleon—no, that is not right; court-plaster is so called because it was used for the black patches formerly worn on the face by ladies at Court." A drawing-room was originally a with-drawing room; now it is the room into which all crowd.

We read lately in a queer book entitled "The Etymological Compendium" (1830) that flannel was first used in Boston as a dress next the skin, "by Lord Percy's regiment, which was encamped on the Common in October, 1774. There was hardly flannel enough then in the whole town for that one regiment. Some time after Lord Percy had begun with flannel shirting, Sir Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford) published a pamphlet, assuming to have discovered this practice. He might, perhaps, have suggested the use of it to Lord Percy." Can C. W. E. shed light on this point? Matthew Bramble, in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker," writes Dr. Lewis that Gwyllim forgot to pack up his "flannels and wide shoes in the trunk mail," and this was published before Percy hunted for underclothes in Boston. The passage in De Foë's "Colonel Jack" (1722)—"having my flannels taken off my legs"—probably refers to pieces of flannel used for bandages, but the book is not at hand.

From Fairfax, W. Va., there comes to an insurance company the following letter:

"Gentlemen—I found Charles A. Willis on the hands of the Phoenix Bridge Co., who was working on the Pigeon Bridge on the 20th day of November 1892, Friday at 12 o'clock A. M. unconscious from a fall from the top of said Bridge which is 39 feet from where he started to where he lit. And his injuries were caused by stopping too sudden. He had hemorrhage of the stomach and injury to the whole vertebra which produced nervous disorder of his whole system. I treated him ten days and I don't see why he lived, he is alive and in a good way of recovery from his injuries. Time will bring him as good as he was before the accident."

"Yours respectfully, _____"

FEB 16-1902 SYMPHONY NIGHT.

First Performance in Boston of Glazounoff's "Ouverture Solenne" —Mr. Fritz Kreisler Plays Spohr's "Scena Cantante."

The program of the 15th Symphony concert, Mr. Gerike conductor, was as follows:

Overture Solenne.....Glazounoff
First time.
Concerto No. 8 "Scena Cantante".....Spohr
Mephisto Waltz.....Liszt
Symphony No. 6 "Pastoral".....Beethoven

When Glazounoff's overture was first played at St. Petersburg in 1900, it was entitled a "Festival overture," and the French title is to some no doubt misleading, for the only solemnity in the work, as the word is now commonly understood, is a certain pomp of ceremony. "The piece is not unlike many festival orations; it sounds sonorously, but is essentially commonplace. It is conventional in form, without a trace of Russian radicalism in theme, treatment of theme, harmonic thought, or even orchestration. It is pompous and empty. It reminds one of Maculay at his worst."

The case of Glazounoff is a singular one. Mr. Pany introduced him to us when he put his "Lyric Poem" on the program. It was a piece of small dimensions, without depth or uncommon brilliancy, but it was sumptuously scored. Mr. Soli played a pretty piano piece by the Russian. I believe the Adamowski played a chamber-piece. A symphony made a decidedly favorable impression, for it was original, thoughtful, strong. The ballet music from "Raymonda" was a decided disappointment, and now this overture, one of his very latest works, does not raise Glazounoff again in estimation. His most characteristic pieces have not been delayed here. "Stenka Razin," "The Kremlin," and some of the earlier dance music. Are they worth doing? Or was Glazounoff over-praised in his youth and urged to commit any musical indiscretion? He surely has fluency and an indubitable sense of color; but these qualities alone may be fatal gifts.

Mr. Kreisler was recalled again and again after his performance of Spohr's "Scena Cantante." He played the famous piece with marked sentiment with finish, in a word, admirably according to his own conception. But this most excellent violinist, who has shown by his performance of Tartin's "Devil's Sonata" that he appreciates and is master of the grand style, did not choose last night to recognize the grand style of Spohr. The composer, who played his concerto for the first time in the Sala, Milan, wrote in his Autobiography about the theatre itself: "The house, although favorable for music, requires, nevertheless, on account of its immense size, a very powerful tone and a grand but simple style of play." These remarks may be applied to Symphony Hall.

Now the tone of Mr. Kreisler seemed smaller than usual, and in his treatment of song, as well as recitative, there was little thought of the simply heroic. There was a sweetness that became almost cloying, but Mr. Kreisler has lived long enough in Italy and played so much of the old Italian violin music, and so well, that he cannot really believe sweetness to be the dominant characteristic of old Italian song and recitative. I do not think it advisable to indulge in comparisons, for they are generally misunderstood by the hasty reader; but I could not help remembering last night the superb performance by Lady Hallé of this same concerto at a Symphony Concert a few years ago. She presented the concerto frankly as old-fashioned music; she did not try to modernize it; she preserved the old-fashioned spirit; and the music thus played was notable in aria and recitative. As Mr. Kreisler played the concerto the music was sweetness long drawn out.

The "Mephisto" waltz of Liszt is a musical illustration of an episode in Goethe's "Faust," an episode of rank animalism. I doubt whether the hearers in Symphony Hall would have been edified by a literal translation of Goethe's text. There is a dance at a country tavern, where a marriage feast is celebrating. Mephistopheles and Faust join the revel. Mephistopheles does not like the time played by the village musicians. He takes a fiddle and plays a waltz. Faust suddenly is enamored of a black-eyed girl and they dance wildly, at last over the threshold, through the garden and fields to the woods, where they may be left without further attention.

When the "Mephisto Waltz" was played in London, a leading daily, I think it was the Times, described it as "bagnio-music," and added: "We should demand its prosecution under Lord Campbell's Act, especially when accompanied by explanatory remarks, but for its unutterable ugliness," and the critics of this city were virtuously indignant when Mr. Thomas produced the waltz in 1870.

The music in its orchestral form is not unutterably ugly to modern ears. On the contrary, it is full of sensuous, or better, sensual charm; there are striking contrasts; there is imagination as well as ingenuity; and if a story can be told in music, there is nothing to be said against the faithfulness of Liszt's translation. It is an exceedingly effective piece, especially when it is played as it was last night. The question is this: Whether such animalism introduced without point or purpose in the poem is a fit subject for artistic treatment? John Ford chose a singularly unpleasant subject for his great tragedy; but the tragedy itself is nobly pathetic and moving and there is the thought of fate and punishment.

But perhaps the Lisztianians find in this waltz refuting, purifying symbolism. This is an age when extraordinary things are found in much music; everything, in fact, except music. On the other hand, to deny success to Liszt's treatment of Goethe's subject would be absurd. It was a subject that appealed peculiarly to the Hungarian Abbe; he treated it con amore.

There will be no concert this week.

The program of March 1 will include Mozart's Symphony in E flat; Chopin's Nocturne in E minor (Mr. Hutcheson, pianist); Schillings's Symphonic Prologue to "Oedipus Rex" (first time); Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

Philip Hale.

THERE is marked curiosity to hear Mr. Paderewski again. I understand that Symphony Hall will be crowded. Let us hope that this extraordinary pianist will be in happiest mood and master of his indisputably great resources.

During former visits he has charmed, amazed, and also disappointed. His first performances here were, indeed, remarkable. But even his iron constitution could not wholly withstand the fatigue and the annoyances of travel; and there were concerts in which his playing was sometimes petulant or extravagant.

Now it is true that there are enthusiastic worshippers, rank idolaters of a pianist, fiddler, singer, who admire blindly each and every performance of the idol. The performer must always play well because he generally does play well. To them Homer never nodded. Every line of Balzac should be in letters of gold.

Women never endure criticism of their favorite doctor, clergyman, pianist. And there are men who are more hysterical than women.

Paderewski is a great, a remarkable pianist, but he was not the first, he is not the only, he will not be the last. Certain characteristics of his performance are unequalled and inimitable, and he has a magnetic, hypnotic charm that distinguishes him from other talented virtuosos. But Paderewski, tired, or

nervous, after all, a mortal. And so de Pachmann, Silivinski, Bauer, Kreisler, Sembrich—they are all mortal, subject to accidents and infirmities of this world.

There is Mr. Bauer, for instance. He came here last season and played superbly. The Journal sounded his praise in no uncertain tones. He gave his first recital this season. Warm praise was given him, but I said what was in the minds of many musicians, that the level of his performance as a whole was not so high as it was last season. It is not the duty of a critic to examine into the why and wherefore of a virtuoso's deviations. The critic is neither a physician nor a father-confessor. A concertgoer said to me: "So you've gone back on Bauer." Because I had not exhausted the vocabulary of eulogy on this occasion, because, to the best of my ability, I had been discriminative, I had therefore "gone back on Mr. Bauer." I had been a t-t-t-r-r-r-alto toward a pianist whom I like as a man and admire warmly as an artist. The king can do no wrong, and Messrs. Paderewski, de Pachmann, Silivinski, Bauer and others always play without a flaw. They are with never wearied wings in the highest heaven.

There is Mr. Kreisler, a great virtuoso-musician. Not long ago at a recital he played a whole passage—it was in the finale of a concerto by Vieuxtemps—below the pitch. Do you think that he himself was unconscious of

this? Do you not think that he would have laughed if somebody had said to him, "Fritz, I never heard that page played better?"

Or do you suppose that Sembrich does not know when, overworked, or sick at heart, she deviates a moment from the true pitch?

May not one admire Mr. Bauer and yet differ with him in a matter of interpretation, or say that a glissando was unsuccessful, or that a twilight piece was exposed in the sun?

Extreme partisanship works grievous injury to any pianist or singer. No player or singer of uncommon distinction always strikes twelve. The pianist that always has great moments, that is always in the vein, has his superior—the mechanical piano.

Mr. Carl Armbrust, you remember,

as the man who informed you in amiable tones concerning things that were familiar to you at the age of 15 years. It is only just to say that he is an agreeable gentleman and excellent musician who was taken seriously as a lecturer by some of our leading citizens and citizenesses.

And now he has been talking again, not on the platform but to a reporter of the Commercial Advertiser. His remarks on this occasion were of genuine interest.

"The musical public of New York city is considerably inferior to that of Chicago, judging from all my observations during the past year."

"We have the best performances of opera in the world," said they, "because we have the best singers." Well, I went to a performance of "Lohengrin" some days ago, and I saw a performance that wouldn't be tolerated in Germany. The singers did about as they pleased, stalked about as they wanted; the chorus appeared very much overworked and the orchestra was decidedly listless. The most glaring fault was the lack of artistic direction. They robbed the piece of all its poetry, its very spirit. Eames and De Reszke were anything but what they should have been. And the German! Ah! Well, Eames's tongue was half English, and I couldn't tell what De Reszke's was. Mr. Brisham, whom I admire very much, was over energetic, and that is as bad a fault as the other extreme. Van Dyck, admirable artist that he is, Muehlmann, and Homer were the exceptions of the day. You say they find fault with Van Dyck's performance here in New York—that he can act but not sing. Well, often he feels indisposed and sings when he shouldn't, but he is a wonderful singer. When the performance was over, I said to him what Marguerite says to Faust in the drama: "It wounds me to see you in such company." And he, he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Ah, what don't we do for money?" With Damrosch it was the same; he is a very fine musician, but I was sorry to see him where he was.

"Just think," went on Mr. Armbrust, "walking excitedly up and down the room, 'thirty-nine cuts in 'Lohengrin'—with 'Carmen' it was the same; Calvé took fearful liberties with the score." "Yes, your gilt-edged upper crust

of society in New York don't understand music; they don't come in until after the first act; they clap their hands when they shouldn't and talk when there is something really beautiful being done. Ah! I saw them. They had their jewels, their furs, their toilettes magnificent," the musician said, indicating with a gesture of disdain the way those same toilettes were cut, "but as for music, Calvé, 'Way up there,' said he, 'pointing to an imaginary gallery, was and it is there that America must look for its musical salvation. The great musical public, not the upper crust, not the cosmopolitans, who can travel and hear

music abroad, but the great public that sincerely loves music.

"You have a very fine musical future here in America. In England we have no hope; the Englishman is no musical, though he has some very fine composers. At Covent Garden the performances were worse than here. Let me tell you a little story to show how things are now. Dr. Muck, the conductor (who had specially come from Berlin), wanted an uncut performance of 'Die Meistersinger,' and asked Jean de Reszké to sing. He refused. Dr. Muck begged. De Reszké was obdurate. The doctor asked him just to go through the scene for David's sake. But in vain, and the opera had to go on with the usual cuts. Just before the opera my lady de Grey comes up and says to the doctor: 'Doctor, will you not ask M. de Reszké to sing?' 'I cannot, madame,' replied the doctor.

"But it will spoil the opera," said she.

"Opera," said the director, stung into a short reply. 'Opera; this isn't opera; it's a lunatic asylum.'

"Germany is the place where operas are performed in proper spirit. At many little towns they have most beautiful performances: at Darmstadt, in Carlsruhe, and of course, at Bayreuth. The royal supervision of the theatres, or court theatres, is excellent for the steady and wholesome growth of music. They won't stand the horrible things given here.

"But you have a fine musical future before you here in America," went on Mr. Armbruster. "Some time soon there will be given a fine performance in some city and the people will wake up and realize that they have the real thing. 'Hello,' they will say, 'why, this is really beautiful; why have we been standing all this rubbishy thing before?' But it will not be in New York. It will be St. Louis, or Chicago, or Cincinnati; some other city."

I doubt whether Mr. Van Dyck's colleagues will relish his speech as reported by Mr. Armbruster. Nor will the joy of Mr. Damrosch, who at last has been characterized as "a very fine musician," restore the balance of good feeling.

Mr. Armbruster says: "I was sorry to see him (Mr. Damrosch) where he was." So are we all, Mr. Armbruster, when we see him where he is.

Our genial acquaintance is right when he says that Calvé takes fearful liberties with Bizet's music. She do, she do! and with good cause was she severely criticised when she first sang the part of the Opéra Comique, Paris, in 1892. But is Carmen her only part? Here we are eagerly anticipating her Messaline in the opera that was so recklessly abused by the sensitive critics of New York and so loudly praised by the leading critics of London, Messrs. Vernon Blackburn and John F. Runciman.

"Germany is the place where operas are performed in the proper spirit." Do you mean by this, Mr. Armbruster, that you often hear an opera decently sung in Germany? There is proper attention paid the management of the stage; there is an admirable spirit of ensemble; the orchestra is generally good; but in nine instances out of ten the singing is caterwauling or bawling.

The "fine musical future" prophesied by Mr. Armbruster will be in "St. Louis or Chicago or Cincinnati; some other city." And is Boston "some other city," as Pawtucket, Syracuse, Lima, Paterson, N. J.? Ah, Mr. Armbruster, could you not have spoken a kind word for Boston, where you were so warmly welcomed by many, who still regard you as the fountain-head and reservoir of all Wagnerian knowledge? Et tu Brute?

"La Gioconda" was revived at New Orleans last month by the French Opera Company. The heroine was Mrs. Coedon and the tenor was Mr. Henderson, an American, who has sung in the Netherlands. Debra has brought suit against the manager of the Opéra Comique, and it appears that her salary was \$1200 a month for 70 performances.

The Opéra Comique will produce a new act opera called "La Sonate du clair de lune" (The Moonlight Sonata). It is based on the love affair of Beethoven and the Countess Guicciardi. The book is by Judith Gautier. Can it be a version of the little piece "Adelaide," played by David Bispham a few years ago?—The Longy Club may produce here Mr. Arthur Bird's piece on wind instruments, the piece that on a Paderewski prize. Marie Tyler produced an operetta, "The Bowery Girl," at Clapham, England, Jan. 22. Miss Tyler assumes three characters, the Bowery Girl, a 'Cop' and a News-woman. She went to New York last summer to study Bowery life, and in the catch presents it as it really is. I'm sorry I did not meet her, but I was at my summer palace on Cape Cod. A symphonic poem, "Alastor" (after Shelley's poem), by Ernest Blake, was performed for the first time at a romenade concert, London, Jan. 21. Mr. Blake's conception—he is only years old—"is broad and far-sweeping. His themes indicate a sensitive and inventive temperament, and skill and resource are shown in their development, but his power of expression means of harmony is not sufficient

for such a psychological subject, and his scoring, especially for the brass, is trying to sensitive ears."—The report that Sir Alexander Mackenzie has composed a "Coronation Ode" is denied. He has written a March.—The New York Sun says: "The direction of the Metropolitan has to deal with a problem that faces no other theatre in the world. To give about twenty-five operas in the space of eleven weeks and include among them several novelties is an undertaking that would severely tax the resources of any operatic stage."—Georg Schumann's overture, "Liebesfrühling," was performed for the first time in England at a Queen's Hall concert, Jan. 25. It was praised.

—The "Love Scene" from Richard Strauss's new opera, "Feuersnot," was played in New York and Chicago last Friday and yesterday. When shall we hear it?—Mascagni's "Leonardo," a symphonic poem for orchestra and soprano, was played with little success at a Richard Strauss concert in Berlin. It is described as brutal yet weak. But Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture pleased at the same concert.—Keinzel's new opera, "Heilmann," met with only "success of respect" at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, Jan. 28.—"Mile. Doria," formerly Augusta Klous of Boston, sang in the first and belated performance of Godard's "Gucifs" at Rouen.—Paderewski conducted the first performance of "Manru" at Cologne. Could he not be persuaded to repeat the act in Boston?—Perosi is at work on a cantata, which will celebrate Dec. 8, 1903, the 50th anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.—And now there is an opera, "La Pompadour," by Emanuel Moor, produced this month at Cologne.—"Die Meistersinger" was sung for the first time at Rome, Dec. 26. The overture, the scene of the street-row and the quintet were encored.

Elisabeth Parkinson has been engaged for the Opéra-Comique, Paris. Of course she is a pupil of Marchesi.

"Paris, which at one time hoisted Wagner and all his works from the Opéra, has now decided to honor the composer by christening a street after his name. It is a curious fact that Tannhäuser has earned more money at the Paris Opéra than any other piece performed since the present building was opened in 1876."—When the Stuttgart Royal Theatre was burned the King refused to take advantage of the clause in the royal contracts whereby the burning of the theatre annulled all agreements made with the actors and singers. "This was noble of the King, and fortunate for some of the dead timber, which the Stuttgart press has long been trying to cut away."—Mozkowski has begun to compose again. His latest work, op. 69, is a "Grande Valse de Concert." Will he die faithful to the Salon?—Gustave Mahler, conductor of the Vienna Imperial Opera House and composer of incredible symphonies, will marry Miss Schindler, a painter's daughter. Not a sash and blind painter, but a real artist.—Oumiroff, a Bohemian baritone, violinist, pianist, organist, harmonist and composer, made his debut as a singer of Slavonic songs in London, Jan. 28, and gave pleasure.—Della Rogers, an American, has been slugging Isolde in Germany. —Saléza will be at Covent Garden in May, but Paderewski's opera will not be produced there. Melba and the tenor Caruso will appear in a revival of Donizetti's delightful opera "L'Elisir d'Amore."

A correspondent of the Referee (London) gives an account of the origin of Gounod's funeral march of a marionette.

"Gounod often had visitors and pupils in his studio, and amongst the former one day came Chorley, the critic. He walked stiffly and jerkily, and in a merry moment Gounod imitated on the pianoforte his puffing upstairs and stilted gait. The pupils were so delighted with the burlesque that they besought the composer to put it on paper. He did so, and the result was the humorous march. I may add that Gounod intended it to form portion of an orchestral suite, but the other numbers were never written. Presumably there were no more Chorleys."

This story seems contrary to what we know of Gounod's character, but Louis Pagnerre in his "Charles Gounod" (Paris 1890) speaks of this march as written in London, "as a joke, and in imitation of the walk of an English critic." The piece was originally for the piano, but it was introduced in orchestral dress in the ballet of Gounod's "Jeanne d'Arc" when the tragedy-drama was produced at the Gaité in 1873. The subject of the ballet was the death and execution of a giant mannequin that represented an English knight. In 1890 the play was revived

by Sarah Bernhardt at the Port-Saint-Martin, and the ballet was then cut out.

Has Mascagni a press agent on salary? Here is the latest from Rome (Jan. 26): "Mascagni was the object of much attention, and seemed to enjoy it as much as his wife and the spectators. He was at dinner at one of the large hotels here, chiefly patronized by the English, and, whether by accident or design, sat just opposite a glass door. The news soon spread that the composer of 'Cavalleria Rusticana' was in the hotel, and it was simply wonderful how many needed to pass that door just at dinner time. Afterward the hostess, understanding the interest the Maestro must excite among the strangers, invited those who wished to a kind of reception—and apparently the whole hotel wished. There was a little stiffness at first, but when one bold Englishman got up and sang a Neapolitan song, and, encouraged by his success, others followed, the ice was broken and all went merrily. Very soon Maestro Mascagni found himself at a table with an inkpot before him and a pen in his hand, beginning to reel off autographs by the score on fans, in albums, on music, and on scraps of paper, one enterprising lady even holding up a piece of white satin ribbon which adorned her gown to be 'decorated' with the name of 'Pietro Mascagni.'"

On Tuesday evening we were in a quandary. Where to go? To go to the Philharmonic "Pop" and hear Hekking play D'Albert's violoncello concerto; to go to the Kaiser Wilhelm Church and hear an excellent chorus sing works by Palestrina and Bach; to go to Beethoven Hall and hear the famous Bohemian Quartet; to go to Bechstein Hall and hear Miss Tilly Hincken sing songs; to go to the Singakademie and hear Miss Anna Stephan try to eclipse the reputation of Patti and Melba; or to go to Kroll's Theatre and hear the indefatigable Richard Strauss and his orchestra? We solved the problem by going to the Panopticon, where we saw a one-legged American ride on a wheel on a two-inch plank suspended from a roof, and afterward plunge into a tank of water, some millions of feet below. His technic was superb.—German Times.

FEELING. 1902

QUIETUS.

Man and his strife! and beneath him the Earth in her green repose.
And out of the Earth he cometh, and into the Earth he goes.

O sweet at last is the Silence, O sweet at the warfare's close!
For out of the Silence he cometh, and into the Silence goes.

And the great sea round him glistens, and above him the great Night glows.
And out of the Night he cometh, and into the Night he goes.

Perhaps you read of the cocking-main at the carriage-house of "a millionaire's country seat." There were 100 rich Westchester men present, "many of them prominent bankers and lawyers." The main lasted six hours and a half, and champagne was served during the battle. When the sport was over, when many of the cocks were dead, "a banquet was served."

"On account of the prominence of those interested and the fear that they might be indicted, the names of the spectators were not made public."

Yet cock-fighting has been commended by many because it was a classical sport. Alexander the Great crucified a tax-gatherer who had killed and eaten a celebrated game-cock, and Sir Richard F. Burton summed up the judgment of antiquity in these words: "Served the tax-gatherer right." At Pergamo, famous for a great library, there were annual and solemn cocking-mains. Kings and famous men of later years have been fond of the "sport," and there are many curious tales of the gentry betting on birds; but we are inclined to side with such old-fashioned poets as Crabbe and Cowper, who denounced the cocker and pitied the cock. It is a singular fact that the most brutal amusements have in all ages been patronized by "prominent citizens."

Mr. Dennis Lahey, who was buried on Friday, weighed 639 pounds and was thought to be the heaviest man in the State of New York. Mr. Frehter of Cincinnati weighed 550 pounds when he died, and Mr. Joseph Hadley, the heaviest man in Philadelphia in 1898, weighed "between 500 and 600" pounds. Mr. Lahey was lowered with great difficulty into his grave. When Mr. Edward Bright was buried in 1750 at Malden (England) his body was lowered by the help of a slider and pulleys. He was supposed to be at the time the largest man that ever lived in England. He was not very tall, "but he weighed 42 stone and a half, horseman's weight, which is 500 weight one-quarter and seven pounds."

Mr. Wheeler of the House of Representatives is a little behind the times. In the 15th and 16th centuries a "Dutchman" was often used respectfully to denote a German; but the Oxford English Dictionary declares the

word as thus used obsolete, except in the United States. We know a man who believes in the superiority of the most stupid American over the most learned or brilliant foreigner. He calls all foreigners, of whatever country they may be, "Dagos." The Emperor William, the Tsar, Richard Strauss, Sardou, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, the Chinese Minister, Marconi—they are to him all "Dagos," as were Goethe, Peter the Great, Columbus, Omar Khayyam, Confucius, George Sand. He always refers to Americans as "God's own."

The social news published in the Haddams Mills Bugle and the Wadleigh Falls Clarion often excites the attention of exchange editors, and when this news is reprinted, city folks smile. It is only a question of degrees. Here is a paragraph published in the German Times which gives us a glimpse of high life in Berlin:

"Now that Mr. Schickendantz is once more able to be about, the injury to the knee, owing to a fall whilst playing hockey, being so much better, Mrs. Schickendantz is laid up with the mumps. Although she is not actually ill, the mere fact of being tied to the house is irksome to any one so active." And how are the little Schickendantzes?

Poverty is also a matter of degree. Only yesterday a consequential person deplored the "pitiable fate" of a young man and his wife who had been reduced to an income of \$3000 a year. This income was not dependent on any work done by the young man. He could read, sleep, drink the hours away; the income was ready for him at stated intervals. Yet the consequential person almost choked with emotion when he thought of the "poverty" of his young friend. He should read "Poverty; a Study of Town Life," by Mr. B. S. Rountree, a book to which we have before this referred. Mr. Rountree found that of its 75,000 inhabitants the town of York, England, had 7000, or nearly 10 per cent., in "primary" poverty—families whose total earnings are insufficient "to obtain the minimum necessities for the maintenance of mere physical efficiency; and this quite apart from vice or crime, betting, drink or wasteful expenditure." Now, if income should rise to the poverty line, life would still be "a mere shambling through successive animal satisfactions."

"Such a family must never spend a penny on railway fare or omnibus. They must never go into the country unless they walk. They must never purchase a half-penny newspaper or spend a penny to buy a ticket for a popular concert. They must write no letters to absent children, for they cannot afford to pay the postage. They must never contribute anything to church or chapel, or give any help to a neighbor which costs them money. They cannot save, nor can they join a sick club or trade union, because they cannot pay the necessary subscriptions. * * * The father must smoke no tobacco and drink no beer. Finally, the wage-earner must never be absent from his work for a single day."

Mr. de Maulde la Clavière is a deep thinker. We quote from his book of Thoughts: "The general practice of carefully bisecting a woman—that is, of garbing the bust as to the nobler part of the body, following its customs more or less closely, while the burying the lower part of the body in a skirt shaped like a bell, and not a little ungainly—this practice is one which we should certainly never dare to condemn." What, oh what, are the "customs of the bust" mentioned by la Clavière, or his translator?

An apartment house suggests singular legal questions in London. A flat is not a house, but is a male flat-servant, a man-servant? The servant in question was first of all expected to work the elevators and keep things clean, but he wore a uniform, called cabs and paid a boy to carry up coal.

FEELING. 1902

The snow was cruel at the dawn;
Now, half in anger, half caress,
The sun has torn the snowy lawn
To show the earth's green under-dress.

And to my heart, all covered close
With death-white grief, your smile draws near;
Dead are the laurel and the rose,
But blades of grass grow, even here!

It is our constant aim to benefit our readers, to divert them occasionally from the deadening routine of daily life, to give advice concerning manners and dress, to lead their thoughts upward, to be a strong moral force in the community. Therefore we did not hesitate to buy last Friday a thick book entitled "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," although the price demanded was prohibitive to all except copper-

kings and others whose chief thoughts are for the good of their fellow-men.

This book was once the property of a play-actress who is well known in Boston and the neighborhood. In fact, she was born not many miles from the Gilded Dome. It seems from sundry marginal notes, carefully written with ink, and from book-marks, that she was interested especially in hair, neck, the cure of corns, rough hands, remedies for bleary eyes, poutlees, and grinding teeth. She herself was apparently in favor of "recently burnt charcoal in very fine powder," for cleansing the teeth. Marie Corelli, we have been told, prefers tooth-brushes with brown bristles; but we are unfortunately left in ignorance as to the precise nature of Miss —'s favorite weapon.

The volume is an inexhaustible storehouse of surprising information. Thus on page 217 we are told that the itch is "highly contagious," and that the long continued use of ointment brings on the disease; but sausages, buckwheat-cakes and molasses on the same plate—a popular breakfast dish in Albany (N. Y.)—may be eaten fearlessly. Smokers are seldom attacked at night by the elms leetularius, the insect that smells so like gin. (We did not find immunity when we were a slave to the nauseating weed.)

We hasten, however, to quote the author's opinion concerning collars and cravats. "Here softness, looseness and entire freedom from pressure and restraint are absolutely essential to the continued enjoyment of health." A high stiff collar worn by dashing young men—we have observed that the tallest collars are often made to last a week, without change, or the use of pumice-stone—or the throttling neck-hand affected by women, even when their throats are smooth and beautiful, flushes the face, causes giddiness, drowsiness, deranges cerebral action, and brings on apoplexy, and even death. Be warned in time. Bare your throat, even though your Adam's apple excites the remarks of little children.

Furthermore, we learn that a man "who is only ordinarily particular with his neckcloth or cravat, in 40 years wastes upon its knot 4000 hours, or nearly one year and eight months, reckoning eight working hours to the day." We have heretofore advocated strenuously the use of the loose cravat, tied by the wearer with a simplicity of art; but now we hesitate. Has the made-the-economical advantage? Dispel our doubt, O sage of the Providence Journal!

A London newspaper has discovered, with the assistance of deep-thinking doctors, that there is such a thing as an "overcoat cold." A man wears a heavy overcoat, walks quickly, arrives at the shop or office in a state of perspiration, takes off the overcoat and soon feels chilly. A cold, pneumonia, the grave. The discovery is late. Many have died from overcoats.

A suggested remedy does not strike us favorably: "One might advantageously rely for protection from the cold on warm woolen underclothing." We believe that heavy underclothing is a grievous mistake. Nearly all rooms in this country are absurdly overheated. Suppose that a man sits warmly clad in a hot room, and then goes out doors without an overcoat, waits at a corner for a street car, rides for a distance when the temperature is low. The last state of that man is worse than the first.

It is no wonder that women suffer from colds, catarrh, influenza. Wearing thick cloaks or furs they haunt shops, or they cannot be persuaded to doff their wraps when they make a call.

Do you often find a drawing-room car that is endurable in winter? The heat in nine cases out of ten is insufferable. If you ask the porter to reduce the heat or purify the air, he will tell you that some woman will complain. There she sits, cloaked and swathed to her chin. The thermometer registers a heat of 80 degrees, but if a ventilator were opened, she would feel a draught. An athletic man, poisoned and roasted, is faint; or in half an hour he has a raging headache. The woman is comfortable, just comfortable. This reminds us of the ingenious speculations of Putarch and Macrobius concerning the comparative temperaments of man and woman.

We are surprised to find the New York Evening Post speaking of Scribe as Offenbach's "favorite librettist." Will the Evening Post kindly name the librettos of Scribe used by Offenbach, whose "favorite" librettists were Meilhac, Halévy and Cremieux.

"Flaras should be worn at the Coro-

nation." Nordica's is all ready. But do the English refer to the true tiara—a hat with a tall crown, the characteristic head-dress of Armenians, Parthians, Medes and Persians? Xenophon saw a Persian tiara encompassed with a diadem; and does not his Holiness on certain occasions wear a tiara encompassed with three diadems?

That brave traveler, Sir John Maundevile, Knight, describes ladies at the court of the great Khan. "All those that be married have a Counterfeit made like a Man's Foot upon their Heads, a Cubit long, all wrought with great Pearls, fine and Orient, and above made with Peacock's Feathers and of other Shining Feathers; and that stands on their Heads like a Crest in token that they be under Man's Foot and under subjection of Man."

MR. JOSEF SLIVINSKI.

First Recital by the Distinguished Polish Pianist in Steinert Hall—A Program of Pleasing and Romantic Pieces.

Mr. Josef Slivinski gave his first piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. In spite of the foul weather there was an audience of fair size. The program was as follows:

Impromptu, Op. 36, No. 1.....S. Schubert
Variations "Scherzo," Op. 54.....Mendelssohn
Pavane-Scherzo, Op. 12.....Schumann
Des Abends, Aufwachung, Werrum, Grilpen, In der Nacht, Fabel, Traumescenen, Ende vom Lied.
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2.....Chopin
Préludes, Op. 28, Nos. 6 and 8.....Chopin
Valse, Op. 42.....Chopin
Polonaise, Op. 19.....Chopin
Larghetto, Op. 12, No. 6.....Chopin
Si disceu polka, Op. 2, No. 6.....Henselt
Valse, Op. 34, No. 4.....Rubinstein
Rhapsodie Espagnole.....Liszt

Mr. Slivinski refrained from inflicting upon the audience a long-winded sonata or an arrangement of one of Bach's organ pieces. We all know that he can play such pieces when he feels it his duty to do so; for he is undoubtedly aware of the fact that certain persons are impressed by the very word "Sonata," no matter how dull the contents of the piece may be. Poe reminded the world years ago that a poem was not necessarily great because it was long or epic; and a piece of music only two pages long may be far more musical and imaginative than a wilderness of sonatas approved of by the professors of all conservatories sitting solemnly in judgment. For those yesterday, who were seriously inclined, Mr. Slivinski provided Mendelssohn's Serious Variations, and the performance was, indeed, no laughing matter, for there were moments when even the most cheerful thought the piano must go under. Fortunately Mr. Slivinski, was not a ways in Herenkes' vein.

It was a pleasure to hear the fantastic pieces of Schumann, though it were easy to take exception to Mr. Slivinski's interpretation of "Aufschwung" on account of exaggeration in the contrast of tempi, and there might be dispute concerning other pieces of the series; but let us remember that when Amalie Kleffel played "Des Abends" to Schumann, he said: "I myself have thought that out in far different fashion; but play it as you just played it; I like your version better." Schumann's favorite piece of the series was "In der Nacht," and after he had written it, he found therein the story of Hero and Leander, as you, Madam, might find in it the expression of an episode in your romantic years, before you gained so quickly in flesh and began to attend improving lectures.

Mr. Slivinski was more fortunate on the whole in his performance of the pieces by Chopin. Here his birthright asserted itself, and the Preludes and the Polonaises were played as no deep-thinking, intellectual German or daughter of New England can play them. The tremendous Polonaise was especially impressive, full of gloomy suggestion, despairing heroism, the tempest of battle. The middle song of the Nocturne might have been read with greater sentiment, but the pianist kept himself free from exaggeration and did not attempt to swell the piece to undue proportions. The Valse was played with elegance and brilliance.

There were features of the performance as a whole that might lead now to digression and comparison. While there was often a display of admirable technique and sane conception, it must be admitted that the pianist was at times unimpaired of the power of his instrument and the size of the hall, so that there was not infrequently total disproportion. Surely, Mr. Slivinski does not wish to be entered in the catalogue as a pounder, and further acquaintance with the excellent acoustic properties of the hall will probably reduce a violence of attack that was yesterday to his disadvantage.

His next recital will be on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 26.

Philip Hale,

Feb. 14, 1902

When rose was young and it was spring
March sent her violets sweet,
April bestirred himself to fling
Primroses at her feet.

How canopies of summer skies
June spread, full veils aware
"What there inhabited her eyes
A color yet more rare.

Later, oh then the autumn found—
For all her pomp and pride—
One head by finer gold was crowned
Than all she could provide.

And now! Ah, now, with these cold snows
The winter doth delight,
To honor her—whose soul he knows
Was not less fair and white.

We hasten to publish this news for the benefit of what are cruelly called superstitious women. "Throughout the eastern regions of Siberia the preponderance of men is extraordinary, ranging from 20 to 40 men for one woman." And what is the toll of the journey to any determined daughter of New England?

The New York Evening Post alludes to Florence, Mass., as "a small hamlet" west of Northampton. But what are the large hamlets in Massachusetts?

In the narrowest meaning of the word, a hamlet is a village without a church, included in the parish belonging to another village or a town, so that a carper might say of Tennyson's lines,

"Where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God,"

the people of the hamlet went to a village for this purpose.

Florence a "hamlet." Go to! We know Florence too well. There was a brave attempt to make it a prominent manufacturing town. Silk mills were successful; the sewing machine factory failed dismally, although the company by its famous suit against the combination reduced the price of sewing machines throughout the country. But Florence was still more famous for its Cosmian Hall, in which radicals, philanthropists, cranks met to air their views. Samuel Bowles, the elder, used to describe the congregation as made up of long-haired men and short-haired women. We remember a meeting held there years ago. A livery stable keeper who was regarded by the ungodly as an atheist—even his horses were thought to be immoral—opened the proceedings by "reading with a twang Pope's Universal Prayer." Bronson Alcott insisted that there would be no crimes and that sin itself would disappear if every workman were provided with a complete set of the works of Plato. There was much nonsense talked at these meetings, but there were also thoughtful, helpful spiritual addresses, and the Association that built the hall did much for independent thought in the community.

Florence, a "hamlet"! This reminds us of Mr. Reuben Pettingil, whose ambition and sad fate are described by Artemus Ward:

Benen Pettingil.

He was an agriculturist.

A broad-shouldered, deep-chested agriculturist.

He was contented to live in this peaceful hamlet.

He said it was better than a noisy Othello.

Thus do these simple children of nature joke in a first-class manner.

"Spain will never grant a lease of Fernando Po to a foreign company."

Fernando Po—known first as Ilha Formosa, the Beautiful Island, afterwards called after its Portuguese discoverer, Fernando de Poo, afterward known as the "Foreign Office Grave." How Burton at first hated it and at the end of two years liked it. In dry weather, it is "a Castle of Indolence, a Land of the Lotophagi, a City of the Living-Dead," but this last name has been given to Salem, Mass.; an island where man "found it hard to live, but uncommonly easy to die." And it was Burton that applied to Fernando Po what the Moslem conquerors said of Bengal: "This fertile soil, which enjoys a perpetual spring, is considered a strong prison, as the land of spectres, the seat of disease, and the mansion of death."

Boston, Feb. 16, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

The block in which the Journal building is going up may be the most interesting in town. The earliest deed of which we have any record passed in 1638, and covered an estate on both sides of Devonshire Street, then known as "the Church way," because it led to the First Church, which stood where the Eraser Building is. No doubt State Street, Washington Street, and others, were named before Devonshire Street was called the Church way; but the record is lost, and the name of the Church way is the earliest Boston street name we know. The other titles in the block do not go back of 1644, or the Book of Possessions, which is the delight and despair of local historians. The oldest Boston street name still in use, of course, is Sudbury Street. And were Washington Street called the Puritan Way, would it be wholly wrong? State Street might be Commonwealth Street, or Commonwealth Road, because the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was established there in 1634. And the unsurpassed honors of the Journal Block began in 1630.

Bonaventure's advice in smallest things is fairly good: Let not one member of your body usurp the office of the other; when the mouth speaks,

move neither your head nor your hands, laugh without opening your mouth (sine apertione dentium), and speak without labial contorsion (sine contorsione labiorum), and refrain from raising your brow (sine elevatione supercilliorum); walk without ventilating your arms, and without gesticulating with your shoulder blades; sit without extending or agitating your feet (sine extensione vel agitatione tibiarum), and much more of the kind, good and wholesome to read, written about 650 years ago, when the world was dark because some of us were not there to shed sweetness and light. The tract is called "Libellum de Minimis," and may be in libraries that try for the best.

C. W. E.

Here are some figures about the play-business in Paris, which is called uncommonly good. "Siegfried" has drawn \$4000 and \$4500 a night. "Griseldis" has drawn \$2000. The play at the Odéon Jan. 18 drew only \$60. One of the most popular pantomims is bringing in \$1000 a night. This pantomime has unusual magnetic power because of the accident at one of the last rehearsals when some stage-work fell and several actors and actresses were badly injured.

The word "magnetic" reminds us of the mountains or rocks in the Arabian Nights that drew ships toward them and wrecked them. Smug occidentals have classed these huge loadstones with the roc as an amusing lie. But we now learn that there is such a mountain, in the Joederu province on the Norwegian Coast. It is a great dune rather than a mountain, but the sand is intermingled with so much loadstone that a compass which comes within a certain distance of the shore is deranged, and shipwreck often follows.

Feb. 20, 1902

PADEREWSKI.

First Recital of the Famous Polish Pianist in Symphony Hall This Season—Performance of Richard Strauss's "Enoch Arden" by Messrs. Riddle and Lang in Chickering Hall.

Mr. Paderewski gave his first recital here this season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was crowded. The program was as follows:

Sonata, op. 53.....Beethoven
Songs without words.....Mendelssohn
No. 3, op. 19, No. 1, op. 62, Schumann
Etudes symphoniques.....Schumann
Nocturne, C minor; Etudes, 7 and 9,
op. 10, Mazurka, op. No. 4, op. 24;
Polonaise, F sharp minor, op. 41.....Chopin
Etude de Concert.....Liszt
La Campanella.....Paganini-Liszt

If I were a Prince with a palace in the Fens, with a lordly store of ivory, apes and peacocks, with the furniture of Aladdin's pleasure-house, with a strong-room stuffed with doubloons, pieces of eight, bonds and preferred stock, I should send for Mr. Paderewski and should say unto him: "Come now, play to me for my delight that my breast may be widened. Play to me alone, not some thunderous, wall-and-roof defying piece, but something poetic and intimate. You may choose from the old music of Scarlatti and Couperin; an adagio by Beethoven will not be amiss; or interpret to me the longing and the woe of Schumann; but above all appear as the spirit of Chopin. I shall be your sole hearer, and I shall be as the instrument on which you play, so that you will not be distracted nor vexed, nor forced to scowl at certain spectators rather than hearers as you scowled yesterday. But I beg of you, remove your boots and don slippers; not because this place is holy ground; not because the mosaic floor will be ruined; but because your stamping in your attack of the damper pedal yesterday was a serious annoyance. You were undoubtedly unconscious of the fact that you did stamp so violently that you disturbed hearers as well as the composers. If you must use your feet so boisterously, I should advise you to wear rubber-soles; but if you think that by such infantilization you enhance the effect of performance, I urge you to wear glacier-boots. Now play to me as you alone can play, and great shall be your reward. Allow me to hand you before you begin this golden cigarette-case, encrusted with precious stones, and with my portrait painted in miniature by a most cunning artist. My Treasurer is at your service."

Mr. Paderewski's performance yesterday was of singularly uneven nature. The first movement of the sonata was delightfully frank and technically exquisite; the adagio was deeply emotional but without extravagance; the finale without wings, heavy and commonplace. There were great moments in the performance of Schumann's Etudes symphoniques; there were romantic pages read as only Mr. Paderewski can

read when he is wholly in the vein; and then there were moments when the effect was impaired by undue speed and force and by the unaccountable violence of his right foot on the stage rather than on the pedal. The pieces by Mendelssohn might well have been omitted. In the pieces by Chopin he was often the Paderewski of the first season, in subtlety of rhythm, poetic atmosphere, and poignancy of emotion. Nor is it necessary to say that the fluency and brilliance of his technique in bravura pieces, as well as the unequalled personal magnetism which seems his birthright, again worked their spell. On the whole, his performance often fell below the high standard which he himself has

fixed here, it disappointed, it sometimes irritated the hearer who is familiar with the rare art of this pianist. But there were moments, and they were not infrequent, when the soul was mightily moved.

Since Mr. Paderewski was last here he has known both grievous affliction and the intoxication of success. Nowhere has he more friends who joy and sorrow with him than in this city. Let us hope that when he plays here again on the first Monday in March that he will be master of his moods, the poet of the piano, who in exalted passion still remembers the proportions and the reserve of art.

The first of the Chickering Hall Chamber Concerts was given last night, when Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" was read by Mr. George Riddle with the accompanying melodramatic piano music by Richard Strauss played by Mr. Lang. Mr. Max Heinrich and Mr. Felix Fox and Messrs. Riddle and Lang have already given private performances of this work in Boston. I believe that Mr. David Bispham and Mr. Henry Waller were the first to produce "Enoch Arden" in this country.

Strauss wrote this music for Ernst Possart, play actor and manager, who wished to declaim the poem. Strauss himself played the piano part when the work was produced at Munich early in April, 1897, and he and Possart performed it in other German cities, as Frankfurt and Berlin. An opera "Enoch Arden" by Victor Hansmann was produced with little success at Berlin, March 27 of the same year; and it was performed only last January at Aix-la-Chapelle. The opera is in the act, which treats of the return of the sailor. The part of Enoch was created by Paul Bull, and Miss Egli was the "Anni Lee."

The music of Strauss was not in any way a protest against prevailing operatic form, nor was it intended to be revolutionary. This species of melodrama is of ancient date, and in this country some years ago F. L. Ritter wrote music to be played during the recitation of Walt Whitman's "Dirge for two Veterans." Mr. Frangene Davies has made experiments in "cantillation" with music written for his recitation of poems by Poe, Christina Rossetti, Charles Kingsley and others. Strauss wrote for Possart music that might prepare the hearer for a lyric mood and also rest the reefer while the hearer was kept at the proper pitch.

Melodramatic music is frequently to be heard as rum to a grape-fruit; two good things are spoiled. And there is always danger when the music is heard together with the speaker's voice; but Strauss has been skillful and his music is never a serious distraction. His music is highly imaginative; it does not sink to attempts at photography or at minute character drawing; the music is full of suggestion; contrasting moods are firmly established. There is no sentimentalism; in this respect the music is far above Tennyson's poem, which is at times little better than twaddle. All of the music is eminently poetic; and there is one page that may be justly called sublime, a page that may be put side by side with the opening of "Thus Spake Zarathustra." I refer to the scene where Annie has a vision of her Enoch sitting under a palm tree, and over his the Sun, and she imagines him in heaven, joining in the angelic Hosanna. From the beginning, with the thought of foam and yellow sands and cliff-breaking sea, to the noble measures that accompany Enoch's last heroic speech, the music is that of a master of harmonic thought and vivid imagination; it is the authoritative work of a genius.

Mr. Riddle made judicious cuts and read with fine taste and distinction. Mr. Lang played with full appreciation and sympathy, with nice sense of proportion and true poetic feeling. The performance throughout was engrossing and admirable; and it richly deserved a larger audience. They that had the good fortune to be present became acquainted with a master work.

The genius of the composer and the art of reader and pianist made such a deep impression that the applause which is heard through the wilderness of conventional and commonplace concerts seemed in this instance impertinent if not sacrilegious.

Philip Hale.

I am well aware that I do not express myself with exactability. Ladies and gentlemen have that power over words that they can always say what they mean, but a common man like me can't. Words don't come natural to him. He has more thoughts than words, and what words he has don't fit his thoughts. Might I take a turn with the roller, and make myself useful about the place until nightfall, for ninnepence?

We are reading with keen pleasure "Part I. of 'The Songs of a Child and Other Poems' by 'Darling' (Lady Florence Douglas, now Lady Florence Dixie)." We wish others to share in the pleasure, therefore we indulge in quotation:

Dear father, I hardly recall you,
When you died I was only three,
And yet sometimes I do fancy, too,
Your face in a vision I see.

Here is an extract that is less personal, but it shows an appreciation of Nature:

And now is heard the soft, mysterious swell
And moaning whisper of the midnight breeze,
Hushed into silence by the echoing knell
Of avalanches' boom. These fall and freeze
Their victims, pressing them to earth with
horrid squeeze.

Lady Florence at a tender age was distressed at the sight of aristocratic dames flushed with gin and other strong

waters. Her indignation and pity drove her to verse.

Oh! shun the cursed bottle, for its name is shame,
Watch the men who take it, and curse its very name;

They seek that cursed bottle, and they drink,
drink, drink;
They drain its poisoned contents, and they sink,
sink, sink, sink.

Dorchester, Mass., Feb. 5, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

In morning edition of today a writer in your column tries to enlighten some one as to meaning of Chinook words. He says that "Tilakum," means Chief. He is wrong: "Tilakum" means "people." "Kultus tillikum" means bad or worthless persons; "Hul-oi-me tilakum," strangers; "Nika tilakum," my people, my relations, my tribe, "Hyas tilakum" means, "Great nation, great people," instead of "Great Chief." "Hyas Tyce" means Great or Big Chief. Please insert this in your column for the benefit of T. E. B. I read your paper every day.

I remain respectfully yours,
A. H. CURRIER.

We once saw Miss Kate Santley, the play-actress. We saw her only once, but we remember her well. Now that she has adapted "Divorcons" for the London stage, we feel the force of the remark by the Pall Mall Gazette: "She had a wonderful power of suggestion, and would have made Dr. Watts blush at his own hymns."

Let us for a moment revel in the thought of murder. There is the interesting case of Leroy, a rich and respected bank manager. He gave his son a ticket to see at the Porte-Saint-Martin "Nini l'Assommeur," a play that drips with gore and is now making money as a burlesque, although Sarah Bernhardt's son wrote it with serious intent. When the boy returned to his quiet home that overlooked the Marne he found his mother butchered in the garden and his father dead by his own hand.

Here is a story that may be more palatable to some. It comes from Berlin. Sabarat, a music-hall dancer, asserts on her posters that von Lenbach, a painter, pronounces her a perfect beauty. The painter brings an action to restrain her from making this statement, which he swears is inaccurate. He says that she came to his studio and insisted on giving a performance in costume. We know how dancers have turned the heads of monarchs—witness Lola Montez and the King of Bavaria, also the fate of John the Baptist. The painter liked Sabarat's head, and accepted her as a model, at half her music-hall rate of salary. "She was to pose for the head alone, as the rest of her figure was unattractive." A perfect gentleman would not make such a statement aloud. The dancer insists that she sat as "a type of perfect beauty." The question may be easily settled, and there is a leading case. Did not Phryne bare her beauty before the Athenian judges?

But what is this glittering beauty? As Petrarch said: "It is only the uppermost part of the mere body, a simple and slight overcasting of the skin. A veil for the eyes, a snare for the feet, a depression of the mind, its hindrance from achieving honest exploits, and turning it to the contrary." It fades, it is only a tradition, and the memory thereof incites incredulity. There was Anita Mauroy, an old woman who was gagged and robbed of 130,000 francs the other day at Asnières. She was a famous dancer at the Opéra during the reign of Louis Philippe, and her rival was the Duvernay, who married an Englishman and died a few years ago in the odor of sanctity. Who remembered in the victim at Asnières, that shabby old woman who was thought to be very poor, the dazzling beauty, the companion of Rigolboche and the Comtesse de Megador? Only some decrepit old man with mumbling gums, bleary-eyes, and a charnel-house memory.

Somebody has found a prophecy of Marconi's achievement in certain lines of Calderon's "El Medico de su Honra." Donna Mencía speaks them in Act II: "They say that when two instruments are properly attuned together, they communicate to each other their wind-borne echoes; touch the one instrument, and the winds excite its fellow, though none be near it."

This reminds us of Mr. G. R. Sims's comment on the sudden breaking of Marconi's betrothal: "The biggest fools undoubtedly make the best husbands for women who consider themselves above scientific pursuit. The only thing to be said to weaken the argument is that so far as women are concerned the scientific man frequently is the biggest fool."

They are calling Marconi "the great ethergrammarian."

An astrologer tells us that March and April will be dangerous months for nations, and that business men will be in a sad pickle for several successive months. The Anglo-Boer war will last all the year, and a terrible epidemic will break out in the army at the Cape. English and German ships will go down during the spring. The Tsar may be assassinated—of this the astrologer was not dead sure—and the Christians in Turkey will be assassinated by thousands. We do not dare to publish what he said about Boston and, incidentally, the United States.

Feb 21, 1902

The critical years, let it with due emphasis be stated, lie between the ages of thirty and fifty-five. It is between these stages that the seductions of our hyper-civilization combine with our unhygienic mode of life to bring forth rank and luxurious folds of fat. And it were worse than mustard without beef to condemn; and yet full to show how redemption may be sought. Vain is it to trust to drugs. Salvation lays not in potash and other alkalis; for they are at best but doubtful friends. True; they do to some extent reduce the too redundant form, but meanwhile with shameful treachery they work irreparable mischief on the mucous membrane or lining of the stomach. Only when doctor-given, and with precision suitable to each case, is their tricky malevolence abashed. Otherwise they spell decrease of vital power, degeneration physical and mental. Sworn and true foes to obesity are fresh air and vigorous outdoor exercise.

In the night watches you go back to your village and see the faces of playmates. There was one boy whom you remember well. He was clumsy, but powerful, and as skilled in torture as any North American Indian or Chinaman. He lived merely to make your life a burden. Fortunately you did not sit next him in school, and he was occupied chiefly with dime novels which he hid behind a geography. Before and after school and at recess he devoted his attention to you. He was especially ferocious in winter, when he would rub your face with snow or pelt you with ice-balls. You dreaded to leave the room. Sometimes you did not find him waiting for you, and you walked home, uneasily, timorous. You were half way up the hill. You heard a chuckle behind a tree. You stopped a moment, then went on:

Like one that on a lonesome road
Deth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

You were near the gate of home. Ping, plunk! A hard snow ball, that he had been soaking for half an hour hit you with terrific force in the left ear. The tears started. You ran. Your mother was at the window, waiting for you. She shook her head and screamed at the bad boy, and she was at the door before you reached it.

In summer he was still ingenious. At picnics he made you ridiculous before your sweetheart. He frightened you when you were in Mill River, or he hid your clothes, or he made rude remarks about your physical formation.

You grew up together. He smoked rank cigars. He exchanged the dinner-novel for "Tom Jones" and "Peregrine Pickle," which he did not read solely for the cultivation of his literary style. He grew gross. Finally he decided to study medicine with the intention of being a surgeon, so that he could carve you some day, as he said with a leer. He showed a talent for the trade, and, you remember, he was greatly delighted with Dr. Holmes's attacks on homoeopathy. Then there was a mystery. He had been pursuing vigorously a grass-widow who lived opposite you, and she smiled upon him. One day he disappeared. No one knew what became of him. No one knows today. A drummer pretended to see him in the uniform of a soldier out West; but as he on another occasion said that he knew where he was—"George was a bar-keeper in Boston"—his evidence was not conclusive. The father and brother of George kept ominous silence. His mother grew thinner and thinner, and once you noticed her crying in church. All this was over 30 years ago. Yet if you were to go back to the village, your first question would be: "Has anybody ever heard from George?" He is more real to you now than those with whom you do business, with whom you are associated daily. You would welcome him if you should run across him. You might not take him home with you, but you would take him to your club; for, after all, that is why a club is maintained. Yet you know full well that you would still be afraid of him, and that your high standing in the community, your sterling worth and integrity would not in the least impose on him. His first action in the club would be to tell some story of your early years which would debase you in the eyes of gossip-loving fellow-members.

"Mr. Philip Burne-Jones, the painter, is on his way to this country." His specialty is the female vampire, and in New York, he can find plenty of models, although Voltaire once said that the vampire was peculiar to Hungary. As is well known, the ordinary vampire is destroyed by driving a stake through her heart, but the vampire of New York lives the more gayly the larger the stake. This reminds us of Mr. Andrew Lang's eighth rule of the game of Vampire: "Every man should stake his own young woman, if she is a vampire." Some of the other rules are: "No vampire may enter the house uninvited."

"Every person bitten by a vampire becomes a vampire. (This rule strikes at the root of morality.)"

"No vampire can vamp a person protected by garlic. (The peasantry of Southern Europe always smell of garlic, perhaps as security against vampires.)"

"A vampire, staked through the heart with a sharp piece of wood, is out."

The finest vampires were found in the 18th century. We refer any one that thirsts after information to Calmet's work (there is an English version by the Rev. Mr. Christmas) and the article in Migne's "Dictionnaire des Sciences Occultes," Vol. II., pp. 783-798. There are plays, operas, stories, founded on the belief. Perhaps the latest story is Mr. Bram Stoker's "Dracula."

We learn that Mr. Jean Coulon of Montlucon, in the Department of Allier, wears a beard 10 feet 10½ inches long, while his moustache is over a yard and a half long. He has been many years in growing it and he is now 76 years old. Like all men with long beards he is proud of his and the inhabitants share in pride, for he is on exhibition every Sunday. During the week he rolls his ornament in a bag, for convenience, and that constant view may not stale his glory.

Mr. John Staininger, an Austrian who died in 1567, had a beard so long that it reached the ground, and a picture of it copied from "a drawing of the basso relieve upon his tomb" may be seen in Kirby's "Museum" Volume V., page 330. Francisus Alvarez Semedo, a Portuguese Jesuit, had a beard that reached down to his feet, so that he used to gird it about him to serve as a belt. And we read lately of a poor woman who had a singular growth of hair that was to her both an inconvenience and a reproach. Casanova tells a curious story, and Luellie Western, the passionate play-actress, had an incredible growth.

An English writer commenting on Coulon's beard says: "Nor like the Arabs and Persians does he dye his beard." Many of the Orientals disapprove of dyed beards. Old Turkish officers justify black because it makes them look fiercer, but Mohammed said: "Change the whiteness of your beard, but not with anything black." The Prophet believed that a beard should not be longer than one hand and two fingers' breadth. "Long beard and little wit" is a saying throughout the East. Yet the Iranian beard often grows to the waist and the wearer uses a bag for it when he travels.

To many a long beard is less repulsive than a stiff beard of two days' growth. In England it is considered unlucky to bury a man with stubble on his face, and even when the head has been crushed the chin and the cheeks—when they happen to be there—are carefully shaved.

Feb 22, 1902

Hicks first burst upon the astonished world with poems, in the Byronic manner. "The Death-Shriek," "The Bastard of Lara," "The Atabal," "The Fire-Ship of Botzaris" and other works. His "Love Lyrics" in Mr. Moore's early style, were pronounced to be wonderfully precocious for a young gentleman then only thirteen, and in a commercial academy at toothing. Subsequently this great bard became less passionate and more thoughtful; and at the age of twenty, wrote "Idiosyncrasy" (in 40 book 4to); "Ararat," "A stupendous epic," as the reviews said; and "The Megatheria," "a magnificent contribution to our pre-Adamite literature." Hicks was taken in an inspired attitude regarding the chandeller, and pretending he didn't know that Miss Pettifer was looking at him.

POETS AND PICTURES.

They say, Mr. Editor of Talk of the Day, that when a man has "published a book" he becomes a public character; that the public therefore has a right to know how he looks. It might be said that this right depends somewhat on the publicity of the book; though when I look over the illustrated "literary magazines," I am led to believe that publicity of face depends largely on this: Did the author have an attractive photograph taken anywhere from 10 to 30 years before the publication of the book? It depends, I may say, wholly on this when the inspired author is a woman. (A pleasing essay might be written on "Ages of popular authors according to Pictures and Family Records.")

Has the public a right to know what an author does not look like: or, to put it exactly, since the public always has the right to what is given it, has

a publisher the right to show the public what his authors do not look like, to label a monstrosity engendered in his workshop "Adoniram Butterworth, Poet," or "Jennie Juniperdown, Psychological Novelist"?

Authors, notoriously sensitive and anglers after grievances, often discuss this question, so the subject is not unfamiliar or novel; but it now comes up with especial force on account of the recent publication of a large and elaborate volume. This work is a sort of "appreciation," to use a word that makes me think of the mutual admiration societies and advertising schemes known so well to some of the younger authors.

I did not read much of the text. Paragraphs here and there showed the perfunctoriness of it. I did gaze long and ardently at all the pictures—with "admiration mixed with awe." They are woodcut portraits with symbolic backgrounds, drawn from photographs; that is, the engraver evidently had photographs from which to draw. This was shown once or twice by his accidentally catching the conspicuously curious pose in some familiar photograph; but there is no trace of likeness or human experience. If the pictures were by themselves, you would say that they were illustrations for some work on degeneration, prepared for a limited public, or possibly for a locked room at the end of the Rogues' Gallery.

Now as a matter of fact this particular lot of poets—job lot, as the irreverent might say—are neither degenerates nor rogues. I happen to know many of them, and I know the photographs of all of them. To say that all poets are on the wrong track is an easy sneer, but here is a set of good, healthy men and women. Many of them have charm of form and face from any viewpoint; nor do I count the unhuman something in the poet's eye.

And has any publisher a right to put such libels before the world, to spread abroad a picture that plainly says: "This man is a thug; this woman is a perverser"? He would not dare to publish a paragraph to the same effect.

If I were a poet, I'd rather read a paragraph that said I was a thug than look at a picture that showed my thug-like nature. Few are really interested enough in poets to read paragraphs about them; but many are interested in thugs, and they would see and study the picture.

Is there no law by which the abused may gain redress? If there is not, there should be. I see, as in a vision, the vast and noble army of poets, headed by the 33 of this new volume, pleading and thundering before the Legislature.

There is no assassin like unto the engraver, except the portrait painter. Tennyson, who in his earlier years, at least, was a pretty poet, before he made his composite figure of Prince Consort, King Arthur and the Perfect Prig, wrote:

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it.

And now it is necessary to change the word "mind" to "face." Mr. John Churton Collins, who edited Tennyson's early poems, gave the various readings, and added eminently judicious notes, should point out this necessity in a second edition.

G. S. E.

Flots in Barcelona. It seems to us that the town is familiar. The name entered into counting out rhymes, which are in great variety. One began:

Any, many money, my
Barcelona, stony, sty.

Another:

Hana, mana, mona, mika,
Barcelona, bona, strike.

That most familiar to us began.

Hany, meeny, neeny, my,
Barcelona, bony, sty.

But why Barcelona?

In old-fashioned stories by Mrs. Sherwood—not the sasslety reporter—her heroine used to pull out "a Barcelona handkerchief," made of soft, twilled silk, and the thing itself was known as a "Barcelona." But this has nothing to do with the case.

Here is a beautiful line from the Pall Mall Gazette's review of "Arizona." "We do not include in American plays variety shows, in which one can be sure of nothing save that there will be a score or more of well-matched and handsome chorus girls, who at one time or another will line up across the stage and smilingly dazzle us with a thin golden line of American dentistry stretching from wing to wing."

MISS ESTHER PALLISER, who will give a concert this week in Chickering Hall, is not a stranger to Boston. She took the part of Gianetta in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers," or "Gondoliers," as Mr. Stetson said, at the Globe Theatre in April, 1890. At that time she was a graceful woman with an agreeable voice.

A glance at the cast brings various thoughts. There was Bettina Paderford of singular adventures in and out of matrimony. Her name is now, alas, familiar in court and hospital. Theresa Vaughn—it was only the other day you read the sad story of her approaching end in the Worcester Insane Asylum. W. A. Mestayer, her husband, was the Duke, and he is dead. George Lauri was the comic inquisitor. And did not Kate Stokes introduce a sensuous and bewitching dance? My memory is not sure on this point, but I think it was in this operetta that she danced, to please her husband, the manager, who took a gloomy view of the piece itself and to charm the audience. And she and her husband are now with the majority.

And now that Mr. Grossmith is in town I may refer to the first performance of "The Gondoliers" in London, for in the production he shone by his absence. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his history of the Savoy, wrote, "George Grossmith, the enjoyable 'Gee-Gee,' had departed. This was a serious loss. A Savoy opera without this grotesque mercurial central figure was almost inconceivable. There was no substitute to be found. He stood out quite brilliantly from the background. To this hour it may be doubted if the Savoy opera is the same thing that it was in those days. He was led to take this step by the reflection that for some years he had been losing money by his engagement, possibly to the amount of one or two hundred a week. His salary of £40 or £50 was handsome, and about as much as the manager of a costly theatre could afford; £2000 a year is no bad allowance. But he had long felt that there was a great field open to his talents in the entertainment direction. He had already made his mark in this way, and after his performance at the Savoy used to repair to fashionable entertainments, where he gave his songs and recitations. Golden profits opened before him, and with such profit all but a certainty, it would have been folly to resist, and so he took this important step. The success, as he has assured me, has exceeded his most sanguine expectations. This shows how Utopian in these days at least—is the notion of a good all-round company whose chief members are of equal merit. Philosophers tell us that such is the ideal system to be found at the Théâtre-Français. But it is no sooner constituted than it must dissolve, for the very reason that influenced Grossmith, viz., every member of conspicuous merit is playing at a loss, and feels that he could make three or four times as much. For this compelling reason the Français is gradually shedding its leading members; witness Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin and others." This was written in 1884.

During the last 11 years Miss Palliser has won reputation in serious opera, oratorio and concert. She sang in "Ivanhoe" and later as Brangaene, Michaela, Aida, Elsa, Elizabeth Santuzza.

A feature of this concert on Wednesday will be the first performance here of Mr. Homer Norris's "The Flight of the Eagle," a musical setting of selections from Walt Whitman for soprano, tenor and baritone. The first performance was at Waltham, Dec. 10, 1901, when the singers were Miss Laura Van Kuren, Mr. Robert Hall and Mr. Archibald Willis, and the pianist was Miss Edith Curry.

I quote from the Concert Goer of Feb. 15:

New York is to hear "The Flight of the Eagle," Mr. Homer Norris's setting of portions of Walt Whitman's "Leagues of Grass." Some persons might easily suppose that New York would naturally be first to hear such a work; if not because of some real or fancied musical supremacy, then because New York—"Manhattan," as he preferred to call it—was the city of Whitman's love, the home of his youth, the scene of his labors, the pride of his old age. But the current of New York's existence has never been seriously disturbed by enthusiastic devotion to her greatest poet. Boston, the traditional home of culture, the seat of government of our aristocracy of brains, gave Whitman his first American appreciation. Out of Boston comes the man who first has the courage to attempt a musical expression of Whitman's ideas. Boston has heard first a musical work which, whatever its intrinsic value, is of significance because of its motive and conception.

Mr. Norris read his work at the piano to a few interested ones when he was in New York recently to arrange for its initial performance here. There is no necessity for anticipating the verdict

on the public performance to occur soon. But some brief description of the methods and aims of this daring composer may be permissible. Mr. Norris's work is based on a scale of whole steps. He has seen that Whitman's rugged lines cannot be trimmed and planned to fit the stereotyped musical molds, and has done away with arbitrary boundaries of tonality and rhythmical regularity. The music moves with perfect freedom of melodic contour and phrase; the composer has striven to have his music follow the genius of the language in matters of inflection, accentuation, rhythm, etc.

It is this principle of downright insistence upon the thing to be said that marks Mr. Norris as a worthy disciple of Whitman, and makes his work typically American, as Whitman is coming to be regarded as the representative American poet.

W. H. Bell wrote a symphony in C minor, "Walt Whitman," which was performed in London in 1900; Villiers Stanford wrote a work for chorus and orchestra, an Elegiac Ode (1881), the sublime apostrophe to Death in "When Lilacs last in the Dooryard bloomed"; and Charles Wood, F. L. Ritter, Bernice Thompson have written music for various verses.

Gounod's Saint-Cecilia mass, which will be performed tonight with full orchestra at Symphony Hall, did much to make the composer popular in English-speaking countries. The "Sanctus" was heard in many churches and is still a popular "anthem," and the first measures of the "Kyrie" are often heard as responses to the commandments in Episcopal churches. When the mass was performed in 1855 at the Church of Saint Eustache, where the Cecilia masses are produced, Gounod led the chorus and Tilmant, the orchestra. Batiste was the organist, whose sentimental or blaring organ pieces were once heard in every church. He was an excellent musician, and the majority of his published works were unworthy of him; yet they did much in this country to lead organists to study the art of registration. The Parisian critics were loud in praise when Gounod's work was produced, and one of the most glowing tributes was by Adolphe Adam, whose own St. Cecilia mass had been performed in 1850.

There is a story that Poirson, the head master of the College of St. Louis, had scolded harshly his young pupil, Gounod, for covering the pages of his class-books with musical notes. He went to St. Eustache to hear the mass, and stood behind a pillar. Great was his enthusiasm, and that very night Gounod received a letter from him: "Bravo, my dear man whom I knew as a child!"

Adam hints in a pleasant manner that Gounod took the idea of the first measures of the "Gloria" from Adam's own "Gloria." Strange to say, he found the "Agnus Dei" somewhat monotonous, whereas it is now considered to be one of the finest portions of the work.

It will undoubtedly be a pleasure to hear the Choral Art Society sing sacred music in a church, which is the proper place. Mr. Loeffler's "By the Waters of Babylon" was conceived a few years ago on a more elaborate scale, for it was written originally for an orchestra that included two violas d'amore

and a viol da gamba. Mr. Schroeder will play the cello solo next Friday night. I am glad to see that Mr. Goodrich does not shrink from performing excerpts. Why should one be obliged to mortify the flesh in order to hear at last the "Incaratus" from Bach's formidable mass? Besides the pieces by Palestrina, there will be sacred music by Lotti (1667-1700), Eccard (1553-1611), Sweelinck (1562-1621), Michael Haydn (1737-1806), and by Widor and Rheinberger.

Here is a sad story from the Era (London):

At the Clerkenwell sessions on Tuesday, Arthur Markham, described as a musician, who was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment, confessed to having stolen two overcoats from different houses. It transpired that Markham once got five years' penal servitude. When liberated on license he made an endeavor to earn an honest living. He is a capable violinist, and he obtained a position in the orchestra at the Gaiety Theatre under Meyer Lutz; but one of Markham's former confederates wrote an anonymous letter denouncing him as an ex-convict to Mr. George Edwards, who was forced, on account of the valuable property in the theatre to discharge the "ticket-of-leave" man.

Mr. Josef Slivinski had his hair cut, and it is only just to say that his appearance has been greatly improved thereby. He is too good a pianist to put his trust in long hair. That his strength has not been cut by the shears, was proved conclusively last Monday, when he thundered in fortissimo. His program for next Wednesday is one of varied interest.

Thom wrote the music for Anatole

Francis's drama "Les Noces Corinthe," produced lately at the Odéon, and the overture and entr'actes are highly praised.—Our countrywoman, Susan Strong, gave a song recital in London Feb. 4, and Mr. Blackburn wrote:

"Unlike most recitals of its kind, Miss Strong was the sole attraction of the afternoon, there being no instrumental relief of any kind whatever; yet though she sang close on 20 songs, it is a tribute to her accomplishment to say that the afternoon was by no means a monotonous one. Her voice, it is true, is somewhat lacking in variety; though her note is clear and fine, she does not seem to be very capable of imparting to it those shades and delicate nuances by means of which many singers, without anything like her vocal capacity, are able to charm and entertain. Nevertheless, there is this to be said: so great is her staying power, and so sustained is her strength, that the final songs on her program, three charming compositions by Mr. Korbay himself, were better sung than any of their predecessors. Among these, 'Birthday Song,' a fine and ripe little melody, was perhaps in the singing her most brilliant effort. Her interpretation of a song by Paladilhe, 'Psyche,' was delightful in its thoughtfulness, and her singing of Liszt's 'In Liebesslust,' was very impressive in its passionate emphasis, from all of which it will be perceived that though Miss Strong may be accused of a purely vocal monotony, she has many and various moods, a quality which to a large extent goes to out-balance the defect, if defect it can be called, that we have emphasized, or, to put it otherwise, though she changes her mood there is no flexible vocal change to correspond."

Tita Brand, daughter of Marie Brema, is acting in London.—London heard the orchestral Love Scene from Richard Strauss's "Feuersnot" Feb. 1. Chicago and New York have heard it. When will Boston have the opportunity?—Ysaye is playing Rimsky-Korsakoff's concert fantasia on Russian themes.—César Thomson is playing Correll's variations, "La Polka." He has only 10 of them.—Villiers Stanford's new song-cycle, "An Irish Idyll," is being sung by Phinck Greene, and probably just a little below the true pitch.—"Manru" has been performed with success at Zurich. By the way, Paderewski has changed greatly in appearance. He looks older, graver, and he is as one that has known trouble and sorrow.—The success of Richard Strauss's "Feuersnot" at Vienna Jan. 29 was not so marked as at Dresden.—"Cinderella," an opera by Wolf-Ferrari, was given for the first time in German at Bremen Jan. 31.—Hugo Heermann is playing Richard Strauss's violin concerto, "Tschaukowsky's 'Engene Onegin' was produced at the Theater des Westens, Berlin, Jan. 31, with grand success.—A ballet girl of the Vienna opera, Irene Cironi, has written a ballet which will be performed.—"Mescaline" pleased at Algiers.—Stavenhagen will probably conduct at the Munich Opera House and Zumppe, who has been appointed General Music Director, will give up his position as orchestra leader.—Humperdinck has a pupil, Ernst Wehrich, whose Pathetic Overture has been played at Potsdam.—Salomon Jadassohn, who died Feb. 1 at Leipzig, was the teacher of Mr. Chadwick and other American composers.—Chaprentier's "Louise" will be performed at the Vienna Opera House, and New York?—A bust of Verdi in bronze was dedicated in the Milan cemetery, on the anniversary of his death, and at night his Requiem was sung at la Scala.—Regina Pichini is that rare thing, a grateful pupil. She has given a pension to the widow of her teacher, Napoleone Voliani.—Wagner's autobiography will not be published, they say, until those whom he roasted in it are dead. But perhaps they would enjoy the roasts.—The subject for the Rossini prize competition at Paris, "Le Roi Arthur."—The Ménéstral protests against the proposal to name a street after Wag-

ner in the city which he rejoiced to think of as "burned by the German hordes."—Sibyl Sanderson will sing Manon and Juliet in the Netherlands before she returns to the Opéra-Comique.

Feb 24. 1902

In mid whirl of the dance of Time ye start,
Start at the cold touch of eternity,
And cast your cloaks about you, and depart.
The minstrels pause not in their minstrelsy.

Mr. Sidney Cooper, the painter, who died lately, would have been a hundred years old if he had lived until next September. Of course, there is interest in his diet, habits, conduct of life. He was irritatingly regular in everything. When he was an old man he walked three or four miles, always at the same hour. He painted in summer from seven in the morning till eight. His breakfast was oatmeal porridge, bread, and a half a pint of milk warm from his own cows. He had not tasted tea or coffee for 36 years. "I find the porridge sustaining, and at the same time provocative of appetite, while it keeps the head clear for work." Then he painted till luncheon at 12. At luncheon he ate well and drank little. He painted till three, then walked, and ate dinner at six. He read his newspaper; at nine

lock smoked a cigar, and at it went to bed. In winter the scheme was arranged half an hour later throughout.

You will note the fact that Mr. Cooper slept, or, at least, was in bed, from eight to nine hours. But here is Mr. George R. Sims, who advocates short sleep. "If I go to bed at two and sleep till eight I am far more refreshed and ready for the day's work than if I go to bed at midnight and sleep till nine." Mr. Sims tells us he is always awakened at the same hour, whether he goes to bed at twelve, two or four o'clock. Time and time again he has felt fresh and strong after only four hours in bed, and he tells us that there is in America a "Four Hours' Sleep Society." Where? "I have a firm conviction that ordinarily we sleep too much, and that indulgence in sleep—like indulgence in many other things—is a habit that has grown upon one, rather than a necessity."

You ask, "Why this chatter about 'Rites'?" Because, O thrice-sodden calf, men and women are more interested in such talk than in discussions concerning Walter Pater and Richard Strauss and the thirt statues of antiquity. The tullest man will grow eloquent when he defends his own diet, distribution of time, habits. He will listen to you eagerly when you discover your weaknesses to his own advantage. You admit that you cannot go to sleep for an hour or so after you trust your thin rotesque, poor body to the sheets. You can't? Why, I am sound asleep he moment my head touches the pillow, and I don't know a thing until even o'clock the next morning." You are tempted to add, "Nor after seven o'clock in the morning," but the remark would be too easy and some might consider it personal.

The most important as well as the most interesting thing to a man is himself. Next come the foibles of his neighbor. And after one has reached the age of wisdom, the diet of men and women for whom the ground is waiting impatiently is singularly important. Look through all the anecdotal books from Suetonius to Boswell, from Roswell to Sala, and you will find any fact concerning the diet of a distinguished man carefully recorded. If the man seems to snap fingers at Death and is hale at 70 years, they that know him inquire curiously as to the secret of his strength. Napoleon who, they say, often slept only four hours in the day, has been responsible for much mischief. Young men have thought to be Napoleon by sleeping as little, just as the pupils of a painter or a pianist think to catch the teacher's spirit and to impress the neighboring world by imitating his mannerisms, hat, hand-writing. Ordinarily meek admirers of William M. Hunt used to burst into rofanity. They did not enjoy bad language; they did not swear gracefully; in fact they were rather ridiculous; but they felt themselves nearer him.

In the endeavor to put off Death—and perhaps some think they will eventually cheat him—one man is anxious to know on what meat an older and more robust man feeds. The irresponsible statements in newspapers are cut out for reference. Jones eats assorted nuts three times a day and feels younger each week. Brown never saw Jones, does not know whether the nut-eating Jones exists, but he, too, must eat nuts. There is no advice however preposterous, no theory however mad, that is not followed or believed implicitly by some timorous mortals who wish to live, if it be only to exist, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste." Swift wrote his description of the Struldbrugs in rain.

We heard a man say the other day—e is a playactor who has known the cards for over 30 years—that if there were anything wrong about his clock-work he did not wish to know it. He referred to go on in the routine to which he was accustomed than to consult a doctor who would assure him that his apparent health were a snare and a delusion. And he told a story about an uncle of D'Oyley Carte. His uncle was a hearty specimen of a self-fed, kindly Englishman who was approaching his 65th year and had lived comfortably except, perhaps, for an occasional and slight touch of rheumatism. He was persuaded to consult a physician, who told him that for several years he had been suffering from diabetes, an affection of the heart; his liver was queer, and his stomach must be in a pitiable condition; it was a wonder that he was out in his grave. The old man said: But I have not been sick in bed since I was a child. I feel perfectly well, except for this little temporary inconvenience." The doctor smiled sadly: It's a wonder that you are alive, sir." The old man went home and

brooded over the diagnosis. Little by little his spirits left him; he feared a draught, he was fussy in his diet; his only thought was his health. He stood it for about six months, then went to a pond, took off his coat and folded it neatly, put his hat with it for the benefit of some healthier man, and made the jump. He died from examination and diagnosis.

But we have forgotten Mr. Sidney Cooper, who was the victim of painting-forgers. This species of imitation he did not regard as a compliment; indeed, he was sorely vexed. "My lord," he once said in court when he was asked to pass judgment on a picture that had been sold as his, "I couldn't have painted that. It is a—dreadful thing!"

The Rochester Post-Express has been discussing the origin and the proper spelling of Welsh rabbit and ketchup—or, if you prefer, catchup. Concerning ketchup the Post-Express says: "The original word is 'kitjap.' O no, dear brother, The word is found in Malay; it is 'kechap,' and in Dutch transliteration 'ketjap.' See C. P. G. Scott's 'The Malay Words in English,' Part II., published in the 'Journal of the American Oriental Society,' 18th vol., First Half (New Haven, 1897), pp. 64-67.

Of course "rabbit" is the correct spelling, but the Post-Express says: "For some unknown reason, perhaps on account of a certain forgetfulness in the matter of truces or promises in the old days of border fights, anything that was particularly doubtful or ridiculous was branded as 'Welsh.' There is an easier answer. The genuine original Welsh rabbit was bread and cheese toasted. Captain Grose in his 'Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue,' second edition (London, 1783), notes the fact that the Welsh are said to be remarkably fond of cheese, and he gives a highly humorous illustration of their fondness, which we should like to communicate to our readers, but we are in Lent, and we forbear.

GOUNOD'S CECILIA MASS.

Performance of This Celebrated Work at a Concert Given Last Night Under the Direction of Mr. Augusto Rotoli at Symphony Hall.

A sacred concert under the direction of Mr. Augusto Rotoli was given in Symphony Hall last night. The chorus of 250 from leading Roman Catholic Churches of the city; there was a full orchestra, with Mr. Roth as concert-master. Mr. Kugler was the organist, and the solo singers were Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Miss Pauline Woltmann, Mr. Van Hoose, and Mr. Campanari. There was a large and very enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Overture from "Nabucco".....Verdi Orchestra.
St. Cecilia Mass.....Gounod For Soli, Chorus and Orchestra.
Motet "Panis Angelicus".....Palestrina Chorus.
Aria, "O Divine Redeemer".....Gounod Miss Pauline Woltmann.
Aria, "O Paradiso," from "L'Africaine".....Meyerbeer Mr. Van Hoose.
Aria, from "Elijah," "Hear Ye, Israel".....Mendelssohn Mrs. Williams.
Aria, "Gloria a te".....Buzzi-Peccia Mr. Campanari.
Hallelujah Chorus, from "Mount of Olives".....Beethoven Chorus.

Gounod wrote several masses. His first Requiem was performed at Vienna in 1843. Then came the Mass for the Orphéonists (male voices), 1852; the Cecilia, 1855, the Mass in C minor, 1867; the Mass of the Sacred Heart, which is considered by some the best, 1876; the Easter Mass, 1885; the Mass in memory of Joan of Arc (Rheims 1887); and the second Requiem.

The Sanctus and the Benedictus of the St. Cecilia were written some years before the rest of the work. They were first performed in London, Jan. 15, 1851, and they were favorite concert-pieces in Paris before the Mass was heard as a whole at the Church of St. Eustache, Nov. 9, 1855, when it was produced for the benefit of the Association of Artist-Musicians founded by Baron Taylor. The first mass composed for this association was by Niedermeyer in 1819, and works of like character and for the same benefit have been written by several distinguished Frenchmen.

When this St. Cecilia Mass was first performed Gounod had written only two operas, "Sapho" and "La Nonne Sanguante," which were regarded as failures; two symphonies; the music

for "Ulysses" (1852); the famous Meditation on a prelude by Bach; some music for the church, and some beautiful songs. The Mass was a potent factor in the establishment of his reputation.

And how Gounodesque it all is. There are the characteristic repetitions in ascending keys of a short theme; there are the simple and sensuous harmonies; there is already the sense of individual orchestral melody; there is that indisputable and peculiar individuality, inborn, that stamps all the work of this talented Frenchman who wavered constantly between the church and the boudoir. There are the suggestions of plain-song, as in the "Kyrie" and the "Benedictus;" there is the luxuriant

melody that was developed in "Faust" and in "Romeo and Juliet." But there is little of the theatre in the Mass, and the only rank vulgarity, which is shown in the final "Prayer for the Nation," was judiciously omitted by Mr. Rotoli. Gounod was always devout—after his own fashion. There is no doubt concerning the sincerity of his religious music. A strongly marked individuality is seen in sacred as well as profane music, and to find fault with the expression of Gounod's religious sentiment would be as foolish as to deplore the fact that Bach thought naturally in fugue, that the old Italians prayed in counterpoint, that Verdi was dramatic in his Requiem, or that César Franck was still César Franck in church. Surely much of the St. Cecilia Mass is devout music viewed from even a sectarian standpoint, and we need not quarrel with Gounod because he introduced the "Domine non sum dignus" in the "Agnus Dei," or because in the "Gloria" he followed the example of Adolphe Adam in giving the opening measures to an angelic voice and disdained the conventional fanfares that for years have announced the song of praise to the Lord.

Mr. Rotoli conducted with due appreciation of the character of the work, and often with unusual effect. The chorus under his control, remember, was not an established chorus that meets in regular rehearsal under his leadership. This chorus was made up of choir singers, many of whom have had little or no thorough musical training, but the singers showed a zeal and an enthusiasm that vocal societies of age and standing in this community may well envy, and might imitate with great advantage to composers, conductors, and the public. Since this chorus was thus brought together and since it sang with few rehearsals, it is enough to say that it was most effective in passages that demanded sonority and vigor. Thus much of the "Gloria" and the "Credo" were sung with overwhelming effect. Such a body of tone has not been heard at any concert of the Handel and Haydn for the last dozen years, which induces the thought that many of the members of that venerable body are past the age of usefulness, or, like the conies, are feeble folk. On the other hand, pages that demanded carefully prepared dynamic gradations or delicate effects did not fare so well. Thus the "Miserere," the "Incarnatus," the crescendo in the "Sanctus," and the whole of the "Agnus Dei" suffered. This was to be expected, and not even Mr. Rotoli with all his skill and experience could have brought about a different result in the time at his disposal.

Yet this same chorus sang the motet by Palestrina with variety of effects, and in a manner that reflected credit upon singers and conductor.

Neither Mr. Van Hoose nor Mr. Campanari did himself justice in the Mass, and although Mrs. Williams's voice was admirably suited to the music, the honors were borne away by the chorus.

After the Motet came each singer armed with a concert piece. Mrs. Williams has a pure, agreeable voice, but she should guard herself against the tremolo. She sang the aria from "Elijah" smoothly and without dramatic force; as though she had learned well her lesson. Miss Woltmann did little with "O Divine Redeemer." The song is in Gounod's cheapest manner, yet a singer of dramatic force and authority can make it pass. Mr. Van Hoose was not wholly in voice, but there were admirable moments in the aria from "L'Africaine," such as to argue well for the future of this tenor, if he will only be willing to grow and not be content with natural gifts and a present reputation. For an encore he sang "M'avounerai"—not "Kathleen." Mr. Campanari sang Buzzi-Peccia's recollections of Hascagni and Massenet, a piece that served to display his virile voice and authoritative delivery, but he was heard with more musical pleasure in Mr. Rotoli's deservedly famous song, "La Bandiera," which was accompanied by the composer.

Philip Hale.

F2625. 1932
Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel
Less than the rust that never stained thy sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, oh Lord,
Even less than these,
Less than the weed that grows beside thy door,
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee,
Less than the need thou hast in life of me,
Even less am I,
Since I, oh Lord, am nothing unto thee,
See here my sword, I make it keen and bright;
Love's last reward, Death, comes to me to-night;
Farewell Zahir-u-din.

We learn from the newspapers that Mr. James R. Manning of Albany is "responsible for the introduction of a delightful feature at club dinners." Printed slips which contain the words of popular songs of the day are passed round among the diners so that they may sing. "The jollity of the occasion is greatly increased."

We used to know Mr. Manning when he was a quiet, exemplary youth. We knew his father, Daniel Manning, who was not given to song either at the Argus office, or at meetings of bank directors, or on election days—a reserved and singularly able man, who could endure victory or defeat.

Furthermore, dinners at Albany were in the heroic days for eating, not for singing. Hedderberg mutton was too good a thing to sing about. There was sturdy eating and there was brave drinking at Albany when public thieves

were bold and private kidneys wereickle-plated. Occasionally a story or an anecdote was permitted, but there was no foolish or affected talk about art, music, literature, or social, political, or religious reform.

The Vicomte de Prosmey in Barbey d'Aurevilly's fantastic and cruel romance "Une Vieille Maîtresse" had dined alone at a Parisian café for 40 years. He had observed that conversation—that charming hors d'oeuvre for the lazy at table who taste disdainfully pheasant-wings or ortolans with truffles—was a distraction and a trickery for those that really knew how to eat. He had applied to the sensations of the table the solitary concentration that multiplies the intensity of pleasure by the removal of all that which is not the joy itself."

The Albanian of the Seventies was gregarious, not garrulous, not given to song. Song to him was the amusement of Dagoes.

Prof. Ray Lankester is lecturing on the okapi, discovered in Africa by Sir Harry Johnston. It seems that the okapi and the giraffe "share a peculiar condition of teeth," which leads us to believe that they go to the same dentist. The okapi has stripes on its legs, which thus resemble the legs of the zebra. "The Professor suggested that these were for protection when the animal came to the edge of the forest for food. This may be so; yet we would rather fancy they were the outcome of a determination to give the zebra a little healthy competition in the way of striped flannels, which the animal has worn so long with an air of confident monopoly." Our own impression is that the okapi must resemble the kangaroo owned by Artemus Ward—"a amoozin little Raskal—the most farfable little cuss I ever saw."

The playactor Le Bargy, who sets the fashion for the gilded "youth of Paris," appears in Lavadan's new play as "a repulsive and cynical rousé, a conqueror of women, who marches triumphantly over the wreck of reputations to further spoliation." To march thus triumphantly, he must of course wear good clothes. We describe his costumes, so that the Adonises of Boston may shine resplendent at the opera. In the first act this wicked Marquis appears in evening dress with a waistcoat of gray moire. In the second act he wears a crocodile cravat, which rivets the attention of all beholders, and is known after the name of the character, as the "Priola." The cravat is green, red and brown, wound twice round the neck. There is no excuse now for a Bostonian to appear in evening dress with a black cravat and an Alpine hat. In the last act the Marquis sports a waistcoat of black velvet with white spots and a white and gray cravat.

The statue of Victor Hugo which will be unveiled in Paris tomorrow is by Louis Barrias. Hugo is "sitting on a rock, with the waves beneath him, in his island home." Symbolical figures are about the rock. They represent lyric poetry, dramatic poetry, the epic, and satire. Hugo's mantle is arranged in the form of a plaid. Barrias worked on this statue for six years. We have yet to learn whether he has solved the problem of making trousers

and boots unobjectionable to the sensitive amateur of art.

The New York Times spoke last Sunday of Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier," and the success of the original published in folio at Venice in 1528 and of various translations. "Next was the first and practically long since extinct English translation by Thomas Hobbes. * * * It occurred to none to bring the work within the scope of the English-speaking race until Leonard Eckstein Opdycke undertook it."

Now we entertain respect for Mr. Opdycke and we are pleased to know that his middle name is Eckstein, but Sir Thomas Hobbes's translation of Castiglione's "The Book of the Courtier" was reprinted in London in 1900 by Mr. David Nutt, and it appeared as vol. 23 in "The Tudor Translations." An admirable introduction was written by Mr. Walter Raleigh.

The Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker of Plainfield (N. J.)—all sorts of things happen in New Jersey—punched vigorously a middle-aged man who attempted "to take a seat in a coach which had been held by Mr. Schoonmaker for a woman friend." Mr. Schoonmaker, who was recently ordained, "will leave for Africa in a few weeks." He is evidently just the man for robust missionary work. By his name he should assist the Boers.

This reminds us of a foot-note in Richard P. Barillon's Commentary on Canons. (The volume was published

881.) The treatment of the Dutch
is no honor to England. The
most policy was forced upon the colo-
nial authorities by the missionaries,
and the latter were limited by the pro-
slavery policy of the Dutch. The late
Dr. Livingstone did sorry work in this
matter."

"Mascagni has a positive mama for
watches, of which he is said always to
carry three in his pocket." This ac-
counts possibly for the constant shift-
ing of time to his musical works.

Feb 26, 1902

"The keen" old that literature, before any-
thing else, should be gentlemanly. The pre-
ceding opinion now is that it ought to be
ladylike and it is I mean, of course, when
men write it. The reading public is made
up of ladies—singing ladies. One cannot strike
it right and left from the shoulder now as
the insignificant ruffian, Charles Reade, did,
without knocking down chrysanthemums and
treading on trains.

Boston, Feb. 21, 1902.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

A distinguished Bostonian went to
New York to teach them what little
wisdom they can understand, and
added:

"What St. Paul said to the church
100 years ago is good advice today:
In essentials, unity; in non-essentials,
liberty; in all things, charity."

"That was surely a happy mode of
speech, for every Bostonian knows that
St. Paul said nothing of the kind. He
was mentioned, perhaps, to test the
audience and its familiarity with the
once popular apostle. But at home
we ask soberly, did Melidenius really
start the famous saying about the time
when State Street was laid out? Or
was it a trade union motto?"

B.

"Bryn Mawr's Pressing Need." It
seems to us that this need might be
easily satisfied.

China has given a fine collection of
books to Columbia University. This
is a noble return for the spoliation by
Christian nations.

Victor Hugo was a gargantuan eater.
"He was particularly fond of tripe,
grilled pig's feet, cabbage stuffed with
garlic, deviled kidneys, and he de-
lighted in game."

The late Dr. Newman Hall and Henry
Ward Beecher did much to persuade
English workmen to espouse the cause
of the North in the Civil War. It is
a singular fact that in each case the
exhorter's life was shadowed by a
woman.

Everyone should read Mr. William
Walker Atkinson's "Thought-Force."
Lesson VI., "The Power of the Eye,"
teaches you how to say "No," when
an acquaintance asks the loan of \$165
until "tomorrow," and how to hold at
bay "wild beasts and savages," such
as creditors, bores, book-agents, profes-
sional philanthropists. Lesson VII. is
full of instructive exercises for develop-
ing the magnetic gaze without the use
of a glass eye. We learn from "Direct
Psychic Influence" (Lesson IV.) that
"the Passive Brother" is the "dead-
easy man," and that "the Active
Prother" is "the hard-as-nails man."

As Mr. Atkinson himself says: "To
those who have not met with success
in life, or who feel that they are re-
ceiving but a portion of what the world
holds in store for them, this series of
lessons comes as a revelation of a new
life. It has already proved the turning
point in the life of many men and is
likely to mark an epoch in the career
of thousands of successful men in this
and other countries, and cause its au-
thor to be regarded as a benefactor of
mankind."

Mr. Atkinson's portrait shows us that
he has "the magnetic gaze" in which
the eye resembles a hard-balled egg,
and that he is "the Active Brother."

But what is Mr. Atkinson in com-
parison with Dr. Walford Bodie, who
on eye and the same night at Roch-
dale, England, restored the sight of a
young lady who had been stone blind
for six years and also cured in ex-sol-
dor who was the tallest man in the
British Army and was paralyzed in
both legs—and all this without a
change of costume or elevation of the
voice.

The New York Tribune asks "What
becomes of old shoes?" We are wearing
ours.

Salvini told this story early in the
month at Rome whether he had tour-
neved to take part in the festivities in
honor of Ristori: "I shall never forget
my first undreamed-of success in Lon-
don in 1875, when, on arriving, I was
frightened at seeing that Henry Ir-
ving was at the seventy-second represen-
tation of 'Hamlet' at the Lyceum. How
could I, a stranger, in a foreign lan-
guage, to an unknown public, dare to

interpret that masterpiece of the divine
Shakespeare in competition with the
greatest among the living English ac-
tors? I took a box privately to see Ir-
ving undisturbed, but arrived too late
for Hamlet with the shade of his fath-
er. Irving in the scene with the contri-
bers I can only call sublime, no one
can touch him, and at the end of the
second act I said, 'Mapleson can do and
say what he likes, but I will never
represent Hamlet here!' All through,
until passion begins to be more vio-
lent, I found him perfect; but at that
point, according to my opinion, he be-
comes mannered and deficient, and I
ended by exclaiming, 'Hamlet I also
can do, and I will.'"

A Scottish newspaper claims that
Burns did not write the poems at-
tributed to him, because he had never
been to college; because he showed no
genius except in poetry; because he
was a somewhat disreputable person,
or at least, his manners were easy.
Furthermore a contemporary, one
Adam Smith, showed in his books "the
same elegance and acuteness that dis-
tinguished the 'Poems of Burns.'"
Smith probably concealed the author-
ship for political reasons. Baccians
of Boston and the suburbs will please
take notice.

Novels are now circulated in Berlin
for business purposes. They are of the
blood and thunder type, with adroitly
inserted advertisements. Here is an
example: "For an instant she felt an-
noyed at her own weakness (Painless
tooth extraction by —). She eagerly
seized her father's hands (Lessons in
dancing and deportment at —). But
this scheme was common years ago in
London, as may be seen by referring
to early volumes of Punch. And did not
Thackeray burlesque it?"

We are told by a dog-fancier that col-
lies and fox terriers who become bench
champions before they are well out of
their puppyhood, often degenerate rap-
idly or die at an early age. What is
the average age of a dog? A fox
terrier died lately in England at the ad-
vanced age of 18, and instances of dogs
living to 14 or 15 are not uncom-
mon. Lord Ogilvie had a dog who died
by accident at the age of 23. Belgrave
Joe died in his 20th year. The fancier
says that as the dog is now his average
age is 10 years.

This reminds us that Miss Lillian C.
Smythe, in an article on "The Ancient
History of the Greyhound" published in
the Stockkeeper, reproduces pictures of
the greyhound from the tombs of Beni
Hassan, and also photographs of a
wrapped and unwrapped head of a
greyhound in the British Museum,
mummified about 1300 B. C. Little va-
riation has taken place in this breed of
dog, so that the greyhound may be
said to be old enough to look better.
The ancients helleve that the female
Spartan greyhound outlived the male.
Whereas the male outlives in vulgar
dogs of all countries the female." In
spite of this interesting habit, we pre-
fer the greyhound when it is made of
iron. The live thing does not seem
like a real dog, a dog of fancies and
emotions. The greyhound is too smooth
an article.

Feb 27, 1902

ESTHER PALLISER.

Her Song-Recital in Which Homer
Norris's "The Flight of the
Eagle" Was Performed for the
First Time in Boston—Mr. Slivin-
ski's Second Recital—Chamber
Concert by Messrs. Rogers and
Proctor.

Miss Esther Palliser, soprano, of Lon-
don gave a song recital yesterday af-
ternoon in Chickering Hall. Mr. De-
voto was the accompanist. The pro-
gram was as follows:

My Heart Ever Faithful.....	Bach
Ogni Pena.....	Pergolesi
La Zingarella.....	Paistello
Der Tod das ist die Kuehle Nach.....	Brahms
Dors mon Enfant.....	Wagner
Pourquoi.....	Chaminade
I Sent My Soul from.....	Lehmann
Garden.....	Old English
Rosulind's Madrigal (Arr. by A. L.....)	Old English
Romance, "La Dame de Pique....."	Tschakowsky
Fleurs d'Amours.....	Rorodin
The Song of the Water Nymph.....	Arensky
Après un Rêve.....	Gabriel Faure
Chair de Lune.....	Henschel
Spring.....	Henschel

Miss Palliser has broadened physical-
ly and vocally since she sang here nearly
12 years ago in "The Gondoliers."
She has had much and varied experi-
ence, and it would be surprising if she
had not gained in dramatic force and
authoritative delivery. On the other
hand, her voice is fresh, elastic, re-
sponsive to the demands of contrasted
emotions, sensitive to color.

And yet Miss Palliser's performance
yesterday was full of contradictions.
There were moments when she sang
exceedingly well, and there were mo-

ments when she sang recklessly, yes,
slovenly. Her delivery of the songs by
Bach and Pergolesi reminded me of a
joyous ditty of school years with the
refrain: "And she whooped it up
again." There was over accentuation
in the air by Pergolesi, just as there
was exaggeration in the air from the
"Persian Garden," which she sang "by
special request." Who are these mys-
terious persons that request songs? As
a rule, the songs thus requested work
injury to the singer: witness the case
of Mr. Gregory Hast. This music by
Liza Lehmann is bombastic enough as
it stands—sonorous as a paper-bag
blown up and then exploded—but Miss
Palliser forgot the limitations of space
and sang as though the audience half
a mile away. The music seemed doubly
at variance with the spirit of the text.

Not until Miss Palliser reached the
Romance from Tschakowsky's opera
did the hearer realize that her reputa-
tion rested on a true foundation; for
this music, which in rhythm as well as
mood reminds one of Carmen's soliloquy
in the card-scene, was delivered with
genuine dramatic feeling and fine dis-
tinction. Her performance of the songs
that followed confirmed the belief that
she is a singer of marked temperament.
Especially delightful was her appreci-
ation of the character of Faure's ex-
quisite "Chair de Lune," a very song
of songs, steeped in moonlight and mel-
ancholy. The program ended when it
stated that it was then sung for the
first time. Nor is the song a new one.
It was a pleasure to hear the melodies
by Borodin and Arensky, and it is to be
wished that more of our visitors would
have the courage to leave the beaten
track.

Miss Palliser is a singer of more than
one emotion. She proved this by her
last six songs, for even in Henschel's
orthological tune she sang with hearty
English spirit. There are few singers that
can so firmly differentiate in emotion
within the limits of a short group; and
there are few who can appreciate a song like
"Chair de Lune," a veritable Watteau.
In her songs Miss Palliser was admir-
ably accompanied by Mr. Devoto.

And then came the first performance
in Boston of Mr. Homer Norris's "Flight
of the Eagle," text from Walt Whitman's
"Leaves of Grass." The composer an-
nounced from the platform that Mr.
Bispham was sick in New York, and
that Mr. Drennen would take his place.
Miss Palliser was the soprano and Mr.
Robert Hall the tenor. Miss Edith Cur-
rie was the pianist. The program told
us all that Mr. Norris "has seen that
Whitman's rugged lines cannot be trim-
med and planned to fit the stereotyped
musical molds, and has done away with
arbitrary boundaries of tonality and
rhythmical regularity." He therefore
based his work on a scale of whole
steps.

I do not believe that the performance
was in full accord with the composer's
purposes and wishes, and yet it is not
unfair to record impressions.

In the first place, as an ardent ad-
mirer of Walt Whitman, I protest
against Mr. Norris's picking here and
there from Whitman's works to make a
musical holiday. He has taken lines
from "Inscriptions," "Starting from
Laumark," "By the Roadside,"
"Leaves of Grass," "Song of the Uni-
versal," wrenched them in some in-
stances from the proper setting, ar-
ranged them as though they formed a
continuous poem and dubbed the hodge-
podge "The Flight of the Eagle."

It is not necessary to inquire of pres-
ent into the composer's scales, tonal-
ties, rhythms. The only vital ques-
tions are these: "How does the music
sound?" "Are definite moods estab-
lished in the breast of the hearer?"

The solo passages are for the most
part commonplace, full of dull, un-
Whitman like, many lines in these
poems have a long and sweeping
rhythm, except when Mr. Norris dis-
cutes the poem. His recitative, as well as
his meloso is not uninteresting because
he violates any rules or strikes out for
himself; it is inherently dull. It is not
radical enough to surprise or shock, be-
cause whenever the hearer is willing
or eager to be surprised he is presented
with something conventional. Mr. Nor-
ris spoils what would otherwise be one
of the most effective portions of the
work: "The Lord will be there and wait

till I come on perfect terms, the great
Camerado, etc. An effect has been
made; the attention is riveted; the soul
is stirred. And what, pray, does Mr.
Norris then do? You hear "He will be
there—a line interpolated by Mr. Nor-
ris—whose music is suddenly turned
into a sentimental response to be sung
by a church quartet, seated, and with
great feeling. I was surprised to hear
no "A-a-a-a-a-men."

The duet "I am he that walks with
the tender and growing night" is by
far the most musical and the strongest
portion of the work. It is emotional,
it is authoritative, it is distinctly and
highly original. Next to this may be
put the section, "Is it a dream?" when
the lines are used for the first time.

The music given to the piano is gen-
erally labored and ineffective. When it
is not labored, it is platitudinous. And
it is often crude, as though the writer
did not know how to express his ideas,
or was vaguely in pursuit of ideas them-
selves.

I may here add that Whitman himself
was passionately fond of Italian opera;
"Ernani," "Lucia," "La Fuvorita," and
he also liked "William Tell."

Philip Hals.

MR. SLIVINSKI'S RECITAL.

Mr. Josef Slivinski gave his second
piano recital in Steinert Hall yester-
day afternoon. The program included
Beethoven's sonata op. 57, Handel's
"Harmonious Blacksmith" variations;
Schumann's "Kreisleriana," Chopin's
Barcarolle, valse op. 64, No. 2, Ballade,
op. 38, Scherzo op. 20; Liszt's "Au Bord
du Lac," "Source," Liszt's arrangement of
the Erl King, and Liszt's Polonaise.

In spite of the bad weather which
seems to pursue him whenever he
comes to Boston, Mr. Slivinski had a

large audience to which he gave much
pleasure by his playing. He was at
his best in the Chopin numbers and in
Liszt's "Au Bord d'une Source," which
was played with great beauty of tone.
The "Kreisleriana" was full of fine
things, but was marred at times by
excess of speed. The first number was
taken so fast as to lose clearness
and the sharp accents characteristic
of it. The last movement of the
Sonata, also the allegro non troppo,
suffered a little from the rapid tempo as
did the last three variations of "The
Harmonious Blacksmith." Nor could
we understand why Mr. Slivinski made
such contrasts in tempo in the de-
livery of Handel's theme.

MESSRS. ROGERS AND PROCTOR.

The second of Miss Terry's Chamber
Concerts in Chickering Hall was given
last evening. Mr. Francis Rogers sang
songs by Beethoven, Lully, Schubert,
Franz, Dvorak, Brahms, Rles,
Chaminade, Saint-Saens, Lehman,
Homer, Lang, Luckstone, Chadwick, Mr.
Proctor played three "erotikons" by
Sjoegren, Rubinstein's Parcarolle in
G minor, Dolmetsch's valse lente,
Ljadoff's Musical Snuff-Box, and Liszt's
Chromatic Galop. Mr. Henry Goodrich
was the accompanist.

The concert gave much pleasure to
the audience. Mr. Rodgers's songs were
for the most part familiar, and he
has sung many of them in previous
concerts. He is improving in many
respects, as in freedom of delivery,
the nature of his selections. The pieces
by Sjoegren are charming in their
romanticism and they were played
poetically. Mr. Proctor has gained in
many ways. His touch is more musical,
his line of melody rounder and more
sustained; he does not give way so
easily to explosiveness; he is less ex-
travagant in dynamic contrasts, and
his use of the pedals is more discreet.
It is not too much to say that the
pieces by Sjoegren as played by him
gave greater pleasure than inevitable
sonatas and other old war-horses with
visiting virtuosos astride, booted and
spurred.

The third concert will be on March 6,
when Mrs. Beach, Miss Edmonds, and
Miss Mead will take part.

NOCTURNES.

He will never sleep any more as he did
in the cot in his mother's bedroom.

The court would be quiet were it
not for the rain. It is late, and even
the cougher in the opposite flat has at
last found rest. There is a splash,
splash of rain drops, and now and then
half-melted ice crackles and falls. The
insomniacs one listens uneasily. There
was a time when the sound of rain on
shingles lulled him, drugged him to re-
freshing, dreamless sleep. Now the rain
drops excite him. They drop so far.
The apartment house has four stories,
but there are two basements, and the
bottom of the court is level with the
furnace floor. The man reckons the
time of the ice falling from gutter to
ground. He would fall quicker. The
splash would be louder and it might
leave a brilliant color effect on the sea-
sony and dirty snow. Would he fall grace-
fully, as one devitalized? Or would
there be time for him to make curious
motions in the air? There would be no
one to see him, to remember the sight,
to describe it at breakfast, and then
at the office, and later at the club.
Would he regret him of his courage,
when it was too late? Would he sud-
denly see long-forgotten faces?

The drops vex him from bed. Why
should he leave it? He is warm and
he would be at peace if he could only
sleep. It seems as though arms were
about him to bear him to the window.
Some one at the bottom of the court
is working a spell. Why should any-
one wish him evil? He has wronged no
one. Yet he knows that something
strange is tempting his sudden exit
from the chamber. He stiffens himself
in the bed. He will not be dragged
from it. The rain drops are still call-
ing gently. "See how easy it is. See
how quietly we go to our friends. You
hear no shriek. If you were down below
you would see nothing unpleasant. You
cannot sleep in bed." He stops his
ears. And then he is on the roof of a
sky-piercing building; he is again high
up in the spire of the Antwerp Cathed-
ral; he sits with Quasimodo on a
tower of Notre-Dame. But he is in his
own room, he is in no danger of fall-
ing. The rain drops still murmur
temptation; and now they are as the
caressing voice of a woman whom he
has not seen for years. Is it possible
that she still longs for him?

He sits at a table in a cheap eating-
house where pie is served and cakes
flapped far into the night. His coat
is spotted with grease and covered
with cigarette ashes. His eyes are
without light, his cheeks are pasty,
there are strings of flesh below and on
each side of his chin. He is talking to
the new-comer at the newspaper office,
the young countryman whose dream
is to be associated with literary men.

"My best work was done nine years
ago. Then I had ambition, illusions,
delusions. I was anxious about style.
I shuddered at a split infinitive. I
tried to catch the subtle charm of
Walter Pater even when I penned the
lightest paragraph. I read greedily
in street-car, at public meetings, wher-
ever and whenever I had opportunity.
Some of my articles excited attention.

When a local cynic accused me of being a decadent, I was highly complimented; when he said that I was unintelligible, I knew that I was on the right road. I would in those days write a column for the sake of introducing a strange or obsolete word, for I regarded that word as the only one, the inevitable one. I should like to show you some of the pieces I wrote nine years ago: "The Paradox of Plisander," a study of the abnormally cruel; "The Ending of Lucy Jones," a grim and realistic sketch without an adjective. I once wrote a Prose-Poem without a verb, and I was a month in writing 250 words. A publisher told me that he would be glad to collect these sketches; but I knew that they were not for the public, and there they are in my scrap-book, the receiving-tomb of my hopes and aspirations. Ah, I wrote well eight or nine years ago!

"Now I write simply to keep my chair in the office. To support myself, I do outside work. I am willing to dash off a sermon, a biographical sketch of a prominent merchant, the eulogy of a patent-medicine with affidavits of joy and gratitude. The more money I make, the more slovenly is my style. I have abused my memory; I loathe the sight of a book; I laugh when I hear about the successes of literary men. But don't let me discourage you from writing a masterpiece. Write it, and then look at it nine years from now."

And he drained the stale beer in the glass, nor did he notice the cigarette ashes that floated on the top.

The doctor told him that his wife could not live long. She might last a month, perhaps till summer. She would not suffer much, nor would her last days be unpleasant to the household, for her disease was not disagreeable to eye or nose.

In the night watches he tried to accustom himself to the thought of the funeral. He was emotional and he was fond of his wife. At the same time he was shy and he did not wish to be spectacular on a solemn occasion. Perhaps it would be better for him to stay in the dining-room or the kitchen during the service. Then he would not be seen in tears; he would not be tempted to hysterical laughter by some slip of the clergyman.

What should he do after she had left him? The flat was comfortable and he did not wish to move. Perhaps he might persuade a bachelor friend to keep house with him. They might be robbed by the housekeeper or the combined tradesmen, and did he know anyone who could bear the test of intimacy? Ferguson was a good fellow, but he was distinctly gregarious, and would insist on troops of friends. Tupperman was fussy about his eating. Switcher was a lush.

He might marry again, for he was not over forty years, and he had reason to believe that women were not indifferent to him, especially when he exorted himself to be agreeable. Whom should he marry? Bessie was growing fat; Jenny was careless about her dress; Louise was dictatorial; Kate was given to gush; Helen was eaten up with social ambition—he went through the list.

He might visit the town of his youth.

May had never married, and she used to be pretty, sweet, desirable. She was about his age. Perhaps her hair was now thin, her face blotched; perhaps her curves were now lines of a stuffed bag.

He left his bed and crept to the door of his wife's chamber. She was breathing quietly and regularly. Perhaps the doctor was mistaken. Only a fortnight ago one of the patients at the hospital died. The doctor had treated him for typhoid fever; but at the autopsy they found the cause was abscess of the liver.

Feb 28, 1902

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky;
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wind's song, and the wheel's kick,
And the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied.
And all I ask is a high wind and white clouds flying
And green seas and blown spume, and the sea gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the spindrift and the whale's spout and wind like a whetted knife,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream, when the long trick's over.

The "bar privilege" in Chicago, in anticipation of Prince Henry's visit, has

been sold for \$1000. It is to be hoped that the privilege will be extended free of charge to the Prince, who appears to be a descendant of old King Cole, and never so happy as when he is busied in the social operation known as hitting the bowl.

The box-holders of the Metropolitan Opera House had good cause to feel that the Prince was one of them last Tuesday night, for we are told that he spoke frequently to his neighbors during the performance of the third act of "Tannhaeuser."

The New York Evening Post thinks that Mr. Grau should give the profit of \$10,000 made on Tuesday night to some charitable society. He might, at least, go halves with the Prince, who, after all, was the chief attraction.

Boston, Feb. 27, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Whatever else we do, Boston will not confer upon Prince Henry the freedom of the city, as did New York. The reason is obvious. Our Mayor knows law, and Mayor Low of New York excels in everything but jurisprudence. What is the freedom of a city? In our American language we call it suffrage. Plainly, the city of Boston cannot confer the rights of a voter upon Prince Henry, much less can it enable him to be elected Mayor or Alderman. In old times, every English city conferred its freedom upon anybody it thought fit to be a voter or to be voted for. Under crown-made law this right was gradually reduced, although English cities may still confer honorary freedom. Boston admitted to freedom from 1630 to 1776, and might have conferred honorary freedom. A trace of this right remained until we became a city in 1822, when the General Court undertook to regulate us in all these things. The result is that we cannot confer municipal suffrage, much less honorary freedom. In law, we cannot do anything whatever until the General Court enables us. The General Court has not enabled us to bestow freedom, and never will, unless human nature in Middlesex and Nantucket should change. In London honorary freedom means something; in New York it means nothing; in Boston it would be a violation of law to confer it, and the Mayor is too good a lawyer to be caught in that trap. Boston is not given to flapdoodle.

Some lawyers are past redemption. Persons wishing to inform themselves upon this topic, had better find out in the New English Dictionary what freedom means; then let them take up Merewether & Stephens, and let them beware of Dillon.

When a person was given the freedom of the town of Alnwick he was obliged by a clause in the charter of that place "to jump into an adjacent bog, in which sometimes he must sink to the chin." They say that this custom was imposed by King John, who traveled once that way. His horse sank in the hole, and the King thus punished the inhabitants for not keeping the road in better order. Kings have their uses. If some should insist, in spite of our correspondent's summons to alarm, on giving the freedom of Boston to a distinguished visitor—this freedom does not include any privileges on the Elevated Railway—might it not be well to duck the d. v. in the Frog Pond, to saturate him with true Bostonian principles?

We were more moved by the death and burial of Billy Emerson than we were by the arrival of the Prince. What was more characteristic than the old minstrel show before the days of "mastodons" or double end-men? Woods, Christys, Bryants, Buckleys, Morris, Pell and Trowbridge, Kelly and Leon, Carneross and Dasey, the San Francisco—these and others were pure and simple negro minstrels.

Where is now the unctuous humor of Unsworth; the dry wit of Nelse Seymour; Wambold's singing, so full of pathos; the spirit of Charley Backus?

Gone! is the dancing of that day. Where can be seen the frenzy of "Nicomachus Johnson," or the grotesque steps of "Hildebrand Montrose"? Gone are the orators with umbrellas and carpet bags who gave the latest information concerning the crisis. Gone is the Watermelon Man of McAndrews. Even the bango has fallen from its high estate and is now picked at by girls who play transcriptions of pieces by Wagner. Who knows today the song with the melancholy refrain, "She fell in love with a ham-fat man," or the once favorite ditty:

Sally come up,
Sally come down,
Sally come twist your heels around?

But where are the Venetian women of gold hair, and where are the snows of

yester-year? We feel chilly and grown old."

Gabrielle d'Annunzio surely has his press agent. Englishwomen have caused the poet, novelist, playwright much annoyance, for "he has been compelled to affix to the door of his residence" only poor or vulgar persons now live in houses—"at Boulogne the following notice: 'Gabrielle d'Annunzio, suffering from paralysis in his right hand, finds it utterly impossible to sign postcards and albums.' But even this has not seemed to damp the ardor of his admirers, for we are told that an English lady—all English women are ladies—"on reading the notice petulantly exclaimed: 'Well, has he not got his left hand?'"

Mr. G. R. Sims says: "The fashionable inquiry in the States is: 'Are you going to London to coronate?'" By the States, we suppose Mr. Sims means the United States, with accent on the "U." We have never heard the verb thus used, which proves that we do not move in the first circles. But there is such a verb and it is at least 279 years old. It means "to crown."

A man went to the Théâtre de Belleville to see "La Fille du Gard-Chasse." He sat behind a man who insisted in keeping his hat on. The playgoer who had been prevented from full enjoyment waited on the doorsteps and shot the man with the hat, shot him dead. Perhaps the offender was buried with his hat. This story, young ladies and gentlemen, shows true devotion to art on the part of one playgoer, and fidelity to conviction on the part of the other.

Men 1902

One conceives a kind of dalled impression of a shouting, screeching, pashful, bustling existence; tranquillity relegated to the dead; a Chicago man's vision of an earthly Paradise.

Some of our correspondents will be glad to learn that the interesting and characteristic old song, "One-eyed Reilly," to which we have already referred, will probably be sung at the last concert of the Cecilia. There was talk of giving the narrative verses to a tenor, but sage advice prevailed, and the soloist will be a lusty baritone. Some of the members still think that a deep, low bass should be engaged, but such a choice would be a mistake. Reilly was a nimble, impetuous man of action; he himself was undoubtedly a dashing baritone. To claim for a moment that a tenor could catch the spirit of the song is ridiculous. The chorus, sung fortissimo by the males and females of the Society, will probably be unaccompanied, though some think that horns would be an appropriate support. The program-book will contain the full text with all the variations and notes of historical and anecdotal character compiled with great care by a well-known antiquarian. For this reason, we deem it ungracious to publish now the words of this ballad, although we have received several letters of urgent request.

Listen to a short tale of pluck and perseverance. Mr. Hersicker one day heard his maid-of-all-work talking volubly in Swedish with a country-woman across the court of the apartment-house. He listened, he could not understand a word, he was ashamed. He had studied Latin and Greek in his younger days, he had a fair knowledge of French and German, and he could make out a little Italian. Here was a girl of less than ordinary intelligence chattering gayly in Swedish and he could not understand a word; but she, without advantages of school, could convey thought in English. If he knew Swedish, she would be more docile and obedient.

The next day he bought a Swedish grammar, phrase-book, dictionary. He took lessons; he subscribed to a Swedish newspaper published at Worcester; he went on Sundays to a Swedish church. He studied in street-car and late at night. A Swede came to the house once a week to talk with him. But Hersicker never said a word to Ingrid. He proposed to go some day into the kitchen, to surprise her by giving an order in Swedish as spoken by the more refined inhabitants of Stockholm.

At last he felt confident, and he made his way toward Ingrid, who was at her ironing. The windows were open, and with flat-iron in hand she was talking with Hilda over the way. Joy! he understood the first word. And this is what he heard: "I am going away soon. This is the meanest place I ever had. The old woman doesn't give me enough to eat, and the man is a silly old fool. Did you ever see him? He's a sight—and stingy—Lord! You ought to hear 'em fight.'"

A man fell and hurt himself in Loie Fuller's theatre at the Paris Exhi-

bition. He sued Loie for damages. The Court has just decided that a theatre is not a workshop, and therefore does not come under the act. Perhaps theatres are different in Paris, but we have seen enthusiasm manufactured in American theatres.

Mr. Leyssens, a Belgian, is dead. He undertook to eat 70 hard boiled eggs in an hour; he ate 69, and he will eat no more. O, he will eat no more. He was by no means an ordinary, commonplace person. They say that he once bargained with an innkeeper to eat all he could at a meal for five francs, and he disposed of two stewed rabbits and the greater part of a calf's head. "Twas a field day when he devoured 12 yards of beef and pork sausages, a rival of the day on which he ate 350 raw mussels and two pounds of bread at one sitting. Let us now praise famous men.

For the benefit or the envy of women we quote the description of the dress that Mrs. Berthe Roche will wear on March 6 as the Queen of the Carnival of Mi-Carême in Paris. She is a brunette—our favorite color. She is a milliner—an ancient and honorable calling, and she will be drawn through Paris, seated on a triumphal car, without any slave behind her to whisper "Thou art mortal!"

A manufacturers' association has offered Berthe a dress of white satin. "The bodice will be trimmed with white daisies and gold embroideries upon bands of violet de parme velvet. The wristbands will also be velvet embroidered with gold. The embroidery on the tender-colored velvet presents a delicate effect. The bottom of the skirt is also trimmed with bands of velvet, with garlands embroidered with silver and lilies of gold, the waistband and scarf en suite. The robe will be sewn with paillettes of gold and pearls of silver. The mantle will be of velvet, a mixture of rose and delicate green. It will be lined with blue satin and trimmed with iris flowers painted upon velvet. The edges of the mantle will be ornamented with coquilles of lace and chiffon. The train will be six yards long. The demoiselles d'honneur will be habited in silk costumes of rose pastel, cream and lilac. They will wear low-necked bodices. The Queen's car will be drawn by six horses, led by men in old French costumes."

Readers of Mr. H. G. Wells's might look over with profit "Lettres du Tombeau," attributed to Cazotte, who was guillotined in the French Revolution, although some say that Restif de la Bretonne wrote them. A young man is doomed to die by an incurable disease. He fears lest his mistress should marry, so he goes on his travels, and leaves behind a string of letters, which are to be posted from different cities, so as to convince her that he is alive. In some of these letters he tells of a man who knows the secret of Indian fakirs, anoints himself, and is buried until he is ready to have his soul come back to his body. Then he sends his soul through the universe. He finds that the moon has no atmosphere, that the sole inhabitants of Mars and trumpet-shaped fishes, that the sun is peopled "with beings of such huge size that the only thing he can find there to converse with him is a kind of worm living on the garment of a solar man and from him he learns that the Supreme Being is an immense central sun, from which emanate all the other suns, who, like him, live and reason. From these last, as the seed from the flower we call aster, fall the stars which, so long as they remain nebulae, swim in the ether like fish in the sea, marry, and produce little stars. When they die, they become planets, and it is from their putrescence that vegetables, animals, and mankind get their life."

Goodrich's Society
Church of the Messiah
PART I.

Crucifix (eight voices)..... Antonio Lotti
Motet: The Presentation of Christ in the Temple (six voices)..... Johannes Eccard
Caligaverunt Oculi Mei (four voices)..... Michael Haydn
Motet: "Arise, O ye servants of God" (six voices)..... Jan Sweelinck
Tenebrae Factae Sunt (four voices)..... G. P. da Palestrina
Motet: "Exaltate Deo"..... G. P. da Palestrina
PART II.

Agnus Dei..... Charles-Marie Widor
From a mass for two choirs and two organs.
Hymn: "Jesu, dulcis memoria"..... Josef Rheinberger

In Memoriam.
Charles Martin Loeffler
For women's chorus, with accompaniment of two flutes, violoncello, harp and organ.
(First time).

PART III.
Compositions of J. S. Bach, with orchestral accompaniment.
Accompanied chorale from the cantata, "Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben."
Et Incarnatus, from the mass in B minor.
First chorus of the cantata, "O ewiges Feuer."

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Symphonic Prologue to "Oedipus Rex" by Max Schillings—Mr. Ernest Hutcheon Plays Chopin's Concerto in E Minor at the Sixteenth Concert.

The 16th of the series of symphonic concerts, Mr. Ernest Hutcheon will conduct at the Apollo, Friday night, when Prof. Paine will be the pianist.

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from Prof. Paine's music to "The Birds" of Aristophanes will be sung by the Apollo, Friday night, when Prof. Paine will be the pianist.

Mrs. Tryphosa Batcheller of Boston, sang at Ruben's second morning concert at the Waldorf-Astoria, Feb. 21.

A threnody by Carl V. Lachmund in memory of Camilla Urso was played at a concert of the Women's String Orchestra Society, New York, Feb. 18.

Camilla Urso was Honorary President of the society. We are told that "the orchestra played the song of lamentation impressively, and also in the 'Last Sleep of the Virgin' by Massenet, moved the audience to reflect upon the mystery of the physical death."

A new cantata, "The Atonement," by Henry W. Newton, was performed for the first time at La Grange, Ill., Feb. 23.

Four excerpts from Georges Hils's "Edith au col de Cygne" were performed for the first time at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, Feb. 9.

The title is the old one of King Harold and the beautiful Edith. Hils's work is for soprano and orchestra. There is a connection of themes which assume sometimes the character of leading motives.

The Berlin Royal House is preparing a Verdi-cyclos-Cosima Wagner, who has suffered from irregular circulation of the blood, has been cured by Dr. Schwefelinger, Bismarck's physician. "Blood and Iron."

A new chamber symphony by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari pleased greatly at Munich. It is written for piano, two violins, viola, cello, double-bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn.

The Kalm orchestra at Munich has stopped its concerts for the present. It had been giving the finest program at low prices, and it sought vainly for a subsidy of about \$3000 from the city of Bier.

Mrs. Waldau, who danced at the first performance of "Der Freischütz" in Dresden (1822), is still living at the age of 95.

Marie Sasse, who created the part of Elisabeth and Selika, has written her memoirs, "Souvenirs d'une artiste." Does she remember much about her husband, poor Castlemary, who left her?

F. R. Burton has used some of the music from his "Hiawatha" for an Ojibway mythological play, written by L. O. Armstrong of Montreal and produced at the Sportsman's Show in the Chicago Coliseum.

Liza Lehmann's "Lead, Kindly Light," for five voices, was performed at London for the first time, with the composer as pianist, at a Sunday League concert in Queen's Hall, Feb. 2.

Mark Hambourg played in London on Feb. 8, a set of variations in D minor. "They are very cleverly written and effective."

Opinions differ about Bronislaw Huberman, the violinist, who has reappeared. The critic of the German Times (Berlin) says he "has made good his early promise as a master of the violin."

The Berlin correspondent of the Musical Courier (N. Y.) says that his tone is "small and uneven," and that "the divine spark, so evident in his playing seven years ago, is gone."

He is now "a pale youth of about 19 years; very slight of figure, and not very interesting looking; his eyes are still the same, with their droll squint and supernatural flash, but otherwise he is completely changed."

Huberman played here in Music Hall, and he was then a striking apparition so far as face was concerned. The Berlin correspondent, Mr. Abell, says that Arthur Arglewicz, another violin prodigy, who was born at Warsaw, Huberman's birthplace,

studied under the same teacher, Rosen, and now also reappears in Berlin, has developed more satisfactorily.

Henry Mapleson offers this solution of the national-opera-house problem: "Employment should be given to the large number of successful vocal graduates who issue yearly from the Royal Academy of Music and other kindred institutions, and who would constitute, he believes, one of the best opera choruses ever heard."

He makes no prophecy regarding the soloists, but certain it is, he says, that the voices in England are as fine as those in any quarter of the globe, the only element wanting being a proper school of opera and operatic performances.

The sum required to build and thoroughly equip a national opera-house worthy of London is \$600,000.

A PRECIOUS TEAR.
(An American woman carries about with her a crystal locket in which she claims that one of M. Paderewski's tears is enshrined.—Daily paper.)

When the day is dark and dreary,
And my heart is worn and weary,
Then I fumble in my dress about the rear
Till I find the cunning pocket
Whence I take this crystal locket,
And I gaze on Paderewski's precious tear.

Women friends to whom I've shown it
Say they'd give the world to own it,
And they offer me the ransom of a peer—
Which they'd give with satisfaction.

For a teeny weeny fraction
Of my master, Paderewski's precious tear,
And they come in hundreds thronging
And they gaze with eyes of longing
On the relic in his crystal bright and clear;
But although they madly covet
For too dearly to I love it
To distribute Paderewski's precious tear.

For I watched it slowly straying
Down his nose as he was playing,
And I vowed a vow 'twixt trembling hope
And fear—
If I caught it I would perish
Ere I ever ceased to cherish
In its crystal, Paderewski's precious tear.

So when Philistines unsouly
Come and mock my relic holy
With a vulgar jest and idiotic sneer,
Then again I seek the pocket
And restore the crystal locket
Which contains my Paderewski's precious tear.

Massenet's latest opera, "La Jongleur de Notre Dame," produced at Monte Carlo Feb. 18, does not contain a female character, not even a Sibyl Sanderson. It is said to be his finest work, even his publisher admits it.

The story is simple. Jean appears on a market day in the square before the Abbaye de Cluny. The crowd forces him to sing a song in praise of wine. He first asks the pardon of the Holy Virgin—"I must earn my living"—and then he strikes up a blasphemous ditty to which the crowd responds "Hallelujah!"

The prior comes out of the Abbaye shouting, "Away, infamous blasphemers," Jean cries, "Forgive me, father! Pardon me, Mary," and is pardoned on condition that he will be a monk. The last act contains war songs and love songs sung by Jean, who, because he is so simple, is about to be driven forth by his fellow monks, but the statue of the Virgin stretches out arms of forgiveness and angels sing "Blessed are the simple minded, for they shall see God." This legend has been told by Anatole France.

The composer was active at rehearsals, but he has never heard the first performance of any of his operas. He swears that "Le Jongleur" will be his last work for the stage. The Ménestrel claims that his dread of the theatre is the best guarantee of creative force. Some day I shall examine this statement with a view to comprehension.

Alice Nielsen made her debut as a concert singer in the Queen's Hall, London, Feb. 11. Mr. Vernon Blackburn spoke of her as follows: "In her first song, the 'Jewel Song' from 'Faust,' whether or not she was suffering slightly from nervousness, she was rather disappointing. Her second song was the lovely 'Vol che sapete,' and here she more than justified her resolution to become a concert singer."

Mozart is one of the most difficult of all composers to sing with right effectiveness; but Miss Nielsen accomplished the feat to admiration. The lovely melody was sung with a true golden quality of voice, those neatly balanced phrases seeming to lose all conventional facture and to ring with the spontaneity of which a thousand second-rate singers have done their best to deprive them.

For encore she gave Tost's 'Good-bye,' and sang that beautiful song (for Tost is one of the very few who have given genuine dignity to the modern ballad) quite exquisitely, with a certain elevation and quiet ecstasy of emotion which were engrossingly appropriate. She was charming, too, in a really beautiful little song by Mr. Ronald, 'An April Birthday.'

There is a refined vaudeville theatre in town that pays its "second" leader the encouraging sum of two marks per day—about 50 cents in American money! For this remuneration the man is required to conduct rehearsals daily, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and to assist at the performance, from 7 P. M. to 11 P. M. The balance of his time is taken up with orchestrating, arranging, etc., for which there is no extra pay. We don't wonder that most of the musicians in England and America are Germans.—German Times (Berlin.)

Mr. Bandrowski, the tenor in "Marrion," said to a New York Sun reporter: "One thing important about 'Marrion' is absolute fidelity to the costumes. One gets the impression from the costumes at the Metropolitan that the characters are Hungarian, rather than Polish; but that happened because of a singular accident that kept the costume models from reaching this city."

Paderewski had a Polish artist design the costumes for all the chorus and the principals, and these were sent by express to New York. As they were being put on the steamer at Bremen they were allowed to fall overboard and were lost. The only one that reached here was that sent to Mme. Smbirich, and her dresses are typical of the Galician peasant. Not all of the

others went into the water. It was, of course, too late to have new designs made and the only thing to be done was to send to Dresden for the costume plates used there. But the result was that the gypsies and the villagers all look like Hungarians and not like Poles."

A Rome correspondent of the New-castle Chronicle says that the composer Sgambati is noted for his absence of mind. We quite believe this, for Sgambati even forgets to put melodies into his compositions.—German Times.

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies during his hasty visit last week to Berlin to help Germans sing the music of the Fatherland, sent me a letter in which he says, "For the life of me I cannot see why the Anglo-Saxon—the English-speaking people—should not finally give the noblest account of themselves in art."

And again, speaking of the concert at which he sang, which commenced at 7 and finished at 10 minutes past 9 P. M., "When will London become civilized and have short programs?" The answer to this would seem to be, "When they give the noblest account of themselves in art."—The Referee.

The Pall Mall Gazette published this sound advice to our old friend, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, "the man from the hills": "He sang Schubert's 'Todengräbers Heimliche' with much emotion; but we could have wished that at the end, after the words 'Ich sinke—Ich lieben—Ich komm!' he had taken the matter quietly, and had not, after melodramatically closing his eyes, started into life out of a seeming ecstasy. Earnest and conscientious as Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies is as a singer, these little displays are not meant for the concert platform."

A new "Romantic operatic play" entitled "Hearts of Erin" was produced at Newcastle-on-Tyne Feb. 10. It is founded on a Turkish subject, which allows of oriental color.

Miss Aus der Ohe played some of her pieces in London lately. "Am Springbrunnen" may be particularly marked out as being exceedingly clever, and full of a sort of light and fantastic brilliance, which in its own way is quite rare. She herself played with distinction. "With distinction." And is this all that you could say, Mr. Blackburn, of this Diana of the piano?

—Georges Enesco, whose "Roumanian Festival" was played here some weeks ago by the Orchestral Club under Mr. Longy, met with little success as a fiddler in Berlin Feb. 8.—Jean de Reszke will sing in Paris toward the end of this month, Romeo, John of Leyden, Lohengrin.—Excerpts from Richard Strauss's "Feuersnot" were played in concert form at Munich with such success that the opera will be performed at the Royal Opera House without cuts, although the librettist roasts Munich for its treatment of Wagner.—They say that Martucci will leave the Bologna Conservatory to take charge of the one at Naples.—Students in Berlin during the early eighties remember Ludwig von Brenner, who died Feb. 9. He was the first conductor of the Philharmonie when the members left Biele in 1882. Of late years he taught composition.

—George Gühler's Symphonic Fantasia in F (produced at Dresden Feb. 7) is said to be longer and wilder than any work by Strauss or Mahler.

Mr. G. Pahticos's music for "Iphigenia in Taurus" was performed with the play at Constantinople Jan. 21. The Iphigenia was Miss M. Dimoupolou, who came from Athens. The Oriental Advertiser says:

"Mr. Pahticos's composition, out of the rules of the usual melodrama, is in itself very soft, yet with pathetic force, being original, preserves all the elements of expression of the famous tragedian. The music, possessing both melody and harmony, represents and brings to mind in an impressive manner the grandeur of ancient times, which must have been the study of Mr. Pahticos. The success, therefore, last evening, confirmed what contemporaries unanimously declared in the Hellenic capital some time ago in praise of Mr. Pahticos's musical composition."

A lyre of artificial flowers was given to Mr. Pahticos by the members of the "Omilos ton Erasmopolon."

same, Lillian Blauvelt, the soprano, who will appear in Steinert Hall on Thursday afternoon next, March 6, is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y. She became first known as a singer while a member of the choir of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. She went to Paris for study under Bouhy. Two years after Mme. Blauvelt traveled extensively throughout Europe, as far as Russia. Her success was very great. She was frequently heard in Europe until 1882, when she returned to the United States. The following seasons of 1892-94 Mme. Blauvelt was with the Seidman organization, also with Walter Damrosch and his New

THERE will be two or three concerts of unusual interest this week so far as novelties are concerned. Mr. Paderewski is often surprising by familiar pieces. The program of Miss Cummings and Miss Woodlands in little known songs and piano pieces. The violin sonata by Paderewski which will be played by Mr. Paderewski and Miss Cummings is a work of remarkable originality, and the early death of the talented Belgian chances the inherent melancholy that characterizes his music; both vocal and instrumental. Mrs. Blauvelt has not been heard here for a long time. Scenes

Philip Hals.

York Symphony Orchestra, and with the latter organization she appeared here at the old Music Hall, April 20, 1893. She appeared again at a Symphony Concert in 1894. During the past few years, though Mme. Blauvelt has not been heard in Boston, her career is well known, as she has again visited Europe, where she has won additional triumphs wherever she appeared.

BOSTON begins a week from tomorrow its two weeks' season of grand opera.

Both Calvé and Sembrich have added new parts to their repertoires this year. The force of Calvé's new impersonation is in the sensuous magnetism and authority of the singer, while Sembrich's is essentially a dramatic part, and therefore her performance may be justly called a tour de force; for while this great singer is also versatile and an accomplished play-actress, she has always been distinguished as a coloratura heroine.

De Lara's "Messaline."

The Journal described in January the career of Isidore de Lara, the composer, as well as that of his patroness, the Princess of Monaco. "Messaline," de Lara's latest opera, was produced under the auspices of the Princess at Monte Carlo in 1899, and the part of the voluptuous Roman Empress, who was so bitterly assailed by Tacitus, Juvenal, and Suetonius, was created by Meyrlane Héglon, a famous opera singer of Paris, whose career has been extraordinary in many ways. Héglon was also the first to sing the part in London when it was given there later in the year. Héglon is three years younger than Calvé—who was born in 1864—but she is considered by many to be older in worldly experience. At the performance of "Messaline" in New York, Alvarez, Journet, Gilbert appeared in the same parts as at London.

Calvé is an acknowledged mistress of the art of simulating seductive fascinations. Her Carmen—especially her Carmen of the earlier seasons—showed how thoroughly she understood the wiles of women who have turned the ambitions and principles of heroes to dust, changed the seemingly inevitable course of history, and left a name that still outshines, although the brilliance may be hazy, that of philanthropist, sage or saint. There are in New York various opinions concerning the music of de Lara; there is no dispute concerning the supreme art of Calvé. Mr. Huneker describes her as: "A glittering panther, a cruel, fascinating, remorseless woman, alternately cajoling her bewitched victims or biting and scratching them in true feline fashion. She is sufficiently shameless in her impersonation, and her entire person—dark and disordered hair, insolent, passionate eyes, which are languid or else flash fire, slow caressing sinuous movements—gives the true Scarlet Woman of the Seven Hills."

Sembrich in "Manru."

Sembrich sang in New York Feb. 14 the part of Ullana, which was created by Miss Krull at Dresden, May 29, 1901. Ullana is a Galician maiden. Manru wooed her and married her Gypsy fashion with the broomstick in the room. She leaves him to go back to her native mountains and seek her mother's forgiveness. Her mother curses her, the neighbors taunt her with the inconsistency of gypsy faith, as soon as the gypsy is under the full moon. There is a dwarf who long has loved her, and he is held to be a sorcerer. Him she seeks, and from him she obtains a magic draught, which given to Manru reawakens in him passion and short fidelity. The full moon, gypsy music and a gypsy girl are too much for Manru, who forsakes Ullana. When Ullana finds that she is deserted she throws herself into a lake, and Manru is hurled over a cliff by the desolate Urok, the dwarf. "Manru" is not a prima-donna opera; and Ullana is not inherently a conspicuous or wholly sympathetic character, yet Sembrich is said to have achieved wonders by an exhibition of peasant nature and womanly feeling as well as by the perfection of her art. Her costume is an exact reproduction of the dress of a Galician.

A Cambridge Girl's Progress.

Suzanne Adams has been making steady progress. Her voice has broadened, her action has still more authority. The nature of her voice admits of widely contrasted parts, queens frivolous in bravura, afflicted heroines with direct appeal of song. She was born at Cambridge, studied in Paris under Mareschal and Bouhy, and made her début Jan. 9, 1895, at the Opéra, Paris, as Juliet. She afterward appeared as Marguerite under peculiar circumstances. Other sopranos had suc-

cumbed to the influenza. The Cambridge girl sang without rehearsal. Her career is well known—how she pleased at Covent Garden—was at first viewed suspiciously in New York by the critics because she was a New Englander—how in spite of them she made her way and finally extorted praise from them—how she married,

and not without romance, Mr. Leo Stern, a 'cellist.

A Boston Singer.

Louise Homer is another member of the company who is well known in Boston. A student and church singer in this city, she studied in Paris with Koenig, made her début at Vichy in 1898, sang for a year in France, then at Covent Garden, the Monnaie of Brussels. Her appearances here last season awakened general interest, and her performance of Amneris was one of considerable dramatic power.

A Great Tenor.

Emilio di Marchi has for some years been one of the first tenors of Europe. He was here in Boston with Col. Mapleson's company in December, 1896, a company that deserved a better fate—and he then sang the fourth act of "The Huguenots." He is the son of an Italian army officer, was educated at a military school, entered the army, and left it as a Lieutenant. He is a man of education and breeding. Di Marchi studied singing at Florence with Landi, and made his début at Milan in 1886 as Alfredo. In the course of his honorable career he has sung throughout Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, South America, the United States. His birthplace is Voghera, Piedmont. His repertory is large, and it includes Wagnerian operas, for he has sung both Lohengrin and Tannhauser, and was the Walther when "Die Meistersinger" was first sung in Milan. One of his latest creations was Cavaradossi in "Tosca." Di Marchi is both a heroic and a lyric tenor, but he excels in the former and more brilliant parts.

Paderewski's Favorite.

Alexander von Bandrowski was born at Lubaczow in Galicia. He studied for a learned profession, but resolved to be an opera singer, so he studied singing at Milan with Sangiovanni and with Salvi at Vienna. He appeared first in Berlin, then in Polish cities, after which he entered upon an engagement of 12 years at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Bandrowski created the part of Manru at Lemberg last year, when the opera was sung for the first time in Polish (June 8). "He had been ill during the preceding winter and had for that reason been excused from creating any new roles, confining himself altogether to the familiar parts of his repertory. In the early spring he went away on a vacation to recover his health. Naturally, he returned to his native Poland. One of his near relatives is the manager of the opera house at Lemberg, and while he was there on a visit this impresario decided to give 'Manru.' He was asked by this relative to do him the great favor of creating the principal part in the new opera. The tenor was on a vacation and thought that as his time was his own he might as well avail himself of the opportunity and sing a part that appealed to him strongly. So he did. No sooner had this news reached Frankfort, where he had been too ill to sing in new operas, than the storm broke. The end of it was that Bandrowski left the Frankfort Opera House never to return as a member of the company, although he may sing there as a guest. He does not in the least resemble an opera singer. And he looks least of all like a tenor. He might be a lawyer or a man of letters. The gray sack coat that he wears hangs loosely on him and he is quite free from any suspicion of dandyism, or affectation in his attire."

Plancon's Successor.

Journet, the bass who made such an excellent impression last season, first became known at the Monnaie, Brussels. Hethen was a favorite at Covent Garden, and Mr. Grau lost no time in engaging him for the Metropolitan company. He is young, his voice is rich and sonorous, he has been well trained, and he has ambition. This season he takes the parts that in past seasons have been assigned to Plancon, whose devotion to his sick mother keeps him at Paris. Journet is one of the most promising of the younger singers now on the stage, and each season sees an advance in his art.

WCH 5

Old Chimes was pleased when he heard that a prominent citizen of Medford proposed to spend March in Jamaica. "I suppose he will put in a week at Santa Cruz."

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., writes entertainingly in the Atlantic about Anthony Trollope and his style. He

first speaks of the "curious felicity" of Flaubert and Stevenson as a "precious thing; but one never escapes the sense that it is born of painful effort." Trollope's style has "a peculiar, homely personal flavor, as of a man loosely noting his natural thought, writing in old clothes, with a pipe in his mouth and a glass of old wine beside him."

But neither Trollope nor any other man of the world with "a glass of old wine beside him" would be writing, or smoking a pipe. A glass of old wine demands concentrated attention for full enjoyment, nor does any man with a fine taste for wine smoke a pipe while he is drinking.

We understand that there is a revival of dancing in New York. Would that there might be a revival in Boston, for we believe with De Quincey that of all the scenes which this world offers, "none is so profoundly interesting, none so affecting, as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich, resonant and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and continuous motion. * * * Such a spectacle, with such circumstances, may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open." This idea is enlarged and elaborated by De Quincey with all his gorgeousness and pomp of diction. (And yet a hook-seller said to us the other day, "No one ever calls for De Quincey in these days.")

"The execution must be perfect." We went to a dancing party some weeks ago. It was a fashionable ball, and we were there only by accident, for we prefer and are shoved into the humbler walks of life. We were at first disconcerted by the thought that we alone of all the men were gloveless; we were cheered by the reflection that we had no gloves of any kind, and we were still more at ease when we saw how grotesque, how unutterably bad was the dancing. There was no "fluent and continuous motion." There was clumsy hopping; there was pivotal and painful rotation. A man held his partner firmly at arm's length as though she were physically disagreeable. A woman had her elbows squared as though she were saying to her partner, "Embrace me, if you dare." Never were the self-consciousness and the coldness of the most respectable Bostonian, male and female, so apparent. The last ball we had seen was on the island of Heligoland, when the island was still under British rule. The women of that island, famous for their beauty and their guilelessness, entered into joy with friends or strangers. And how they danced, those women, gracefully, indefatigably, deliciously! The music was rough and hearty; there were no cards of invitation; there was no society reporter. There was dancing—until the steam in the unadorned hall rivaled the fog in the narrow and climbing streets. The world went very well then.

We saw in a shop-window the sign: "Cravats formerly \$—, now — cents." Why should not the cravats of distinguished men after the first freshness, the newness that is disagreeable to many, is worn away, command a handsome price for the sake of intimate association? A window might show cravats with placards: "Formerly worn by Senator —;" "Formerly worn by —, the celebrated poet;" "Formerly worn by Mr. John L. Sullivan," etc., etc. The peripatetic second-hand dealer gives little or nothing for such cast-off things; for he is sordidly commercial. If you go into certain shops the dapper clerk recommends a wall-paper, a portière, a set of china, because "it is used by our best people." The best people have often the worst taste; but a snob never realizes this; and so the remark about "our best people" has irresistible weight. Might not a young man be persuaded easily to buy a cravat designed by a member of the Somerset Club and worn only twice by him? We have some cravats that we might be induced to part with—for a consideration. One of extremely fantastic design, bought in London in 1878, we never wore because we could neither tie nor fasten it. Another of fiery red attracted such attention that we put it aside. Then there is a green tie with black spots—a sweet creation.

We read the other day in an English journal of a new idea for a party. The guests invited by the ingenious hostess must present cards of invitation filled in with their names, the title of dress and the bill of sale. The bill must not exceed five shillings. The hat is included, but gloves and shoes are outside. An anxious member of society is considering whether five shillings "will afford sufficient toweling to enable him to

appear as a Knight of the Bath without offending delicate sensibilities; while another is complaining that five shillings will not purchase much cover for 6 feet 2 inches, and is doubtful at which end it would be better to begin."

The Tillman-McLaurin rumpus has passed without anyone referring to the fight between Kelt and Grow, which moved Punch to poetry. Kelt, tired of talk, bespake Rev. Davls, "O Reuben,

Grow's a tarnation blackguard, and I've concluded to cliche him." This said, up to his feet he sprang, and loosening his choker, Straightened himself for a grip, as a bar-hunter down in Arkansas Squares to go in at the bar, when the dangerous varmint is cornered. "Come out, Grow," he cried, "you Black Republican puppy, Come on the floor, like a man, and darn my eyes, but I'll show you!" Him answered straight-hitting Grow, "Wall now, I calkilate, Keltt. No nigger-driver shall leave his plantation in South Carolina. Here to crack his cow-hide round this child's ears, if he knows it." Scarce had he spoke when the hand, the chivalrous five fingers of Keltt, Clutched at his throat—had they closed, the speeches of Grow had been ended—Never more from a stump had he stirred up the free and enlightened, But though smart Keltt's mauleys, the mauleys of Grow were still smarter; Straight from the shoulder he shot—not Owen Swift or Ned Adams Ever put in his right with more delicate feeling of distance. As drops hammer on anvil, so dropped Grow's right into Keltt Just where the jugular runs to the point at which Ketch ties his drop-knot; Prone like a log sank Keltt, his dollars rattled about him.

"King Edward is already rehearsing for the coronation." This reminds us that William IV. was not fully rehearsed. When he was disrobed for the anointing, he was clad "not in a kirtle of crimson tarteron and a surcoat of crimson satin with opening at all the necessary places, and hose of crimson sareenet, tied to the coat with silk ribbons," but in the uniform of an Admiral with trousers. When it came to the Oblation, William was shy the 20 guineas which were then usual. "I haven't got it," he whispered to the Primate, "I'll send it to you tomorrow."

WCH 4

So Prince Henry saw something of Xenia. We have often gazed at it longingly—on the map—but it is as remote as any town in the gorgeous East. Persepolis, Baghdad or Benares. We fear we shall never see it. Did the leading citizens appreciate the opportunity given for a display of graciousness and classical learning? "Xenia" means presents given or sent to a friend. Martial chose the word as the title of his 13th book of Epigrams. Thus the 16th epigram runs: "I give you turnip-radishes, friends of winter and hoar frost: Romulus eats them in heaven."

Here in Boston the Prince should be reminded at every step of culture. Would it not be well for Mayor Collins to appoint at once a "xenoparochus"—one who furnishes ambassadors, and other strangers of distinction, with wood, salt and other necessities?

Mr. John Barlow of Oak Ridge (N. Y.), who will be 107 in a few weeks, proposes to take for his fifth wife a widow of 97—not one who was widowed in 1897, not a widow of 97 years' standing, but a woman who is now 97 years old and a widow. It is well to be explicit in serious matters. Mr. Barlow is said to wear shaggy white whiskers, and he says he has drunk whisky and chewed and smoked tobacco nearly all his life. Thus we again see the sad results of indulgence in pernicious habits. If Mr. Barlow had abstained from poisonous drugs, he would now choose a young maiden to cheer his declining years.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Mary Howe Lavin, the sweet singer of Vermont, is suing for a divorce. Let us hope that it will not affect her top-notes.

Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, the son of the famous Fenian, died from gangrene induced by a cut inflicted on the sole of the left foot while paring a callous part with a penknife. We now quote from that invaluable work "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," by Mr. Cooley. Our copy, as you may remember, was once in the library of a well-known play-actress, and it bears the marks of thorough reading. Pages 377-8: "Once a week, after soaking, washing, and drying them with the towel, the feet should be carefully examined, loose portions of skin removed by friction with a dry part of the towel or with the fingers, and callosities or indurations reduced by the finger-nails, or by rubbing them with a piece of pumice-

MR. PADEREWSKI.

Second Recital of the Eminent Polish Pianist in Symphony Hall — A Performance Characterized by Beautiful Tone-Color and Rare Poetic Spirit.

Mr. Paderewski gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a large and very appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata quasi una fantasia, Op. 27, No. 2 Beethoven
Variation, "Finnish" Haydn
Sonata, F-sharp minor, Op. 11 Schumann
Ballade, A-flat major, Op. 10, No. 3 Chopin
Nocturne, B major, Op. 9, No. 3 Chopin
Valse, Op. 64, No. 2 Chopin
Trio, C major, Op. 90 Chopin-Liszt
Barcarolle in A minor Rubinstein
Toccata, 24 major Liszt

It was hard to realize that the pianist of yesterday was the same pianist of a fortnight ago; so contradictory in the main were the two performances. But the truly great workers of musical spells are creatures of moods, and Mr. Paderewski may say with Walt Whitman:

Do I contradict myself?
Very well, then, I contradict myself.
(I am large, I contain multitudes).

Yesterday the pianist was pre-eminently a poet of exquisite and romantic song. How few pianists there are today who sing a melody of long and graceful line. Too often the tune is as a brittle thing, or it is gasping and spasmodic, flabby and short-breathed. But Mr. Paderewski has the art of singing to a degree attained only by a supreme mistress of bel canto or a violinist of temperament trained in the old school. With him the melody has its own vapid atmosphere in which it rises, is sustained as on sure wings, and falls.

And how beautiful the tonal tints and demi-tints; the suggestion of the landscape seen by Paul Verlaine, with masks in the calm, sad moonlight, "which sets the birds a-dreaming on tree-branches and throws frail fountains into sobbs of ecstasy." It is not necessary to inquire into the secrets of this art, to talk about gradations of tone, or use of blended pedals, any more than it is necessary to apply the magnifying glass to the splendid pallor of a woman's face, or to dissect a languorous love-shot eye.

The afternoon was one of moods rather than sentiments, and when sentiment was exposed, it was frank sentiment, not sentimentalism. There was differentiation in moods. There was the mystery of Beethoven; the elegance, the polish of Haydn with the flavor of ancient days and conventionally suppressed emotion; the woe of Schumann that broods or cries out to the sky; the spirit of Chopin, with alternately submissive or rebellious melancholy.

Was his performance of Beethoven's Allegretto a flawless triumph of art? Equally admirable was the Aria of Schumann and the Finale of the sonata in which both Eusebius and Florestan are revealed as irreconcilable characters, yet both loved dwellers in Schumann's mind; and in this Finale Mr. Paderewski introduced a pedal-point effect, immediately effective and memorable. The variations of Haydn with the ornamentation of pleasing sadness were as the coquetry of a woman in half-mourning who tries on jewels before a looking-glass. Nor was the music of Chopin merely as the scent of tuberoses. Some might say that the reading of the nocturne was slightly mannered; but as a whole the performance was highly and subtly poetic.

When Mr. Paderewski is in such a vein, the enjoyment of the hearer is more than fugitive; it is deep and lasting; it outlives the applause, nor is it dissipated in the fresh air outside, nor lost in the bustle and clamor of the street.

Philip Hale.

It was a great day for Chicago. The sausages, linked together, sweated with ecstasy, and all the tails of the pigs were done up in curl papers. But where was Bath-House John? Mrs. Carter H. Harrison's name was at least mentioned.

We are indebted to some one for an interesting account of the career, last days and death of "one-eyed Riley." This account was published in the Washington Post of March 2—is it still edited by Mr. J. P. Sousa?

Riley "would perform feats which would pale the cheek of onlookers, and when remonstrated with he would laughingly say: 'I'll not be killed until my time comes.'" Thus did he show the spirit that characterized the great hero of the Homeric ballad, which should be known to all our children and sung by them in schools. The elder Riley was a child of destiny. Think of the risks he ran so gayly and with such grace.

"Of magnificent physique, upright carriage, courteous manner, he might well have drifted from the quarters of a cavalry officer or the campus of a university. Adaptability was deeply grained in the man. He was equally at home with the cultured tourist and the illiterate laborer. Like all cowboys, Riley drank freely, but seldom was he intoxicated." Again how like the dashing hero of the ballad, who was at ease in boudoir, ball room, kitchen, did not the servant shout in admiration when she saw him going down the stairs, after a series of incredible exploits, "He's a rouser!" An involuntary, honest tribute to true manhood.

tion when she saw him going down the stairs, after a series of incredible exploits, "He's a rouser!" An involuntary, honest tribute to true manhood.

"While he was never known to say any word which would evince a hatred of women, he seemed to avoid them. He led a rough, rugged life which had no place in it for the gentler sex. Because he eschewed womankind it was sometimes hinted that an unfortunate love affair had made him choose the rough life he led." The elder Riley, we confess, gloried in his amatory conquests. He bawled them from the housetops, he screamed them in the streets. Or did the writer of the ballad betray Riley's confidence and noise abroad a tale meant only for a private ear? Yet, accept the worst. Even then the elder Riley is not alone in his scandalous boasting. Statesmen, warriors, poets, adventurers, have told at length in their memoirs stories that should never have tempted tongue or pen. And was George Sand shy or secretive? Remember, too, that the elder Riley lived in an age when scandal was common food. Perhaps the balladist abused him; perhaps he flattered him.

Riley of Phenix, Ariz., was a champion broncho breaker. The elder Riley was equally fearless of animals. There is, for instance, his meeting with "the old dog Towzer," or as a variation has it, "the bull-dog Towzer." He had no more fear of the animal than of the indignant father with his brace of pistols. He looked Towzer calmly in the face, made a significant gesture of good-natured contempt and swaggered through the front-yard to the gate, loved and mourned, as we firmly believe, by all the dwellers in the house, Towzer among them.

"If 'one-eyed Riley' had life secrets, he kept them well, and they were buried with him." The elder Riley is fast becoming a myth, and even his feats as recorded in the ballad may be doubted by the coming generation. A century hence the two characters will probably be considered as one and the same person, who now lies buried near Phenix.

Boston, March 3, 1902.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

An elderly lady of my acquaintance, when moved by decorous wrath, or in the face of the occasional mild disappointments that chequer her quiet life, usually employs by way of an oath the phrase "Cat's foot!" When the matter thus emphasized is of exceptional importance, and her emotion climbs to tragic heights, she employs the full form of which the above is a convenient curtailment for daily use—"Cat's foot in the Band-box!"

Now and then, following some esoteric principle unknown to me, this is varied by an alternative anathema, "Fush!" or in its unabbreviated form: "Fush on Gunter!"

I write to ask if you, in your various delvings into verbal rag-bags, have ever encountered instances of similar profanity? I do not seek to know who Gunter was, or what horror was associated in his mind with the disaster vaguely described as "fush," or why there should be sufficient public interest in the "fushing" of the excellent Gunter to give this crisis face and value as an oath. I merely wish to know if the phrase is peculiar to my Kinswoman or if it is in general use. Yours, ABEL SEAMAN.

We have a vague impression that these questions were discussed two or three years ago in this column. We have never heard either one of the expressions. "Cat's foot" may be a softened form of "Catso" or "Catzo," which was a common but not a pretty ejaculation in the 17th century. But we prefer to believe it to be an abbreviation of "Cat's foot in a band-box," which is a respectable paraphrase of a phrase that was once common when speech was ruder: "An answer to the offer of anything inadequate to the purpose for which it is proffered, like offering a band-box for a seat," says hearty old Captain Grose. "Pig's wrist" is a case in point.

"Fush on Gunter" is an easy one. The Rev. Edmund Gunter (1581-1626), an acute mathematician, invented a Rule of Proportion or Line of Numbers which made his name a synonym for accuracy. Thus the old laws of Rhode Island said: "All casks shall be gauged by the rule commonly known as 'gauging by Gunter.'" "Fush!" is a dialect form of "tush" or "whisht." Aunt Louisa says to her sister Susan, "Well, if you do it that way, 'twill be according to Gunter." Sister Sue, of bilious temperament, has decided views of her own. She answers "Fush on Gunter."

MR. FAELTEN'S RECITAL.

Mr. Carl Faelten's program for his fifth recital this season and 17th in the series of standard piano works included last night in Steinert Hall Mozart's andante with variations in A; Beethoven's sonata in D minor; Kirchner's Romanze, Intermezzo, Allegro giocoso, Melodie, Carneval scene from the 10 pieces op. 2; and Chopin's Fantasia in F minor. The concert was for the scholarship fund of the Faelten Flauto School. Mr. Faelten is doing a useful work as a player as well as a teacher by presenting standard works that are too often neglected. Mozart, for instance, does not receive the attention he deserves; possibly because his pieces demand exquisite technique and a fine sense of proportion. Kirchner's name is seldom on a program, yet the unfortunate man wrote pieces of genuine beauty, although he was overshadowed by Schumann and even Mendelssohn. Mr. Faelten does well to remind us of the unplayed, for he is a pianist of intelligence and sound judgment, and he plays with an authority that is not merely pedagogic.

new 6. 1902 CONCERTS OF YESTERDAY.

Miss Alice Cummings, Miss Anna Wood and Mr. Karl Ondricek in a Concert With an Unusual Program—Third Piano Recital of Mr. Josef Slivinski.

Miss Alice Cummings, pianist; Miss Anna Miller Wood, mezzo-contralto; assisted by Mr. Karl Ondricek, violinist, and Mr. Edward B. Hill, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Sonata in G, for piano and violin Lekeu
Songs—
Le Chevalier Belle-Etoile Holmès
En Réve Chretien
Psyché Paladilhe
Chanson de Francesca Paladilhe
Haydn's Paladilhe
Lied Maritime d'Indy
Piano—
Barcarolle Fauré
Etude Saint-Saëns
Scherzetto d'Indy
Choir de Lune Philipp
Feux Follets Philipp
Songs—
Der Bruchling Naht Rachmaninoff
In Meinen Herzbahnen Arensky
Schon Schwand der Tag Arensky
Es dunkelt Cul
Night Rubinstein
Good-Night Rubinstein
"War ich nicht ein Halm" Tschalkowsky
Piano—
Au Couvent Borodin
Caprice Arensky
Preludes, op. 11, No. 1; 33, No. 4 Liadoff
Chant d'alonette Tschalkowsky
"Lesgninka" (Kaukasischer Tanz) Rubinstein-Silotti

This concert was described on the program as a "Concert of Modern French and Russian Music"; but the most important piece on the program, the sonata, was by a Belgian, for Guillaume Lekeu was born at Verviers in 1870.

Lekeu was a composer of great promise. Even in his early compositions—he died in 1894 of typhoid fever—he showed unmistakable originality, a strongly marked individuality, a strange and haunting melancholy. He wrote "Hamlet" and "Faust" for orchestra; stage music, as to Victor Hugo's "Les Burgraves," which was revived in Paris last week; chamber music of unusual quality. I know three of his songs, music set to his own poems, that are singularly beautiful, although unfit for concert use, or in fact for any gathering of those who are simply "fond of music." His adagio for strings is a superb dirge, but I cannot believe that his piano sonata, as published, is anything but a sketch. His chief studies were made under the direction of César Franck, and the influence of that great composer and teacher is seen in his riper works. Yeave has done much of late years to make these works known, and he takes delight in the sonata that was played last evening by Mr. Ondricek and Miss Cummings.

The sonata is, indeed, in certain ways, remarkable. It is not a work that at once gives pleasure to the average concert-goer; it may perplex him; passages may bore him; but he is certainly conscious of something out of the common run, something nobly original. The sonata is full of passion; there are rebellious cries; there is restlessness, there is longing for the unattainable, and in the expression of this longing the composer is at times prolific. The long theme of the violin with which the second movement begins would gain if it were not such an apparently endless melody, if there were at least an anticipation of a close. Lekeu, they say, dreamed of a system of harmony in which all tonalities are closely related. In this sonata there is surprising harmonic treatment; but the composer forgot in his youth that monotony is provoked by constant and unexpected modulation, as well as by successions of commonplace and expected chords. Lekeu was so afraid of the commonplace that he rushed to the other extreme; there were moments when the hearer would gladly have given a dollar to hear a perfect cadence; and yet there is no doubt that Lekeu thought his own harmonic thoughts and expressed them in the musical speech that was natural to him. For this music is spontaneous throughout; there is no perfunctory padding. There are pages of rare and pungent beauty, and there were passages that may justly be called titanic.

The sonata, which is full of difficulties, was played with strength, spirit, and intelligence by Miss Cummings, while Mr. Ondricek's performance was

He was of a kilt, a velvet, jack-boe nutmeg-grater, or even a white-handled razor is never to be unobserved. And it may here be said that in these days only a foolish lover insists on seeing the naked feet of his adored one, and only the woman drunk with vanity or champagne answers his prayer.

This reminds us of a sentence in one of Mr. Mowbray's entertaining essays: "It is curious that our theatre alone preserves the Greek notion that superior physical beauty should belong to the public. It is in the playhouse alone that Aphrodite Anadyomene comes down to bathe in the sea at Eleusis in relays, so as to enable us to worship her as she emerges from it."

The list of the operas to be performed next week by Mr. Grau's company is unusually attractive, but the selection of Saturday night for the performance of "Manru" is a severe disappointment to the Symphony concert subscribers. The program for that Saturday night will include Mr. Loeffler's orchestral pieces, musical illustrations of a poem by Verlaine and a poem by Rollinat. These pieces will be played for the first time, and there is great desire to hear them. Furthermore, Nordica will sing at the concert.

Sembrich has been condemned by some for "breaking her word" and refusing to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House on the night when Prince Henry was present. Now Sembrich has always had the reputation of dealing honestly with public and managers. It appears that in this instance, according to the New York Times, "she had a clause in her special agreement for the evening guaranteeing her that her act from 'La Traviata' should begin not later than 11.45 P. M. It was 12.15 A. M. when the 'Tannhauser' act ended, and when the Prince departed more than half the audience went. In the circumstances Mme. Sembrich's refusal was natural."

Ex-Gov. Hogg should be applauded by all good citizens, although he is uncertain and generally erroneous in his use of "shall" and "will." He knows that knee-breeches and sword would not become him, and he does not propose to make a guy of himself even though he does not meet the King.

Mr. Edgar Allan Poe Newcomb, formerly a citizen of Boston, and now a dweller in Honolulu, lectured lately on "Hats and Houses." He advanced the theory that houses in all countries are fashioned on the headgear of the inhabitants; thus a Greek shepherd wore a hat shaped like the triangular roof of a Greek public buildings and temples; a Turkish turban resembles the dome of a mosque; the feathered headgear of North American Indians was very like a wigwam, etc., etc. If we understand this theory correctly, an exaggerated Derby suggested the gasometer, and a plug hat a skyscraper. This reminds us that according to Mr. Cooley, the author of that valuable work, "The Toilet and Cosmétique Arts," nervous headaches, giddiness, defective sight, premature gray hair, and even baldness are frequently produced by a hat of inferior quality, which is deficient in porosity or ventilating power. The same symptoms are often induced by theatres, concert-halls, offices in tall buildings and court-rooms.

The N. Y. Times tells a story about Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the violinist. Before he came to this country he wished to learn English, and some American girls in Berlin said they would teach him. They taught him.

"He was going to play at a musicale given by one of the most prominent members of society. On entering, the hostess said, 'How do you do, Mr. Kreisler! I hope you are well.'"

"Thank you, Mrs. —, I hope you are hot stuff, too!"

The New Jersey Bee Keepers' Association wishes an Inspector of Bees. Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck is just the man for the position.

We read the other day in the Adversures and Travels of Sir John Maundeville, Kt., the following words that set us a thinking: "Nevertheless it befalleth often time, that the good Diamond loseth his Virtue by Sin, and for Incontinence of him that beareth it. And then it is needful to make it recover his Virtue again, or else it is of little Value." Surely the diamond is easily deceived in these days for it sparkles with full brilliance in the ears of the breast or on the fingers of the hands and the righteous. Or if it is deceived, it is less easily shocked than in former years.

long and gratefully to be remembered. His breadth, warmth and purity of tone, his freedom, dash, and passion, his blazing temperament, which, however, was finely and artistically controlled—these contributed to a performance of uncommon worth. Mr. Ondricek should be heard frequently as a solo player; for, after all, men and brethren, the violin is something more than an instrument for refined and delicate emotions or for the exhibition of extreme accuracy, nor should it be used merely in illustration of academic principles. An occasional display of passion clears the air of the concert-hall, and reminds us that in spite of veneer we are all human beings.

Some of the songs and piano pieces gave pleasure in greater or less degree; some of them were ordinary things, smoothly commonplace or ineffectively forced, and worth hardly a single hearing. The truly original modern song writers of France are Fauré, Debussy, de Bréville, Duparc, Hué, Georges, Bordes, but no song by any one of these composers was sung. Nor can much be said in favor of solo pieces by modern French composers for the piano. D'Indy has written little for this instrument, and Fauré is more successful in song and chamber music. The Russians are more fruitful. Yet last night we missed the name of Stecherbacheff, by all odds the most original and poetic of modern Russian composers for the piano. Compare, for instance, his wondrously romantic "Clair de Lune" with the poor thing by Philipp.

Miss Wood made much of Augusta Holmès's ballad about the androgynous warrior. D'Indy's "Lied Maritime" was started at too quick a pace, and both melody and accompaniment suffered thereby. Miss Wood's voice is agreeably sonorous and of liberal compass. She abuses the portamento at times, and she is far more successful in songs of a sombre nature than in the expression of simplicity or gaiety. Her emotional range is limited.

Miss Cummings in pieces none too interesting showed considerable technical expression of simplicity or gaiety, or finesse.

There was a comparatively small and very appreciative audience.

Mr. Josef Slivinski gave his third piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. He played Liszt's arrangement of Bach's organ fugue in A minor; Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, No. 3; Schumann's "Carnaval"; Chopin's nocturne, op. 48, No. 1, an etude, a Mazurka, and Scherzo, op. 39, of the same composer; a piece of Liszt and Liszt's arrangement of the overture to "Tannhauser."

Again and for the third time Mr. Slivinski brought foul weather with him; yet in spite of the storm there was a good-sized and enthusiastic audience. It is a pity that he finds it necessary to choose a formidable program. A thunderous arrangement of an organ fugue, a sonata in four movements, Schumann's "Carnaval," any one of the three would have been enough. It is not necessary for a pianist whose reputation is firmly established to ride three old war horses, no matter how skillfully he may make them prance and snort. Even a newcomer should not attempt to show his whole outfit in one afternoon.

Mr. Slivinski's performance was often interesting and brilliant. His reading of the prelude and fugue was sonorous and orthodox; nor did he check the course of the fugue by extravagance in the episodes; but why do not pianists play pieces written by Bach for the piano instead of arrangements of Bach's organ pieces? The sonata as a whole seemed unromantic and uninteresting. The menuetto, as played, was distinctly commonplace, and not till the finale did Mr. Slivinski appear as virtuoso. The "Carnaval" would have given greater pleasure if the attention had been diverted or soothed by some rifting piece, an intermezzo between the sonata and the group of fantastic weavings. Much of the "Carnaval," especially when the expression of romanticism was tender or dreamy, was extremely effective. On the whole, the performance of the pieces by Chopin was the feature of the concert, although, as I have said, there were noble and tender moments in the "Carnaval."

Philip Hale.

els that clash in a gaudy chime, words that clatter in onsets tall, the words that ring and the fumes that climb—

outh is the sign of them, one and all, ynnals old in a dusty stall, bald, blind bird in a crazy cage, the scene of a faded festival— these are a type of the world of Age.

Every precaution had been taken for safety. The club-house had been rigidly inspected from basement to garret hours before his arrival, and after inspection, up to the time the Prince arrived, not even members were allowed to enter without special cards of admission. Of all such persons a word was taken. The cavalry escort which had accompanied the Prince from the Auditorium drew up in front before the Prince alighted from his carriage. Detachment of police restrained the hordes of crowds, while detectives in citizens' dress were sprinkled about the streets leading to the club in order to ward against any suspicious characters getting within even shouting distance.

nd where was all this? At Moscow or St. Petersburg? O, no. At Chicago, one of the chief cities of the United States of America, "the land of free and the home of the brave."

She sat, the woman in deep mourning, she sat motionless in the street-car. Ivory, and burnished copper, and jet black. Her hair of burnished copper would alone have clothed her securely and amorously. Her upper lip, seen in profile, was ready to fold in an embrace the lower, a rare sight among American women, whose upper lip recedes or is as the half of a millin. The eyes saw neither passengers nor advertisements; nor street scenes nor shop windows. The delicate nostrils never quivered, although the air was as the air of the menagerie. She was of slight proportions, yet her bust was that of some pictured heroine in La Vie Parisienne. Her feet were daintily shod, her ankles were thoroughbred. Perhaps she was eighteen; perhaps she was thirty-five years of age. She sat in deepest mourning, but the ivory pallor of her face shone through the veil. Whom did she mourn? Or was her dress the deliberate costume of persuasion? The mourning may have been for the next that would love her. Here is a tender love song in the Czechish language:

Ty ma ruze tmavá
jak jsem pro te plakal
Když te mocny magnát
za Dunaj vyhlákal.
Ty má hvezdo krásná,
jak's ml drahou byla,
dokud jsi magnátská
prsa nezdobila.

The choir will now sing.

"Merlin," who writes the admirable "Our Handbook" for the Referee (London), sums up the trouble in England: "There is not a Department of our State which is not controlled by the Man Who Does Not Know, and the Man Who Does Not Know is always in control of the Man Who Knows."

Octave Mirbeau introduced in his "Les Vingt et un Jours d'un Neurasthénique" the story of a ragged and hungry old man who found a pocket book which contained ten thousand franc-notes. He took it to the Police Station. The Commissary declared him to be a hero, praised him extravagantly and then inquired his name, calling and address, that he might obtain a reward for his honesty. The old man gave his name, Jean Guenille; he had no calling, except the ancient calling of beggary; he had no home. The commissary frowned. "A grave case. A beggar. No home?" And he sent him to the lock-up. It is a cruel story, one of many cruel stories in a fantastically cruel book. Mirbeau wrote a one-act play, "Le Portefeuille" in which this story was acted. It was produced Feb. 19 at the Renaissance, Paris, and the correspondent of the Era wrote: "We laughed to split our sides at the satire." Yes, the tale is extremely laughable.

The majority of the women studying or practising medicine in Paris are Russian Jewesses. There are about 300 of them studying medicine in various schools. One of the female doctors practising in Paris makes about \$12,000 a year. The only woman practising law in Paris besides Miss Chauvin is Mrs. Petit, a Russian, who married a Frenchman.

But in the latter half of the eighteenth century the study of medicine was a fashionable caprice of Parisian women, who no longer remembered the saying of Mme. de Lambert: "Women should be as modest concerning science as vice." Many studied surgery, and learned the use of the scalpel as well as the lancet. The Marquise de Voyer was passionately fond of anatomy, and amused herself by following the course of Chyle in the entrails. Miss Bihéron was known for her boudoir with anatomical subjects in wax, her cabinet full of corpses. The Countess of Coigny, only 18 years old, was so interested in such studies that she never traveled without carrying with her in the carriage a dead body to dissect, that she might not be bored.

It is proposed to put up a stained-glass window in a Strand church in London. The subject will be Christ and the Doctors, and one of the doctors will have the features of Dr. Johnson. Mr. G. R. Sims protests against this exhibition of poor taste. "If once we begin introducing modern celebrities into sacred history where are we going to stop? We shall have a pro-Boer philanthropist presenting his particular church with a stained-glass window in which Judas Iscariot will be represented with the features (and the eye-glass) of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain."

And yet famous painters of the Italian, Spanish and Netherland schools did not hesitate to portray friends in scenes of sacred history and enemies howling in pictures of the Last Judgment.

mech 7. 1902

LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Her Song Recital Yesterday Afternoon in Steinert Hall—Third Chamber Concert of Miss Terry's Series in Chickering Hall, in Which Miss Edmonds, Miss Mead and Mrs. Beach Took Part.

Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt, assisted by Mr. Wallace Goodrich, accompanist, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. She sang Grétry's "La Fanette," Durante's "La Danza," and songs by Caccini, Pirani, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Grieg, Bizet, Debussy, Farjeon, Ronald, Vannah, Beach, and the Bolero from "The Sicilian Vespers."

Perhaps the character of Mrs. Blauvelt's performance can best be understood when I state that Vannah's "My Barmie" was sung more satisfactorily than the other pieces and gave evidently the greatest pleasure to the audience. Mrs. Blauvelt was obliged to repeat the simplest song on the program. Nor was this verdict of the audience, which was generous with applause throughout the concert, unjust.

Mrs. Blauvelt's voice is hard, brilliant, metallic. Her upper tones are inclined toward shrillness, and even the middle tones are often edged. Yesterday she was probably suffering from a cold, for her breathing was unpleasantly audible throughout the hall; her intonation was more than once impure; thus she would fall below the true pitch at the end of a long phrase; and she at times sang with evident exertion. Her performance of the bolero from "The Sicilian Vespers" was fluent, but even this familiar tune may be sung in the grand style, whereas Mrs. Blauvelt's interpretation lacked distinction and artistic recklessness. She sang most of the songs without characterization—except that one was generally loud or another one generally soft. She did not seize the central idea of the composer and interpret it. Her performance was jaunty, coldly brilliant, without marked musical feeling, without true emotion.

Now when she sang "My Barmie" she was simpler in method and plausibly emotional. The audience was quick to appreciate this.

Philip Hale.

A CHAMBER CONCERT.

The third concert of Miss Terry's series was given last night in Chickering Hall. Miss Gertrude Edmonds, contralto; Miss Olive Mead, violinist, and Mrs. Beach, pianist, took part. There was a fair sized audience that applauded heartily. The concert began with a performance of the Kreutzer Sonata for piano and violin, by Beethoven. Miss Edmonds sang four songs by Mrs. Beach, of which "Canzonetta," "Good-night," "Come, ah Come," and "Good-morning" were sung from manuscript and for the first time. Mrs. Beach played Brahms's Capriccio in B minor, Chopin's etude in E major, op. 10, No. 3, and her arrangement of Richard Strauss's song, "Serenade" (MS., first time). Miss Mead played three violin pieces by Mrs. Beach, "La Captive" (for G string), a Berceuse and a mazurka. The concert gave evidently much pleasure to the audience. Of the new songs by Mrs. Beach perhaps the Canzonetta is the most spontaneous and pleasing. The fourth concert of the series will be given on Thursday evening, April 3, when Miss Edith Thompson, pianist; Mr. Timothée Adamowski, violinist, and Mr. Josef Keller, cellist, will take part.

Some one told Old Chimes that the son of Sir Henry Irving was robbed of a watch and chain which were taken from the dressing-room of the theatre while the owner was on the stage. "I am again reminded," said Old Chimes, "that this passion for souvenirs of popular play-actors may be carried too far."

Many were seriously inconvenienced yesterday morning and noon by necessarily slow transportation. Drivers of teams and the horses themselves blocked street cars in their wish to see the visitor or in the drivers' forgetfulness of the fact that runners need snow. Yet the delayed as well as the gaping crowd were good-natured. Indeed, a Boston crowd is generally good-natured. The narrow sidewalks, the suburbanites who regard not the rule of keeping to the right in passing, the women who run their elbows into you and trample on you at theatres and concert halls without thought of apology—all these have taught the Bostonian patience and self-control. Or do we mistake mute despair for these excellent qualities?

We have received the following letter:

Waterville, Me., March 4, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

In an old diary of my grandfather under date Boston, June 17, 1794, I find the following entry:

"This day John B. Collins, Emanuel Foutard and Augustus Poleshi, after being indicted and brought to trial before the Circuit Court of the

United States for the District of Massachusetts, and brought in guilty by the jury, received sentence of death, and are to be executed the 30th of next month."

Under date of July 30th:

"In the afternoon were executed the criminals whose names were mentioned page 25. The crowd of spectators was numerous, of whom a very considerable part were women."

I can find no account of this in any history of Boston to which I have access. I infer from their having been tried by the United States Court that they were pirates.

A.

Cannot "X. X. X." or "Valued Correspondent" throw his lantern on this dark corner? We like to read about pirates, and a good story of a hanging at which many women "assisted" is never amiss.

Piracy was regarded by the ancient Greeks as one of the most honorable professions, and land-placy is still held in high repute by the English. The profession is not so distinguished in this country as it was when the "Pirate of the Gulf" was a hero among all intelligent school-boys. We doubt if any one of the younger generation has ever seen a Jolly Roger floating in the breeze except in a picture. There are pirates among us, it is true, but they are called by commercial, not heroic, names. The old-fashioned out-of-door pirate died either on the gory deck with a cutlass between his teeth and a pistol in each hand, or he kicked his heels in air in the presence of a large and applauding crowd. The indoor pirate, the reckless promoter, the railway wrecker, often dies of paresis, or he has straw in his hair, or he neglects to light the gas when he turns it on.

Let us add to the sketch of Louise Abbéma, published in the Journal of Thursday, that she was born at Etampes Oct. 30, 1858. Her portrait of Sarah Bernhardt was painted in 1876. For some years she was a close friend of Cecile Chaminade, the composer. Mrs. Abbéma, for she has a husband, and painted his portrait in 1887—possibly as a roast—wears a turn-over collar and a chest-protector cravat with a stick-pin in it.

The many friends and admirers of Mr. Charles M. Loeffler will be pleased to learn that they can hear "Manru" a week from Saturday, without missing Mr. Loeffler's new orchestral pieces, which were to be produced the same night. These new pieces will be performed for the first time April 5, at the second concert, after the return of the orchestra from the trip to Philadelphia, New York and other provincial towns. It was Mr. Gericke's intention to produce Mr. Loeffler's pieces in New York at least, but the change of date puts this out of the question.

We learn from the Bangor Daily Commercial of March 3 that Messrs. Barnett and Hamlin's romantic opera "Aucassin and Nicolette" will be produced at Bangor, April 3. The Bangorites (or Bangorians) are already in a high state of excitement. The Commercial refers to the production as "a most noteworthy event, one, in fact, hitherto unparalleled." Mr. Barnett is "one of the few really great composers of light opera in this country." The lyrics and music of "Aucassin and Nicolette" are furnished by Charles E. Hamlin, a grandson of Maine's "grand old man" Hannibal Hamlin. "The fact that the opera is the joint production of these two artists, one of the greatest of modern librettists, and a well-known son of Maine, and (sic) enough to ensure crowded houses at each production." If we are correctly informed, Mr. George W. Chadwick some years ago thought of setting music to Mr. Barnett's libretto, and we understand that he composed several numbers. The pretty story has already been treated by opera-makers: Grétry (1771), von Poissi (1813), G. A. Schneider (1822), Enna (1896).

We heard two yachtsmen discussing eagerly the coming season, and we were reminded of a passage in Fielding's "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," a delightful book that is too little read. Fielding wrote in 1754 the praise of the Kentish shore, and the joy of viewing from the land a succession of bounding ships with sails expanded to the winds. He then added:

"And here I cannot pass by another observation on the deplorable want of taste in our enjoyments, which we show by almost totally neglecting the pursuit of what seems to me the highest degree of amusement; that is, the sailing ourselves in little vessels of our own, contrived only for our ease and accommodation, to which such situations of our villas as I have recommended would be so convenient and

...this amusement... of the expensive kind, but... would not exceed the... moderate fortune, and would... of the prices which are... for pleasures of a far in-... rate. The truth, I believe, is... a pleasure rather un-... of, than rejected... who have experienced it; un-... the apprehension of dan-... or sickness may be supposed... the timorous and delicate, to make... and others—insisting that all... shall come to them... and mixed."

This is read curiously today. Who... first Englishman that owned... own light?

And let a man need in common, I de-... here in his hall... to hold to it, vot-... may befall... who gives me his vote—voter... his holiness be... shall always be regretted ash bolding friend... py me."

(Die) you'd not condescension bring down... dremontous applause... Und does who catch de notion like most... decripe howrrows... If I really some Americans ash vas shand-... in' near de door... Und who in all der leben long never heard... so much sense pefice)

Close observers—photographers, po-... liemen, orators and professional sight-... seers, all say that Prince Henry... looked as though he had a headache. We learn from the highest authority—the gentleman has just been declared a bankrupt and does not wish his name to be mentioned—that Prince Henry... suffering from carache, not head-... ache. He contracted it in the West by... standing too near a cyclonic Mayor who... crossed on him the freedom of his city, secured by a string in a handsomely decorated cigarbox, still odorous with the native weed.

Brother William cabled Henry that the honorary degree of Harvard Uni-... versity is the highest honor which America can bestow. Another deadly blow at Yale! and yet Dr. Depew is a son of Eli

The Prince is an excellent example of endurance, the staying-power of his nation. Deep-thinkers tell us that all Germans suffer from kidney troubles and weak backs, on account of their drinking much beer. But the Prince and his attendants are a refutation. Nor is it the eating or the drinking that lays a man low on such a trip. It is the talk, talk, gabble, gabble shot at the Prince as from a megaphonic gramophone. To listen patiently, to keep from laughing, to look reasonably intelligent and appreciative, this is something more than courtesy, it is heroism.

And you would really suppose from the words of some of these speakers, that painting, sculpture, music, gun-... powder, poetry, the drama, education, marriage, the home, religion—all were invented and are now made only in Germany.

We have received the following let-... ter:

Boston, March 6th, 1902.
To the Editor of the Talk of the Day:
I quote from a short story by Mr. William D. Howells which appears in the current number of a leading monthly periodical. "In that inmost of his where he recognized its validity," Mr. Howells is evidently fond of the phrase, for later on in the same column he says "Secretly, within his inmost, I—felt justly punished by the laughter." Can it be that Mr. Howells wishes to appear as the advocate of a new theory (or is it not merely the revival of a very ancient one?) viz.: that the seat of the feelings and emotions is not in the brain. I have been unable to find an organ labeled the "inmost" on any anatomical chart which I have consulted, but surely, from its very name, it cannot be a part of the brain, nor even situated in the head. Shall we then think that as being nearest the inmost part of the body, Mr. Howells merely wishes to meet inoffensively to the stomach? how much more polite to say "a part in the inmost" than hold "stomach-ache!" or does he but wish to speak euphemistically of the liver, and if so, did not the ancients foretell him by some centuries in ascribing in-... tellectual functions to that humble but indisputable organ? But after all, is it not a more pleasant and com-... fortable way to regard him in the new... of a teacher after the truth in a... and the discoverer of the... of our being? I as do science and literature go hand

In hand

But for one who has no interest in questions of anatomy, the story still affords much food for thought. Ever since I read that "the girl lifted up her innocent face upon him," I have been trying to recall some lady of my acquaintance who could fulfill the requirements, both as to face and action. Also we may know that Mr. Howells was well acquainted with the practices of the old-time undertaker, for does he not say "these (eyes) rested upon the lee which the servant had just then silently slipped under them?"

Most inmostly yours,
ENGLIS H.

Mr. George R. Sims publishes this singular paragraph: "Frequently this outburst—or, rather, this recurrence—of mania means a murder, sometimes a massacre. The homicidal maniac, who shocked the world as Jack the Ripper, had been once—I am not sure that it was not twice—in a lunatic asylum."

At the time that his dead body was found in the Thames, his friends, who were terrified at his disappearance from their midst, were endeavoring to have him found and placed under restraint again."

We say with the New York Sun that "in our midst" is a vile phrase, but was not Jack the Ripper truly in the midst of his victims?

Yes, this is a wonderful country. No where are there such opportunities for young boys to become captains of industry. As says the song put by the Chicago Record-Herald into the mouth of one of our most characteristic products: When I was a lad I managed to squirm in as office boy for a brokerage-firm; I cleaned the rug and the cuspidor, And at last bought and sold things on the floor-- I pushed along so successfullee That now I am a captain of industry.

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

First Performance Here of a Scene From Richard Strauss's New Opera—Excerpts From Rubinstein's "The Vine" Reorchestrated by Mr. Gericke—Mr. T. Adamowski, Soloist.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Symphony No. 4, Brahms; Love Scene from "Fenestella," R. Strauss (First time); Concerto in B minor, No. 3, for Violin, Saint-Saëns; Excerpts from the Ballet "The Vine," Rubinstein (Reorchestrated by Mr. Gericke.) (First time.)

This program was varied and of strong contrasts. Brahms, who said for Germany the last word in conventional form and conservatism, was side by side with Richard Strauss, the most fiery radical among modern musicians. Opposed to them were Saint-Saëns with his adherence to form and with his own peculiar elegance of thought and daintiness of expression, and Rubinstein of Oriental tendencies tempered by German romanticism and marred by undue fertility and haste, whose notes on this occasion were indorsed by Mr. Gericke.

No one can deny the great beauty of the andante in the Symphony in E minor, a beauty that is charged with melancholy but at the same time is alive with a sensuousness that is best described as cerebral. It is haunting music, and one realizes when hearing it the speech of the Sar, who uttered certain words of Brahms to a Sissy dancing wildly in her carot. The melancholy is almost bitter, as thought after love-madness. To me there is a pessimism in this movement and in the first that is far more hopeless than that in Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique." The first movement is a close kin to the home and to the page "Be-hold and See" in "The Messiah." It is autumnal music, that suggests dead leaves scurrying over the graves in the hazy ground. The third movement is crabbed and uninspired; but there are noble pages in the Finale. The power of the symphony, which was finely read and played, was increased by his favorable position on the program.

It is not fair to judge a scene contrived for the stage when it is taken from its frame and put in the cold concert hall; yet we cannot afford to be ignorant of what Richard Strauss is doing, and Mr. Gericke acted wisely in giving this excerpt to the public. It is the music of the scene between the lovers in the maiden's chamber. The hero has been mocked by his sweetheart; he has been exposed in a basket by which he hoped to gain her arms, in revenge by magic power he has ex-... tinguished all light and fire in the town. His sweetheart repents and draws him to her. Then flashes fire on all the hearts and light in windows and in burgher's lanterns.

The scene in concert form is short, but it is beautiful, inspiring, high in the music and in the color of the orchestral color. The climax is mag-

neted, is a really thrilling. When this scene was given in New York last month at a Philharmonic concert, the applause was immense and so long prolonged that the piece was played again. Here the public at first seemed disconcerted; it forgot the saying of Poe that a fine poem need not be long; but applause grew bolder and Mr. Gericke was recalled. Strauss can afford to wait. He is as sure of his day of glory as was Wagner or Beethoven.

Mr. Adamowski played for the most part exceedingly well the concerto that he introduced here a dozen years ago. He played with true sentiment, with dash, and technically with the accuracy and the freedom of his best moments. It is a pleasure to find a player who is not content with what he has done, is not unduly elated or dis-... couraged, but constantly strives for

the best. He was deservedly and heartily applauded.

Mr. Gericke re-orchestrated last summer four numbers of Rubinstein's ballet "The Vine" that he produced here in the original form in 1880. Rubinstein's orchestration is often sloppy, or dry, harsh and as though he had written for a piano. A glance at his score in this instance shows his utter indifference to the limitations and the character of the instruments, and even when the passages are correctly played, the color-effects are hardly worth the labor. Mr. Gericke skillfully re-wrote the score, and made the music indis-... cutably more effective; but the music itself is not so fascinating as two dances from the same composer's "Peramors," or ballet music from his "Demon," and in comparison with bal-... let music by Debussy, Lauro Hizon, or Goldmark, this music of "The Vine" seems perfunctory and commonplace.

Philip Hale.

THE event of last week was the ex-... quisite playing of Mr. Paderewski, which was in such striking contrast to his performance about a fortnight before. At his first recital he was nervous and nolsy and this master of the pedals attacked them as with feet shod in iron. Various explanations have been given of this behavior. He was exhausted after the excitement which attended the produc-... tion of his opera "Manru" in New York; he had a severe cold; a draught swept across the stage; the audience was restless and catarrhal. It is cer-... tain he was not in the mood, for they that then heard him for the first time must have wondered at his reputation.

The audience was restless; some came in prominently late, although Mr. Paderewski himself was late; coughs ran around the galleries and went up from the floor. But even then Mr. Paderewski might have hypnotized the audience. I know a man who believes that hearers do not cough when they are deeply interested; an ingenious theory, complimentary to the Boston climate rather than to pianist or singer.

But last Monday Mr. Paderewski was again the master magician, the weaver of spells, the compeller of pleasant dreams.

Some smile at the remark of Athen-... aeus concerning music: "It softens moroseness of temper; for it dissipates sadness, and produces affability and a sort of gentlemanly-like joy"; but there is much in this observation of the old gossip.

Mr. Paderewski, when he is in the mood, does soothe and soften and give quiet, long-abiding joy. He makes one forget the petty annoyances and cares; he reminds a material folk that there is something besides material and commercial interests. A merely brilliant player frets nerves that are already too sensitive. He puts flame to alcohol. Or if he excites any emotion it is that of wonder at the accomplishment of a task.

Mr. Paderewski plays as though he said first of all, "We won't talk about technic, or whether this piece is difficult. We all have technic in these days. I wish to talk with you quietly and confidentially about yourself. Why are you worried? Smooth your wrinkles. Relax, while I show you pictures of rare beauty and explain them to you. I have night-scenes, views of the country in spring; here is a picture of lovers; and I'll show you heroic can-... vases before we part." He establishes this confidential relationship, and when it is once established, it is maintained.

It may be said that eminent pianists as well as various musical societies have all their special audience. This is a subject that may well invite dis-... cussion some Sunday. It is enough to say now that Mr. Paderewski's au-... dience is not drawn from any clique or from any distinct class. It is pre-emi-... nently catholic. Citizen and suburban-... ite rub elbows. There are men and women from country towns and vil-... lages. Perhaps curiosity leads some with slender means to indulge in the unusual luxury; but curiosity soon

gives way to satisfaction. They go back to the dull routine of life—and routine is dull and stunting—whatever the trade or profession may be—with more cheerful thoughts, with happier disposition. There are beautiful things in the world, and to the existence of these things they have been awakened,

not violently, not cynically, but lov-... ingly. They have something to think about, to remember. Emotions are stirred even in callous breasts. Thus when Mr. Paderewski is in the mood, he is, indeed, a benefactor.

The singers now have their turn. Again there will be dispute concerning the age of this soprano, that contralto. There will be gossip about the diet, the costumes, the hobbies of these men and women whom the lime-light never leaves.

The company is, indeed, a strong one, and the list of operas for this week is one of unusual interest. Massenet's "Le Cid" was promised last season, but Mr. Jean de Reszke was sick. There is great curiosity to hear Mr. Paderewski's opera, chiefly because Mr. Paderewski wrote it; for our audiences, as a rule, shy at novelties; and here again is an instance of the power of personality. "The Magic Flute" has not been sung here for a long time. "Aida" is one of the few great operas; "Tosca" delights the play-goer as well as the musician, for it is finely acted as well as sung. Terina and Scotti are both admirable and intense, and De Marchi was the original Cavaradossi, when "Tosca" was produced at Rome, Jan. 14, 1900. "Lohengrin," "Carmen," "Faust"—these will delight those who like only works that are as familiar as household words.

They say that Mr. De Marchi will go to Berlin at the end of this season to sing the tenor parts in a Verdi cycle. He will then appear in "Ernani"—I would give much to hear this opera under any conditions—"Aida," "Trova-... tore" and "Rigoletto." Neumann is the manager, and he urged Semblich to join the company, but she will not sing in Europe until next September. I understand that neither Calvé nor Emma Eames will sing at Covent Gar-... den, where Nordica, Melba, Ida Hied-... ler and Suzanne Adams will appear.

Alvarez has left the Paris Opéra, of which he was the leading tenor. Saléza refused to return to the Opéra, but he will sing at Covent Garden this spring, and he has learned Lohengrin in Ger-... man.

Lucienne Bréval left the Opéra to create the part of Griselda—the patient Grissle—in Massenet's work at the Opéra Comique. Some found the choice of impersonators ironical.

At a dinner at the house of Mr. Wal-... ter Damrosch in Madison Avenue, New York, the host, so says the New York Times, proposed Mr. Grau's health in a short speech, in the course of which he said that every one knew that there was no money in the opera business and that Mr. Grau was in it only be-... cause he was a philanthropist.

"I do not know," said Mrs. Grau, "what Mr. Damrosch means by saying

there is no money in the opera busi-... ness, when we can pay our conduc-... tors such salaries that they can live in houses like this and invite us to such a repast."

"At the same supper Scotti, the handsome baritone, asserted with much vigor and frequency that he could not speak English. Whereupon Mr. Muhlmann, also a handsome baritone, gently insinuated that any pretty woman could make Mr. Scotti speak English instantaneously, fluently, and even eloquently."

Calvé was interested last fall in the proposed lecture tour of Mr. Jules Bois, who has written in a blood-curdling manner about Satanism and the offer-... ing of the Black Mass. Did Mr. Bois ever come?

Mr. Von Bandrowski is much im-... pressed by the "enthusiasm" of the American audiences. "Nothing I have seen here has impressed me so much as the amount of wealth displayed in the Metropolitan. Women are dressed with gorgeousness and disregard for cost that is amazing to a foreigner. We see nothing of the kind in the European opera houses. The Metropolitan is more like La Scala to one who looks at it from the stage. If I had not come from Warsaw so recently I would, per-... haps, have been more impressed by the stream of traffic in the streets here. But in Warsaw that continues as great during the night as it is in the day-... time. The city has become such a centre of railroad traffic that there is no difference between night and day, to judge by the appearance of the streets. They are equally crowded all the time. So the activity of the streets is one of the things in New York that did not astonish me."

Mr. Paderewski is thus reported con-... cerning the American girl:

"For instance, the way she often dresses herself. She does wear some-... times the most outlandish things—out-... landish, but there—that's enough about that—she is—

"Well, perhaps it would not be gal-... lant to go into minute particulars, but short skirts, stiff cravats, men's coats, men's hats, men's shoes, men's shirts—ugh! she should never wear such things

it is not womanly, it is not delicate, it is not becoming! The new woman, as you call her, is not sympathetic. She is unwholesome, unlovable. How could an artist make love to a woman in one of those hee-deous automobile coats you see everywhere here in New York, for instance? It is not possible.

"She is not the sweet woman we like, then. We want the woman to be gentle and wear things that are peculiarly and practically hers. We want her to be feminine in thought and manner—the sweet, gentle woman—that is the woman—but, alas! you don't always find her today."

Paderewski says: "Kubelik is very wonderful—with his fingers. His genius is all in his fingers now. He puts nothing of himself into his violin, for as yet his temperament is not formed. His mind, his soul, his feeling, as yet play no part."

I quote from the New York Times an entertaining account of one of the most important appearances of Miss Fritzi Scheff this season:

Perhaps the member of Mr. Grau's

vocal agility troupe who most enjoyed the gorgeous gala potpourri in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia on Tuesday evening was the vivacious operetta soubrette whose silly masculine admirers think she ought to be singing Brünnhilde—in short, Miss Fritzi Scheff. That bewitching compound of personal plainness and secret charm occurred a thirty-dollar orchestra chair, doubtless purchased out of her own hard earnings, for no one would suspect Mr. Grau of forgetting what was due to himself so far as to give it to her. There is, of course, the possibility that some kind and disinterested friend gave her the seat, but the chances are that she bought it. The opportunity to sit in the midst of the people and to be identified, and thereby to reap several hours of glory, was not to be lost. And then there was the other opportunity, so dear to all true artists, of expressing her opinion of the performances of her dear friends and comrades in the company. There can be no doubt that Miss Scheff paid joyfully for her seat, and that when she saw the audience at 12.20 rise to depart, declining to wait for Mme. Sembrich—"Ah, fors e lui," the little heart within her danced for joy. For Mme. Sembrich steals all Miss Scheff's parts. If it were not for Sembrich—but so many things might happen if it were not for Sembrich.

Miss Scheff now talks of starring in light opera. It is possible that she may be at the Casino next season. The story is that she has been offered \$1000 a week for 40 weeks. Miss Scheff says: "I am very fond of America. I do not intend to live anywhere else."

Mr. Godowski, formerly of Chicago, will make a long tour through Russia next season.—We learn from the Berlin correspondent of the Concert Goer that Mr. Arthur Hartman, violinist, of Boston, might have a more dignified bearing, even though his playing has made a sensation throughout Germany. "It is hard to believe that one with very deep musical feeling could openly ridicule his accompanist, but Mr. Hartman seemed to enjoy doing so, a fact that marred the pleasure of his second concert very materially."—Otéro was whistled off the stage in Milan early in February.—Eugenia Mantelli has returned to the United States after a long tour on the west coast of South America. She will give a concert in Boston April 2.—An exchange says that a Southern cornetist named Burst has three children—Alice May Burst, James Wood Burst and Henry Will Burst.—So the Chevalier Leonard Emil Bach is dead. I knew him well in Berlin 20 years ago. He was an amiable man, and a pianist of some force, but some catarrhal trouble made him snort violently when he played. A Boston pianist who for some years has been far from here made his acquaintance and wrote an account of him to a Boston newspaper, in which he described him as "the last of the Bach family." Now the last of the great Bach family died years ago, and this Boston pianist knew it. The Chevalier's opera had little success, but he was esteemed in London as a teacher.

In "An Impression of the Week," conveyed to the public through the current issue of the Sphere, Mr. W. E. Henley half laments, half rejoices over, the doom of the queer cries of street sales-

people, and refers particularly to the passing of the milkman. Mr. Henley surely does not know his London very well. He must go out of the highways into the byways, and he will learn to his pain, or to his joy, that the mysterious assertive yodel of the milkman is as audible today as ever it was in the days of his youth.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Lancelot" in the Referee of Feb. 16 says: "Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies introduced a remarkable song, a setting of Heine's poem, 'Eln Traum,' by Mr. Howard Brockway, an American composer. The dream is that of a lover who fancies he is sitting with his dear one beneath the linden trees. She is a King's daughter, but he tells her, in declaring his passion, that he has no wish for her father's throne or sceptre. The damsel loves him, but there is an insurmountable obstacle to their union. She is dead, and it is only the strength

of her love which enables her to be by his side in ghostly form. This scene, although unsatisfactory to the lover, affords the composer great opportunities, provided he has talent to avail himself of them. Mr. Brockway has. His music suggests the weirdness of scene with a force that almost induced me to look behind me, and the effect was so pleasantly horrible that I hope Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies will give me an early opportunity of experiencing it again." This concert was on Ash Wednesday.

"Lancelot" did not like a piano piece by César Franck, played by Mr. Busoni Feb. 15: "César Franck's 'Prelude Chorale et Fugue,' for pianoforte solo, is written in this composer's most severe style, and he seems to have begun with a sigh and ended with a frown. Not the glint of a sun-ray is perceptible, and in spite of Sigror Busoni's commanding playing, I experienced a sense of relief when he struck the last chord. When he commenced Alkan's brilliant study in octaves, it was like emerging from the British Museum in June." Let's see. "Daddy" and "Auntie" are still favorite songs in London concert halls.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote as follows last month in the Pall Mall Gazette about two pianists well known in Boston:

Mr. Mark Hambourg played Beethoven's Sonata (in C major, No. 3) with undoubted refinement and distinction, but we are inclined to think, at times with a tendency toward affectation, which is decidedly not justified by the peculiar directness and straightforwardness of the work. He also showed some inclination to treat Beethoven with too modern, one might almost say, too neurotic an emotion; by so doing he certainly gave at times an interesting novel turn to some of the Sonata's musical phrasology, although the consequence was that his playing of the work rather lacked in dignity. In several Chopin pieces with which he followed the Beethoven Sonata, he showed once more keenness of intelligence combined with his wonderful profusion of technical gifts; but, oddly enough, whereas his Beethoven was made too up-to-date he seemed to act in precisely a reverse way with regard to Chopin. Six preludes, a berceuse, a valse, a nocturne, and a polonaise, were all included in his program. We rather feel about his playing generally that Mr. Hambourg will some day prove

himself a greater artist than he seems to be at the present moment.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachman's Chopin playing came as a remarkably interesting contrast to that of Mr. Hambourg at the Queen's Hall. M. de Pachman played the Ballad in A flat (Op. 27), and the Valse in C sharp minor (Op. 64, No. 2). Anything more beautiful than the finish and completeness of this playing it would be difficult to imagine; the music seemed to grow, as it were, under these magical fingers, as if the player were himself and at that moment weaving these harmonies for the first time; for the valse, indeed, he received the very exceptional honor of a double encore.

According to the press dispatches the Chicago musicians engaged to provide music at the reception to Prince Henry in their city were greatly shocked at his request that they play plantation melodies instead of selections from Wagner, Richard Strauss and the other Teutonic musical giants. Why shocked? Prince Henry has heard German music all his life, and it is natural enough that he should prefer, while in a land that is new to him, to hear music peculiar to that land. Give him "Dixie," "Old Black Joe," "Suwanee River," "Massa's in the Col," Col' Ground," etc., and he will be interested; whereas your Wagner would bore him. We ought to grant him a little curiosity on his side, since we, as a nation, have made him the target of our.—The Concert-Goer.

1902

We see by an advertisement published in a Boston newspaper that high prices are paid by an individual now here "for good gentlemen's clothing." This is, indeed, noble on the part of the buyer, for, as a rule, clothing worn by good gentlemen is distinctly inferior to coats, waistcoats, trousers, and overcoats worn by bad or immoral gentlemen. The immoral person buys, or rather promises to pay for the very best goods furnished by a fashionable tailor; and his credit is excellent and long. The good pay their bills and buy ready made suits. Furthermore, the immoral often have better figures and better taste. We advise good gentlemen to take advantage of this offer at once—that is, if they are so fortunate as to have cast-off suits that cannot by the most patient endeavor be cut down to fit little Johnny or a brother-in-law who happens to be out of a job.

Mr. G. R. Sims has been moved to the description of certain instances of desecration. He reminds us of the fact that in 1790 Milton's body was taken from its shroud; the parish overseers pulled out the poet's teeth, cut his hair, and left the remains to the gravediggers, who exhibited them for money.

"Some years ago a gentleman was walking about London wearing a piece

of the bone of a dead friend as an ornament for his watch chain." We well remember that between 30 and 40 years ago there was a passion in New England for wearing bracelets, pins, earrings, finger-rings made of the hair from living or dead friends. Thus Aunt Abby would make a pair of bracelets for her niece from grandmother's hair. And we have told, we think, the story of a sentimental German, who wore on a forefinger a huge ring in which an eye of his dead wife was set.

Mr. Sims tells a peculiarly pleasant tale: How Sir Joseph Banks and other passionate antiquarians early in the nineteenth century opened the coffin of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey. "The embalmed remains were found preserved in a kind of pickle. This, Sir Joseph is stated to have tasted, in order to discover what it was made of." But Sir Joseph was always prying into things; did he not go round the world with Captain Cook?

After all, fire is a beautiful and noble purifier.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell says that English women wear much lower gowns for "full-dress occasions" than American women. "The question of beauty may be trusted safely to define the limit in décolleté gowns." It is not only a question of beauty; it is a question of self-knowledge.

A bookseller said to us Saturday: "X. X., the tailor, came in and wanted me to order for him from a catalogue of a second-hand dealer a book thus listed: 'Gentlemen's Seats. Select views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain and Wales, Vol. 1, containing 48 beautiful engravings.' Of course I ordered it, but won't he be disappointed when it comes?"

Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" has been revived in Vienna. Has it ever been played in Boston? And how many of Shakespeare's plays have been played here during the last ten years?

The New York Evening Post published a most appreciative review of

portraits exhibited by Mr. Wilton Lockwood in New York. It spoke of his portrait of Mr. La Farge as "a thing that an art lover to whom Mr. La Farge was not even a name (if such an anomaly were possible) would like to have about," and then there was mention of three men well known in Boston. "As much could as truly be said of the two-thirds length portrait of Mr. Hollingsworth, whose head is well worth studying, of Mr. Bumpus, in whose face the delicate grays of a smooth-shaven man approaching middle age assume a positive charm. * * * There is nothing especially aesthetic about the portrait of Capt. Green, U. S. N., but in its strength and virility there is perhaps nothing here to equal it."

The reviewer also mentioned the portrait of Mr. Lehmann, "a manly man, whose soft green cravat adds the finishing touch to the subtle color scheme." Can a man wear a light blue cravat and still be "manly"? We know there is a foolish prejudice against cravats of flaming red, but we delight in them. Whenever we see a man wearing a cravat of light blue, pink, or summer-squash, we are at once inclined to accuse him of vegetarianism and opposition to vaccination.

We read lately in an exchange of an excellent scheme for the enlightenment of opera-goers who do not wish to be bothered with a libretto. It might be tried in Boston this week.

"Above the presceniun a white screen is to be stretched. Behind this is to be a man with a stereopticon, sitting where he can see the stage, and throwing on the screen explanatory sentences of the kind that some people whisper to their neighbors, to the distraction of everybody else:

"This is Brunhilde.

Don Jose is telling Carmen that he will kill her if she leaves him for the Toreador.

David is explaining the nature of the rules of the Meistersingers.

Alberich is renouncing love.

The music is now suggesting a thunder storm."

The death of Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, son of Charles Dickens, was announced last week. Do many read Bulwer, the novelist, today? How savagely he was caricatured by Thackeray! Mr. Yellowplush described him as announcing himself at a dinner party, in a "thick, gobbling kind of voice," as: "Sawedwadgeorgecarlittbulwig." Time is inclined to reverse the harsh judgment pronounced on Bulwer the man by some of his contemporaries; nor did Richard Grant White write anything more creditable to himself than the apologetic note in his "Fate of Mansfield Humphreys" for ill-natured remarks which he had made concerning Bulwer in the first chapter.

The Metropolitan Opera House Company of New York, under the direction of Mr. Maurice Grau, began last night an engagement of two weeks at the Boston Theatre. The opera was Verdi's "Aida," Mr. Scipilli conducted. The cast was as follows:

Aida.....Emma Eames
Amneris.....Louise Homer
A Priestess.....Miss Marilly
Radames.....De Marchi
Anubias.....Scotti
Ramfis.....Journet
The King.....Muehlmann
A Messenger.....Vanni

There is an impression that "Faust" is the opera dear to managers and public for the opening night of a long or short season of opera in Boston, but this is a popular error. Take the last 10 years, and see with what operas Mr. Grau opened in this city; 1892 "The Huguenots" with Albani and Jean de Reszke; the next year, 1894, the opera sure enough was "Faust," with Eames and Maguère, the Frenchman known commonly as Maguire, who was then substituted for de Reszke; 1895, "The Huguenots," with Nordica and Jean de Reszke; 1896, "Faust," with Melba and Jean de Reszke; 1897, "Siegfried," with Litvigne and Jean de Reszke; we then go on to 1899, when in March Mr. Grau opened with "Lohengrin," and with Nordica and Jean de Reszke, and in December, with "Carmen" and with Calvé and Salgnac; 1901, "Faust," with Eames and Slezka; 1902, "Aida," with Adams and De Marchi. Thus on nine opening nights "Faust" was given three times. It is true that Messrs. Danrosch and Ellis in 1898, and Mr. Ellis in 1899, opened with Gounod's opera.

Now "Aida" was written for a gorgeous occasion, and it was first performed with the utmost pomp and ceremony. The first performance was of such interest and brilliance that it excited Europe and America. The never-failing stream of wonderfully fresh, exquisite, tender, or intensely dramatic melody; the excitement caused by attacks on the nerves by pages of thunderous choral and orchestral effects; the strength of dramatic and contrasted scenes; the opportunity given for magnificence in stage display; the spectacular as well as tragic power of the final scene; here surely are attractions for idle music-lover as well as the musician, or the student of sociology as revealed in amusements.

Then in this city "Aida" is rich in associations. Think of the Aidas, who have been sacrificed to the jealousy of Amneris; the passionate Torriani; Bertha Pierson, whose husband died lately high in office at the Royal Theatre of Berlin; Ambre, the voluptuous woman whose charms held Holland's King in bondage; Valleria, the pure-voiced girl who came from Baltimore; Fursch-Madl, that mistress of the grand style, who died in extreme poverty in a New Jersey village; Marie Roze, who is now teaching a lovely woman who was treated so shabbily by Henry Mapleson; Potentini, Maria Peri, Paulina Rossini, Kellogg, Diard, Galski; and that singer of indisputable power, Bonnaplata Bau, who blazed in the electrifying performance given in 1896 by the elder Mapleson's company. And then there were the Amnerises, from Cary to Parsi. What's become of all the earlier women who sang so passionately against each other—for the sake of Radames? "I feel chilly and grown old."

I have spoken of the opportunity afforded by "Aida" for stage display. This opportunity last evening was not improved. The opera has been much better mounted here. The Nile scene was disappointing, and—this may seem incredible to those that were not present—there was no double-stage for the final scene, with the death of the lovers, while, above them, is the worship of the great god Ptah, and Amneris kneels, bowed in grief. This double-stage is something more than an ingenious device to please the eye; it is a most important element of the affecting horror of the situation, and of late years at least it has always played its part. Why was it omitted last night and why did the lovers die so suddenly in a high chamber where there was enough air for several hours? The worship of Ptah was conducted behind the scenes, and Amneris, Priest and all, were seen only in imagination. Now this will never do. Was this scene so dwarfed to give dwellers in dark and remote suburbs ample security for transport by train and trolley? Or did the orchestra insist on being out of the theatre before 11 o'clock on account of the famous sumptuary laws of the city, and so no time could be wasted in carrying out the queer whim of librettist and composer?

The feature of a performance that in spite of this serious error in stage-mounting and in spite of generally poor stage management gave much pleasure and often awakened enthusiasm was the impersonation of Radames by Mr. De Marchi. This tenor is not wholly unknown in Boston for he was a member of the Imperial Opera Company which, managed by the late Col. J. H. Mapleson, came undeservedly to grief. Mr. De Marchi has long been famous in Italy, and his high reputation is deserved. He is a distinctly heroic tenor with a powerful and brilliant voice. His upper tones are unusually clear and free, and they have a quality that quickens the pulse and stirs the blood. Thus in the Finale of the second act and in the Nile scene he was irresistible. His chief strength is in the upper half of his voice, for the lower tones are not so effective, al-

though he uses them discreetly, and in purely lyrical passages he does not stray far from the true pitch, as for instance, "Tamagno does; nor does he blurt in phrases of sentiment. It is a voice that wins as well as commands attention, and the personality of the man himself in action or in repose is sympathetic. His success was immediate and overwhelming. Mr. Scott acted the part of Amonasro with rare spirit, with an intensity that was not frittered away in nuances of passion. Amonasro is not a complex character; his methods are simple. Mr. Scott's performance was vigorous and melodramatic. He sang, too, with intensity, and he is the only Amonasro I have known who made himself heard through the orchestral fury in "Su, dunque, corgete," etc.

Emma James sang the music beautifully so far as quality of tone and phrasing and general musicianship were concerned. She did not scream. Although the temptation was often strong, she did not mistake vocal strength for vocal passion. Aida, at the best, is more or less of a lay-figure; Amneris is the woman that does all the mischief, and an Aida that is graceful and charming will pass, provided she sings well. I myself prefer for this arduous vocal task a woman of more vibrant and more powerful voice, but within her limitations Mrs. James was admirable. I speak here of limitations for Aida is an exceptionally trying part. This singer strives earnestly to act as well as sing. She still has the fatal gift of self-consciousness; for she is an American. She has improved in general action, but she would be still more graceful if she did not insist on keeping her arms high in the air, and waving them meanly, except perhaps for the purpose of calling attention to their shape—a laudable purpose, which should be directed, however, with discretion.

Mrs. Homer has gained in breadth and style and authority as a singer. She is more at ease in carriage and gesture, although she, too, when in doubt, waves frantically her fair and haply arms. Is it possible that a woman cannot sing without becoming a human canaphore?

Mr. Journet was an excellent Ramfis who abhorred treachery and favored Amneris. The chorus was often effective, at times violently effective. It may be said that the whole performance of chorus and orchestra was undeviatingly boisterous except in the opening chorus of the Temple scene. This orchestra that has done such excellent work under Mr. Mancinelli was last night generally coarse and noisy. This fault must be laid at Mr. Scarpitta's door, who seemed happy only when he was riding in the whirlwind, and directing the storm which for him blew steadily though Verdi's score. I remember this conductor when he was a man of subtlety and nuances as well as a man of dash and authority. Nor was this so long ago; but a change has come over him, and Verdi and the singers and the orchestra suffered last night thereby.

There was an audience of good size; the floor was well filled, as were the two balconies and the gallery. This audience often applauded heartily, and was enthusiastic after "Ciește Aida," and the finales of the first three acts. There were many curtain calls.

The opera this evening will be Puccini's "Tosca," with Milka Ternina as Floria Tosca, De Marchi as Cavaradossi—he created the part at Rome—Scotti as Scarpitta; and Miss Bridewell and Messrs. Duffione, Gilbert, Bars, Viviani and Cornusco will also take part in the performance. Mr. Flon will conduct.

Philip Hale.

CONCERTS OF YESTERDAY.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson's First Piano Recital in Steinert Hall—Seventh Concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Chickering Hall.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson gave his first piano recital here yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an audience of fair size that applauded most heartily. The program was as follows: Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Bach; Sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 11, Schumann; Ballade in A flat, Op. 47, Chopin; Etude in A minor, Op. 28, No. 26, Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 2, Nocturne in B, Op. 32, No. 1, two Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 8, 11, Chopin; Gavotte in D minor, Op. 1, No. 4, Schubert; Evening Song, Op. 28, No. 4, Brahms; Suite de Concert, Op. 1, No. 1, Tausig.

Mr. Hutcheson is a pianist of many excellent parts. His technique is well grounded and carefully developed, and his display of mechanical proficiency is for the interpretation of the composer rather than for the glorification of the virtuoso. He is a thoughtful player, one that has thought for himself not merely one that has studied and reflected upon the readings of other pianists. He is a pianist to be reckoned with seriously, to be spoken of respectfully.

He is peculiarly high-minded in his playing. The hearer feels that he is listening to an intelligent man of ideals rather than to a poet inclined toward sensuousness. To say that his performance yesterday was without poetic feeling would be untrue as well as unfair, but this poetic feeling is such as lives on heights and in thin air; if there is passion, it is cerebral, for is the personality of the poet sharply defined.

Mr. Hutcheson's performance was not full of color; nor was his melody enwrapped in a warm atmosphere. It was cool and self-restrained, virginal in all but naïveté, for its innocence was not purely a matter of ignorance, and the purity may be the most passionate. In these days when there is so much talk about temperament, and so many musical sins are committed in its name, the playing of Mr. Hutcheson may serve as a corrective, or as a tonic, especially when it has so many excellent characteristics. These characteristics were fully revealed in the first half of the Fantasia and in the Fugue by Bach; in the first movement, the Scherzo and the Intermezzo of Schumann; and in the Prelude and the Etude op. 25, No. 6, by Chopin.

Mr. Hutcheson should play here again. He is well worth hearing; for he is not an understudy or an imitator.

Philip Hale.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

The program of the seventh Kneisel concert as announced for last evening in Chickering Hall, included Mozart's quartet in F, for oboe, violin, viola, cello (K. 370), which was composed in 1781 for Mozart's friend, the oboist Ramin; Beethoven's quintet in C, for two violins, two violas and cello, op. 29, which was composed in 1801 and published also in the form of a sonata for four hands; and Debussy's Quartet in G minor, op. 10, a work unknown here by the public. Achille Claude Debussy was born at St. Germain, Aug. 22, 1862. He took many prizes at the Paris Conservatory and finally the prix de Rome in 1884. His chief works are "La Demoiselle Elue," a cantata (after Rossetti's "Blessed Demozel"); "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," which will be played here soon by the Orchestral Club, directed by Mr. Longy; the opera "Pelléas et Mélisande," which is in rehearsal at the Opéra Comique; "Nocturnes" for orchestra; this quartet; remarkable songs, among them "Chansons de Bilitis," and some exquisite music to verses by Verlaine; piano pieces. This quartet was produced at Brussels by Ysaye, and it then created much discussion as it did afterward in Paris. Kufferath found that Debussy's music was "often more literary than truly musical; it looks toward purely exterior effect, while it pretends to be intimate and symbolical. The quartet is a strange and bizarre work. Leaping rhythms, violent shocks of harmony, alternating with languorous melodies of the violin, viola, or cello, which recall the chromaticism of oriental tunes; pizzicati which make one dream of guitars and mandolins; floods of rich harmony, broad and sustained, invoke the remembrance of the Javanese Gamelan; there is in this quartet, a curious assemblage of sonorities, some charming, some irritating. It is by no means common music; on the contrary it is full of distinction. It is an hallucination rather than a dream. Is it a work? I do not know. Is it music? Perhaps, but in the same fashion as the canvases of the neo-Japanese of Montmartre and its Belgian suburbs." The Kneisels were assisted by Messrs. Longy and Zech.

O Shahrazad, since for a thousand years you have been telling your fairy tales of wonder and gossip and mockery, your body must be as thin as a stick, your nose hooked, your mouth toothless, and your hair as white as a bunch of lilies; and your skin that once was as fresh as a peach must now be as yellow as parchment; your graceful hands, your delicate hands must be skinny and rough, and your back once odorous with camellia, must be furrowed with wrinkles. I like unto a dry fig; and yet, O Shahrazad, I see you always young and beautiful in my dream, and the mysterious magic of your voice fills me in turn with sadness or joy, and never is the charm interrupted or at an end.

A sign in Charles Street reads: "Pedal Leguments artistically illuminated and lubricated for the infinitesimal remuneration of 5 cents per operation. Prof. Pat." "A symptom of the spread of Boston culture in all directions, downward as well as upward," as Old Chimes remarked.

G. W. P. wrote to us yesterday: "Chance of a lifetime, to see moon tonight less than a day old between 5.41 and 5.42." We missed it, we missed it. We were engrossed with sordid cares. G. W. P. added: "The Irish have a saying: 'It is only the birds and very smart people ever see the moon when she is less than two days old.'"

Our friend the bookseller said: "You have no idea of the demands made upon us. Yesterday I received a letter from a woman in Cleveland: 'Will you inform me as to whether you have anything especially suitable for young lady twins to give for parlor entertainment?'"

"You should have sent 'The Comedy of Errors' and 'The Corsican Brothers,' with four sets of full lights," was our answer, accompanied with a staccato "Ha! Ha!"

"But I don't keep tight," said the bookseller, a prosaic person, although he sells poetry by the yard and cubic foot, and by the quart when it flows freely.

The china at the Mills breakfast to Prince Henry was "the most delicate old Sèvres"; there were masses of mauve orchids, besides the regular Mills retinue there were 40 additional

lackeys, who wore of course the Mills colors—their coats and knee breeches were claret color, their silk stockings were white and their patent leather pumps had red heels; Mrs. Mills wore a pearl dog collar with diamond slides. Mr. Mills no doubt wore a sword and a billy-cock hat.

These must be, indeed, the Mills of the gods.

But why are learned and bespectacled professors looking for the footprints of the dinosaur in Maryland? Chicago is still the richest stamping ground.

"Heat affects Mr. Cecil Rhodes." The Bears thus see the beginning of his end.

Mr. Charles Gregorowitsch is not only a most excellent fiddler, he has the feelings of a true man. He would not assist in making a Mills holiday by appearing as a substitute. "Who is Mrs. Mills to a great artist? He does not care for private concerts. He was glad not to play. Here you think an artist is to be hired like—like a coon." So spoke the friend of Mr. Gregorowitsch, and that's the way to talk. The allusion to a coon was especially fortunate, for the coon came down in the story, and fiddler, pianist, singer is only to glad to come down when the pecuniary gun is heavily loaded.

"A." from Waterville, Me., asked last week about the hanging of three men in Boston on July 30, 1794. We have received the following letters in answer: East Boston, March 7, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

"1794, Feb. 3, Mr. Powell opened the Boston Theatre in Federal Street, July 30—A terrible fire in Green Lane (Atkinson Street). Seven ropewalks and forty-seven dwellings burnt. Three plates, named Collins, Poleski and Fertidi, hung on Boston Common."

The above is an exact copy taken from an old book called "Police Recollections of Boston by Daylight and Gaslight," by Edward H. Savage.

Yours truly,
W. A. CROSS.

Boston, March 8, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

N. N. X. may point her lantern to the hanging of the three pirates in 1794, but even she may be glad to know that the real feature of the event, which took place at the historic corner of Charles and Boylston Streets, was philological. The Independent Chronicle fought the good fight against aristocracy, especially in France and similar nations, about as some of our leaders fight the Empress of China; and when the three pirates met their fate, the aforesaid Chronicle duly reported that "they were launched into eternity." Writers of other fiction had used similar language; but, as far as known, the anti-aristocratic Chronicle first used the term l. l. c. in the sense of put to death, on the thirty-first day of July, 1794, 3-1, and the phrase was triumphant until replaced by the more advanced "electrocute." With great fitness the Chronicle reported the religious belief of the murderers. Oh, there be sunbeams in cucumbers.

NOVICE.

The New York Times publishes hysterical letters from clergymen and others who protest against the use of the phrase "christening a yacht." It seems that a yacht should be "named." The error of using the term "christening" for "naming" of yachts lies in the very fact that it declares the yacht is a "Christian." So says Mr. J. H. Watson.

O divine aether, and ye swift-winged breezes, and thou earth, mother of all—look upon us and see what treatment we are enduring! O peacocks, pancakes, and pond-lilies! Mr. Watson! The word "christen"—"to name and dedicate (hells, ships, etc.) by a ceremony analogous to baptism"—has been used since the beginning of the 16th century. The stately Clarendon a century later did not dislodge the word in the complained-of sense. Perhaps you object to Sir Thomas Browne saying "We christen effects by their causes," or to Swift with his "chambermaids christen this worn a deathwatch."

Learning is the knowledge of that which none but the learned know. He is the most learned man who knows the most of what is farthest removed from common life and actual observation, that is of the least practical utility, and least liable to be brought to the test of experience, and that, having been handed down through the greatest number of intermediate stages, is the most full of uncertainty, difficulties and contradictions.

It is seeing with the eyes of others, hearing with their ears, and pinning our faith on their understandings. He thinks and cares nothing about his next door neighbors, but he is deeply read in the

tribes and casts of the Hindoos and Celnuc Tartars. He can hardly find his way into the next street, though he is acquainted with the exact dimensions of Constantinople and Pekin.

Illogatry is still warm in Paris, and many of the French are inclined to swallow Hugo in bulk as Ilugo swallowed Shakespeare. Here is a little poem by the gifted being that you will not find in his complete works. He was once in a parlor where there was talk about England and English institutions. His hostess teased him to write something in her album, and although he loathed the practice he nevertheless gave way. "I'll write you a poem." Here it is:

SOUVENIR D'ANGLETERRE.

Pour chasser le spleen
J'entra dans un lieu,
Où je bus du gin;
God save the Queen!

VICTOR HUGO.

We read the other day in a sassy column that Mrs.—we'll call her Twit-terly Twice—who is seriously sick, "is being nursed by her sister, and her friends are feeling somewhat anxious on her account."

The sentimentalist quoted at the Porphyry Walt Whitman's line: "The young fellow drives the express-wagon (I love him, though I do not know him)."

"Yes," said Mr. Auger, "but how if he doesn't drive? If he goes out on strike?"

We were much pleased by a story, which we came across yesterday, concerning certain deeds of Captain William Henry Hayes of Cleveland, Ohio, otherwise known as "Billy" Hayes. He sailed the Pacific for many years and in a more heroic age he would have been a prominent pirate. Terrible tales were told about his brusqueness, some called it brutality, on deck, and he was fortunate enough, although he did not deserve it, to be the hero of a gory melodrama, "The Pirate of the Pacific," which was produced at the old Victoria Theatre, Sydney. In this play Hayes killed a man or abducted a beautiful woman every 10 minutes. He went to see the piece and sat in a box with "a lady friend," for the first thing he saw on arrival in town was the play-poster concerning his career of crime. At the play itself he applauded wildly the villain's downfall. "I would have gone for the theatre people," he said to an acquaintance, "if they had had any money, but the man who 'played' me was the lessee of the theatre and was hard up. I think his name was Hoskins. He was a big, fat fellow, with a soapy, slithery kind of voice, and I lent him 10 pounds, which he spent on a dinner to myself and some of his company. I guess we had a real good time."

Since the dramatic intervention of Mr. Weller, senior, in the proceedings of a court of justice there has been no such effective interruption as that of "a voice" recently reported from the Divorce Court to have greeted counsel's argument that the presence of a child's photograph in the boudoir of a theatrical lady hardly proved her to be a married woman, with the audible observation, "In the name of the theatrical profession, I thank you." But it is difficult to see why that profession should be especially grateful for the promulgation of truisms.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A 13-year-old boy was convicted lately at Liverpool for the manslaughter of another boy. He was charged with willful murder. The Judge gave a sentence of penal servitude for 10 years.

Here are some facts or statistics that may interest certain readers. In France, 7,000,000 women are occupied with household cares; of this total 2,685,000, although married, are obliged to work outside of their own houses. A Woman's Exhibition will be opened this summer in one of the courts of the Hotel de Ville, Paris. One of the sections will show "the woman in history," she will be represented by tableaux, busts, medals, costumes. Another section will show "the woman of the interior" as maiden, bride, mother, instructor, housewife. There will be sections to exhibit women workers for wages; women in literature and the arts; women in social economy. Now the daily wage for women in France varies from 63 cents to 25 cents in factories and workrooms. The promoters of this exhibition, who are benevolently inclined women of Paris, hope to raise women's wages; and some are trying to bring back the use of pure organic dyes in the place of chemical dyes for cloth, because a return to the old system would give greater employment to women. But women remember only vaguely that there is such a thing as a

men 12. 1902

law of supply and demand, which is as fixed and inexorable as any law of the Medes and Persians.

We spoke the other day about a revival of "Troilus and Cressida" in Vienna. Now in Denmark they have a "Shakespeare stage"—at the Theatre Royal, Kongens-Nytorv; and it is this: "When the curtain rises (there is neither overture nor incidental music, except such as is set down in stage directions), a sort of second proscenium is disclosed, and in the centre of this is a great round 'Norman' arch, through which three steps ascend to an inner and deeper stage. The performance is announced by trumpets from a balcony above the arch; and, as the scene is seldom more than a black cloth it can be changed with a momentary lowering of the lights." They have been playing "King Lear" on this stage, practically in its entirety. The play lasts three hours and a half; and there is one pause only of 10 minutes. "The play is given once a week to crowded and most attentive audiences. It is Shakespeare pure and simple, and the effect is to demonstrate how unreal is the supposed necessity for an 'acting version' if only the public is not accustomed to associate Shakespeare's plays with a splendid and costly mounting."

PUCCINI'S "TOSCA."

Was a Truly Remarkable Performance.

Milka Ternina, De Marchi and Scotti

An Ensemble of Most Unusual Merit.

The opera given last night at the Boston Theatre by Mr. Grau's company was Puccini's "Tosca." It was the third performance of the opera in this city. Mr. Flon was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Flora Tosca.....	Milka Ternina
Cavaradosi.....	De Marchi
Scarpia.....	Scotti
Angelotti.....	Duffiche
The Sacristan.....	Gilbert
Spontanic.....	Bars
Scarlone.....	Viviani
A Jailer.....	Cernusco
A Shepherd.....	Carrie Bridwell

This opera grows in power with each performance. Is it an opera? Puccini frankly calls the work a melodrama. Some years ago Sarah Bernhardt said—what has she not said?—that she should like to act in a play where there was continual music, which should italicize, accentuate, explain. Now Puccini's music is chiefly a gloss or commentary on Caligula Sardou's play of cruel horror. It is no more an opera in the conventional meaning of the word than "Die Walkure" or "Tristan Und Isolde"; it escapes the rigorous definition as easily as "Götterdämmerung." There is little long drawn and well defined melody given as arias to the characters. The most strikingly original aria is that given to Tosca when she seems to listen to Scarpia's proposal and thinks sorrowfully of her artistic career. Then there are tunes of Italian construction and feeling sung by Cavaradosi, and in the third act there is a singularly beautiful duet. But you carry away from the performance no special thought of conspicuous solo, duet, trio, quartet or set chorus. You remember the dramatic action and with it music of italicization; and above all you have a feeling of escape from melodramatic horror.

Some protest against "Tosca" on account of its "immorality." They object to the scene between Tosca and Scarpia in the second act. This scene is certainly brutal; it is unpleasant; but it is far from being immoral. Virtue triumphs for the moment; the villain is killed in the sight of the people. I remember an article written by Dr. Dio Lewis in which he made a bitter attack on "Faust," and said in substance that no pure woman could see it without a blush, and that it was a corrupter of maidenhood. He used language that was in itself more suggestive than the text of the librettists and the music of Gounod. But "Faust" still flourishes and young girls are as familiar with the Garden Scene as the girls in Dr. Lewis's day were with the Prudy hooks or Miss Edgeworth's tales for the instruction of youth. The immorality of "Tosca," if there be immorality in the work, is not in the exhibition of brutal desire, it is in the excessive cruelty of the torture scene. Not without cause did Mr. Jules Lemaitre accuse Sardou of thirst for blood and dub him the Caligula of the drama.

Here is no torture of the mind, no purely mental agony; a man is tortured in the flesh by order of a fellow-man. Art shuts her eyes and runs away. The libretto, as well as the play, is a series of deliberate attacks on the nerves. The music when it must be most powerful in the torture scene, in the murder of Scarpia, in the shooting of Cavaradosi, who thinks, with Tosca, that he is then playing the

chief part in a comedy must aggravate horror. It cannot be symbolical. It is bound to the horror as a woman of splendid beauty was punished in times past by being tied to the corpse of a murderer.

It is not surprising, then, that "Tosca," in spite of the indisputable power of Puccini's music and however admirably the opera may be acted, is distasteful to men and women of Northern blood.

The more dramatic the performance, the more severe is the nervous shock. Many remember the intense performance of Ternina and Scotti last season. And now added to these actor-singers was Mr. De Marchi, who created the part of Cavaradosi when the opera was first produced in 1900 at Rome. The minor parts were again excellently played by the singers who were heard here last year.

It is hard to write coolly concerning the performance of last night. It is hard to refrain from eulogy that would seem to them that were not present vain or mad shouting. There was not merely the dazzle of a star or of a constellation; there was an ensemble from Tosca to the unseen shepherd; from Mario Cavaradosi to the jailer that was wholly admirable and more than this. Not a detail in action was slighted by any member of the cast. It would be easy to praise the unctuous impersonation of the sacristan by Gilbert; it would also be easy and a pleasure to dwell upon the dramatic art displayed by Messrs. Duffiche, Bars, Viviani, Cernusco. From the beginning to the end, the action was fittingly spirited, picturesque, romantic, tragic. From the beginning to the end there was feverish intensity, irresistible authority.

Ternina's impersonation is more varied and impressive even than it was last season. It is now wholly free from the suspicion of hardness, deliberation. It is more passionate, it is also more subtle. The singer was full mistress of her voice, and she used it with supreme effect, both in comedy and the darkest tragedy. This performance alone is enough to stamp her as one of the very few great tragedians now on the operatic stage. And she is a tragedian of classic bearing and authority, charged with modern intensity and the realism that is vital and inspired, not merely photographic.

Mr. De Marchi proved by his performance of Cavaradosi that he is much more than a robust tenor with brilliant upper tones, if any were so inclined to rank him after his Radames of Monday night. His lyric measures in the first and third acts were exquisite in their tenderness, and there was the underlying conviction of virility. Mr. De Marchi is a robust tenor, but he does not rely on physical, brute force; he is a singer of pathetic strains, but he is never a sentimentalist. Graceful, manly, sympathetic, alert, intelligent, he is a delight to eye and ear and mind.

Mr. Scotti's Scarpia has also gained in subtlety and sinister power. His very make-up is more plausibly terrible; for he is now a bleached roué, with cruel eyes. In his action he does not give way to melodramatic exaggeration; but occasionally in song he forces tone when the exertion is unnecessary. His Scarpia is in marked contrast with the Scarpia of Coquelin; it is more passionately cruel; this Scarpia is Italian, as the Italian scoundrel was understood by the Ellsahethans; and the torture by Cavaradosi and Tosca is of close kin to the lustful murderers put by Webster and Middleton upon the stage.

Mr. Flon conducted with much care and spirit, and the result was an impressive and brilliant orchestral performance.

Thus performed by singers and orchestra Puccini's melodrama awakened genuine enthusiasm or held the audience breathless. There is no denying the strength of his musical italicization. He is a master of orchestral resources; he knows the value of contrasts and surprising effects; he is at times almost insolent in his harmonic progressions, rhythms, color, but his imagination is not ingenuously surprising or hysterical, because he is emphatically a man of the theatre. In this music he reveals himself as a Sardou in opera. Higher praise may be awarded him; he has done in "Tosca" what Baudelaire did in literature; he has created a new shudder.

There were certain calls without end. A night long to be remembered, even if the opportunity was neglected by lovers of "ideal casts" and "star performances." The audience was not as large as it should have been, for the theatre was not crowded; but the audience was a brilliant one and most appreciative.

The opera this afternoon will be "Lohengrin" (in German) with Gadschl, Schumann-Heink, Van Dyck, Van Rooy, Muehlmann and Ed. de Reszke. Mr. Damrosch will conduct.

Tonight "Carmen" will be performed with Calvé, Adams, Alvarez and Journet. Mr. Flon will conduct.

Philip Hale,

March 13, 1902

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes this poem:

TO AMERICA.
Brothers are we, our nurse the crooning
 main;
Warred not our sires at Hastings, Agincourt,
Lewes and Bannockburn? Cut we not short
The full career of all-victorious Spain?
Fought we not each a crowned King?—in vain—
Aye, and uncrowned him; if the scheme of things
Decree not that we twain shall conquer kings,
If they dare touch the rights of man again?
Great twins of Freedom, one upon the West
Rising to eastward where your sister
 stands,

If time ne'er be when war on earth shall cease

And man to man give universal peace,
Freely shall both give men by men oppressed
One liberty in two great Motherlands.

Does Mr. Astor thus think to counteract the influence of the Prince and other things made in Germany?

We thought that this sort of gush had gone out with hair-cloth sofas and yellow linen dusters. The sentiments of the sonnetter remind us of the speech made by Mr. Washington Jackson at the dinner of the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders, as reported by Thackeray:

"That distinguished American rose amidst thunders of applause. He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how Washington was in fact an Englishman, and how Franklin would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He declared that Milton was his cousin, Locke his ancestor, Newton his dearest friend, Shakespeare his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervor the clay of Runnymede—that Ben Jonson and Samuel—that Pope and Dryden, and Dr. Watts and Swift were the darlings of his hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty minutes explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or to remember. But I observed that during his oration the gentlemen who report for the daily papers were occupied with their wine instead of their note-books—that the three singers of Israel yawned and showed many signs of disquiet and inebriety, and that my old friend, who had swallowed the three plates of turtle, was sound asleep."

Thus was the enthusiasm of Americans for the "dear old mother country" mocked by our cousins who, did not then have the fear of our institutions before their eyes. This enthusiasm was too often sloppy and deserving of ridicule. Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Emerson were more self-restrained. They were not overcome by associations, gewgaws, or snobbery.

Now that the Prince has played the game so well, why should not other men near thrones or the august rulers themselves come over? We should like much to see the Sultan, by far the most entertaining and original monarch in Europe, A-rope, Orope, or Irope. Lectures, as a rule, are a bore, but

we would willingly sit on an iron settee for an hour and a half, holding a hat, overcoat and umbrella to hear the Sultan lecture on missionaries, or the amenities of polygamy. Cannot Major Pond, now that Florizel is in retirement, persuade the Sultan to face New England maiden ladies? The Major is a man of vast experience; is he not the manager of a soprano, the sweet singer of Mormondom?

Paris has tired of the ex-Princess of Chimay and her gypsy. He appeared at the Folles-Begère last month, and she then publicly announced that she would buy him a new costume for every performance if he succeeded. (From her latest photograph we judge that it is she who is in need of clothes.) The polite Parisians let out cat-calls whenever Mr. Rigo tried to display his art, so the police decided to close the hall if the managers did not close the gypsy.

An antiquarian in his endeavor to find out the truth about Handel's anthems for the coronation of George II. and Caroline unearthed this information: "The dress of the Queen on this occasion was as fine as the accumulated riches of the city and suburbs could make it; for, besides her own jewels (which were of great number and very valuable), she had on her head and on her shoulders all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the Jews and jewelers at the other."

Here is Mr. G. R. Sims's latest joke: "An Englishman traveling through Monte Carlo has been robbed after being rendered insensible by smoking a cigar he accepted from a stranger. Curiously enough the evening newspapers omitted to headline this as 'The Great Tobacco Trust.'"

A brilliant talker said to us: "Four or five years ago, I was invited to contribute a weekly article to a newspaper. The editor persuaded me: 'It's nothing. Write just as you talk. Dictate your stuff, if you dislike writing.' I tried the experiment for a month. Do you know I became shy and stiff in print? I found my style labored, heavy, dull. I was painfully self-conscious. After the first article was published, I thought men and women

looked at me disdainfully. I noticed a coolness in the behavior of my friends. The truth of it was I could not face an invisible audience. The moment I began to write I thought of a host of readers saying: 'What tommy-rot! Why does the Barker publish such twaddle? I always thought Ferguson was an ass, but I didn't know he was such an ass!' So I stopped writing, and now I walk securely in the street." We might have answered: "How did you know that anyone read your column?" hut it would have been rude.

We were reminded of Ferguson's confession by some verses of Merlín published in the Referee of Feb. 23:

A hundred thousand pairs of eyes
Gaze on this very sheet you scan,
Within whose little limit lies
The current history of man,
And dare I court the approbation
Of such a giant congregation?

For I am neither saint nor seer,
Nor prophet nor anointed preacher,
But simply, as you see me here,
Your poor lopsided fellow-creature,
Whose heart a mournful reckoning bears
With acted folly and gray hairs.

Mr. Grau's company performed Bizet's "Carmen" at the Boston Theatre last night. Mr. Flon conducted. The cast was as follows:

Carmen.....	Calvé
Micaëla.....	Suzanne Adams
Escamillo.....	Miss Marilly
Zuniga.....	Miss Bridwell
Don José.....	Alvarez
Escamillo.....	Journet
Moulin.....	Duffiche
Le Dancaire.....	Bars
Le Remendado.....	Gilbert
	Reiss

Calvé has been heard here often as Carmen, and Don José of Alvarez is familiar to many of our opera-goers. What is there then to say about the performance of last night?

Now Calvé is a creature of moods and tenses. When she first played Carmen in Boston her impersonation was sensual and sombre. The gypsy baggage was a machine contrived by the Evil One for his own amusement, and the destruction of man.

She tired of this conception; or did she soon discover that the American public liked her best when she was least serious, and that crowds—she might say doves—went to see her from animal curiosity, as they would to any show of the extraordinary or monstrous. The great crowd did not know Merinée's cruel tale; it knew nothing of the admirable actress Gallin-Marié, who created the part; it had seen and applauded Minnie Hauk, but it reasoned in this fashion: Calvé is a French woman, therefore there must be something especially alluring in her scenes of fascination. And some went almost furtively, as they would to any show of the extraordinary or monstrous. The great crowd did not know Merinée's cruel tale; it knew nothing of the admirable actress Gallin-Marié, who created the part; it had seen and applauded Minnie Hauk, but it reasoned in this fashion: Calvé is a French woman, therefore there must be something especially alluring in her scenes of fascination. 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more than satisfactory, and Mr. F. J. led with full appreciation of Bizet's more busily varied and brilliant score. The theatre was crowded from floor to gallery. There were many curtain calls. Altogether another memorable night.

The opera in the afternoon was "Lohengrin." Mr. Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

First Galski
Ortrud Schumann-Heink
Lohengrin Van Dyck
Telramund Van Rooy
The Herald Muehlmann
The King Ed. de Reszke

The truly musical feature of this performance was the bridal duet between the restless and the inquisitive Elsa and the Knight. This duet was sung—the word sung is here used advisedly—with beauty of sentiment and true emotion. The performance as a whole was hostlerous. It is true that Mrs. Galski seldom if ever screamed; that she sang with respectful attention to the principles of vocal art, which are the same in all musical towns and languages except at Bayreuth and in the stage language there in fashion. Thus she gave pleasure. Her performance was not inspired; but it was well within the frame, consistent, and artistic. Elsa, after all, is not a heroic character, and as soon as she is saved in the first act she loses sympathy and is merely a slightly irritating young woman.

Mr. Van Dyck was in excellent voice, and he employed his tones after his own peculiar fashion, which is the result of careful study and deliberate intention. It is too late in the day to discuss the question whether he is right or wrong. This most intelligent tenor knows the value of a long and sustained phrase as well as any well taught Italian; he proved this in the bridal duet; but he believes that the music of Wagner should be treated with special reference to distinct enunciation and therefore instead of the long line of a phrase there is a series of detached and heavily accented syllables. I wish that Mr. Van Dyck had never gone to Bayreuth; he would not then have fallen a victim to Bayreuthism. He is always interesting on the stage. His effects are never accidental; his points are carefully made; and whether you agree or not with his conception of the assumed character, his impersonation always commands respect and invites study. His Lohengrin is tender in the scenes with Elsa, dignified and knightly in his relations with men, a chivalric figure, but when he first appears there is little suggestion of the mystical atmosphere that should envelop him until he overcomes Telramund. When he leaves the swan-boat he is a mortal, as the King, or Telramund, or any member of the wondering group.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink's Ortrud is well known here, and her performance is by this time stereotyped. Seldom did she sing a phrase legato, and she constantly forced tone. It is a pity, for she has naturally a rich and sonorous voice, and it is not really necessary for her to shriek. No doubt she thinks that the Americans, who are a noisy folk, like noise on the stage, and as she is good-natured she strives to please her audience at considerable wear and tear to her tones and vocal apparatus. Mr. Van Rooy is an aggravated instance of chronic Bayreuthitis. I may say of his performance as Demetrius said of Snug the Joiner: "Well roared." Mr. de Reszke's king does not call for comment. Mr. Muehlmann was an excellent Herald.

The recitatives were as a rule delivered at too slow a pace, an error that Wagner himself combated earnestly.

There was a good-sized audience that applauded heartily.

The opera this evening will be Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in Italian. The chief singers will be Sembrich, van Emden, Schreff, Bridewell, Campanari, Reiss and Blass. Sch will conduct.

Philip Hale.

Men 14. 402

He was a good fellow, free-mouthed, quick-tempered, not bad-looking. Ready with life or death for a friend. Fond of women, gambled, ate heartily, drank heartily. Had known what it was to be flush, grew low-spirited toward the last, sickened, was helped by a contribution. Died, aged forty-one years—and that was his funeral.

There died some time ago in Paris a journalist by the name of Henry Fouquier. He was a man of scholarly tastes, travel, experience, and he was singularly ready and versatile with his pen. He often wrote daily three or four, sometimes five long articles on various subjects, with charm of style, wit, and sense. He wrote fluently whether he treated art, politics, so far economy; but he was best known as a thoroughly equipped and kindly critic of plays and comedians. When he died, his colleagues hastened to mourn in no uncertain language his sudden death.

Now in the February number of the *Mercure de France* is a paragraph by Remy de Gourmont. This paragraph is entitled "Fifteen Lines on Henry Fouquier." And this is what Mr. de Gourmont says of his dead colleague: "I am afraid that nobody will know of whom I am about to speak. He

died a month ago. Henry Fouquier? Yes, this journalist who sent in three articles every day. A rhetorician of the small breed, always ready to say the proper thing in a respectable fashion concerning the question of the morning, noon, evening. Let us not insist on his venality; it was decent and gentlemanly. This is only a comparative matter. What characterized him was his hatred of poetry and the higher literature. No one mocked with a more yellow smile the genius of Verlaine, Mallarmé, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. No one has equaled this disdain of the superior street-lounger. By pronouncing his celebrated Laforgue, of whom I know nothing, he made himself the Turk's head of the petty reviews. And then he was forgotten."

Because Fouquier did not like the poetry of the men above-named, did his corpse therefore deserve this kick? What becomes of Bacon with his saying: "Death hath this also; that it openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy." And is the old Latin saw an exploded idea? Shall we substitute for it: "Let us say nothing but evil of the dead who when alive did not share our opinions?"

A German, Mr. Herbert Eulenberg, has put our old friend Baron Münchhausen into a five act drama, and the piece was produced lately in Berlin. The Baron on a tour of adventure arrives at the castle of Count Eberstein while the master is away. He falls in love with the Countess, and she, like Desdemona, hears stories of wonderful feats and hair-breadth escapes, and loves the teller, nor can she conceal this love when Münchhausen is about to fight a duel. He is a friend of the Baron and is an honorable man, so he goes away. The Countess pines for him and sends word that she is sick unto death. The Baron returns, finds the Countess as well as the Countess, makes the opportunity to preach a sermon to the wife, and then kills himself by taking poison.

Somehow or other this does not sound right. We prefer our old friend of the picture books and with one "h"—the German Cavalry officer with a heavy moustache and a dog whistle whom George William Curtis met when he was a voyaging on The Flying Dutchman.

Mr. Albert Gilbert, the orchestra manager of the London Philharmonic Society, died a fortnight or so ago, and the statement was made in obituary notices that he had "the nearest claim to the melody of that classic production which Miss Lottie Collins used to sing: 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.' The phrase occurs in Mr. Gilbert's cantata 'Abdallah'—we once knew a stillion of that name—and he is reported to have received a sum of money for the use of his musical idea." How is this? The generally accepted story is that the tune was heard by a strolling English player or manager in a low dive or boozing ken of St. Louis; it was then sung to vile words by a negress, and afterward arranged for Miss Collins's use. These important points should be settled firmly, before it is too late.

Mr. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, the son of the once famous Père Hyacinthe, has written an extraordinary play, "The Gospel of Blood," which was produced at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris. It is an attack on the English for their behavior toward the Boers. There is a scene supposed to take place just before a bombardment. The Admiral is in his cabin, and the guns are ready for action. A boat comes along carrying the white flag, and a woman asks to see the Admiral. Lo, it is his wife, who pleads with him in the interest of humanity. She begs him to return to his fleet, although she admits that he will then appear before a court martial and receive twelve bullets. The Admiral wavers. Enter Higgins, the representative of a yellow journal with a circulation of 900,000, who was sent to report battles.

"Think," she says, "of the children yet to be born, and whose fathers' hands may be stained with blood. Think of the future." "Yes," says Higgins, as he points to a portrait in a picture paper, "but that's a child of today, and good enough to go on with. He shot down four Boers." The Chaplain is heard reading one of the war songs of the Old Testament. "Infamy, infamy, infamy!" the wife screams. "All I have to say," replies Higgins, as he lights a cigarette, "is that it seems to me to be a god with excellent sentiments; all I hope is that the enemy has not prayed longer than we have." The husband returns with the Bible, which the wife seizes and attempts to throw out of a porthole, and she shrieks: "It is the Book of Christ. He is your prisoner here. I will deliver Him." "You might leave the Old Testament," says Higgins. The woman tears the Bible in halves and throws one half at his feet. She leaves the ship. Her boat is in direct line of the fortress

that has to be attacked." Her death is certain if the cannonade begins. The Admiral grasps the speaking-tube, and halts and hesitates. He signs the death warrant of his wife and his unborn child if he gives the signal, and then, his voice as clear as a bell, his instruction is given, *Faites ouvrir le ten, and the curtain falls to the roaring of cannon.* The audience, which was largely composed of military men, was enthusiastic.

"MAGIC FLUTE."

Mr. Grau's Company in Mozart's Work.

Sembrich as Queen of Night and Legato.

A Word About the Origin of the Opera.

Mr. Grau's opera company performed Mozart's "Magic Flute" in Italian last night at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

The Queen of Night Sembrich
Pamina Emma
Papageno Schreff
Three Ladies of the Queen of Night
Termina, Homer, Bridewell
Three Genii of the Temple

..... Martilly, Van Cauteeren, Randall
Tamino Dippel
Monastatos Reiss
Sarastro De Reszke
Papageno Campanari
The Speaker Dufliche
Two Priestesses Muehlmann, Vanni
Two Armed Men Dufliche, Maestril
"The Magic Flute" was first sung in Boston on Jan. 11, 1859, when Colson and Gazzinga were the chief female singers. It was sung in German in 1864 with Johanna Rotter and Lizzie Eckhardt in the company. Other performances were in 1873 with Di Murska and Rudersdorff; and in 1882 with Gerster and Hauk.

Mozart wrote the music in 1791 to oblige Schikaneder, the librettist of the piece, a wandering theatre director, poet, composer, play-actor—a restless, boresome, vain, improvident person, yet not without shrewdness and pleasant qualities that made friends. In 1791 Schikaneder was the director of a little theatre, no better than a booth, where comic operas were played and sung. He was on the verge of failure, but he put his trust in a fairy drama, "The Magic Flute," which he had made out of Wieland's story, "Lulu, or the Enchanted Flute." He changed the plot somewhat, and substituted for the evil genius of the play the high priest Sarastro, who appears to be the custodian of the secrets and the executor of the wishes of the Masonic order. The plot is childish, thrown together, at times incomprehensible. Mozart himself saw in the text nothing but a libretto for "Magic music," but many have attempted to extract sunbeams from this cucumber. Some have even gone so far as to find the opera a symbolical representation of the French Revolution; the Queen of Night is the incarnation of Royalty; Pamina is Liberty, the daughter of Despotism, for whom Tamino, the People, burns with passionate love; Monastatos is Emigration; and Sarastro is the Wisdom of the Legislature. As the Irishman said when he was told that his wife had fallen four stories and was killed: "Mike, don't make me laugh; I've a crack in my lip."

Schikaneder watched over Mozart while he wrote the music, that it might be ready at the appointed time. As Mozart's wife was not then in Vienna, the composer was put in a little pavilion in a garden near the theatre "Auf der Wieden." Schikaneder surrounded him with gay members of the company, for Mozart was in doleful dumps. There was merry eating, there was clinking of glasses; there were the beautiful eyes of the play-actress Gerl. Thus Mozart wrote the music. He died shortly after the production of the opera in deep distress, and he was buried shabbily and as by stealth. Schikaneder, "sensuallist, parasite, and spendthrift," made much money out of "The Magic Flute," so that he was able in 1798 to build a theatre, and on the roof of it he put a statue of himself, clothed in the feathered costume of Papageno. Luck forsook him; and he, too, died in poverty.

In German cities "The Magic Flute" is a favorite Sunday night folk-piece, a mixture of farce, sentimentalism, gravity. The people enjoy it hugely without inquiry concerning a possible esoteric meaning. When the opera is revived in this country, it serves chiefly to display the strength of the company, to bring together singers described by the press agents as "stellar attractions." The show is a miscellaneous concert in costume and with the introduction of farce and certain stage or trick properties. Let us therefore consider the performance of last night as a concert, with all of the music by Mozart; and remember that into this same silly opera he put some of the most exquisite and solemn music that has yet been made.

The performance was of unusual general excellence. Even when there are in this opera two or three stars of the first magnitude apparently minor, but truly important parts are generally given to the vocally inadequate. This music of Mozart is hard to sing, it is so pure, so simple; shouting will not cover incompetence; there is no thun-

derous orchestration to drown the unfortunate. Last night the music of the Three Ladies, who haunt Tamino as the mysterious damsels the pursuers in Melville's "Mardi," as well as the music of the three Genii, was sung with almost reverential care. The chorus was excellent; the opera was handsomely mounted; and evidently pains were taken in every direction to make the revival satisfactory.

Sembrich sang the opening recitative and the slow movement of her first aria with faultless art, with unpassable legato and beauty of phrasing. I have heard this great singer when her bravura passages were more spontaneous, clearer, more brilliant. In the quick movement of the first aria she evidently labored. She was more successful in the second aria, but in this difficult air she did not rise fully to her own high standard.

Emma Eames sang the music of Pamina with beautiful quality of tone and Mozartian elegance. Termina inspired her associates. Mr. Dippel made a good deal out of a part that is thankless and easily becomes ridiculous. Mr. Reiss, an excellent comedian, as was seen by his performance in "Carmen," was a capital Monastatos. Campanari was reasonably vivacious as Papageno. Mr. de Reszke was impressive as Sarastro physically rather than vocally, yet he went down into the cellar, and he, too, met his reward. All in all, the cast was unusually good.

The theatre was crowded. There was most hearty applause, and there were repeated curtain calls.

Massenet's "Le Cid" will be performed this evening for the first time in Boston. The singers will be Lucienne Bréval, Suzanne Adams, Alvarez, Ed. de Reszke, Journet, Gilbert, Bars, Dufliche, Vanni and Viviani. Mr. Flon will conduct.

Philip Hale.

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Roast flesh, the glow of fiery wine,
To speed on camel fleet and sure,
As thy soul lists to urge her on
Through all the hollow's breadth and length;
White women, statue like, that trail
Rich robes of price with golden hem,
Wealth, easy lot, no dread of ill,
To hear the lute's complaining string,
These are Life's joys. For man is set
The prey of Time, and Time is change.
Life strait or large, great store or nought,
All's one to Time, all men to Death.

We call the attention of the literary gentlemen, old and young, of Boston—especially the unemployed—to the following letter received March 13 by a firm of publishers in this city:

New York, March 12, 1902.

Dear Sirs—I write you to ask if you do any Playwriting business. I have got 3 scenes and an airship (property); An Common Interior; An Exterior (Lawn); An Interior (Workshop).

And I wish to get a play written for these scenes. I will give you the plot, etc., and all I want you to do is to do the wording. I give you the whole synopsis—plot, etc., and you make out the words & stage directions, etc.—If you can do this let me know by return mail your answer & price.—Or if you have got any plays with 7 Characters—5 m, 2 fem—that will suit these scenes they will do just as well. This is the lot of scenes I have—

No. 1. 1st act. 1 Interior scene (use for quarters of poor inventor).

No. 3. 3rd act. 1 Exterior scene (for Lawn).

No. 2. 2nd act. 1 Interior scene (for workshop).

If you haven't the plays that will suit these scenes could you write the words. 2 act drama) 2 1/2 hrs—5 m 2 f. If you write me your ans by return mail and price for plays (or words) I will mail you the plot synopsis, etc., or foundation of play. I send you all the foundation and you write the play. Return mail and don't forget the price.

Mr. Vincent Crummies is immortal. He is now at London, now at Berlin; and just now he is in New York.

The Rev. Mr. Washington Gladden says the majority of moral people would vote for Beelzebub if he were the regular nominee of their party. There is some dispute about the precise rank of Beelzebub or Beelzebub. According to the Scriptures, he is the prince or the chief of the devils; but according to Milton he is next Satan in power and next in crime. We learn from Palingenius, whose real name was Pierre Ange Manzoli, that he was of prodigious height, with forehead bound with fire, a swollen chest, puffy face, sparkling eyes, and raised eyebrows, extremely large nostrils, and with two huge horns on his head; he is coal-black; he has two wings like those of a bat, duck's feet, a lion's tail, and long hairs from head to foot. He sometimes appears, says Salomon in his "Clavicles," in the shape of an enormous calf, or a long-tailed he-goat. He is an especially unpleasant sight when he is angry; for then he vomits flames and howls like a wolf.

Now there have been worshippers of Satan from the earliest ages, and did not the Cerdonians and the Marcionites, otherwise most estimable persons, believe that the Devil was the former and the maker of the world?

Alton speaks respectfully of Beelzebub, he describes him as a statesman. In his rising scene'd A pillar of state; down on his front engraven deliberation sat and public care; And princely counsel in his face yet shone, Majestic though in ruin.

And he puts a long and shrewd speech into his mouth. If Beelzebub should be nominated for any high office, as the Rev. Mr. Gladden suggests, many housekeepers would work for him and persuade husbands, brothers and sons to vote for Beelzebub and Reform. And for this reason: Beelzebub is the Lord and Master of flies. If he would guarantee clean kitchens and dining rooms during the summer months his majority would break all records.

"Who killed Amy Robsart?" is the title of a new book by Philip Sidney. The answer of the author is: "I don't know." Our friend the Earnest Student of Sociology spent eighteen months and much ink and paper over the question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" At last he, too, arrived at the conclusion: "I don't know"—but, unlike Mr. Sidney, he did not publish a book as the result of his discomfiture.

The English journals give pleasant details about the recent visit of King Edward to Burton, and describe the royal doings in the brewery. The "King's Brew" which he set in hand will fill 40,000 barrels, and none of it will be drunk for 20 years. The writer of "Obiter Scripta" in the St. James's Gazette mentions the protests made against the King's action, and then says that nothing like the agitation which took place in 1877 has been repeated.

"The King, then Prince of Wales, presided at a dinner in connection with the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum at the jubilee festival of that association. Over two hundred petitions from temperance societies all over the kingdom were presented to him begging him not to keep his engagement. He did so, however, and was supported by Earl Granville and three Bishops. In his speech the Prince said that he thought the temperance societies, in spite of their excellent objects, had overshot the mark, because the object of the meeting that night was not to encourage the love of drink, but to support a good and excellent charity."

The Speaker comments on these protests against a beery King. "The clergyman who is reported to have preached a nine minutes' sermon before the King at Rangmore, on Sunday, chose for his text, 'And his father Isaac said unto him, God give thee of the dew of heaven.' If the King had been about to visit a whisky distillery instead of a great brewery there might have been matter here for the quips of the paragraphists."

July 15 1902

"LE CID."

First Hearing Here of Massenet's Opera.

Reappearance of Miss Lucienne Breval.

Alvarez as the Hero of Spanish Chivalry.

"Le Cid," an opera in four acts and ten scenes, founded by d'Emery, Gallet and Blau on the tragedy by Corneille and the poem by Guillem de Castro, music by Jules Massenet, was performed last night by Mr. Grau's company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Flon conducted. The cast was as follows:

Rodrigue Alvarez
Don Diegue Ed. de Reszke
Don Gormas Jourmet
The King Gilbert
The Shade of St. Jacques Bars
The Moorish Envoy Dufliche
Don Alonzo Yanni
Don Alonzo Vivian
Chimene Lucienne Breval
L'Infante Suzanne Adams

This work was first performed at the Opera, Paris, Nov. 30, 1853, when Jean de Reszke created the part of Rodrigue, and his brother the part that he impersonated last night. Fides-Devries created the part of Chimene. The first performance at New York was in 1897, but the first in the United States was at New Orleans. The opera was announced here last season, but the sickness of Jean de Reszke prevented performance.

Miss Breval and Mr. Alvarez took respectively the parts of Chimene and Rodrigue when "Le Cid" was revived at the Opera, Paris, June 11, 1900.

At the beginning of the opera Don Gormas urges his daughter Chimene to meet the love of Rodrigue, and the

wonders whether she loves Rodrigue. Burgos is now seen under a clear sky, and bells, trumpets and the organ proclaim a festival. The King makes Rodrigue a Chevalier of the Order of Saint-Jacques. A quarrel suddenly arises between Don Gormas and Don Diegue, the father of Rodrigue, over a question of precedence, and the former so far forgets himself as to deal the old man a blow. The father curses the weakness of his years and calls on his son to revenge him. Rodrigue flirts to display that the insult is the father of the beloved one.

The second act shows a street in Burgos at night. Don Gormas is killed in the duel. Chimene appears on the threshold of her dwelling, pale, distraught, and asks who is the murderer of her father. An "Alleluia," sung in the next scene by the Infante, is followed by a ballet, which is anachronistic, but it contains perhaps the most distinguished music of the opera. Trumpets announce the envoy of Boabdil, who declares war against the Spaniards. Chimene demands justice and the punishment of Rodrigue, but the King yields to the entreaties of Don Diegue, who claims for his son the honor of leading the army against the foe. The third act contains the air "Pleurez, mes yeux," which is often heard in concert halls, and the great duet between Chimene and her lover. Then follow scenes in which are shown: the camp before Cadiz, the Vision of Saint Jacques, the battle, the mourning of Don Diegue, who hears the false report that his son is killed, and the trio of Diegue and the lovers.

The librettists took from Corneille the majority of the situations and many of the more famous lines. French critics assert that they thus made a grave mistake, for these lines mock the attempt of composers to clothe them in music. From de Castro they took the scene of the oath, which they changed somewhat, and that of the vision.

The success of the opera the very first night was indisputable. A Frenchman always kisses another Frenchman on such a joyous occasion, and Ambroise Thomas therefore excited no surprise when he went on the stage and gave Massenet the "accolade paternelle," and said "I wish I had written 'Le Cid.'"

Many have tried to turn Corneille's tragedy into an opera from Sacchini to Cornelius. Bizet wrote music for the libretto that after his death passed into the hands of Massenet. Bizet, however, was not satisfied with the text or the situations of the fourth act, and he proposed important changes. He had thought out the whole of the vocal part, and had sketched portions of the orchestration. The opera existed in every detail in his head—for he never wrote down his thoughts in regular form until they were mentally fixed and determined; alas, the opera was chiefly in his head when he died suddenly in 1875.

Was Massenet the man to treat this heroic subject?

The strength of Massenet is in graceful and caressing melody, in sensuous suggestions. His music is seldom if ever noble. An accomplished harmonist, a thoroughly equipped musician, a master of orchestration, when he chooses to be, he has exerted his abilities in the worship of the eternal woman, from Eve to Manon Lescaut. His music has its individual perfume, the odor of bared and lustrous flesh and floating hair, mingled with the scent of musk and sandal-wood. He has chanted the praise of Eve, the temptress of man, the Magdalene—in whom he lost interest as soon as she repented—Lescarmonde, Thais, Manon. Was he the man to write in music the deeds of "Le Cid?"

The music of "Le Cid" need not detain us long. The first act may be dismissed with the one adjective—dull. Not all the Infante sings her "Alleluia" is there distinction in the score with the possible exception of Chimene's exit at the end of the first act. The ballet music is piquant, colored, effective. It is hard to believe that it is by the composer of the preceding scenes. Then there is nothing until Chimene sings her well-known aria, which is followed by a duet modeled in more than one way on the famous duet in the fourth act of "The Huguenots," but how inferior is the music of Massenet. And what else is there in this opera except the Vision of St. Jacques?

Massenet grided up his loins and made a determined effort to be heroic; to rival the nobility of Corneille's verse. He constantly mistook bluster for dignity; to him noise and heroism were synonymous. The melody is for the most part labored or trivial. The ensembles, with the exception of the one at the beginning of the first act, are without structural dignity or force. The passion is deliberate and impotent. At the end of the opera the hearer remembers the rhythmic piquancy and the color of the ballet music, the aria of Chimene, the Vision of St. Jacques.

The opera was too deliberately written to serve the pleasure of the Parisian Opera audience. The composer's melodic and choral invention is in this instance pitifully weak. How freely he helps himself from other composers! The scene at the entrance of the Burgos Cathedral is a mixture of Meyerbeer and Wagner. Chimene's scene where she sings with the background of a requiem recalls Amneris in "Aida." Gounod's voice is distinctly heard; thus the scene immediately after the death of Don Gormas is warmed over from the gathering of the folk around Valentin's body. And Meyerbeer is met on nearly every page. Massenet, whose orchestration is generally dainty and delicious, artfully discreet and refined, here puts his trust in the brass and pulsatile instruments, and he is often pompously coarse and brutal. In his endeavor to be heroic, he has laid aside his indisputable individuality.

The performance was, nevertheless, not without genuine interest. Miss

Breval again revealed herself as a talented actress of pronounced force, exotic, subtle charm, true dramatic passion. She is a singularly fascinating woman, in face, form, action, inaction, song. Her singing was not flawless. At times she forced tone, nor was her intonation invariably pure; but one forgot her few technical slips in the strength of her performance, which was almost always admirable, and at times rose to tragic intensity, as when she discovered the slayer of her father. Her very silence is more eloquent than the strenuous efforts of many of her stage-sisters. For her face even in repose is suggestive of slumbering emotions; her gestures have strange vitality and meaning; she makes each point with quiet authority, and there is always the thought of reserve strength.

The voice itself is dramatic, with its sombre passion which blazes suddenly into devouring flame. The voice is the voice of an elemental woman who rejoices and glories in her sex. It is a nocturnal voice, full of nocturnal mysticisms. Such tones, now brilliantly exultant, now charged with intense emotion, were heard no doubt among the worshippers at the sorcerers' Sabbat.

Mr. Alvarez was a heroic figure, and his resonant, virile tones, and his breadth and spirit of delivery put life into the platitudes of Massenet. His intonation was not always pure, but in the more important scenes he was master of himself and he sang with thrilling intensity. The duet between Rodrigue and Chimene awakened genuine enthusiasm, and the singers were recalled again and again.

Miss Adams sang the Alleluia in charming fashion. Mr. Gilbert was every inch and every pound a King. The other parts were taken more or less satisfactorily. Mr. Flon conducted with spirit. Pains were taken with the stage management.

The only serious out in the performance was the music by Jules Massenet.

The operas today will be "Faust" at 1.45 P. M. with Calvé, Bridewell, Bauermeister, Van Dyck, Campanari, Dufliche, Jourmet, Scpilli, conductor. Paderewski's "Manru" (first time in Boston), Sembrich, Homer, Scheff, Von Bandrowski (his first appearance here), Muehlmann, Blass and Bispham, Damosch, conductor.

Philip Hale.

July 16, 1902

"MANRU."

Paderewski's Gypsy and Moon-Shot Opera.

A Work for the Most Part Tiresome.

The Music Is Written to a Weak Libretto.

"Manru," an opera in three acts, book by Alfred Nossig, music by I. J. Paderewski, was performed last night for the first time in Boston by Mr. Grau's company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Walter Damosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

Manru Von Bandrowski
Uana Sembrich
Hedwig Louise Homer
Asa Fritz Scheff
Irok Bispham
Oros Muehlmann
Jagu Blass

This opera was first performed at the Royal Opera House, Dresden, in German, May 29, 1901, when Anthes and Miss Krull were Manru and Uana. The first performance in Polish was at Lemberg, June 8, 1901; when Bandrowski was the Manru. The first performance in the United States was at New York, Feb. 14, 1902, with the singers of last night.

They say that Mr. Alfred Nossig worked for seven years on this libretto. Seven has long been held a significant or sacred number. Jacob served Lahan seven years for Rachel. At the end of the allotted time Leah was foisted upon him. Jacob served another seven years for Rachel, and at last he won her. Mr. Nossig should have served his second term. His seven-year libretto is not a Rachel, "beautiful and well favored."

The story is a simple one. The plot was borrowed from a Polish romance by Kraszewski. I quote the argument from Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's translation and adaptation of the libretto into English: "Manru has won the love of a fair Galician maiden, Uana, and married her Gypsy fashion. After a space she returns to her native village among the Tatra Mountains to seek her mother's forgiveness and help. She receives, instead, the contumely of the villagers and a mother's curse. Her former friends taunt her with a song which tells of the inconstancy of all Gypsies under the influence of the full moon. Having already observed signs of uneasiness in her husband, Uana seeks the help of Irok, a dwarf, who has the reputation of being a sorcerer, and who loves her. From him she obtains a magic draught, and by its aid wins Manru back to her side for a time. Alone among the mountains, however, the baleful influence of the moon, the charm of Gypsy music and the fascinations of a Gypsy maiden break down

his black-blooded compulsion. Oros, the Gypsy Chief, himself in love with the maiden, Asa, opposes Manru's rehabilitation in the household, but through the influence of Jagu, the Gypsy fiddler, is overruled, and Manru is made Chief in Oros's stead. Oros takes his revenge by hurling his successful rival down a precipice, a moment after the distraught Uana has drowned herself in a mountain lake."

In the present version of the opera Irok murders Manru to avenge Uana.

You see the story is simple. First there is the way of a man with a maid. The moon is brought in as an excuse for Manru's fickleness.

When the full moon floods the night, Errant grows the Gypsy wight. Turns his soul with longings wild, Then forsakes he wife and child.

You will find this statement of fact in the libretto, not in the Rev. Timothy Harley's "Moon Lore," although you will learn from that entertaining book that the sensual faculties depend almost entirely on the moon, and "as she is aspected so are the moral or immoral tendencies"; also that, according to the old Astrologers, "the moon governs the brain, stomach, bowels, left eye of the male." Writers about gypsies argue that there is a mysterious affinity between these wanderers and the moon, and that in gypsy incantations the moon has ancient and phallic significance. The love of the dwarf for the beautiful maiden is an example of antithesis that has pleased many romancers and dramatists. The magic draught that soon loses its power is a twice told tale. The rest of the story is a common tale of desertion, despair, revenge. The trouble is not with the elements of the story, but with the librettist's treatment. There is little or no movement until the last act. The first act is given over to the choruses with its constant "Tat, Tat," varied chiefly by "Tra, la, la, la." This act is frankly popular in style. It is deliberately intended to catch the crowd. The ballet music will surely please, but the melody is chiefly given in this act to orchestra and choros, and not to the characters, with whom we have small opportunities to become acquainted. The act as a whole is scenic without dramatic or climatic force. The second act suffers from an anticlimax. The true climax is when Manru resists the temptations of Jagu to leave Uana. Irok, after Jagu is gone, tempts Manru by a luscious description of Asa, the Gypsy girl, and practically the same emotions are awakened, and then comes the anticlimax. The scene at the forge recalls irresistibly the scene in "Siegfried." The third act is by far the strongest.

Of course some insist that the libretto is highly "symbolical" and that the story should be regarded as an exposition of the struggle between the prosaic as represented by a peasant girl and the artistic as represented by a Gypsy man. And there is so much talk about psychology. Indeed, lectures have already been given on the "meaning" of "Manru."

When I go to the opera I go to hear either lyric or dramatic music. I do not go to hear an orchestra and singers interpret psychology. If a libretto is poor, I am not consoled when I am told that it has a profound or esoteric meaning. If the music is weak or meaningless, the statement that a deep moral lesson is taught does not cheer me for three hours of boredom.

This is Paderewski's first opera, and enthusiastic Mr. Finck says it is the greatest first opera ever made. My dear friend and colleague, put your left hand on your heart, and raise your right toward heaven. Is "Manru" greater than—well, "Fidelio," for instance?

Too often the composer shows his innocence of stage effects, so that one is at first tempted to say that he is not a man of the theatre. The music is often tentative, experimental, eclectic. Paderewski remembers operetta as well as tragic opera. He uses the leit-motiv, and with little skill; he also uses characteristic methods and mannerisms of Meyerbeer, Verdi, Wagner, the ultra-modern Italians, Gounod, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt and Bizet. There are the spoken recitatives as well as the spasms of the ultra-modern Italians; there is the thought of "Siegfried," "Die Walkure," "Cavalleria Rusticana." Asa is an understudy of Carmen. The Cradle Song is Schubertian.

The music for the most part fails to characterize the persons in the drama, which is a drama of inaction. The first act is dull, terribly dull. The dance music, of which we had all heard so much, disappointed, yet it is by far the most interesting portion of the act.

The Cradle song is pretty enough, although it seems to distress Siegfried-Manru at his forge. Then there is a long and dreary waste of notes, broken only by some characteristic gypsy music. The final duet awakened much enthusiasm last evening. Perhaps because it followed so much that was sleep-inducing, but it is fairer to say, because the music for the first time was truly melodious and passionate.

The third act opens with a long instrumental prelude which has the effect of driving Manru from his cottage in search of air. He finds it on the stage, not in the music. He then naturally goes to sleep, under the full moon that is often hidden by clouds. The music attempts to portray the emotions that chase each other in his mind—an ambitious attempt, and one that is by no means crowned with success. The desire to wander, brought on by the moon, is, of course, expressed by the macking ditty about the fickleness of the gypsy, and there are phrases that are supposed to picture memories of Uana. This scene has been highly praised. Why, I cannot see. It is pompous, swollen, disconnected, without true beauty or force. It is impotent music. The gypsy music that follows is chiefly interesting when it harks back to "Carmen."

There is an opera with a weak libretto, with patry or unsympathetic characters, with a hero that is only roused to action by a dose of cathartics or by a full moon, a hero that

is lost by a pair of figures of a man, but answers to the definition of M. C. as given by Artemus Ward during the time of the Congress of '61-'62. "Miscellaneous Cases."

Here is music that is for the most part dull or not original. A pretty little song, a passionate duet, some dance and gypsy tunes, do not make an opera. And I was disappointed in the orchestration, which is often thick and ponderous, seldom exquisite, truly sonorous or distinguished.

Sembrich wore the costume of a Galician peasant girl, and wore it with peculiar unconscious ease. There was no suspicion of the prima donna at a masquerade. That she would sing the music with the utmost finish was expected, taken for granted; for her music is chiefly lyrical. By her art she raised this part, which is not sharply defined, either by librettist or composer, and is not in itself easily sympathetic, into a dramatic, tragic character, a peasant girl of flesh and blood, her joys, feelings, passions. Sembrich is constantly surprising even those who already knew the full glory of her art. She is surprising them by her versatility; by the sureness and authority of her performance in antipodal parts.

Mr. von Bandrowski sang for the first time in Boston. His physique and appearance suit admirably the part. He sang and acted with force and made an excellent impression. Miss Scheff was a pliant gypsy. Mr. Blapham made the most of a thankless and repulsive part. His impersonation was carefully conceived and powerfully carried out. The other parts were satisfactorily taken; but Jagu and Oras are characters that must be added to the great gallery of operatic heroes in which Wotan, the Harper in "Algnon," and the Landgrave, occupy central positions. The chorus sang with spirit, the orchestra worked hard, and the opera was well mounted. There was an audience of good size, but there were many empty seats.

Philip Hale.

"FAUST" AT THE BOSTON.

Calvé was taken sick Friday night and was unable to sing the part of Marguerite yesterday afternoon. Camille Seygard, who herself was not wholly free from indisposition, was so generous as to take Calvé's place. She was in many respects a charming Marguerite; in appearance and song, grace and tenderness. Her impersonation was not salient; it moved smoothly in conventional grooves. Mr. Van Dyck in the first act wandered from the true path, but he pulled himself together and sang with pronounced effect in the following scenes; with a firm legato, with fine appreciation of the phrase, and with genuine artistic effect. Tender and warm in the garden scene his voice was vibrant and heroic in the trio of the duel. He acted the part with peculiar charm and finesse. For once there was an authoritative Faust, not a Frenchman, Italian or Pole masquerading as a rejuvenated German doctor of philosophy. His performance was one that would repay careful study. Miss Bridewell sang agreeably, and was a womanly, rather than a boyish, Siebel. Mr. Jourdain was a sonorous Mephistopheles, robust rather than subtle. Campanari's Valentin is familiar here, and his virile impersonation and singing need no comment at this late day. The orchestra was, as a rule, too much in evidence. The conductors should remember that the Boston Theatre, with its excellent acoustical properties, is smaller than the Metropolitan Opera House, and some of the singers would do well to appreciate this fact. Yesterday the conductor was Mr. Seppilli. There was an audience of good size, in spite of the disappointed who did not stay to hear the performance.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Koessler's Variations Are Performed for the First Time, and Nordica Sings at the Eighteenth of the Series.

The 18th Symphony Concert, Mr. G. Rike, conductor, was given last night at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Den Heiligen".....G. Harnack
Aria, "Ah! Perch".....L. Green
Symphonic Variations.....Koessler
(First time)

Songs with piano.....G. Harnack
A. "In Kam".....B. Strauss
A. "Serenade".....B. Strauss
A. "Spring Song".....W. Well
A. "Waldesgesang".....Schumann
Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven

I was present at the Public Rehearsal on Friday afternoon, and impressions are based on that performance.

Hans Koessler, who is now a teacher and composer at Budapest wrote this set of Symphonic Variations in memory of Johannes Brahms. He attempted to portray in music personal characteristics of the composer. Tschikowsky, it is said, intended to make the variations in his Piano Trio illustrative of Nicholas Rubinstein's character, but he did not give descriptive titles to these variations. In this respect Koessler was less wise, let alone the fact that he wrote inferior music. Koessler's variations, after one devoted to lamentation and on to the death and burial of the composer are entitled "First Meeting in Hungary," "Brahms as Friend," "Brahms as the Friend of Children,"

"Brahms as Friend of Nature," and as "Humorist." Why not "Brahms at the Tailor's," "Brahms Asleep," "Brahms Caught in the Rain?" The final variation is entitled "He Has Given Us an Example for Emulation." Dear dear, especially as Koessler indulges himself forthwith in a double figure. As for the music itself, it sounds as though it had been written by an earnest and thoroughly grounded musician in imitation of the best interesting music by Brahms. Koessler has succeeded in catching the homesome spirit of Brahms and making it his own. The music is for the most part respectably dismal, although the "First Meeting in Hungary" variation is not without imitative beauty.

Goldmark's overture to Kleist's "Penitence" has not been heard here. I believe, since 1889. The most successful portions of the work are the sections that picture "Love," "The Feast of Roses" and the lamentation over Achilles when the Amazon comes to her senses and hears that she has torn with her hands the body of the once loved hero. The music descriptive of her martial and wild character, her mental rage, seems commonplace in these days of hysterical thought and orchestration. How a more modern composer would have set the bounds of "Loving" and yet it seems only yesterday that Goldmark was charged with being dangerously modern! For modernity is so fleeting. Massenet's "Le Cid" last Friday night seemed much more old-fashioned than "Les Huguenots."

Nordica sang Beethoven's scene and aria brilliantly and with great effect. The various emotions were finely contrasted; there was a wealth of finesse; there was nobility of conception and expression; in a word, the performance was an admirable instance of lofty and sustained dramatic singing. In the group of songs she gave especial pleasure by her performance of Grieg's "Im Kahn" and Schumann's "Waldesgesang." The last named song was read with unusual and welcome intensity, with a touch, yes, more than a touch, of dramatic action, so that the song became a descriptive ballad, or a chamber-cantata. It was a powerful, impressive, legitimate performance, one that shows the fine appreciation this singer now has for the subtleties in art. Ten years ago she would not have dreamed of such possibilities in a song by Schumann. Mr. Kneisel played the violin obligato to Oscar Well's song and Mr. Romaine Simmonds played delightful piano accompaniments.

Philip Hale.

THE New York Sun a week or so ago gave the following information concerning opera in Boston:

"There were requests to have 'Il Trovatore' in place of 'Tristan and Isolde,' and as there was no particular desire on the part of the citizens to hear 'Die Walkure,' it was decided to substitute 'Tannhauser.' But for the necessity of employing the same singers some opera not by Wagner would have been sung. 'Manru' and 'Il Flauto Magico' are to be repeated during the second week."

Would that Mr. Grau's company had given "Il Trovatore." De Marchi would be an admirable Manrico. Ternina should be the Leonora; Nordica is not now a member of the company, and Emma Eames would not do; the part requires something more than a coolly beautiful voice, correct and excellent singing, meaningless waving of arms, and curious attitudes which at times approach the grotesque. Ternina is well acquainted with Italian opera; she has passion, and she also knows the meaning of "grand style." Campanari is the man for the morose and unfortunate Count di Luna. But who should be the Azucena? Do you say Louise Homer? O, no. Mrs. Homer has certain natural and excellent qualifications, but she still sings with undeviating monotony of expression. Take her as Amneris, for instance. The voice itself was rich, sonorous, authoritative, but the singer made no nuances; she sang forte steadily, except when she went to fortissimo. By undeviating monotony I do not refer so much to tonal force, although she never sang piano; I refer to the monotony of expression. Furthermore Mrs. Homer's physical charms would be of no avail as Azucena. Schumann-Herik should be the Gypsy. It is after all unfair to judge her by her performances in operas of Wagner. She has shown in Verdi's "Requiem" with the Handel and Haydn that she can sing with rare beauty of tone and with respect for the sound traditions of the canto.

"Il Trovatore" with such a cast would pack the Boston Theatre. The opera, which is still one of the best and strongest now upon the stage, deserves such a cast.

The feature of the last operatic week

was the thrilling performance of Puccini's "Tosca." Such performances are seldom seen and heard in this country or in any other. Here was an instance of an admirable ensemble not only of singers but of stage-players.

Mr. Grau was recklessly brave when he announced two new operas in one week; for Boston has more than once showed disinclination to hear an unfamiliar work. One of the greatest performances of Calvé was in "La Navarraise," but a comparatively

small audience sat as though it were either bored or at a loss to understand what was going on. Melba's fame made "La Bohème" a success in Boston. If she had sung the part of Floria Tosca—perish the thought!—the Boston Theatre would have been packed last Tuesday night. For there are few who go to the opera to hear a work without reference to the singers. Do not think for a moment that I underrate the vocal art of Melba, who as a singer is missed this season. Furthermore she was surprisingly good as Mimì. She has learned the value of discretion, and even when she is dramatically indifferent she does not "try to act." Emma Eames, for instance, has not yet, after all these years, learned the value of repose, nor does she yet walk simply, or stand simply. She "tries to act" even when she acknowledges a call before the curtain. See how she comes forward, with her arms in air—are they never tired?—as though the applause were solely for her, and only through her gracious condescension were the other singers bowing in her company. Of course she is delighted that her colleagues are applauded; but she has an unfortunate manner of showing this interior joy.

It might be a pleasure to sit through two acts of "Siegfried" to see merely the performance of Mime by Mr. Kells, a most admirable comedian; but we are not to have the pleasure.

Mr. Van Rooy's case is a pathetic one. Here is a man with an unusually good voice, who is on the straight road to ruin. It was an evil day for him when he met the widow Wagner. Now he declaims or rather shouts; he does not sing. As an actor he often excites a smile, especially when he thinks he is most impressive. His Telramund was funny, in attitudes, gestures,

swollen self-importance. Telramund, dear Mr. Van Rooy, was not the man you represent. He would not have been tolerated at the Court for 15 minutes, or he would have been gayed into more reasonable behavior. There were moments when Mr. Van Rooy with his drooping moustache and head thrown far back reminded me forcibly of the Learned Seal. But the seal is generally a quiet animal, he is not given to shouting.

Is not Sembrich to sing here in Donizetti's delightful "Daughter of the Regiment"? It is one of her best parts, and the music is charming throughout. In New York they gave this opera with "Cavalleria Rusticana," and with Calvé as the Santuzza.

Poor Calvé, doomed to lounge, and wriggle, and wheedle as Carmen, Boston has never seen her as the Marguerite in Boito's opera, or as Ophelia, or as Messalina, or in Bizet's "Pearl Fishers." When Calvé began her career, the critics reproached her for coldness in action. Will she ever carry out her purpose of singing Juliet?

The following article is apropos of Calvé's song recital to be given at Symphony Hall on March 25.

"Calvé loves her Provence, the land of romance, and she loves its language and songs, many of which she has known from her childhood, for they are the lullabies with which Provençal mothers sing their children to sleep. Among them is 'the Song of King Renaud,' one of the oldest of French songs. Others Calvé herself has translated from the Provençal.

"Furthermore she finds in these songs a recreation; she is thus able to 'get rid of Carmen,' as she expresses it.

"Cosima Wagner told me that her husband adored the old folk songs of all nations, and never tried hunting them out," said Calvé. "They interested Queen Victoria more than any operatic arias. Every time I was summoned to sing for her, she used to request some of the French chansons. Their simple grandeur appealed more to her than the trills and roulades of grand opera. So I thought, if the greatest composers turn to the old folk songs for their inspiration, why not a singer? My friends say I am 'crazy,' but I prove to them that others are, too. There is a special art of rendering the chanson. It is a story told in music—a recitative, broken only by sweeping chords, such as the old troubadours used to strike upon their harps while improvising these songs. Many of them are not written at all, merely preserved in my memory, and Mrs. Baskerville, my accompanist, improvises at the piano when I sing.

"One day I was asked to sing for a society entertainment at the Metropolitan Club. I was tired of Carmen and Italian selections. 'What shall I operate selections,' 'What shall I sing?' I asked. 'Why not some of the old songs with which you amuse yourself,' said Mme. Baskerville. So I made up a little program of them.

"I cannot render these quaint old chansons without a little introduction, so before each number I give a little explanatory chat, telling the history of the song, its sentiment and its characteristics. For the chansons of different periods vary greatly; having only this common characteristic that they are dramatic recitatives, sometimes grave, sometimes gay, but always full of action and life.

"These society people, who understand French and music too, go just as crazy over the old songs as I am. Then when Mrs. Mills asked me to sing for Prince Henry, there was a request for some of these songs. Rather risky, singing French songs to a Prussian Prince, but he was impressed with them, and told me they were very beautiful. Now I am going to give a series of recitals of old French songs, ranging from the Thirteenth Century down to present popular songs of the people. Among these latter Béranger's rank first, for he was the great songwriter of France, and did more to overthrow despotism and free the country with his songs than many soldiers did with their bullets. I am proud of my country, and proud of her songs, and I hope to spread the knowledge of them through America which is so receptive, and so appreciative of beautiful things.

"My first recital and the first concert I have ever given in New York will be at the Waldorf-Astoria on St. Patrick's Day, when I shall be assisted by Messrs. Salignac and Gilbert, who will render the chansons especially adapted to tenor and baritone voices. The program will include such old songs as 'Le Chanson du roi Renaud,'—the oldest song in the French language; 'O Magah,' an old air of the Thirteenth Century, in the days of the minstrels of Provence; 'Les Pyrenees,' a Berne air, attributed to Gaston de Foix; 'Sur le Montaign,' which I translated myself from the Provençal; 'Le Chanson de Clement Marot,' which I found in the musical archives of the National Library in Paris; 'Les Montignards,' an old song of the Pyrenees, whose author has been forgotten. Then there will be chansons of Monsigny, Daronlede, Darcier and Béranger, including the latter's famous 'Lisette' and 'My Old Coat.' Next season I propose to make a concert tour, rendering French, Italian and English ballads."

Cincinnati, so we are gravely told, boasts of a Society for the Suppression of Music. Good! Mr. Chase in the Evening Sun recently spoke of a Society for the Prevention of Calvé. Why not start one in New York for the Suppression of Scheff and make Herr Bandwurmski President?—Musical Courier.

There seems to be an undue amount of fuss made over a young woman of the Grau Company who goes by the slangy name of Fritzl Scheff. The doings of this unglorified person are chronicled as if of prime importance. The fact that she received an offer to go into comic opera is given columns of space in some of the dailies. She is a mediocre singer, a mediocre actress and beyond her general lack of restraint on the stage has little to commend. She is not pretty, while her singing of serious music is not to be criticised seriously. She really belongs in comic opera. She was born to the purple of the Tenderloin. Let us hope the Schubert brothers entice her away from the Metropolitan Opera House. Fritzl is a bore.—Musical Courier.

Rubin Goldmark's sonata for violin and piano was played lately at Vienna—Olive Fremstad, formerly well-known in America and now of the Cologne Opera, will sing in Wagner's opera at London. The contract of

Edythe Walker, another American, has been renewed for five years at Vienna.—Ernst Otto Nodnagel has written a pamphlet, "This Side of Wagner and Liszt." He names Gustave Mahler as the man of today, and the future. It is so easy to name!—Florizel Reuter is not yet well enough to resume his recitals.—The Musical Courier says: "That was the proper thing on the part of Mr. Frank Damrosch when he admonished the young people at his symphony concerts against their applauding of the soloists as the latter appeared on the stage. We are driving this personal equation rapidly into the ground through the radical application we are making of it, and one of these days a complete revulsion will overtake us, and it is just at such moments as the one introduced by Mr. Frank Damrosch when he called attention to the evil that helps forcibly to call our attention to it."

A HAND-MIRROR.

AT THE GYMNASIUM.

You have been feeling a little out of sorts. Some one says to you: "You smoke too much." Another: "You drink too much." A third: "You keep too late hours." A fourth: "Your liver doesn't work." And many say: "My dear man, you need exercise. You are getting fat and lazy. Use dumb-bells, ride a bicycle, walk, take exercise just before you go to bed and when you get up."

At last you rouse yourself. "I will exercise." But how? A friend, who is perhaps a secret enemy, says: "Gymnasium." You loathe the very word. You have not been in a gymnasium since you were in college—and then you went only once or twice. You were never athletic, even in your youth. You remember vaguely things that looked like instruments of torture in a mediaeval dungeon. You also remember an unpleasant smell, a menagerie-like smell. But you need exercise, and you will not take it in the ordinary way. You say to yourself: "I won't take exercise in my own room. I don't like to walk. I can't ride a bicycle. If I go to the gymnasium and strip, and put on those things they wear," (you wonder what they are and how much of your flabby body will be exposed) "then I shall be forced to exercise—'twould be silly not to go."

They say you had better have a thorough physical examination. You might as well go through the whole business while you are about it; so you go downstairs into the office of the "medical director." He is a pleasant young fellow who sits at a desk and is talking with another young fellow who has his hat and overcoat on. You are told to strip. Off go your coat and waistcoat and collar. Then you stop; for the young man in a hat and overcoat does not move to go. The examiner turns to you and says: "Take off everything, please." You matter something which he does not understand. At last you stand as you were born. The examiner comes forward, the other man goes to the desk and takes pencil and pad; and now you realize how foolish you were not to recognize in him an assistant.

Then you interview one that sells gymnasium suits. Yours consists of two garments—one black, which fits like your skin; and one white, which doesn't fit at all; neither suit makes any effort to cover you; and you put on sneakers. On your way to the gymnasium you pass a looking-glass, and you see yourself!

The "sym," as you are supposed to call it now, does not smell as bad as you expected, though it does suggest a torture-chamber. You meet the chief instructor, whom you instantly like—he takes you for granted, and does not make remarks about you, either facetiously or otherwise; you don't know why he should, but you now realize that you had been afraid of personalities. He patiently hears a few unne-

You follow him as best you can; for you find yourself exceedingly stupid in obeying directions and counting simple numbers. Soon, in spite of the apparent simplicity and easiness of your exercise, you are completely out of breath, and in a "profuse perspiration." The instructor says: "You've done enough for the first time; go and take a hot shower, dash off with cold, and you'll feel better. After you get over your nervousness, you won't work so hard. Good-by."

H. C.

I am reminded by reading your column in this day's Journal of a certain delicate souvenir owned by a resident of Washington, D. C., which was exhibited to me by its proud owner.

G. W. H.

A Pleasing Performance of the
Work by the Grau Opera Com-
pany.

The performance ranged from mere meritoriousness, as in the opening "Requiem" and "Kyrie," to superlative beauty and impressiveness, as in Mrs. Schuman-Heink's second solo, "Lux Aeterna," and in the final part, "Libera Me," sung by Mrs. Gadsdi and the chorus. Here and there soloist or chorus would miss the composer's indications; but, on the whole, the performance was sympathetic and spirited. Mr. Salignac and Mr. Bispham gave much satisfaction, but not so much as did the other soloists. Mrs. Schuman-Heink went through the "Libera Scriptus" bravely, although the music does not suit her voice; but otherwise she was wholly admirable. Her duet with Mrs. Gadsdi in the "Agnus Dei" was a rare display of art. From beginning to end Mrs. Gadsdi sang with all desirable effectiveness. With the chorus, in the "Libera Me," she made the final notes of the "Requiem" seem celestial. The chorus was obliged to sing the "Sanctus" twice. It did its part well throughout. Mr. Damrosch conducted discreetly, happily.

"Guinevere" in the Referee (London) sees in Prince Henry's junket the beginning of the end—the downfall of this great and gallorious Republic. Listen to her close reasoning: "The actual power in America will come from women. The makers of great Trusts, powerful as they are, have their wives to reckon with. What is the use of a woman wearing many diamonds when she may not display them at a Court ball? * * * It is quite a possibility that one day we shall see an Emperor of all the Americas. Whoever he may be, he will be elected solely by reason of his great social popularity. The Emperor of America! A splendid title, if you like; but we who are British may not possibly be happy at the prospect. Prince Henry of Prussia has been sent to develop an idea. Even if the Aldermen wear 'Prince Albert' coats—or forget to do so—the idea is there. For the American daughter of Eve is a pushful person, and she generally gets that which she desires."

We prefer "Guinevere" when she is discussing dinners and suppers. She herself was pleased with this bill of fare: "Some caviare followed by superlatively excellent Bisque d'Ecrevisses. A sole fried quite plainly, and then, as entrée, Noisettes d'Agneau tachel, with new potatoes. Then came Grives au Genièvre with salad. (I am afraid that the 'grive' is first cousin on one side to the Thrush, and more than tightly connected with the blackbird, but he is eminently edible.) Then a peach cleverly iced in the manner which Mme. Melba is supposed to affect, and some coffee. Only five courses, you see; nevertheless, there was little cause for anyone to quarrel with life what time the coffee and liqueurs were served."

George William Warren, who died last Sunday at New York, was at one time a widely known and favorite composer of music. There were few households that were not thrown into turmoil by passionate performances of his "Tam o'Shanter;" there were few churches in which his "Come Holy Spirit" and "Rock of Ages" were not accepted as the fullest expression through music of religious sentiment. Then for a long time Mr. Warren was celebrated as the organist and choir director at St. Thomas's. Under his reign the music was sentimentally pretty and floridly jubilant, and a harp was often heard when it was least expected. Thus was he for many years known both as sacred and profane. "Tam o'Shanter" is no longer the show-piece of Lucy Mary Jones fresh from school, nor is it regarded as a masterpiece of descriptive music; nor will his "Mary Magdalene" be sung in all the churches of Boston on Easter morning. Personally Mr. Warren was an amiable and delightful companion, in spite of the fact that he had spent many years in choir lofts.

"Hugger-mugger is not in the dictionary." Go to! It is in several dictionaries—from Dr. Johnson's to the Oxford English.

The verb "to luggermugger" has these meanings: to keep secret or concealed, to hush up, to proceed in a secret or clandestine manner, to meet or assemble in this manner, to go on in a confused or muddled way. And it has had one meaning or another for at least a century.

Mrs. Gaskell wrote in "Mary Barton": "I felt alone his meals being all hugger-mugger." Here is a line from Tennyson's "The Village Wife": "Hugger-mugger they lived, but they wasn't that casy to please." And of course the meaning here is untidy, slovenly. But when a Yorkshireman sneers at another for "hugger-muggering his brass" he is twitting him with stinginess and hoarding.

But we may well be accused of hugger-muggering, for in some counties this word describes the spending of time unprofitably.

Emile Faguet believes that a sensible author will keep his wrongs to himself rather than confide them to a reporter. To illustrate his point, he supposes himself to be the author of a play and describes the interview which follows the publication of the various criticisms. (We now quote from the New York Evening Post.)

The author's advocate speaks:
"Cher maître, do you know how the
critics have treated your play?"

"Not at all,"
"It's my duty to tell you, then."
"Certainly."

"Larroumet finds it lacks sparkle."
"He's quite right."

"But—Muhlfield finds it vulgar."

"But—Mendès finds it lacks imagination."

"He's hit it."

"But—Kerst holds that it's not even written in French."

"His taste is excellent."

"But will you permit me to publish."

"Certainly."

"And as I showed the author's advocate out" concludes Mr. Koguet. "I

ate out," concludes Mr. Faguet, "I would thank him for his kind visit, and

eg his pardon for not taking the offered opportunity of making myself ridiculous."

Mr. Grau's opera company began last night the second week of its engagement at the Boston Theatre with "Tannhauser." Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

Again there is the old question in a review of the performance last night. Should singing or acting be considered first when the opera is by Wagner? And this question includes another: Should the music of Wagner be sung as though it had been written for well-trained Italian, French, Polish or American singers?

Here is Mr. Van Dyck, for instance, whose performance of Tannhauser is intensely dramatic from beginning to end, crowded with most effective detail yet spontaneous and free; a heroic impersonation, passionate, noble, not hysterical. I know of no other Tannhauser to be named with it, so far as intelligence of conception and vitality of performance are concerned. Niemann, who created the part at Paris, was—at least in the early eighties—distinctly inferior to Mr. Van Dyck in this part; and Niemann's voice was always a rebellious organ, and he never sang well. The later Tannhausers who have visited Boston have been, without imagination, men of routine, or unardonably dull. Surely there is no doubt about the intense spirit and the superb artistry of Mr. Van Dyck, the play-actor. Now Mr. Van Dyck the singer, as I have said before this, is a man of theories and principles, a man of beliefs formulated and promulgated at Bayreuth, and these theories, principles and beliefs I personally cannot accept. I do not believe in such treatment of verbal or musical phrase for the purpose of distinct enunciation or compelling attention as well as insuring understanding of argument and action. It is true that Tannhauser's song to Venus is absurdly written for the voice; that it is inherently vulgar and ugly; but even this ditty need not be so chopped, as with a hay-cutter. There is no use, however, in argument or protestation: Mr. Van Dyck is an honest partisan; he believes he is right; so we must accept him as he is, and content ourselves with rejoicing in his consummate dramatic art.

Ternina's Elisabeth has been much applauded here, as a carefully finished portrait. The colors are quiet. There are nuances rather than striking tones, but Elisabeth was not a flamboyant princess. The play actress must here hint rather than frankly express; for Elisabeth, who is by no means a strong character, was reserved even in affection; only her religious nature was wrought out squarely in the light, and to her religion was as a refuge for a broken-hearted woman. Yet she loved Tannhauser in her quiet, shy fashion; and she loved him to love him most and perhaps for the first time with passion when he boasted of his adventures in the Venusberg and she hung her head for very shame. Now her character, lovely, though of mild loveliness, was understood and interpreted with elemental emotion and with the finesse of art by this admirable singer. Especially careful last night was the scene with Tannhauser before the entrance of the tiresome father; but there was no me when Ternina's impersonation did of charm and excite admiration. Her voice was not so excellent a medium of dramatic expression as of musical. At certain tones were dull and the general quality of the voice was often disappointing. There were exquisite vocal moments of deep emotion, but as a whole the strength of the performance was in action, not in song.

First Homer was the most attractive of men, which in these days, when bulk is mistaken by estimable Germans for temperament, is half the battle. She sang with much distinction; her Venus dressed as well as scolded in tone, and never was she merely the ranting drago whom we have sometimes seen. He began in wooing mood, with voice of charm and appeal, and thus it was possible for her to make a dramatic *rescendo*. We have all heard Venuses that knagged Hannhaeuser in the first act, so that we wondered at his long endurance as a first-dweller. It was a pleasure to find this singer conscious at last of the value of dynamic gradations, and able to make effects hereby. Her Venus is not as yet a great performance; but it is pleasing, and it is in the right direction.

Mr. Van Rooy surprised those who knew him only by his Telramund, for last night he sang, and sang with beauty of tone, smooth legato, and sustained length of phrase. When he sang, it was toward sentimentalism. Mr. Blass has a right good voice. The minor parts were acceptably taken and the septet in the second act was truly effective. There was a large audience, and there were curtain calls.

Philip Hale.

men, 10

I have my own opinions about that and many other things, which I shall keep to myself. I am not able to encounter constant dissension. I will have no btle, and so keep my own opinions for the future about men and things, within my own breast. I am naturally irritable, and therefore will avoid irritation; I prefer longevity to it, which I may have without the other.

We remember Prof. Simeon E. Baldwin of the Yale Law School and Associate Justice, etc. His lectures in 1876 were not so entertaining as his lectures

In 1902. When he says that "Américains" as a class cut too much meat, we agree with him. Probably it was through his influence that the board-house keepers in New Haven kept us on a low diet.

"A plain carolrog \$1.50 a day should save 25 cents a day." Yes; and if he cannot save a quarter, he should borrow it each day, and then deposit it in a safe place. It is so easy for a professor and a Justice to talk about saving on \$1.50 a day.

"No workman earning but \$2 a day can afford lace curtains." We go still further. No one, however rich, can afford lace curtains, which are in every way an intolerable nuisance.

Prof. Baldwin believes apparently in a light supper instead of a late dinner. "Bread and butter, cake, preserves, and a cup of tea. Occasionally a little dried beef." Does he seriously maintain that such a supper is healthful? Especially when the bread is hot biscuit?

Yes, Prof. Baldwin is much more entertaining than he was in 1876.

We are pleased with W. F. W.'s opinions on collars, although his premise—"a man does not clothe his neck with a collar of a particular shape merely because that particular shape suits the conformation of his neck"—is open to argument. For instance, there is a sense of harmony, proportion, unity in the sight of a short, fat, red-faced man in a stranger. In an easy, loose collar, he would be merely a gross fellow, mortal, comfortable; careless of his soul. In the tight collar that he so often wears, he is a memento mori; he warns the passer by against the dangers of the flesh and the appetites. For moral as well as aesthetic reasons he should gurgie and choke even in full dress. But let us go back to W. F. W.

This same W. F. W. does not appreciate the collars worn by Mr. Rostand and other French playwrights; "the collar of their grandfathers who turned down its points over the cascade of a tremendous black satin cravat." He hints at "advertisement purposes," and thus we see him looking over the world of collars and cuffs from Mar-selles to Troy, N. Y., with a narrow, insular eye. Yet he admits that the ways of collar-wearers are not always to be explained: "At least, when you behold a man seated opposite you at dinner in a collar with the points carefully arranged so as to catch the angle of his jaw whenever he moves his head a hair's breadth out of the straight line, and to bring tears into his eyes, should he happen to disremember, you can hardly suppose that he wears that collar for the purpose of proclaiming himself of weak mind."

An ingenious French author of the early fifties, "Gr. de M." insists that a collar should answer all the demands of elegance and hygiene. It is the mark of eyes when you are talking or listening; at the same time it should protect the breathing apparatus. This Frenchman says that the collar should be high or low, tight or loose, thick or thin, according to season, age and temperament. Furthermore, he believes that beards should be trimmed to suit the collar.

Of course further discussion would lead us inevitably to the cravat, a subject which we would fain consider in some duller season. We cannot now refrain from mentioning the "Cravate à l'Américaine," which is described and pictured to "Cravatiana," a free translation from the eighth edition of the English original (Paris, 1823). We translate back from the French:

"The American cravat is very pretty and easy to arrange, if it be heavily starched. It is composed of two lateral folds. These folds do not come as near the ears as in the 'Cravate Mathématique,' which has a horizontal fold that serves as a meeting-point.

"When the American cravat is arranged scrupulously according to rule it has the appearance of a column intended to sustain an elegant capital. It has many admirers among our friends across the water, the daughters of the United States, who give it the fine name, 'Independence.' Yet this name may be disputed, because the neck, thus cravated, is placed in a sort of pipe, where any lateral movement or downward motion is forbidden. The colors of this cravat are sea-green and amaranth. Let me here remark that while I point out the colors determined by fashion as the most suitable for each kind of cravat, I do not pretend to exclude the simplicity of white, which is always to good taste."

There is talk in Paris of a monument to Charles Baudelaire in the Cemetery of Montparnasse. This provokes in London periodicals a rehash of stories about the poet of "Fleurs du Mal," and again we hear about his opium-drunk-

ness and his "deplorable attachment" to Jeanne Duval, "the Black Venus." But why all this pother? The statue is not to an opium-eater, nor is it to Jeanne Duval; it is to a master of verse and prose. Nor is it at all certain that Baudelaire's fearful sickness and death were brought on by his irregular life—and this irregularity has been grossly exaggerated. Mrs. Aupick, the mother of Baudelaire, outlived her son, but she died of the same disease, and was an aphasiac; so it seems as though the poet's case were one of atavism. Yes, his ending was sad. "Ange-Bénigne" wrote in the *Gazette* that women of society endeavored to cheer Baudelaire in his last days. "One of them tried to get him to take care of his hair and beard, which made him a frightful object. If he happened to see himself in a looking-glass he no longer recognized himself; he bowed profoundly." The man who once was foppish in dress, and affected extreme English fashions, was at the end sly and almost filthy. But such an end has crowned the life of upright men and saintly women. Baudelaire himself wrote in his Journal: "I have cultivated my hysteria with joy and terror. I am never without the vertigo, and today, Jan. 23, 1862, I have had a singular warning. I have felt the wind from the wing of imbecility pass over me." He also noted this fact: "My ancestors, idiots or maniacs—all victims of terrible passions." As for Jeanne Duval: she was neither black nor a Venus. Prarond, who knew her, describes her as a mulatto, not very black, not very handsome, with black hair that was straight rather than woolly, flat-chested, unusually tall, with an ugly gait. She figured about 1810 in second-rate café-concerts, and she had neither talent, nor wit, nor heart. She was a drunkard, and at a comparatively early age she had a paralytic stroke. Nothing is more creditable in the life of Baudelaire than the consideration and the kindness he showed this unfortunate woman until his death, and he was fully aware of her utter worthlessness.

Baudelaire, by the way, delighted in a black cravat with wide ends, knotted carefully, but loosely; it was more like a silk handkerchief than a pillow.

"NOZZE DI FIGARO."

A Delightful Performance of Mozart's Ever Fresh and Beautiful Opera—Sembrich, Eames and Fritz Scheff.

Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" was given by Mr. Grau's opera company last night at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Seppilli conducted. The cast was as follows:

The Count.....	Ed. de Reszke
The Countess.....	Eames
Susanna.....	Seppilli
Figaro.....	Campanari
Cherubino.....	Scheff
Marcellina.....	Bauermeister
Basilio.....	Reiss
Don Curzio.....	Maestri
Bartolo.....	Gilbert
Antonio.....	Duriche

The ensemble last night was one of unusual excellence. I do not mean by this that the chief parts were taken by celebrated singers, but that all the parts were played with spirit and intelligence. How adorable, for instance, was the Antonio of Mr. Duriche, one of the most valuable members of the company, so versatile he is in comedy, so authoritative in the delineation of character. Then there were Messrs. Gilbert, Reiss and Maestri, with the ever faithful Miss Bauermeister. There was no yawning during their performance, no watching of the chief singers, no impatient anticipation of a solo or duet. Add to this that Mr. Seppilli conducted with appreciation and care.

When will there be another Susanna like that of Sembrich, the arch maid whom Mozart himself might have coached for the part? The voice itself last night was not, perhaps, so invariably perfect in quality as on other occasions—for the company is now nearing the end of a long and trying season—but how exquisite, how inflexible her singing of the music, in air, duet, ensemble, relative! How just are values in the delivery of a phrase! How flawless her legato, which is one of the few real wonders of the operatic world!

And "The Marriage of Figaro" is an opera that shows Emma Eames to advantage, for she is not obliged to play the tragic heroine or feign a passion in which she cannot forget hers. There are other ways of understanding the Countess, who was at bottom a sad and disappointed woman. I have seen the part played with more pathos, when the fairy was assumed for the sake of distraction. But this Countess is a fair picture, and the music is no beyond the range or far from the natural quality of her voice. She sang coldly the first of her arias, the one that is so beautiful in gentle melody, and for once the song passed unnoticed by the audience. Nor did she rise fully to the second aria, in display of tone and mechanism, but with these exceptions her singing was fluent and agreeable.

Miss Scheff showed indisputably her native talent for operetta. Mozart defined by his music the Cherubino of the librettist as well as the Cherubino of the French playwright. The two songs are full of amorous passion, and the duet and a richer, darker voice. Miss Scheff chose the wiser part and sang

them prettily, for it is hard to associate any genuine emotion with this scabrette, and her voice itself is not emotional. She played with flippancy and archness, and was most pleasing to the eye both as boy and girl.

Mr. De Reszke sang with a firmer control of his vocal resources than he has shown thus far, except possibly in "Le Cid." The Count was a dashing blade; his instincts were the same as when he disported himself gaily in Rossini's "Barbier." Now it is not easy for a man of Mr. De Reszke's build to be dashing or to suggest romance, but he played with a certain distinction and at times with lightness. Mr. Campanari's Figaro might have been a little more sardonic, for this Figaro is frankly cynical; but he acted with spirit and humor, and sang effectively. There was a very large audience that often showed unmistakable signs of pleasure.

The opera today will be "Carmen" at 4:45 P. M., with Calvé, Fritz Scheff, Saligoac, Campanari, Mr. Flon will conduct. "Les Huguenots" at 7:45 with Lucienne Bréval, Suzanne Adams, Louise Homer, Alvarez, Journot, Scotti, Ed. de Reszke, Mr. Flon will conduct.

Philip Hale.

MR. KLAHRE'S CONCERT.

Mr. Edwin Klahre gave his third piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program included Beethoven's variations in C minor, and sonata op. 57; pieces by Field, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Grieg, Rubinstein, Liszt and others. Mr. Klahre often gives pleasure by serious purposes, agreeable quality of tone, and a musical intelligence that keeps him from extravagance or harmful ambition.

I understand the large hearts of heroes.
The courage of present times and all times;
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the steamship, and death chasing it up and down the storm,
How he knuckled tight, and gave not back one inch, and was faithful of days and faithful of nights,
And chafed in large letters on a board: "Be of good cheer, we will not desert you!"
How he followed with them, and lacked with them—and would not give it up;
How he saved the drifting company at last;
How the lank, loose-gowned women looked when hoisted from the side of their prepared graves,
How the silent old-faced infants, and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipped, unshaved men:
All this I swallow—it tastes good—I like it well—it becomes mine;
I am the man—I suffer'd—I was there.

Leonidas, Epaminondas, Tour d'Auvergne, Ney—these names and other names sound with trumpet tone under the roof of the world. Eldredge, Nickerson, Small, Kendrick, Chase, Rogers, Foye, Mayo, Ellis—these, too, are names of heroes who did their duty without thought of heroism, without the drunkenness of battle.

Mr. H. Charles Obendaugh of Binghamton, N. Y., has invented and perfected a whisky pellet. "By a process of distillation and compression the finest brands of whisky can be compressed and carried like pills."

We do not believe that this invention will ever be popular. The man that feels a sinking in his stomach and need of alcohol as well as he that wishes to whisky-and-water the plant of friendship will miss the cheery bar with the glasses artistically arranged, the experienced bar-keep with his smile and immaculate linen, cravat and apron, the sight of cheese, fingered crackers, dried fish, sausage, the loud confidences of some that are stranded on the bar. He will miss the ice, the preparation, the delusion that the whisky which he drinks comes from a particular bottle kept only for him and two or three that really know what good whisky is.

Furthermore, there will be no long, tickling or burning sensation in the throat.

Philoxenus, dissatisfied with nature, wished he had the neck of a crane that he might have longer pleasure in swallowing. Athenaeus remarked: "He might better have wished to be an ox, camel, horse or elephant. Pleasures increase in direct ratio with strength, and these animals should have greater and more acute pleasure." To which Lefebvre de Villebrune, translator, says, No. The joy of the senses is proportioned only to the irritability of the nervous system." But imagine Philoxenus, invited to drink, and then receiving a pill. A scene for our friend the Historial Painter.

The man that knows how to make a newspaper a success—he also knows that he could play Hamlet—is always growling at his newspaper. He was not mentioned "among those present," there was an editorial article that was against his private and selfish interest; his puff of a friend's daughter who thinks she can play the fiddle was not published; the Society Editor forgot to include in her Sunday page an elaborate notice of a progressive euche party in which he and his wife were prominent (his wife wrote the account and described her dress in detail, al-

though she cursed privately the dress-maker and has not yet paid her). "No, sir; our newspapers are badly managed; they do not publish the news."

How happy is the lot of Texan editors and publishers! Their efforts are appreciated. We find a proof of this in the Dallas News of March 15. Mr. S. E. Kennedy of Davis, 1. T., wrote a long letter to the editor; he told him how he loved him, how if he were near him he should kiss him on the brow. He especially commends the "close and wonderful researches after news." And mind you he is a "veteran reader." He is no new subscriber; he has read the News for 35 years. We are sure that this quotation will be appreciated:

"But only think of its news gathering ability now. Only yesterday I was reading a letter from an old friend in Burnett County, Texas, who said: 'We have not had a good rain here since the Galveston storm.' I was feeling so good over the big rain we got in our great Washita Valley that I thought I would write back and tell it to my old friend and ask him if he got any rain, when yesterday's News came with the glad tidings from him and so many others of a drench all over Texas. Then there was the letter from Granger, Texas, telling of the steel spring taken from the wings of M. H. Luckett. I knew Mr. Luckett well. He was my neighbor, friend and brother at Florence, Texas, where he came to from Tennessee about 20 years ago. He married a good Christian girl there at Florence, and lived a devoted Christian life. I have seen him cough that little little spring would rise up and rattle in his throat till there was a hope of its escaping into his mouth. But when the doctors told him it could never be removed he would get up in our meetings and ask the prayers of Christians that he might bear with patience the affliction and get home to a haven of rest in the great beyond."

We might ask: If Mr. Kennedy saw the spring "rise up and rattle" in Mr. Luckett's throat why didn't he take hold of it like a brave man and good neighbor and pull it out. But such a question would be a discordant interruption in the grand burst of harmony. To quote again from Mr. Kennedy:

"The great Dallas News * * * tells us of the mighty storms and floods in one part of the land and of the gentle showers in another. It brings us news of the terrible wrecks on the railroads and of the joy and happiness experienced in all the churches in the great revivals. It tells of the 'foot herd' that throngs and presses around Prince Henry to get a glimpse of royalty, and faithfully records the sorrows of the heart-broken mother over the coffin of her little child. It tells of the thieves in 'high places,' who rob a nation of millions, and of the 'crown' who visits the hen roost at night. God bless this great news gatherer!"

And will the publisher of the News have the audacity to send Mr. Kennedy a bill for his subscription? Should not this Veteran Reader be put on the free list? Something in our heart tells us that he is already one of the noble army of dead-heads.

OPERA AND CONCERT.

Mr. Grau's Company in "Les Huguenots" at the Boston Theatre—Fourth and Last Recital by Mr. Harold Bauer.

Mr. Grau's opera company gave Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" at the Boston Theatre last night. Mr. Flon conducted. The cast was as follows:

Marguerite, Queen of Valois.....	Suzanne Adams
Saint-Erles.....	Jonnet
Valentine.....	Lucienne Bréval
De Nevers.....	Declery
De Cosse.....	Vanni
De Taverannes.....	Reiss
De Retz.....	Viviani
Marcel.....	Ed. de Reszke
Urban.....	Louise Homer
Huguenot Soldier.....	Barg
Maurevert.....	Duriche
1st Lady of Honor.....	Miss Bauermeister
2d Lady of Honor.....	Mrs. Van Cauteeren

The performance, with the exception of the duet in the fourth act, was not brilliant. Indeed, the third act as a whole was ineffective. Suzanne Adams was not at her best in the duet with Marcel, and certain unpleasant vocal mannerisms were not redeemed by nobility of phrase or intense dramatic spirit. She shivered, she dragged, she sang with effort, her tones were often harsh or impure; but in the last act she displayed passionate feror and her voice was alternately appealing and commanding. She again showed in action the careful training of her school; and again she was to the eye a singularly charming and unusual woman. Suzanne Adams was not wholly successful in her coloratura. Her upper tones were often taken with an evident struggle, nor were they agreeable when they were captured. Marguerite of Valois was a woman of elegance, and this elegance should appear even in passages of bravura. As she sang last night the music seemed beyond her present ability, nor has she acquired the queenly habit and demeanor. I do not mean by this that she should strut or prance or move as though she were on castors, or deliberately act the Queen. I simply say that her impersonation was without distinction. Mrs. Homer was a handsome page.

Mr. Alvarez sang to the great duet with marked intensity. In the duet scene he was not so effective, and the scene itself did not awaken enthusiasm. It is not too much to say that the fame of the fourth act has worked injury to the opera as a whole; it has to many

...driven the ... from the stage, shortened preceding acts and tempted Raoul and Valentine to save themselves for the conflict between love and duty.

Mr. Journet was an appropriately sombre Saint Bris, but his performance was not marked by the cruel fanaticism that characterized the part as taken by Plancon. Mr. Declery acted de Nevers with commendable and routine appreciation. Vocally he made little impression. The Marcel of Mr. de Reszke is familiar to all, nor does the impersonation change from year to year: it is as a law of the Medes and Persians. The chorus and the orchestra went through their tasks perfunctorily, as after a matinee performance, with an audience of good size, which applauded impartially both the domestic and the imported.

All in all, the performance was the least interesting and the weakest of the fortnight; for "Le Cid" was at least a novelty, and in "Manru" there was at first curiosity, and then hope—hope that lasted even until the falling of the curtain.

The opera yesterday afternoon was "Carmen," with Calvé, Fritz Schöff, Salignac, Scotti, Mr. Flon conducted. The opera this evening will be "Tristan und Isolde." The singers will be Ternina, Schumann-Heink, Van Dyck, Bispham, Muehlmann, Reiss, Bars, Ed. de Reszke, Mr. Damrosch will conduct.

Philip Hale.

MR. BAUER'S RECITAL.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his fourth piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steiner Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Bauer played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata;

Liszt's sonata in E minor, and Schumann's "Carnaval."

Liszt's sonata is seldom heard here. Mr. Arthur Friedheim played it in 1891, when he was more successful in the allegro and in the fugue than in the lyrically poetic section, although there was a certain nobility about the whole performance. Others have played it, but have left a vague impression. Mr. Bauer's performance was admirable. It must be ranked with some of his best work last season, it was so sustained in thought, so self-contained yet so impressive, so elegant in the expression of Liszt's polished and plausible emotion, so authoritative in the assurance that the sonata was well worth while.

The performance of the "Carnaval" was, on the whole, less satisfactory. There were beautiful pages, but at times the expression of gentle or dreamy sentiment was too deliberate; there was the thought of an endeavor to the irresistibly emotional; certain episodes were dragged; and before the end was reached, the idea of continuity was lost.

MECH 21, 1902 OPERA AND CONCERT.

Substitution of "Lohengrin" for "Tristan and Isolde" by Mr. Grau's Company—Recitals by Mr. Ernest Hutcheson and Miss Julia Heinrich.

Mr. Grau's company performed "Lohengrin" last night at the Boston Theatre. The opera was substituted for "Tristan and Isolde" in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Van Dyck. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

Elsa Ternina
Ortrud Schumann-Heink
Lohengrin Von Bandrowski
Telramund Muehlmann
The Herald Dufliche
Henry the Fowler Ed. de Reszke

The performance does not call for extended comment; the opera was given here last week, and therefore let us consider only for a moment the Elsa of Ternina and the Lohengrin of von Bandrowski.

It is said that Elsa is not one of Miss Ternina's favorite parts. This may or may not be so; the fact remains that she plays it admirably, in romantic, poetic spirit. She is the maiden of mystical visions; of night watches in which she longs for the unknown hero; of dreams in which he avenges her. Her sorrow, distress, joy—these are portrayed as if unconsciously, with the finish of flawless art that is vitalized by spontaneity and ineffable, virginal charm. How artistically the voice is used to color the phrase to point the emotion. And so one might go step by step with the Elsa of the poisoned mind and inflamed curiosity, until she knows of her eternal and self-inflicted loss—and words of criticism would again be words of eulogy and thankfulness for such an impersonation.

Mr. von Bandrowski made a stronger impression in "Manru" in spite of the disagreeable character of his part and the prevailing dullness of the music. His Lohengrin has been carefully studied and composed. There are fine moments; but they are of short duration, and there is no sustained effort that steadily leads to a climax. This Lohengrin is a man of routine, without high imagination, without brilliance of voice, without magnetism. It is a Lohengrin that travels second-class, and is rather anxious about his baggage. Nevertheless there were a few distinguished moments, as when he first requested Elsa not to be curious concerning his name. He did not immediately roar this request at her. And here he was superior to nine tenors out of any ten. As a whole, Mr. von Bandrowski was excellent chiefly in the intention.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink at the beginning sang more discreetly than at the first performance, and she was there-

fore more effective, but toward the end of the first act she fell back into her old ways, chopped her phrases, bit off the ends, shouted herself off the true pitch, and was conventionally violent in action. It is a pity that she cannot sit the other side of the foot-lights and see herself in a passionate burst. The object lesson would be of incalculable value to her. Mr. Muehlmann was far less objectionable than certain Telramunds that have been imported from time to time. The Prayer in the first act was shockingly sung, and Mr. Edward de Reszke started it off as a chief shocker. He is now conspicuously variable. There was an audience of good size, which applauded most heartily—the aforesaid Prayer, Ternina's art, and Mrs. Schumann-Heink—especially when she screamed and waved her arms violently.

The opera tonight will be Verdi's "Otello," with Emma Eames, Louise

Homer, Alvarez, Scotti, Bars, Journet, Dufliche, Vanni, Viviani. Mr. Sep-pill will conduct.

Philip Hale.

MR. HUTCHESON'S RECITAL.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson gave his second piano recital in Steiner Hall yesterday afternoon. He played Liszt's arrangement of Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; Schubert's Fantasia, op. 15; Chopin's Scherzo in C sharp minor, Nocturne in F, two Preludes (A major and C sharp minor), Polonaise in A flat, Mendelssohn's Characterstuck; Liszt's Etude de Concert in F minor, and his own arrangement of "Walkuere-nritt."

In Bach's Fantasia there was an over-use of the damper-pedal, but the Fugue was played in masterly fashion, as was Schubert's Fantasia. Mr. Hutcheson was more successful in the Polonaise and Scherzo by Chopin than in the Nocturne and Preludes. He is not a pianist of subtle or profound emotion; but a piece like Mendelssohn's "Characterstuck" he plays with exquisite touch and supreme elegance, and naturally his performance of Liszt's Concert Study was agreeably brilliant. His arrangement of the "Walkuere-nritt" is remarkable as a transcription, and he played it with surprising vigor, dash and comprehension. There was an enthusiastic audience.

MISS HEINRICH'S RECITAL.

Miss Julia Heinrich, now of Chicago, assisted by Mr. Max Heinrich, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Huntington Chambers Hall. The program included three of Dvorak's Biblical Songs, Grieg's Ausfahrt, Solvejg's Cradle Song, Morgenstau, Herbststurm; Richard Strauss's "Ach lieb, ich muss nun scheiden," Meinem Kinde, Morgen, "Oh, Suesser Mai," "All mein Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn." Miss Heinrich evidently gave pleasure to the good-sized audience. Her voice is not of large compass or unusual quality, and her singing at present is amateurish.

We stagger under the enormous weight
Of all the heavy ages piled on us,
With all their grievous wreaths inveterate,
And all their disenchantments dolorous,
And all the monstrous tasks they have be-
queathed;
And we are stifled with the airs they
breathed,
And read in theirs our doom calamitous.

They have discovered the complete skeleton of a mylodon in Terra del Fuego. And 1000 years from today some hardy explorer may discover where the South End was, or possibly among the ruins of Jamaica Plain, the complete skeleton of a melodon, said to be the most untamable of all musical instruments and the terror of the neighborhood in summer.

The German censor cut out all the cartoons about Prince Henry published in American journals that came to Berlin, so that the inhabitants of the city might not see the lampoons. This shows again that the Germans have no sense of true humor, although the fact that they take their Emperor seriously should be sufficient proof.

We call the attention of the violinists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to the "Old-Time Fiddlers' Contest," which will begin early in April at Decatur, Ala., and continue several days. Nearly 100 old-time fiddlers will compete, among them ex-Gov. Bob Taylor of Tennessee. Our local violinists who have proved their endurance by fiddling through symphonies of Brahms and Bruckner and tone-poems by Richard Strauss will be welcomed heartily, but let no one think that the triumph will be sure and easy. Bob Taylor himself is a whole string orchestra; he plays on the G string or all the strings with absurd yet dangerous ease; his harmonics alone have won elections; the Ysaye of Tennessee, the Orpheus of the South.

A motorman while in charge of a car in New York lost his power of speech; but how will this affliction interfere with his business? Suppose a barker should lose his voice; what is

there left for him? And it is not given to every one to be a barker.

There was a buckwheat-cake eating contest at Harnychville, Ind. Four young men entered. Mr. Morris Flynn ate 97 cakes and won. Has no one eaten 100? We are not told about the conditions and circumstances. Was molasses—their molasses—or maple syrup used? Was the butter fresh or salted? A more severe competition in endurance would be over sausages and buckwheats eaten together on one plate. This would be a sight worth seeing. There are some accomplished amateurs at Albany, N. Y. Why should there not be a meeting there before the season closes?

The New York Sun gives the correct inflection of the present tense of the indicative mood of the verb to "plng-pong."

I plng: We arevel on the floor.
Thou pongoest: Ye tear your trousers.
He pung: They break the furniture.

So the German Government will not allow the importation into Germany of meats preserved by the use of borax or boracic acid.

Col. John F. Hobbs says that this action is ridiculous, especially as it will mean "the loss of millions annually to the meat interests of this country."

Now borax has been used for years to preserve the freshness of meat. Thus we read in Philosophical Transactions (1684): "The other species (of nitre) they term Baurac, which they used in seasoning their meat." It has long been considered as harmless. Col. Hobbs adds: "The quantity of powdered borax used in dusting meats is very small indeed. Practically all of it may be blown off or washed off before the meat is offered for sale."

Let it be blown off carefully, not washed off; let it be saved for household medicinal purposes. It may be used for the toothache, for cleansing wounds, for specks on the eyes; as an emetic, for orthopnoea and angina. What does Ebn Amram say? "It is useful in toothache and kills the worm in them, and in stopping the throbbing in them it has wonderful powers." The ancient Romans knew the value of this borax. "Being mixed with honey into an electuary they give it inwardly unto those that have the squinancie." And the "squincanie" is a terrible disease, for they that suffer "cannot draw their wind but sitting upright."

If the meat is sprinkled with green borax, the powder may be used for country driveways. See what Pliny says: "In our time and namely in the dales, of the Emperor Nero, the floor of the grand cirque or show-place at Rome was seen paved all over with green Borax, at which time as he exhibited goodly fights and pastimes to the people; and namely when he meant himself to run a race with chariots, and took pleasure to drive his horses upon a ground suitable to the color of the cloth or liverie that he wore himself at that time; and in truth a world of workmen he brought thither to lay the same paving."

How grateful would a green driveway be under the fierce sun! The glaring black or white sand too often clashes with costumes worn by summer maids and matrons. How delightful, for instance, are the pine-needle roads in Oysterville, that haven of the blessed!

Furthermore, we learn from our copy of that invaluable work, "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," by Mr. Cooley—the copy once owned and diligently

studied by a well-known play-actress—that borax after it is taken from the meat may be used in honey, or a lotion, or lozenges, or an ointment, or in its naked and powdered form, to preserve beauty—again an instance of its usefulness in preserving meat.

Mr. Samuel de Paris should be a popular theatre-manager. He believes that imaginary meals eaten on the stage are a foolish sight, and as the first act of "Les Deux Ecoles" passes in a restaurant, the comedians have the right to order in their dinner, which is sent across from Brébant's. We remember that when Victor Maurel sang the part of Don Juan in Mechanics' Building he introduced real champagne in the supper scene, to the joy of the chorus girls at the table and the amazement of the audience on the kitchen chairs.

Therefore, old captive but unconquered earth,
Who share your children's doom, my grateful heart

Thanks you, my Mother, for the gift of birth.
We, for a time distinct, never apart,
Shall soon again be blended. But, meanwhile,

I ply my business in the mortal mart.
Purchasing here and there a hope, a smile,
A little love, for-love I gladly pay.

And brief, bright hour, from sorrow thus beguile.

Not over serious in the game I play.

For neither you nor I are what we seem.

But symbols of a mystery—and some day,

Perhaps, the soul inspiring us will gleam
Through all material texture, and the One
Will know the meaning of the myriad's dream.

The late Edward Green was a pioneer in the East India trade, a man that made a fortune in tea. Yet, when he died he was described simply as "the husband of Hetty Green."

Some years ago a brilliant journalist in New York was never weary of characterizing Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, and certain other heavyweights of operetta as "stock-yard beauties"—a "gentle home thrust"—to quote Artemus Ward—at their bulk. He dropped the qualifying word when his brother married one of these ornaments of the stage. Now that women and girls are forcing men out of the lighter work that is done at the Chicago stock-yards, may there not be genuine stock-yard beauties?

We read lately an account of the pistols used in the Burr-Hamilton duel, and how they were for many years in the possession of the late Colonel Walter S. Church of Albany. We knew the Colonel well. He boasted of having Indian blood in his veins, and was indeed a singular character. Once prominent in the Anti-Slavery troubles, he was a fearless man, and one armed with a remarkable vocabulary of profanity. In another century he would have been a famous buccancer; born in a more prosaic age, he contented himself with lawsuits.

At least 25 pairs of pistols must have been used in the famous duel. We have seen 10 or a dozen. The last pair we saw was at Mashpee, Barnstable County, and the owner was Mr. Hobbes, whose inn is known to many Bostonians. He claims that the pistols came to him through Daniel Webster. This story is told, as a rule, between the serving of the chicken and the fried bananas.

Mr. George Feydeau of Paris saw the failure of his libretto for a comic opera at the Gaité. At first he took the misfortune philosophically, and then he protested: "Much that had been submitted to the Press had been suppressed before the first public performance." The Paris correspondent of the Referee asks: "Then why call out the Press for the final rehearsal?" and he quotes the example of Sarcy, who would never attend a last rehearsal in his capacity of a critic, and said that in nine cases out of ten if the capacious ones published their opinions before the first night there would not be a soul in the house. We fear that Sarcy took himself and his colleagues too seriously.

How sensitive these Europeans are! When Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" was performed for the first time in Vienna early this month, all mention of that city was omitted in the text, and the famous phrase "A looker-on here in Vienna" was not spoken.

A correspondent of the Referee (London) ascribes the lack of sympathy between the masses and the Church of England "to the hideous dress worn by the upper members of the Cloth." He draws a picture of a church dignitary "with his gaiters and his low-brimmed hat turned up at the edges and tied with a bit of black strings; he declares that children are frightened by this clerical apparition, and run crying to their mothers when they come upon it suddenly." Mr. Sims doubts the justice of this, but adds: "I am free to confess that I have often wondered why it was necessary for the priests of a religion of hope and joyfulness to dress themselves after the manner of an undertaker. I don't say that a clergyman ought to wear big check trousers and a bright red tie, but I certainly think he might be allowed a cheerful pair of trousers and a subdued 'fancy' waistcoat, and an occasional flower in his buttonhole. He could always retain his clerical collar as a sign of his calling."

Bishop Doane never frightened children when he walked abroad with his ecclesiastical knickerbockers and a most amiable and equally ecclesiastical bulldog. Did not Mr. W. S. Gilbert write some verses about a sporting curate as well as about a Bishop?

They say that the self-advertisement of playactors goes to a greater length at Paris than any other city. This seems impossible to any one that knows New York. One reason that Claretie, the manager of the Comédie-Française, is unpopular with his company is because he wishes to put limits to their

biography of the man.

"The program in every theatre reck of it. Not only do we have a complete ladder of the successes of the lady or gentleman who is playing such and such a part, together with all the nice things that somebody has said about them for even that the words should ever have been uttered is not necessary, but I notice that the managers and directors of theatres now find it incumbent on them to tell the public who they are and what they have done to merit the proud position which they hold. As the next development, we shall have a touching description of the midnight man, and how it was he was not in electrical engineer; or the box-office keeper will explain how he fought and won in his contest with the bill of exchange. Even the greatest of the Paris artists, with an European reputation, find it necessary—or their managers do to label their portraits at their own theatre doors with 'the great and incomparable' and other descriptions."

The late historian, Samuel R. Gardiner, used to say of Froude: "Whenever I find myself particularly perplexed on any point, I look to see what Froude has to say about it. I always find his help invaluable, for I can trust implicitly his unflinching instinct for arriving at false conclusions; and the more positive he becomes, the safer I feel in adopting a diametrically opposite view."

"OTELLO."

Revival of Verdi's Superb Opera by Mr. Grau's Company at the Boston Theatre—A Performance Long to Be Remembered.

Mr. Grau's company gave Verdi's "Otello" last night at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Seppilli conducted. The cast was as follows:

Otello	Alvarez
Iago	Scotti
Cassio	Bass
Roderigo	Vanni
Desdemona	Dufriehe
Montano	Dufriehe
A Herald	Viviani
Desdemona	Emma Eames
Emilia	Louise Homer

It is too late in the day to dispute concerning Verdi's "Otello." The opera is one of the great achievements of genius. It would be a mighty work if it had been written by a man in the flush and hot blood of his power. Written as it was by a graybeard of over 70 years—the opera was produced when Verdi was 74—it is incredible. The opera is even now ultra-modern in construction, thought and expression, from the wonderful storm scene at the beginning—which many unfortunately missed—to the death of Otello—for let us spell the word as Shakespeare wrote it.

We do not hear it enough. Page after page of orchestral dramatic finesse and truth go by almost unnoticed, such is the passion upon the stage. Take, for instance, the marvelous orchestration when Iago begins to warn Otello against jealousy. Not till the scene between the actors is thoroughly familiar does the ear receive the full bodiment of those harmonies scored so portentously. And this is only one instance out of a hundred and more.

We do not hear the opera frequently for two reasons. How many tenors are there who dare to play the tragic part? And then there is the horror of the subject, which has turned many against the tragedy itself.

The opera was first made known to us in Boston by Campanini, as a manager, who lost much money through his devotion to Verdi and his work. Then it was again appeared with Albani and Dol Tuerco; and then Tamagno again played the Moor with Eames and Victor Maurel. If I am not mistaken there was another performance by these two men, the original Otello and Iago, with Libia Drog.

In certain respects the performance last night was the noblest of them all in this city. Tamagno was unsurpassable in his entrance; in the finale of the third act, and in the last act; no one will probably ever equal him in these scenes; for his voice was one of phenomenal power and intensity, and his action was realistic to the point of brutality. On the other hand, in purely lyric passages he bleated and was far, far from the true pitch. Mr. Alvarez sang throughout superbly, with a force and an understanding that show why his reputation in Paris and London is so great. It took a part like this to reveal to us the full stature and equipment of the man. Thus in the love-scene of the first act, in the scenes afterward with Desdemona, in the soliloquy in the third act: "Ioan," had it pleased thee to try me with affliction, he was superior to Tamagno. When Tamagno triumphed it was by means of an unparalleled exhibition of power in song and action. The performance of Alvarez was more thoroughly musical, and it was never deficient in force. It was admirably composed. It was always interesting. It was oft n thrilling; and, above all, it was not pitched in such a key of brutality that everyone wondered how Desdemona could love him. It was an unspeakable masterpiece of impersonation.

Maurel's Iago was a masterpiece of villainy when he played it here, his

voice had lost its brilliancy, he was unable to sing all of the music effectively, and he was often obliged to make his points chiefly by facial expression and gesture. His performance was a masterpiece of art—so far as inflection and action were concerned. Mr. Scotti is more frankly melodramatic, and less subtle; and yet when he first awakened Otello's suspicions, and afterward told him of Cassio's revelations in sleep, the detail was exceedingly expressive, the finesse indisputable. Mr. Scotti has the great advantage of a noble voice. At times he is inclined to force it, but last night he used it with uncommon art and not merely an appeal to his fellow countrymen in the gallery. With this voice, and with such a singer as Alvarez, the duet of the oath at the end of the second act was overwhelming. Seldom anywhere have I witnessed in an opera house such spontaneous and long-continued enthusiasm. The only parallel scene during the last dozen years was when de Lucia sang the song of the heart-broken Canio at Mechanics' Building. This duet last night was the one centre of stormy applause, although later there were scenes that fully deserved as much enthusiasm. But an audience seldom, if ever, rises twice to such excitement in one evening.

The Desdemona of Emma Eames is undoubtedly her best part. Here she is simple, womanly, sympathetic. She sang the music with beautiful quality of tone and with pure art. Mrs. Homer was a satisfactory Emilia. The other parts were adequately taken, although Cassio was not conspicuous for elegance of bearing; but how often is Cassio in the tragedy itself a reasonable excuse for Otello's jealous rage? The choruses were for the most part effectively sung; but for some reason or other the finale of the third act, which was a feature of the performance in Mechanics' Building, missed fire last night. Nor was the fault with the music itself.

Mr. Seppilli conducted with the utmost care and often with excellent results. The ritornello of the basses that announces the entrance of Otello in the last act showed lack of rehearsal, nor is the grim horror of this page brought out when there are only four double-basses in the orchestra. There was a very large and brilliant audience, which was wildly enthusiastic after the second act and heartily applauding after the other three.

It was, indeed, a memorable performance; one that enlarged the reputation of those that took part in it, and excited renewed admiration and wonder at this late fruit of a great composer,

whose career is the most wonderful instance of natural genius, intelligent growth, and supreme results in the whole history of the operatic stage.

The operas today, the last day of the season, will be as follows: *Matinee*, 1.45, Mozart's "Magic Flute" (in Italian) with Sembrich, Galski, Ternina, Scheff, Homer, Bridewell, Marilly, Van Cauteren, Randall, Reiss, Muchmann, Dipper, Campanari, Dufriehe, Vanni, Maestri, Blass, Mr. Danrosch will conduct. The operas this evening, 7.45, will be "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Calvé, Banermeister, Bridewell, De Marchi, Declery; and "Pagliacci," with Scheff, Salignac, Scotti, Muchmann, Reiss, Mr. Flon will conduct.

Philip Hale.

LAST NIGHT OF OPERA.

A Double Bill Presented by the Grau Company at the Boston Theatre Last Night—"Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Two operas of the ultra-modern Italian school were performed last night—the last night of the short season—by Mr. Grau's company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Flon conducted. The cast of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was as follows:

Santuzza	Calvé
Lola	Banermeister
Alfo	Bridewell
Turiddu	De Marchi

The season ended, as it began, with Italian opera, and the end was brilliant. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

Calvé's Santuzza is a superb impersonation; it is today far more authoritative and finer than her Carmen. It is a pity that we did not hear her in "Messaline," for whatever the opinion may be concerning the music of De Lara, there is but one judgment concerning Calvé's impersonation of the heroine, and that judgment is flaming eulogy. Her Santuzza is a pathetic, elemental figure, radically true and convincing. It is as yet free from over-elaboration. Detail has not yet frittered away the one irresistible effect. The voice of this great lyric tragedienne was fully at her command, and what a voice it is! To woo, to implore, to pray, to charm—there is no voice like it on the operatic stage, for pure beauty and for subtle dramatic effects.

Mr. De Marchi was an admirable Turiddu. Strong in song and delineation in the first scene, he redeemed later the dried-up song from rank vulgarity and acted and sang the fare well to his mother with rare intensity, tempered by artistic control. Mr. Declery's Alfio was well composed and Miss Bridewell sang and played Lola as though it were a truly sympathetic and congenial part. Mr. Flon, who conducted with skill and temperament throughout the evening, deserved hearty thanks for refusing an encore of the Intermezzo.

The cast of "Pagliacci" which pre-

sented "Cavalleria Rusticana," was as follows:

Nedda	Scheff
Canio	Salignac
Il Dottore	Muchmann
Il Bofo	Reiss
Tonio	Scotti

Miss Scheff's Nedda is much stronger than it was last season. The improvement is shown especially in the second act, where fright begins to interfere with her performance before the villagers. She is now something more than piquant and vivacious in the part. Mr. Scotti's Tonio may well be ranked with his Scarpa and Iago. Mr. Salignac sang and acted the part of Canio with more than ordinary power. The other parts were well taken, and the chorus, as later in Mascagni's opera, was unusually effective. All in all, a powerful and impressive performance, one that, as often happens, takes the edge off "Cavalleria Rusticana." Leoncavallo's music, however, has much to do with this result.

"The Magic Flute," in Italian, was performed in the afternoon. The chief singers were Sembrich, Galski, Ternina, Scheff, Dippel, Campanari, Reiss, Blass. Mr. Danrosch conducted.

Philip Hale.

THE indefatigable press-agent tells us that Mr. Paderewski is at work on a new opera which will be of a distinctly Polish character. "He has the scheme of the opera and the melodies nearly all complete, and is now searching for a suitable libretto to harmonize with the music."

Mr. Paderewski must pray to be delivered from such a friend. No enemy could do him so much harm.

The music is all written—but there is yet no libretto!

"Manru" sounded that way—as though music had been written, and then long afterward scenes, situations, dialogue fitted to it.

It is the librettist, then, not the composer that must dilute—or dilute—with the proper emotion.

"Mr. Paderewski, it is said, has taken note of all suggestions made by the critics of Manru." If he has, there will perhaps be no second opera.

It is more likely that he took note after the fashion of Mr. Louis Harrison as the crushed tragedian in "Photos." "Did the critics mention you?" "They did, damn them!"

A correspondent asks me: "Why do some say, you among them, that the orchestration of 'Manru' is a disappointment, or poor?"

There are several reasons:

(1). It is often thick and muddy, and seldom are there contrasted passages. The composer has so many instruments going at the same time and for so many pages at a time, that there is little thought of the dramatic character and special usefulness of any one instrument. The ear is quickly tired by the monotony.

(2). The orchestra is seldom used to characterize any scene or situation. No doubt the composer had honorable intentions; but in this work he shows neither talent for the stage nor for descriptive orchestral music.

(3). As a result of this thick orchestration parts that should be melodiously significant or dramatically prominent are buried and as though they were not.

Sembrich often changed the music written by Mr. Paderewski for Uiana. Sometimes she found a passage unvocal and she modified it. Sometimes she added passages to her own part by taking them from the violins. It is a pity that she was not heard here in "The Daughter of the Regiment" or in Puccini's "La Bohème." Gilbert, they say, is a capital Sulpice in the former opera, and I can well believe it, and De Marchi is a famous Rodolfo. Next season she hopes to be heard in Donizetti's delightful "Elisir of Love."

Mr. Van Dyck will sing in "Tristan and Isolde," this summer at Paris. The Isolde will be Livy'ne. He will also sing at Covent Garden. "Faust" is by no means one of his favorite operas, and he is seldom heard in it. He is eager to sing here in Massenet's "Werther" and Kienzi's "Evangellmann," for in these operas he was eminently successful at Vienna.

Ternina grows steadily in finish and authority. Her Tosca last season was admirable; yet, how superior her impersonation of this month. How her Elsa—a part that is not especially agreeable to her—has been developed. All other Elsas now seem dull, vague, commonplace.

Why could we not have seen more of Mr. De Marchi? We must go back to Campanini in his prime to find such a Radamès. Mr. De Marchi's Cavaradossi was a still greater performance. Suzanne Adams will sing at Covent Garden and she will add the part of Eva in "Die Meistersinger" to her repertory. This will be her first appearance in an opera by Wagner.

Galski will not sing at Covent Garden. She will return to Germany. Her contract with Mr. Grau has one more year to run. "She may next

season be heard as Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre."

The New York Sun says: "It is not yet decided whether or not Miss Adams will be a member of the company at the Metropolitan next winter. She has recently come through one ordeal with credit. She was highly praised in Boston for her singing of Micaela in 'Carmen.' Boston is rarely cordial to its own, even when they have won fame elsewhere. It has never consented to accept either Mme. Nordica or Mme. Eames with the esteem in which they are held elsewhere; so Miss Adams has cause to be satisfied." As the Sun says this, it must of course be true. Both Nordica and Eames will be surprised to learn that they have never been appreciated in this city. But they are not Bostonians, oh, esteemed Sun. Nordica is a Maine girl, and Emma Eames, although she was born at Shanghai, is of a Maine family.

The Music Department of the City of Boston has published a little pamphlet, a summary of the work done in the improvement of open-air band concerts, organ recitals, chamber concerts, and orchestral concerts.

"Among the special concerts during the last two years, one in each season has been devoted entirely to compositions by American composers. Fifteen such composers were represented on the program of Dec. 16, 1901, and the natural interest of the public in the products of American talent contributed, with the intrinsic merit of the numbers, to make it, perhaps, the most enjoyable of the season. The Trustees look upon this branch of their work, limited though it is to a single annual performance, as one of the highest value. It offers to American writers the somewhat rare opportunity of presenting their works to a hospitable public through an orchestra of 50 pieces. Incidentally it may be noted that eight of the nine members of the Municipal Orchestra are Americans by birth and that this is true of nearly all of the soloists. Only English words are sung in the vocal selections."

The list of works performed and solo singers that took part in these concerts is an interesting one.

"While singing the part of Mephistopheles in 'Faust,' at the Princess's Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, Mr. Frederici suddenly collapsed on the stage. The curtain was lowered and the eminent baritone carried to his dressing-room, where he shortly expired, still garbed as the demon." Many have sung songs by Piccolomini. Here is an account of his ending: "The London papers have been full of gossip this week about Henry Piccolomini, the composer of famous ballads, including 'Ora Pro Nobis,' and a cousin of the world-renowned singer of our youth, Mme. Piccolomini. He died a pauper in Hanwell Asylum, where he had been writing worthless music for some years past. He was of mingled Irish and French extraction, and was once prosperous and a beau. His real name was Pontet, and his widow and children will be cared for."—Mr. Vernon Blackburn says of Richard Strauss: "Strauss certainly may be regarded as one who has a very definite position already in the world of art, a place which he has created for himself, and in which he stands separate and alone. It remains to be seen if the verdict of the future will imply that his secrets, having been discovered, are to be immortally cherished."—Poor Jakobowski. Bankrupt, although he wrote "Erminie," from which he received so little. Debts, £1090; assets, £352.—The Era says: "The Berlin critics have almost invariably been severe on English musicians and singers, and now Mr. John Coates, who has been scoring all along the line in other cities quite as musical as Berlin, has come in for condemnation, not so much, apparently, on account of his singing, but because of his stature! These gentlemen declared he was much too small for Wagner's stately 'Lohengrin' knight. Good gracious! Those who know Mr. Coates personally also know that he stands as nearly as possible six feet high! Our experience of German tenors is that they are short and fat. The truth appears to be that the Elsa on this particular occasion was of goodly dimensions, and Mr. Coates's graceful appearance suffered by comparison."

Mascagni is writing an opera, "Marie Antoinette." Puccini was reported some time ago to be at work on the same subject.—"Alexander Balus," by Handel, was performed in London, Feb. 19. "So seldom is it given that so far as can be ascertained it has not been publicly performed in London since the days of Handel himself. As a libretto the work is formless, as uninteresting as may be; but from the musical point of view it contains some of Handel's finest writing." The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston rests in the sweet security of the belief that "The Messiah" is Handel's only oratorio.—Dear old Albani will give a "Coronation con-

cert" on June 21 in London.—Wein-gartner's opera, "Orestes," was pro-duced at Leipzig, Feb. 15.—"Manfred," with Schumann's music, was given late-ly as a play at Berlin. The perform-ance by opera and opéra singers was a poor one. Only Ferdinand Bonn's impersonation of the gloomy hero was praised, and Bonn is a play-actor.—A new orchestral suite, "Aus dem Mor-genlande," by Richard Heuberger, has been produced with success at Vienna.

Two new orchestral "Tone-Pictures," by William H. Bell, entitled "In the Night-Watches" and "In the Fo'c's'le" were performed for the first time at a Philharmonic concert, London, Feb. 27. "Mr. Bell is a most distinguished musician, with a deep and interior sense of the essential poetry in music. His work strikes us as being the out-come of highly original and most per-sonal meditation; his moods have the true infinite spirit of a rarely visitant Muse, and his expression of those moods is richly and fully spontaneous. It is not often that one encounters so interesting a mingling of the Academic with the original. Music, we predict, will owe many a large debt to Mr. Bell's inspiration."—A new symphony (No. 3, in C) by Hans Huber was per-formed with unusual success at Basle.

Spohr's concerto in E minor was hissed so violently at a Colonne concert in Paris, Feb. 16, that Burmeister left the stage. In the same concert he was loudly applauded for his performance of Bach's "Chaconne." The hostile demonstration was against Spohr, not the violinist.

Mr. Harold Bauer has been talking with Mr. William Armstrong, and his remarks as arranged by Mr. Armstrong appeared in the Etude for March.

"As to the future of piano-playing, and whether the prodigious demanded today is likely to be surpassed by that which will be demanded a decade from now, I do not feel like prophesying. If I should say anything on the subject, it would be that we are not unlikely to return to a greater simplicity. No one now plays the music of Haydn or Mozart—which must be done without any pedal or smudging—and for the simple reason that everybody is afraid of it.

"Extraordinary emotion is aroused by playing in public. A man in practising by himself, or playing before a few familiar friends, thinks that he has found the way not capable of being discussed, but universally admitted. Playing in public will give him new ideas. I am a great believer in the public, in the big crowd; some part of a good thing is bound to make its effect upon the public. By playing in public a student can learn, and an artist can always learn.

"I hold fast to tradition in interpreta-tion; I say it softly, yes. I follow the beaten track because I have the greatest respect for that which is written. The feeling of self-sacrifice and abnega-tion must be so precious in order to have penetration. The interpreter is only the interpreter, he does not want to put anything of his own in.

"When a student of the piano, even after long years devoted to study, finds that he has not the necessary qualifi-cations or talent that would make it wise for him to follow it as his life-work, it would be wiser and braver that he give it up and take another call-ing. It is better to place a disappoint-ment behind us, no matter how bitter, than to live on, constantly facing it.

"Some witness the success of an artist and see the applause and the recog-nition of the moment, and think: 'I, too, would like to have this.' But do they stop to think what that recogni-tion and applause mean? Personally speaking, I do not value the applause of the moment, for I know that the public is an uncertain reliance; to suc-ceed means that to sustain that suc-cess will be still more difficult in the future. To do ever better and better becomes the one anxiety of an artist's life, that he may attain to his stand-ards in that art, without which his life would mean little, and that he may hold the respect and recognition of his public."

Mr. Watkin Mills, the English bass who has sung here with the Handel and Haydn and in concert, has been talking pleasantly to a representative of Cassell's Saturday Journal.

"There are a number of ladies who go to concerts simply to meet each other, and I have an effectual method of dealing with them. First of all I smile at them; and then, if they won't stop talking, I sing at them, looking them full in the face. This is a radi-cal cure. I had a case of the kind the other day. Two ladies in the front row would persist in talking, so I sang at them for all I was worth. In the end they were not only reduced to a state of complete silence, but they actually smiled at me.

"From a mere cursory glance at any one present I can learn whether he or she is in sympathy with me. There is a lot in a look, especially in that of the supercilious young lady who rather fancies herself as a musician. What she is murmuring to herself when you are singing is—

"I wonder what you think you are doing up there."

"There is no mistaking that look."

"I have sung as many as 23 songs in one night. On my last tour I gave 103 songs in five consecutive nights, and I was never better in my life. That was in Canada. I couldn't submit myself to such an ordeal in this country. My voice wouldn't stand it; the atmosphere is too humid. It's a wonderful thing what a singer can do in the dry, bracing air of Canada and the United States. Yet here in England, now I come to think of it, I once gave 15 songs and five extras one night."

"What really keeps me in health is playing golf. My voice has most cer-tainly increased in volume since I be-came a golfer."

Some years ago a certain clergyman arranged a series of musical evenings for a men's club in which he was in-terested. He got together quite a fine staff of amateur performers, and gave nothing but the best classical music, with a marked preference for the old English glees and part songs. He called his concerts the Britten Concerts, after the coal merchant whose entertain-ments drew all musical London to the room over his shop in the time of Han-del. The programs, which were always printed with introductory comments of these later Britten Concerts, make most entertaining reading, and are now eagerly sought for by musical col-lectors. The clergyman, whose name I have forgotten—he is now dead—wrote these introductions himself, and they usually contained a wail about the low ebb to which musical taste had fallen in England. "Hardly may a man go to Evensong at St. Paul's," he wrote in one of them—I quote from memory—"but he shall hear the quirks of some salacious Frenchman insult the bones of old Boyce in the crypt below." In another he explains that the composi-tion of glees was purely English in its origin, and that the success of the old composers in this form of music had been very great. "So much so," he wrote, "that one Felix M. Bartholdy, himself no mean musician, and a friend of our illustrious Horsley, essayed, with indifferent success, to imitate them." As a piece of refined and delightful im-pertinence this last sentence would be hard to beat.—The Speaker.

Anyone who has attended the now fa-mous Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall must have been struck with the enormous popularity of Wagne-r among the frequenters of those excellent entertainments. On a Wagner night the great floor of the hall is crowded with people who are quite content to pay a shilling for the privi-lege of standing closely packed together for two hours to listen to Wagner, and nothing but Wagner. The only other special nights on which there is any-thing like this demand for tickets are, curiously enough, those devoted to Tschaiakowsky's compositions. The "Popular Nights" are not nearly so popular as either of these, and even Sullivan, certain attraction as he is, suffers by comparison with the German and the Pole.—The Speaker.

The fifteenth Cincinnati May Music Festival will be held in Music Hall, May 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1902, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, with an orchestra of 100, and a chorus of 500. The soloists will be Mrs. Marie Zimmer-man, Miss Clara Turpen, Mrs. Schu-mann-Heink, Ben Davies, Ellison Van Hoose, Andrew Black, who comes from England especially for the festival, and Gwilym Miles. The principal works to be performed are César Franck's "Beatitudes," Bach's Mass in B Minor, Berlioz's "Requiem," scenes for chorus, orchestra and soloists from Gluck's "Orpheus" and from "Die Meister-singer," selections from "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung" and "Tristan und Isolde;" love scene from "Feuersnot;" Richard Strauss, and the Eroica Symphony. The orchestra will be increased for the performance of the mass, and will be augmented to 150 for the Wagner selections and Berlioz's "Requiem."

THE OPERA CONCERT.

Cheers and cheers from the enthusi-asts in the balcony and gallery, with hand clapping by the more conserva-tive in the orchestra seats, greeted Madame Gadske as she finished the "Inflammatus" of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the Boston Theatre last evening. The "bravos" were so many and the applause so tremendous that Madame Gadske consented to an encore.

The grand sacred concert, marking the concluding appearance for this sea-son of the Grand Opera soloists, orches-tra and chorus, was a distinct success, fully 3000 persons comprising the au-dience. There was some disappointment when it was announced that Madame Schumann-Heink was indisposed and could not sing. Madame Bridewell, al-though slightly indisposed, was sub-stituted.

Prior to the "Stabat Mater" there was a miscellaneous concert. The soloists were Mr. Campanari and Miss Suzanne

Adams, both of whom responded to en-cores. The orchestra was enthusiastically applauded for its good work in the overture of Litolft's "Robespierre."

The soloists in the "Stabat Mater" were Mmes. Gadske and Bridewell, Mr. Dippel and Mr. Journet. Mr. Plon di-rected.

Marie Tempest says that if she should be obliged to leave the theatre for any reason, she would be able to earn her living as either a nurse or a masseuse. She inherits the gift of magnetic finger tips and hands from her m-m-m-ther. If Marie determines to be a nurse or a masseuse, she should come immediately to Boston, where she is gratefully remembered. We were thinking of undergoing massage-treat-ment for a slight nervous affection that tempts us under severe provoca-tion to irritable language, and only the other day we asked Ferguson if he knew of a skillful manipulator. Marie might as well bring her mother with her, to look after the accounts, and see that the storage battery which feeds the finger-tips does not give out.

Here are extracts from a speech de-livered lately by an Austrian states-man: "The eye of the law weighs heavily on our Press legislation"; "Let us consider this question, gentlemen, in the light of a dark future"; "An im-portant point for our agriculture is the breed of the equine race to which I have the honor to belong"; "This re-proach is an old sea-serpent which for many years has belloved in this place."

Mr. George Alexander insists in his London theatre that the audience should be seated at the beginning of the show. The doors are shut when the curtain goes up, and are kept shut until the first fall of the same. For this righteous action he was called audacious, but the public is now heartily supporting him. One journal-ist hopes that he will go still further: "Perhaps, he will next introduce a measuring wand and relegate all the people who 'sit high' to the last two rows of the stalls. All play-goers know that the matinee hat finds its equivalent in the evening in the substantial form, or wildly-dressed hair, of the person in front who suc-cessfully blocks out from view the most interesting episodes on the stage."

Late-comers are a serious annoyance in Boston. Thus the effect of nearly the whole of the first act of "Otello" was ruined last Friday night. The nuisance is seen and heard at con-certs as well as in theatres. Sing-ers and pianists and violinists encour-age the evil by their own tardiness. Mr. Paderewski is usually from 15 to 20 minutes behindhand. Of course, when hearers straggle in throughout a con-cert, the reasonable inference is that the house is papered. When the sagacious Major Pond was here with Florizel, "complimentary" tickets is-sued by him were not good unless they were presented before 8 P. M.

Do any Boston women use the Ger-man arrangement of cords and pulleys to keep their skirts clean in the streets? The German woman by this mechanical device draws her skirt up into a thick bunch about the hips, and shows her honest and unpinched feet and a Jaeger petticoat. It was a German who thus described to an Eng-lish visitor the women of his little town. "A very musty-looking lady in the usual green was saluted with much 'empressment' by every one who passed. 'That,' said my friend, 'is one of the great ladies of the Grand Ducal Court. If you see a woman here in that state of shabbiness be certain she is a Countess. If she has elastic-sided boots and six weeks' mud on a Jaeger petticoat she's a Duchess, sure.'"

Some one sent us a pamphlet en-titled "The New Man, or Knights of the 20th Century," a truly remarkable book by Mr. Newton N. Riddell. Some of it we do not understand; thus, the phrase "The aura of defence" knocks us out, and we do not hear the author counting.

"Men," says Mr. Riddell, "when you go home at night take with you a bunch of flowers, not only in the hand but in the heart." We do, we do. We carry home in our heart fragrant flow-ers, and in a waistcoat pocket some beautiful specimens of the tobacco plant, wrapped with fine art and ready to perfume the sitting room.

We knew a man in Springfield, Mass., an elderly man, who was not allowed to smoke in his own house, not even in winter, and in the kitchen. No matter how low the mercury, the poor wretch after dinner smoked his pipe or cigar on the front piazza. We have seen him clad in an ulster, with arctics on his feet, a shawl over his shoulders, a muffler about his neck, a slouch hat drawn over his eyes, hands encased in fur gloves, smoking serenely when we thought that the very smoke would freeze. That man did not begin right.

During the first year of marriage he should have kept his tobacco-jar in the grand piano, his pipes on the parlor mantel-piece, and smoked close to the lace curtains. We say this, dear Madam, not because we are a slave to the filthy weed—for we smoke in great moderation—only when some one gives us a really good cigar; but because we do not like to see the noble male animal cowed as a lion that has a wholesome respect for pitchforks and hot poker.

Mr. Riddell begins his preface: "It is with no small degree of hesitancy that I comply with the request of thousands of men and permit the publication of this lecture." No one that has the nerve to speak of the "request of thousands" would indulge himself in the smallest "degree of hesitancy."

Mr. George Rooper contributes an in-teresting article, "Canvassing in 1837," to Longman's. When he was a Cam-bridge undergraduate he made house-to-house visits in behalf of a relative who was running for office, and one of his calls was on Mr. Hensey, other-wise known as Bill Hensey, coachman, and an important person. Mr. Rooper asked him which he preferred, Cam-bridge or Oxford society. "He said there was little to choose, both were tip-top, but to his mind the Oxford gent was the more polished of the two. 'When I sup with Mr. Don at St. John's he will call out, hospitable-like, 'Bill, you beggar, floor your lush!' When I sup with an Oxford gent he says, 'Mr. William Hensey, I looks towards you.'"

Is the "Rag Picker" of Paris ever played in these degenerate days? The picker himself may soon be a tradition, for the Municipal Council wishes to put an end to the industry. It is said that over 10,000 live by this trade, and among them are persons of good birth and education. "A picturesque-looking man, to be met with in the neighbor-hood of the Halles, is a barrister. Six years ago he exchanged the robe and bérêt of the 'avocat' for the tattered dress of the chiffonnier. His reason for so doing was a bet of 80,000 francs that he would follow his present sordid occupation for ten years."

Yvette Guilbert's novel, "La Vedette," we assure you, is not worth buying or reading. When it is not spiteful it is dull.

This sort of dreaming existence is the best. He who quits it to go in search of realities generally barters repose for repeated dis-appointments and vain regrets. His time, thoughts and feelings are no longer at his own disposal. From that instant he does not survey the objects of nature as they are in themselves, but looks askant at them to see whether he cannot make them the instru-ments of his ambition, interest or pleasure; for a candid, undesigning, undisguised sim-plicity of character, his views become jaun-diced, sinister and double; he takes no far-ther interest in the great changes of the world, but as he has a paltry share in pro-ducing them; instead of opening his senses, his understanding and his heart to the re-splendent fabric of the universe, he holds a crooked mirror before his face, in which he may admire his own person and pretensions, and just glance his eye aside to see whether others are not admiring him, too.

So Professor Barrett Wendell will lecture at Trinity College, England. He will have no trouble in making him-self understood, for he has spoken Eng-lish assiduously for a good many years.

A man who writes to the New York Tribune in defence of automobiles and says that their speed is grossly exag-gerated, is named appropriately "Rush-more."

"George Meredith's 'The Egoist' has been dramatized, and is likely to be produced this year."

We know several playwrights who could treat the part with both sympathy and justice, but no one will deny that the creation of this part belongs by right to Mr. Richard Mansfield.

Has Mr. Gregor Olivos, the man with the iron eyebrows, ever appeared in the United States? He lifts weights and a person of 120 to 130 pounds "solely by the contraction of the muscles of the eyebrows," and his crowning ex-ploit is to pull a carriage contain-ing five or six persons exclusively by the muscles of his eyebrows.

Pliny noted the fact that man had eyebrows, "set, like to the eaves of an house, which he can move as he list, either both at once, or one after an-other, and in them is shewed part of the mind within." He also noted that they were the seat of pride and ar-rogance, but he said nothing about lifting weights by them. "The ostrich is the only soul which hath hair on

the upper eyelids." That close observer Sir Richard P. Burton made curious deductions from the growth of the eyebrows, but he, too, said nothing about their usefulness in lifting or hauling. No wonder that some are awaiting the man who can perform wonders by the skin of his teeth.

It is rumored that a chorus girl in New York tried to kill herself because she heard that Mr. Sam Bernard, the eminent comedian, was betrothed to a daughter of a cigar manufacturer. This story cannot be true, for we were told only the other night that Cissie Loftus was paying attentions to Mr. Bernard.

Mr. Bernard, by the way, was a graduate of a newsboys' theatre. Newsboys acted, and newsboys were the audience. It was a truly discriminative audience, one that hissed as well as applauded. The price of admission was six cents, and each spectator expected his money's worth. The Shamrock Four, we believe, was also graduated from this dramatic school, which thus did more for the stage than any theatre of Arts and Letters, Independent Theatre, or Théâtre Libre that ever flourished like Jonah's gourd in this country.

A florist in New York complained bitterly to the Tenderloin Police of a woman on the floor below that insisted on practising scales on the piano. The florist prayed her to stop, so that his wife, who had just given birth to a child, might sleep. "No," answered the practiser of scales, "I won't. I was born for the piano and intend to master it if it takes all my life." The wife, according to the New York Sun, said, "It would not be unendurable if Mrs. Humphreys would play anything but the scales."

This born pianist is working in the right direction. A beautiful scale is one of the chief foundations of great playing. Nor can we agree to the proposition of the florist's wife. Scales, if properly practised, are soothing, and one becomes accustomed to them as to the roar of a cataract or machinery. The unendurable pianist in an apartment house is the person that plays pieces fluently wrong; that has never mastered two or three measures in "Narcissus;" that plays the first song of Carmen steadily in the major key; that slights the third beat in a waltz, or whose left hand is always a little behind the right; that plays "Whistling Rufus" by ear or knows only a page of the "Moonlight Sonata." Then there is the pianist who steadily compels attention through the quality of unexpectedness in melody or rhythm. A careful scale player is not unlike a good family horse drawing a carry-all and with asparagus branches in the harness. You know what to expect from him.

Here is a "Berlin society note" from the German Times of March 10: "Amongst those who have been vaccinated previous to going to London are Mrs. and Miss Loraine Beattie and Miss Clarke. The latter is not only suffering from inflammation of her arm, but also from an attack of influenza so that she fears the visit to England, planned for Easter, will have to be abandoned, unless the recovery should be rapid." Cannot the Emperor in view of his friendly relations with England and America, do anything for her?

"The American foot, irrespective of its shoe, has a certain charm of its own. American women especially have trim feet and ankles." This must have been written by a Chicagoan.

An English woman protests against the vulgarity of wedding presents and makes this suggestion:

"How would it be if the father of the prospective bride wrote to all his friends announcing the coming festival? They in their turn would give a check in strict proportion to their means.

Which later, naturally, the proud father of the bride would give a guarantee not to divulge to the Inland Revenue Department. The checks would be quietly paid into the bride's bank account and the right hand of Society would never know how much Society's left hand had given. Surely this would be in the true spirit of alms. At least, it reduces the extortion of the wedding gift to a sound business basis."

The opera is a public rendezvous, where persons come together on certain days without knowing exactly why. It is a house in which everyone goes, although the most considered lightly, and the entertainment is a bore.

To sit at the Opera for a whole evening is like undergoing the process of animal magnetism for the same length of time. . . . At the theatre we see and hear what has

been said, thought and done by various people elsewhere; at the Opera we see and hear what was never said, thought or done anywhere but at the Opera.

We had a long talk yesterday with our acquaintance and colleague, the Music Critic; that is to say, he, after the manner of his kind, did all the talking; we could not get a chance to get a word in edgewise.

He was much pleased with the performances, and to illustrate his points would occasionally hum tunes that were not a bit like the original. Why is it that a music critic seldom hums or whistles the most familiar air so that you can recognize it? We often wonder why some singer or pianist who has been condemned by the critics does not lecture on music critics, with practical illustrations of critics attempting to sing or play.

Our colleague deplored the lack of genuine interest in operatic shows. "There are no longer," he said, "any stout partisans. Think of the good old times when each singer had a devoted band of followers drawn from all classes. The admirers of Faustina groaned at the mere name of Cuzzoni. Fierce and outrageous libels were published, in which the singers were cruelly attacked. Think of Berlin divided into two camps which fought respectively for Mathilde Mallinger and Pauline Lucca, while the mutual hatred of the singers was shown on the stage, and no one would have been surprised if Susanna and Cherubino had bitten each other; when the friends of Mallinger would wait by the stage door to hoot and throw things at Lucca, and when the worshippers of Lucca would hiss and whistle as soon as Mallinger made her entrance on the stage. In those palmy days of the opera the curtain was often lowered to quell the row on either side of the footlights. Now, how tame is the enthusiasm."

"Take last Saturday night, for instance. Emma Eames sat in a box, sat prominently, I may say. She sat where she might serve as a distraction. She shielded her eyes, long before the stage lights could amuse her. How generous she was with applause for Miss Scheff and the men in 'Pagliacci,' an opera in which she never sang! When Calvé gave her thrilling performance of Santuzza, a part that Eames once assumed, Emma put her hands together gingerly, as though they were blistered, or as though one of her gloves was ornamented with tacks. But this is not what I call the true old operatic spirit. The singers today go too much 'in society.' Their natural and pleasing ferocity has been sandpapered and oiled."

And more he said, which we may discuss on some other morning. What a bellicose person! Do you say? Yet he is amiable in the ordinary walks of life. Music, we fear, has irritated his nerves. There was a time, however, when he heard simple singing and made no disagreeable remarks about tone-production or intonation; and that was when his mother bent over him and sang in artless fashion:

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

That hound of the Baskervilles has at last been let loose, and it was high time. He is indeed vast and huge, of a heavy and burthenous body, terrible and frightful to behold, and if we met him in a fog, we should at once order a hack.

"Merlin" in the Referee explains the fear of ghosts entertained by even those of blameless life. "Suppose that I should raise my eyes from the page on which I am now writing, and should see in the arm-chair which faces me the form of my old father, dead now this many years, why should I be alarmed? And yet, though I am writing in broad daylight, my nerves creep at the fancy and a sort of terror lurks in it. . . . Possibly—probably—the real fear which lives in most of us is that we should be known. He was a bitter philosopher who first gave out the saying that the man who respects himself is lost, but there was a certain truth in him, quod memet. Our dearest friends, our most intimate associates, don't quite know all the worst of us. We keep our seamy side inside and we turn our smoother surface to the world. The fear of the ghost is the reproach of conscience—or, at least, this is so when the ghost presents himself in harmless form. . . . We are afraid of our dead, even of those we have loved the best and who have best known us, because we fear lest they should know us too intimately. We figure the passed spirit as something far other than ourselves, looking on us with larger, other eyes than ours, and yet somehow failing to make plenary allowance for faults and failings which they must once themselves have shared."

Mr. W. R. Greg in one of his sombre books drew an awful picture of wife or mother on the last great Day turning with unutterable loathing from husband or son whose true character was for the first time stripped and revealed.

Ah, these play-actresses and prima donnas! Pierre Wolff wrote a play and disposed of it, but he took it back when he heard that Rejane was willing to create the leading part at another theatre. The piece was rehearsed; at last Rejane threw up the part, and for this reason: She pointed out that in the last act she was thrown over for another woman, and never in her stage-life had she been thus left before an audience when the curtain fell, to stay down.

Here is a story from London. A singer was performing between the pieces at the old Grecian. He boasted that he could make a verse in which the chief rhyme would fit any word given him by a member of the audience. The late Harry Pettitt gave him "Mesopotamia." The singer was dazed for a moment, but he pulled himself together and addressed the audience: "Lydes and gerelmen—I object to the word what the genelman has given. I makes it a rule never to touch on Scriptural subjects!"

And here is a story told by Mr. Sims in the course of remarks about the coolness shown by many murderers just before execution. Some years ago there was a hanging at Lincoln the day before the Lincoln Handicap. The hangman was about to pull the cap over the face of the prisoner when the latter whispered: "Hysteria tomorrow." After the dance in air, the executioner took his breakfast and read a newspaper, in which he saw that Hysteria was quoted at long odds. He put his feet on the tip, and Hysteria came in first at the price of 40 to one. Mr. Sims changed the name of the horse that the hangman and the hanged might not be identified, which seems to us an instance of superfluous delicacy.

CALVE IN CONCERT.

The Famous Lyric Tragedian Sings Sad and Simple Songs of Her Country—A Miscellaneous Program in Which Messrs. Salignac and Gilbert Took Part.

Emma Calvé assisted by Mr. Salignac and Mr. Gilbert, all of Mr. Grau's opera company, gave a pleasant and interesting concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

Calvé sang the well-known song from "The Pearl of Brazil," with flute obbligato, "Vision," by Guy d'Hardelot, "La Terre," by Jules Jouy, (1855-1896), the son of a butcher, and a famous Chansonnier of Montmartre, whose "Mademoiselle, attendez-moi done," and "L'Enterrement," were once on the lips of Paris, and whose ghastly "La Soudarde" was sung here by Yvette Guilberte. With Mr. Salignac she sang a duet from Gounod's "Mireille," with Mr. Gilbert "Collette," a brunette of Wexler's; and with Messrs. Salignac and Gilbert "Les Montagnards," a trio of the Pyrenees.

She also sang folk songs of her province, and other folk songs: "O Magali," a very old Provencal song, introduced by Mistral's "Mireio;" "Sur la Montagne," a lament of Cévennes; "Phillis," a Norman song, transcribed by Wexler; a "Chanson Béarnaise," attributed to Gaston de Folx, and "The song of King Renand," a very old song of which there are many versions, and songs of the like subject are found in other lands. This song of Renand is known as a "Complainte," a name given in the middle ages to popular songs founded on some tragic event or legend of devotion. There is a striking version of this ballad in English by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, entitled "John of Tours," which begins:

John of Tours is back with peace,
But he comes home ill at ease.

These songs for the most part were admirably sung, chanted, recited by Calvé. Especially worthy of praise was her delivery of "Renand" and "La Terre," for dramatic detail that never seemed superfluous or forced, and for an intensity that was never aggressively melodramatic or out of place on the concert stage. Some of the folk songs were sung without accompaniment, and never was the rich beauty, the golden quality, the plastic nature of this voice so clearly and so delightfully exposed. The singer herself evidently delighted in the introduction of what might be called vocal harmonies—to borrow a word from the terminology of string instruments; but one or two of these high notes would have sufficed, especially as she was not always successful in the endeavor. When she sang these melancholy airs simply and with the utmost effect the hearer remembered Mr. Blackburn's eulogy: "She is an incomparable vocal actress; her voice is in

itself beautiful, but her method of using her voice may be described only by the single word 'dramatic.' . . . Instead of the soothing and average sensations aroused by the pure exercise of a beautiful voice, this is a combination of powers that stir one with the sense of a personal life, of a history, and an intelligence seated behind the voice, and prompting its utterance." She sang them with the recollections and the love of her province in her heart. Never before was she so womanly and irresistible. Like the giant in the old legend, she galloped in strength whenever she touched the soil.

Mr. Gilbert sang Monsigny's "Muguet," the song of "Clément Marot, Martin's familiar, 'Plaisir d'Amour'—I wish that Mr. Plunkett Greene could hear him and would profit by his example—Darcler's "Madeleine" and Pfeiffer's "Malgré moi." This versatile and admirable comedian proved himself to be a song-singer of unusual ability and finesse. His singing, judged merely from the technical standard, was a delight, and music that sometimes was inherently of little worth was vitalized and ennobled by dramatic intelligence and authoritative emotion. His delivery of "Madeleine" was exquisite in its lightness and tenderness of sentiment. A singer with voice, head and heart.

Mr. Salignac sang Déroulé's "Le Clairon," Renard's "Madeleine," an old "Chanson du Capitaine," "Stances" by Ange Flégier, who came from Marseilles; Massenet's "Pensées d'Automne," Fortenall's "Obstination," and "Le Vieux Mendiant," by Paul Delmet, for a long time a song writer for the Chat Noir. Mr. Salignac is more successful in opera than in concert. He sings earnestly, often with robust sentiment, with passion, and not without musical intelligence, but the voice itself is too undeviating in expression. It is sometimes throaty and with a tremolo, and it soon becomes monotonous.

The accompanist, Mrs. Jessie Baskerville, was generally efficient. Self-effacement is a praiseworthy quality, but accompaniments should be heard and not suspected.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience that at the end imitated our young friend Oliver Twist. Many gathered even about the stage door in the street to see Calvé in the dramatic moment of entering a hack. Possibly they cheered.

The pleasure of the audience would have been increased and the artistry of the singers still more appreciated if the words of the songs, with a translation, had been printed on the program. Calvé's own explanations amounted practically to this: "I am going to sing you songs of my country."

Philip Hale.

Old Chimes said solemnly to us yesterday: "There is a time, you know, when patience ceases to be a comic opera."

We learn from the Chicago Record-Herald of March 20 that the playing of Paderewski excited artistic appreciation at the Auditorium, but no hysteria. From this we infer that the eminent Polish pianist was not trampled underfoot by young and elderly females in their passionate endeavor to kiss him on the brow or at least on his sacred coat-tails. We remember well the sight of women in advanced stages of Paderewski mania. Even during the most soothing piece they sat with distended eyes and flashing nostrils. Then there was the mad rush, the stampede toward the stage, while the ushers and others who wished to leave the hall were tossed about like a bottle in the rapids of Niagara.

The Chicago critic remarks: "In ten years' time the people of Chicago have learned to approve and enjoy art without making foolish exhibits of themselves." Yes, indeed; and even when the Prince was there, the leading men of Chicago wore their decorations, medals, ribbons, buttons, "nonchalantly." The truly great are never greater than in repose.

Perhaps you read a touching story about Mrs. Langtry; how she invited "an old, infirm hootblack" to see her act at the Imperial Theatre; and when he was too feeble to walk up stairs, she put him "in a private box on the ground floor." O, dry the starting tear! There are no ground-floor private boxes at the Imperial.

We learn that Marie Pontet Piccolomini, the song writer, who died wretchedly at Hanwell Asylum, was a grand-nephew of the Cardinal, and a cousin of the celebrated prima donna, always spoke "with a strong Irish tongue." And yet Piccolomini does not suggest Cork, Galway, or Kildare.

The director of the Gaité, Paris, insisted that the critics were wrong in their unfavorable opinion of "Le Billet de Joséphine," and he made this appeal to the public: "If at the end of the second act any patrons in the hall are dissatisfied they have only to present their voucher at the box office, and their money will be immediately returned." It may be well to add that the piece was soon withdrawn.

Boston, March 26, 1902.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:
I remember reading quite a while ago in your column of a lady who was afflicted with snoring. She dearly loved

her husband, and felt it might be unpleasant for him, so submitted to a severe operation and was cured. Will you please answer in this column and tell what the operation is, or give me some idea where it can be done? My situation is much like the lady mentioned, and I would give any amount, or suffer almost anything, to be cured or to know of anything that would help the trouble. If you know of any cure, of anything that will help, please publish it in your column "Talk of the Day," and you will confer a very great favor on both myself and husband, and no doubt to many others, for I am sure the subject will interest many.

A LOYAL READER.

We sympathize with you, dear Madam, and would fain see you, not hear you sleep. Have you tried binding up the jaw at night, so that you will be obliged to breathe through your nose? The remedy to which we referred was a surgical operation, but in this instance the patient was exceedingly fat and suffered from catarrh.

We have received the following poem which will interest those who have seen "If I Were King" and possibly others:

A BALLAD OF FRANCIS VILLON.

(Called "The Prince of Ballad Makers.")
The night winds cry and gibber and groan
And roar again in the chimney's blaze,
Without is Death and winter's drone,
Within stark cheer in forbidden ways;
He hears not their oaths nor their bawdy
lays,
But hammereth the board with a pewter
dish:
"I write a ballad," he cries through the
haze,
"Give me," he roars, "a rhyme for fish!"

Master Tabarie, whose bulk of stone
Full fourteen, with ease might raise
The pyramids from their ancient throne,
Sits apart in a mumbling maze;
The friar laughs till he cracks his stays
Though the roistering crew hush to one
wise wish,
Nor sprite nor demon the tune may raise—
"Give me," he roars, "a rhyme for fish!"

Though the soul of life be a soundless moan,
And the echo of Time through darkling
days
The cheer of those that know not their own,
Yet still this rune we hear amaze.
What though we ride in trolley or chaise
Or automobile that goes with a swish,
His own song through the rollicking
daze—
"Give me," he roars, "a rhyme for fish!"

ENVOIE.

Prince! we cry, till the tune is a craze,
By your regal soul, what more can you
wish?
This plaint of the poet who never pays:
"Give me," he roars, "a rhyme for fish!"
JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

The essay and the story of Stevenson are doubtless known to our readers, and Swinburne's "Ballad of Francois Villon" with the refrain: "Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!" is also familiar; but the best essay is that by Marcel Schwob in his "Spicilege" (Paris, 1893). It is not so picturesque as the study by Théophile Gautier in "Les Grotesques," but Schwob had the advantage of knowing the results of late researches.

How shy were older writers about mentioning the inspired blackguard. Thus Pasquier alluded to Villon apologetically as one "who delighted more in taverns and such like places than in good books."

"If I were King" is by no means a fresh title. Adam's charming opéra-comique with this title (1852) has been sung here.

March 28, 1902

Yale's chief, public, representative humorist thus far has been Dr. Chauncy M. Depew, who, although he was graduated from the Academic Department, is seldom purely academic, but rather romantic in his jesting.

The hour produces the man, or when a man is already known in one capacity the hour reveals him in another. Cecil Rhodes dies and Mr. John Hays Hammond, by an illuminative, glorious burst, is disclosed as Yale's greatest humorist.

Nearly all of Mr. Hammond's remarks concerning his dead master are admirable specimens of humor, which is occasionally veined with wit, but this one paragraph throws the engineer as by a catapult rods ahead of Dr. Depew, and we are inclined to believe that the next generation will rank Hammond higher than Mark Twain, H. W. Mahie, Harry T. Peck and other well-paid comic writers. Here is the masterpiece:

"Cecil Rhodes found in the meditations of Marcus Aurelius many aspirations for his own career. His ideals were pure and lofty."

We remember Mr. Hammond from '73 to '76. He was then in the Sheffield Scientific Department of Yale: a pleasant

little man, who stuck to his books and was eminently serious in purpose and life. Some of his warmest friends were among the Academics of '76; but even they would never have foretold his fame as a humorist.

Perhaps you read yesterday about Mr. Garnier, a French pianist, who undertook to play at Marseilles continuously for 27 hours, "with intervals not exceeding in the aggregate an hour and a half, for a wager of 1000 francs." He won with 14 minutes to spare, but he collapsed from nervous prostration. After he had played for about 20 hours his fingers were cramped, "his face was drawn, his hands were swollen, and his arms supported on cushions." There must have been something wrong with his method. He should have prepared himself with Leschetitzki.

But what is Mr. Garnier in comparison with Mr. Napoleon Berg, the iron pianist, who was at the height of his glory three or four years ago. He played with ease for 30 hours at a stretch. Furthermore, he engaged to play "the whole time." When asked whether he was spoon fed, he answered: "I play with my left or right hand, and with the other I convey my bouillon or sandwiches to my mouth. There is plenty of beautiful music for one hand." Mr. Berg did not take any special course of training; he did not run in sweaters, punch the bag, or read the Congressional Record; he just played the piano. When he was five years old he gave a public concert. Afterward he was a pupil of the Berlin Conservatory. In 1899 he had practised 10 hours a day for 28 years. Think of the accumulated force of the man! And he has never visited the United States, which for some years has been passionately addicted to art in its highest forms—see, for instance, the cultivation of German opera. Why does not Mr. Frohman or Major Pond secure Napoleon Berg at once—if necessary, with a chain.

Here is a receipt we found in a collection of "Notable Things," published at London in 1627:

"To bewray whether a woman be painted or not: If any one that hath eaten Garlic or Comminseed breath on the face of a woman that is painted, the color will vanish straight, if not then her color remains as it did before."

Chemical blondes should avoid street cars that go through the North End.

W. B. asks: "Did you ever hear of a drink called 'Mahogany,' and what is it?"

"Mahogany," O fellow worker in the vineyard, is a drink made out of gin and molasses; two parts gin and one molasses. Boswell knew it, and called it "good liquor," and he told Dr. Johnson it was a counterpart of what is called "Athol Porridge" in the Highlands of Scotland, which is a mixture of whisky and honey. Johnson said: "That must be a better liquor than the Cornish (mahogany), for both its component parts are better." He also observed: "Mahogany must be a modern name; for it is not long since the wood called mahogany was known in this country." This talk was in 1781. The story goes that a Dr. Gibbons of England, toward the end of the 18th century, had a brother, a West India Captain, who took over some mahogany planks as ballast. The doctor was building a house in London, and the carpenters thought they would use these planks, but the wood was too hard for their tools. Soon after Mrs. Gibbons wanted a candle-box, and a cabinet maker, Wollaston, got strong tools and made a candle-box and a bureau; which were so much admired for color, polish, etc., by many, among them the Duchess of Buckingham, that the wood became fashionable.

The mixture of gin and molasses does not appeal to us, although rum and molasses is a sound and salutary drink, especially for one who has a hacking cough. Once for our sins we were stranded at Halifax, Nova Scotia. It was dark, and on our toilsome way in search of a lodging, we stumbled accidentally on a bar. The room was crowded with blue-noses who were all solemnly drinking a mixture of gin and port. The barkeeper explained after we had ordered a modest quencher of ale, that gin was a tonic and port a letter-down; that one corrected the other. The inference, of course, was that the patient was left exactly as he was before the drink; but strident voices, flushed faces and laughter of the inane or hair-trigger variety gave contradiction. It was indeed a painful sight—so painful that we concluded to observe it, and we therefore ordered another quencher.

A book about indexes was published lately. Indexes themselves may be good reading, and this is also true of tables of contents. The contents of "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" is an in-

stance. What can more delightfully prick curiosity than this? "Oct. 23. Dr. Johnson drinks some whisky and assigns his reason."

"Mallagrougous" is a good word. It should be heard more.

Can any one tell us whether a martin, a heifer that is the twin of a bull calf, is always incapable of breeding? We should like to know definitely, before we buy one for the summer vacation.

March 29, 1902

BACH'S "PASSION MUSIC."

Portions of the Famous Work Performed by the Handel and Haydn Society at Symphony Hall Last Night

Portions of Bach's Passion Music, according to Matthew, were performed last night by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Moellenhauer, conductor. The solo singers were Mrs. Charlotte Maconda, Mrs. Gertrude May Stein, Messrs. Wm. H. Rieger, Gwilym Miles and L. W. Flint. Mr. de Voto was the pianist, and Mr. Tucker the organist.

The last performance of the work by the society was on April 3, 1896, when the singers were Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Alves, Messrs. Rieger, Ffrangcon-Davies, and Watkin Mills. Mr. Lang then conducted.

Last evening there was a chorus of boys from the choir of St. Paul's, Boston, and Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, who had been prepared by Mr. Warren A. Lock. Mr. Otto Roth was the concert master of the orchestra.

The excerpts from the work were chosen and arranged chiefly to tell connectedly the story of the trial and crucifixion of the Saviour; thus solos and choruses were omitted to make room for the narrator that the story might be related within a reasonable time. There were a few chorals, and in two of them the congregation was expected to join. The excerpts were not arranged with any view to concert effect. Thus Part One ended with the "Ye lightnings, ye thunders" chorus, and not with the great choral, "O, man, bewail thy sin so great." The character and the arrangement of the excerpts, the request that there should be no applause, the dress of the chorus, and the spirit that prevailed throughout the hall—these showed that the performance was in the nature of a sacred service. Criticism, then, would be manifestly out of place.

It may be said, however, that the proper and fitting performance of Bach's Passion Music presents serious difficulties. It might be well once in six or ten years to give solemnity the whole work; the first part at one sitting in the morning or in the afternoon; the second part in the afternoon or in the evening. To choose judiciously for a religious service is one thing; to choose with reference to a display of the chief beauty and grandeur of the work and with a view to concert effect is another. In the latter case much of the recitative would be omitted.

It may also here be said that the work was reverently performed and heard with reverence; that Mr. Rieger, the narrator, recited excellent taste; the narrator, recited in excellent taste; feeling that was commendably free from exaggeration; and that Mrs. Stein in her second air sang with moving emotion.

The audience was apparently the smallest of the present season.

Philip Hale.

Who would not rather see a dance in the forest of Montmorency on a summer's evening by a hundred laughing peasant girls and their partners, who come to this scene for several miles round, rushing through the forest-glades, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks, than all the pirouettes, pica-plooms, and entre chats, performed at the French opera by the whole corps de ballet?

We have received the following singular letter:

Boston, March 26, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I wish to relate to you the curious experience of my nephew, Marcellus, who lives in the little village of Norwich, Vermont. He visited me lately, during the opera season, and I found him to be a well-bred, well-informed young man, who had read more than he had seen. He visited the various institutions of Boston—the Museum of Fine Arts, the Public Library, the outside of the Fenway Palace, the Arboretum, the Old South, etc., and I was much pleased by his observations. He also saw some of Boston's prominent citizens and citizenesses in the street and was much impressed thereby.

I thought it my duty to invite him to the opera, and I asked him which opera he would prefer to see and hear. To my amazement he said: "Either 'The Cid' or 'The Huguenots.'" I said, "But you would be more interested in 'Tosca' or 'Otello.'" No; he wanted to see a ballet. He had never seen a real ballet, but there was an old man in Norwich who had once been to "The Black Crook;" it was the event of his lifetime and he was never weary of talking about it. Marcellus had an inflated imagination. He had read about the ballet in all the books he could find in the Dartmouth Library across the river, and I soon found out that his

ideas were derived chiefly from the ancients. He nearly staggered me, and he shocked my wife, by quoting at dinner from somebody named Rowbotham or Ramsbottom a description of

ballets in the time of Nero. I got him to write it down. It goes this way:

"And from one end of the gardens came the roar of vast bands of music, while dancing girls, in the halls between the courses, came dancing down the files of tables in troops, wrapped in thin gauze, and clattering their cracking castanets. And many of them were Spanish girls from Gades in Spain, who danced in line, rising and falling in waves of tremulous hips. And also Syrian dancing-girls more wanton than these, half naked or entirely so; and these had cymbals that they clashed above their heads, and there was something fearful in their wild immodesty."

You should have heard him spout these sentences. "And you have never seen a ballet?" I asked. "No; and I'd give anything to see one."

Well, I took him to "The Cid." He did not pay much attention to the music at first, and he kept punching me, and asking, "When does it come?" or, "You don't think they will leave it out, do you?"

At last the ballet did come. Marcellus straightened up in his seat, glued an opera glass to his eyes. He saw the poor, awkward girls trotting through their foolish evolutions, tottering on one foot, trying—oh so hard—to be graceful and alluring. He saw a man that looked like a seasoned hack-driver come out and spin about heavily, trying to face the audience at a certain chord. He examined the poverty or superabundance of flesh, the meagre or grotesque lines, the strained or ineane faces. Not till the very end did he abandon hope. Never did I see such a settled look of disappointment. When we started to go home, he said: "And that's what they call a ballet, is it?" I said, "That's what Mr. Grau calls a ballet; and that is what is now accepted here and in New York as a ballet. Didn't you like it? How do you think it would strike your friend Nero?" The poor fellow said little on the way, and when we were home he went straight to bed. The next day he did not mention Nero or the girls from Gades, but he bought a ticket for White River Junction. I should like to know what he said to the man who had seen "The Black Crook."

CYRUS HEAVYSAGE.

Here is an example of the logic shown by Mr. George C. Bompas in his "Problem of the Shakespeare Plays." Bacon wrote in a translation of Psalm cly. "The moon so constant in inconstancy." Shakespeare wrote "Oh, swear not by the moon, the lucent moon." Therefore Bacon wrote Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." No wonder "G. K. C." says in the Speaker: "The most harmless householder in London might on the Baconian method be suddenly convicted of having committed the White-chapel murders, and the evidence might be that one of his cousins was in the habit of calling him 'Jack,' and that some slangy friend of his had, in an authenticated letter described him as 'a ripper.'"

This reminds us that an estimable old gentleman in Boston protested lately to an editor of a newspaper against Sunday articles against Baconians, because a most respectable person was at the head of the Verulam Society and among Baconians were some of "our best people." And so he wished a muzzle to be put on common sense.

Returns continue to come in of Abileneites who saw Prince, Henry. Mrs. Bearce saw him in Annapolis. G. C. Sterl got a close view in Chicago. He greeted the Prince with "Hoch der Prinz!" and got a pleasant salute. Charlie Pattison was traveling in Pennsylvania, when the Prince's train came alongside the one on which he was riding. Charlie only had time to give the hailing-signs in 11 of the lodges to which he belonged. The Prince either is not a jiner or had forgotten the rules, for he only bowed and looked silly.—Abilene (Kan.) Reflector.

The talk about a Passion Play in New York reminds us that a "Passion" Mystery in 16 scenes by the Abbé Jouin was performed at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, a fortnight or so ago. At least half the scenes are devoted to the "too systematic" appearance of a chorus which comments on the facts that cannot be scenically developed in an ordinary dramatic representation. As the result of this, the critics complained of boredom. We learn from Mr. Paul Chevalier's review that Miss Lhéritier was a charming and beautiful Magdalene, that Mr. Fromout as Pilate had authority, that Mr. Albert Mayer was a savage Judas, and that Miss Daumerie as the Virgin was "slightly bourgeois." There was music, written by Alexandre Georges.

The "Look of Eden Hall" is now in the Bank of England, for Sir Richard Musgrave has let the hall for a term of years. They say that the glass beaker, engraved with colored devices, was shot while an ace of falling when it was caught in time by a butler. The carcase was Philip, Duke of Wharton, who was careless in many ways, especially

with the reputation of women, for he is supposed to have sent for Richardson's Lovelace, and he also enjoyed the honor of being for a time President of the Hell Fire Club. The drinking-cup holds about a pint, a scanty sip for some that owned it.

Jan 30, 1902

YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

Nineteenth Concert by the Symphony Orchestra — Miss Augusta Cottlow, Pianist — Chamber Concert by Messrs. Kreisler, Gerardy, Hofmann.

The 19th concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerleke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture "Medea".....Cherubini
Concerto in A minor for piano.....Grieg
Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal".....Wagner
Symphony No. 3.....Saint-Saëns

When a composer today wishes to portray in music raging Hercules, or Ajax defying the lightning, or the last grand year of Cleopatra, he calls to his aid all the resources of the orchestra and he puts pathetic faith in a song. Antique passion in history or legend demands, it seems, for accurate portrayal, ranks of brass and battalions of pulsatile instruments. And yet the music of the Greek tragedies was simple, so far as we know anything about it. The instruments were chiefly flutes. When Mounet-Sully played Oedipus Rex in Boston, there was singularly effective music; effective on account of its simplicity and direct pathos. Perhaps it was by Membrée, he wrote incidental music for this tragedy; whoever the composer was, he succeeded, because he established a mood that suggested the old tragic spirit and also far off, unhappy things. Cherubini was, indeed, a musician inherently in sympathy with the antique; his passion was the passion of the flute, the urn; but in this overture to "Medea" he does not seem to us moderns to have sounded the necessary note. An acute critic, H. F. Chorley, did not hesitate to speak of the overture as "wild and fiery." It was over 60 years ago when he said this; how would the overture seem to him now, after the music of the later Verdi, Wagner, Tschalkowsky, Richard Strauss and even Brahms; for Brahms is all aglow compared with the austere, noble Cherubini. Suppose the overture had no title; would you for a moment connect it with such a tragic story as that of "Medea"? Nor is there the note of antiquity that is sounded so beautifully in Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture. Yet it is clear and pure music; the outlines are flawless; the polish is that of marble. If the face of the sorceress that charmed so many is seen, it is as a frozen mask.

One does not feel like discussing the "Good Friday Spell." It is music to be heard solemnly and with profound meditation. Seldom is it given to any composer to write such pages, and when we hear them we do not wonder at the wish of disciples of Wagner to keep "Parsifal" a sacred play at Bayreuth, where pilgrims may assemble to hear it in the proper spirit, undisturbed by the associations of the garish opera-house.

Saint Saëns's symphony in C minor shows the skill rather than the invention of the composer. The workmanship is admirable; how seldom Saint Saëns errs in the fabrication! It is not necessary to dwell on the resemblance of its initial theme to that of the first theme in Schubert's unfinished symphony; no sane person would accuse the Frenchman of deliberate or careless plagiarism. The chief disappointment is in the comparative paucity of fresh material, of spontaneous thought. The ultra-modern may smile at the adagio with the long song of the violins against organ chords, but the music sounds well, and harmonic devices save it from the reproach of banality. As a whole, the work smells of the lamp, to say that it is well made is, after all, to say that it can justly go.

Miss Cottlow played Tschalkowsky's concerto in B flat minor at the Worcester Festival of 1900. The task was beyond her strength, but she showed certain excellent qualities. Last night she gave an exceedingly interesting performance of Grieg's concerto, which is still in general belief an effective work. Miss Cottlow's performance was characterized by a fine, genuine portamento, and an individual imagination. She sang her "Parsifal" with the same thoroughness, so free, so fluid, so spontaneous was her playing. For one thing, the thought of a critic's opinion, of a task to be overcome, of a rival to be beaten, the chief thought was of the music, sympathy literally interpreted. She may question the freedom in the first movement; but this freedom was never affected; it seemed to be inevitable. The music demands it, and only in lyrical improvisation was this freedom apparent. A slight touch of fully adequate technique, a dash of thoroughness, a slight suggestion of a woman's intuition, a dash of hearing both

performed, and in acknowledging the hearty applause which was only due these contributions to a pleasure that may be ranked among the finest and most grateful memories of this season now drawing to a close.

Messrs. Kreisler, Gerardy, Hofmann gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Trio, B flat.....Rubinstein
Variations for piano.....Mendelssohn
Sonata (two movements).....Bocherini
Andante in B minor.....Copelli
Allegretto.....Nardini
Ballade.....Moszkowski
Berceuse.....Chopin
Etincelles.....Moszkowski
Overture "Tannhauser".....Wagner-Liszt
Mr. Hofmann.

This concert gave genuine pleasure. In the first place, it is seldom that we hear such masterly ensemble. I have to go back to performances of chamber music by Mr. Ysaye and his companions in the old Music Hall to find a parallel with the performance yesterday of Rubinstein's Trio. There was such wealth as well as beauty of tone; there was such sympathy between the players; there was such dash as well as strength; and then there was the true, grand heroic style. There was nothing done in miniature.

It is the fashion to sneer at this trio, and Rubinstein as a composer is now universally out of favor; even his songs, although some of them are among the best in the world's collection, are seldom heard in the concert room. This is unjust. Here is this Trio, for instance. It is at least over forty years old, and it is still fresher, more modern than many chamber works which have since had their little day of triumph, and are now respectfully mentioned. The Scherzo, which was played with wonderful fleetness and elegance, is in its way inimitable, but the Trio is something more than a scherzo; the first movement is impressive, and the Andante is decidedly characteristic; indeed, not without the suggestion of greatness. The Finale is a falling-off, but how grateful even in this movement are many passages to the pianist; how well conceived the very ending. Throughout the work there are suggestions of an Orientalized Beethoven, for as von Bülow said long ago, there was much more of Beethoven than of Mendelssohn in Rubinstein's best music. If Rubinstein had only conceived with more pain; if he had not been in such a hurry to dismiss one work that he might begin another; if he had only had the courage and the patience to prune, revise, cut-out!

The three artists—for in this instance the word is not out of place—worked together lovingly in glorious rivalry; that the ensemble might be perfect and memorable. In their solo numbers they also gave weary with applause. To particularize would be perhaps invidious; but I cannot help now recalling Mr. Hofmann's playing in the Scherzo and in fact throughout the Trio, and in some of Mendelssohn's variations; Mr. Gerardy's performance of the movements by Bocherini, in which he displayed exquisite skill and taste as well as breadth and nobility; the pure song and art displayed by Mr. Kreisler in Correlli's andante and the virtuoso finish and audacity in the Fantasia on Russian airs which he gave as an encore. There were other encores.

Philip Hale.

HARDLY is the din of the opera over; and we hear the calm almost impersonal announcement among the rumbings and the echoes that Sembrich wishes to give song recitals here in November. Two at least—so that all the dear people of Boston, likewise the inhabitants of the suburbs from Manchester-by-the-Sea to Oysterville, may have an opportunity of hearing her before they die. Only the Destroyer of delights and the Severer of societies, the Desolator of dwelling-places and Garnerer of graveyards chills the enthusiasm of singers, their desire to let their voice and art leavently with present pleasure and delightful memories the prosaic lives of the rich.

Here is Maredella Sembrich, a singer of indisputable eminence, a woman of true kindness and generosity, a rare pearl among gaudy or pinchbeck prima donnas of the three centuries. She has not yet finished a trying season. Her voice and her performance now show signs of work and wear, as do the voices of nearly all the men and women in Mr. Grau's company. She has already given a song recital here this season and gained from it much money and glory. And now, and now she dreams of recitals next November.

I hear some women say: "The greedy thing! Has she not money enough? Why doesn't she rest?"

Sembrich, dear madam, is going to rest. First, Dresden and home again to the old chateau; then the Tyrol. Ternina, who will not sing next season for any amount of money—so she says, and she is a truthful woman, of far finer fibre than many of her sisters-in-opera—proposes to get close to the soil; to live the natural life of the peasant in her own country. Sembrich has the same longing for outdoor and simple life. These women are like the giant of the old legend: they gain strength when they touch the soil.

But it is not greed that drives all operatic singers toward the concert stage. Some, it is true, are avaricious; but Sembrich is one of the most gen-

erous of women. There is the longing to be before the public; the craving to see the great crowds; to hear the rustling of programs, the restlessness of the impatient audience, the roar of applause. If applause were forbidden by law as a possible danger to bulfings, I believe that half the singers now on the stage would lead a private life. There is the excitement; there is the comforting thought: "I still am great; see how the public crowds the hall; see how the manager smiles on me!"

There are all sorts of exhibitionists. Nor are all necessarily perverts.

Do these singers "love America," as they passionately declare in print, although they admit that they cannot endure steam-heat and ice-water, which are among the most fondly cherished American institutions? They like any country where they receive applause and money; where they are made much of; where their names are kept standing in type; where women will run after them to listen humbly to talk about successes in the past, present, and future. Boston, Lisbon, Santiago (Chile), St. Petersburg, Cape Town—all the same. You see they have naturally a happy disposition and they can accommodate themselves easily to favorable circumstances.

And this is true in far greater degree of the men singers. It has been so from the earliest days. Did not the village beauty from Apulia haunt the Roman theatre and say between gasps, "Dear Bathylus! do it again?" The satirists tell us that the actors, the dancers, the chorus-masters, but above all, the singers and the musicians of the theatres, were the pets and lions of the Roman ladies.

I doubt if anywhere in the musical world orchestral players are on the whole so comfortably situated as they are in Boston, when they happen to be members of the Symphony Orchestra. They are well paid. They know that so long as they do not neglect their work and do not indulge themselves in vicious and incapacitating habits their position is reasonably sure.

Furthermore, they are held here in higher account than they would be in European cities. They have a certain position in the musical-social world. They often meet men and women whom they would not know if Boston were a town in Germany, Austria or Russia. Their opinions on musical matters are sought by amateurs, heeded and often quoted. Their own ideas are little by little broadened. They have the opportunity, at least, of living cleaner physical and mental lives. Now all this is as it should be.

These musicians are supported almost wholly by men and women of American birth and parentage. They are paid in American money for services rendered by them in an American city. Would it not be reasonable, would it not be decent for some of them to conceal, at least in public and when they are on the stage, their contempt for American singers, pianists, violinists, conductors, composers?

I am now speaking not of the orchestra as a whole; I am speaking of a few individual members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It would be easy to name them, although they are not musicians of any distinction. Their conduct is annoying to persons in the audience as well as to the singing or playing or conducting victim.

Lillian Nordica sang here with the Symphony Orchestra a fortnight ago. Whatever may be said about this or that detail of her art, she is certainly entitled to respectful treatment from those who accompany her or sit on the stage while she sings with the accompaniment of a piano. A fortnight ago she sang gloriously "Ah! Perfido," and afterward she sang a group of songs. During the singing of this group, Friday afternoon, certain members of the orchestra lolled or squirmed uneasily in their chairs, or gaped, or looked derisively one at another, or showed unmistakably to the audience that in their opinion Nordica was a poor singer, or one with incongruously dramatic airs and graces, and that it was high time she were through. Some of these men even impeded her without a pretence of apology while she was making her way from the stage or to the stage. Nordica happens to be an American. The funniest, most ignorant, most barbarous German squealer and shrieker would never receive such treatment from these same men. They would sit and listen most respectfully. They would applaud frenetically. They would like the singing.

Here is another instance. The Handel and Haydn sang Verdi's "Requiem" this season. Several members of the orchestra often talked and giggled during the performance. They were indifferent, careless in their task. They openly showed their contempt for the whole thing. Possibly the music did not

appeal to them or suit their taste. But they were then working for pay; they knew the conductor was a man of more than ordinary skill and experience and authority. But the Handel and Haydn is a chorus made up of Americans, and the solo singers were Americans, and the performance was really not one that interested these players.

These are only two of many instances. The conduct of a few, the least important members of an orchestra, thus brings reproach on the orchestra as a whole. The earnest, the dignified, the gentle must thus suffer from the conduct of a few, who when they first joined the organization were humble, almost obsequious in their efforts to please, and pathetically happy in their privileges and good fortune. They have not been able to endure prosperity.

Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked.

The Orchestral Club, Mr. Georges Longy, conductor, will give its second concert of this season at Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening. The program is one of unusual interest, for two or three of the pieces will be performed for the first time in the United States.

Henri Rabaud's "Divertissement sur des Chansons Russes" was played at a Colonne concert in Paris Jan. 13, 1901. Rabaud, one of the most distinguished of the younger French composers, is the son of the celebrated cellist, Hippolyte Rabaud (1839-1900), and was born at Paris Nov. 10, 1873. His grandmother was Dorus-Gras, the famous singer. A pupil of Massenet, he took the prix de Rome in 1894. His chief works are two symphonies (1895, '99), "La Procession Nocturne," (1899)—it was played in Cincinnati Dec. 1, 1900; "Job," an oratorio (1900); Elegie for orchestra (1899); string quartet; Psalm iv. (1901). The "Divertissement" is an orchestral setting of Russian songs.

An Adagio and menuet from Mozart's Divertimento, No. 2, will be played. This Divertimento was written at Salzburg in 1772 and is scored for 1 flute, 1 oboe, 1 bassoon, 4 horns and the usual strings. The piece has eight movements, and some that a March in D originally belonged to it. The instruments are used in many combinations. Four horns were used by Mozart in his earliest operas and early symphonies.

An excerpt from Delibes's ballet "Coppelia" (1870), Slavonic theme and variations, will be played. The ballet itself was produced in Boston by the National Opera Company early in January, 1887.

Mr. Loeffler's "Divertissement Espagnole" for saxophone and orchestra, dedicated to Mrs. R. J. Hall, will be repeated. This fascinating work was first performed by the Orchestral Club a year ago last January.

The first performance of Debussy's prelude to Stéphane Mallarmé's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" is, indeed, an important event. The poem itself is a strange work of eight pages; it hints in cryptic, baffling language at the meditations of a Sicilian faun, in the sun, who has watched the sports of nymphs. Teodor de Wyzewa thus explains it: A faun has seen of an afternoon loving and joyous nymphs. They have fled, and the faun mourns; 'twas only a dream, forever lost. But he understands that all visions are dreams of his soul, and he evokes deliciously the gentle ones that have taken flight. He re-creates their forms, he feels again the warm kisses of their lips; he is about to embrace the most beautiful. Again the vision vanishes. How vain would be regret! At his ease he may recall the frolicsome nymphs, the well-loved creations of his eyes. For Mallarmé's philosophy is this: he admits the reality of the world, but he admits it as a reality of fiction. Nature with its gorgeous, fairy-like spectacles and frightened human societies is a dream of the soul; a real dream, but are not all dreams real? Our soul is a workshop of incessant fictions, supremely joyous, for we know they have been engendered by us. This music was first played at a concert of the Société Nationale, Paris, Dec. 23, 1894. When it was played at a Colonne concert in October of the next year, Gauthier-Villars described it as "an exquisite orchestral picture, a preparation to the general impression of the poem, which the dream music fits deliciously; here and there adorable bits of instrumentation make one think of a sublimated Chabrier. The gray charm of vagueness! The fluid indecisions, the hesitating, stumbling grace! This impalpable, subtle work that pays tonality no respect, and tries to include all the nuances, defies analysis." The antique cymbals to be used in this performance were obtained in Paris, for, strange to say, there were none in Boston. Thus when Chausson's "Viviane" was performed here this season by the Symphony Orchestra, the effect of these cymbals was entirely lost. The glockenspiel or instrument akin to it is not a satisfactory substitute.

The concert will end with Massenet's "Marche héroïque de Szabady," which was performed for the first time at a concert at the Opera House, June 7, 1870, for the benefit of those who suffered from the floods of Szegedin. The march is founded on Hungarian themes heard by the composer in Budapest. It is scored for all manner of things, among them saxophones, bells, "A warlike thing, a mixture of brandy and powder." Massenet himself conducted. It will be impossible to play this march as it is scored, but even in a somewhat reduced form it will be loud enough.

Mrs. Morris Black, soprano, of New York, will make her first appearance here, and will sing two old French airs, as well as Augusta Holmes's "Thrinodan" and Coquard's "Hai-Lull."

The concert of the Longy Club, Monday evening, in Chickering Hall, will be one of much interest. The program will include Vincent d'Indy's Trio for piano, clarinet and cello, which will be played here for the first time, and Mr. Arthur Bird's serenade for wind instruments, which won the prize given by Mr. Padrewski for chamber music. Mr. Bird, who once lived here, has for some years made Berlin his home. Saint-Saëns's Caprice on Danish airs will also be played at this concert.

Here is a pleasant story of concert

manners in a little German town. The music critic of the one local newspaper found fault with the cellists of the city orchestra because they had butchered a passage in a symphony. As a matter of fact, the sinners were the double-bass players. The cellists were naturally indignant, and when the symphony was repeated at the next concert, they all stood up when the passage was reached, and pointed with their bows at the double-basses to show that the latter played the passage alone. The audience applauded wildly, and the critic left the hall amid jeering and mocking.—The Ménestrel refers to the late Camilla Urso as an Italian violinist. Does it not know that she was born at Nantes and educated at the Paris Conservatory?—Saint-Saëns writes from Cairo that he has finished his new lyric tragedy, "Parysatis." It will be produced at Béziers in the amphitheatre next August.

Mr. Nikisch conducted a Colonne concert at Paris March 16. Mr. Boutal excused his rhythmic caprices in Beethoven's music by the fact that Mr. Nikisch is a Hungarian, an exuberant Hungarian.—Gustav Mahler, conductor at Vienna, was married recently to Miss Schindler, the daughter of a Viennese landscape painter. To disappoint the curious, the ceremony took place some time before the announced hour; the groom went to the church alone and in travelling costume, and the bride followed his example. They went immediately to the railway station and took a train for St. Petersburg, where Mahler was to conduct concerts. The train was on its way when the church in Vienna was crowded with singers of all degrees, dancers, and the whole force of the opera house. The beadle was too flabbergasted to say that the wedding had taken place.—Bellini's "I Puritani" gave great pleasure in Vienna, on account of the tenor Bondi's performance.—Charpentier's "Louise" met with overwhelming success at Cologne.—Schuch, conductor at Dresden, celebrated his jubilee at Dresden. The first opera he conducted there, March 16, 1872, was "Don Pasquale," and this opera was revived for his jubilee.

It is now considered comme il faut to have string orchestra music at cremations. Baltimore has set the example. Schubert's "Tod und das Mädchen" might be an appropriate selection for young persons of the tender sex, the coda of "Der Erlkönig" for children in arms and, if the departed one was of merry inclination, "There'll Be a Hot Time," etc. But, after all, in matters of this sort it is well to be governed by the wishes of the survivors.—Musical Courier.

Handel's "Acis and Galatea" was produced at the Great Queen Street Theatre, London, March 10. Mr. Gordon Craig looked after the stage setting and the costumes. Shepherdesses and nymphs tossed about colored air balls and a huge rose tree grew out of a tall, ladder-like framework. There have been theatrical performances of this work in London in 1731, and then during nearly every season until 1740; 1829, 1831, 1842, 1843, 1869, 1871. The pastoral play was given with costume and scenery in New York as late as April

24, 29, 1892, with Clementine de Ver, Irene Pevny, W. H. Keger, Emil Fischer.

In Boston there is a Handel and Haydn Society which presents with pious fervor "The Messiah" twice a year. Yet we are informed by men of indisputable authority that Handel wrote other oratorios.

Prof. Franz Strauss, the father of Richard Strauss, celebrated his 80th birthday this month. Formerly a horn-player in the Munich Opera Orchestra, he now teaches the horn at the Royal Wurtembergian Conservatory.—Della Rogers, an American, sang in "Fidelio" at Elberfeld.—Adolf Hartdegen, cellist, who was once well-known here, now lives in Cassel, and he has been made a Royal Chamber Music virtuoso by the Prince Regent of Lippe-Deimold. More power to his—the cellist's—elbow.

Carreno's daughter Teresita Carreno-Tagliapietra, is described by a correspondent of the Musical Courier as "a charming girl of about 18 years, quite a Spanish type of beauty, with short, dark hair and large fascinating black eyes." She played the piano in Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia. With such parentage—do you remember Tagliapietra singing "The Palms?"—she must have temperament to burn.

Miss Bernice Agnew, born in Ohio and afterward of Pittsburg, has sung with success in London. "Her ancestors have held the post of Sheriffs of Galloway"—hence undoubtedly her power of execution.

The first performance of five Greek love songs, "Cameos," by Liza Lehmann, was at a Popular Concert, London, March 1, when Joseph O'Mara was the singer and the composer the pianist. There is talk of "Oriental idiom" in them. Four of the songs are of amorous nature and one is distinctly anti-prohibition.—At the same concert a piano quintet in C minor by Baron Frédéric d'Erlanger was played. The Baron took part in the performance.

"Although lacking in originality, it is clearly designed, earnest in expression and a very clever piece of musical workmanship." If this be so, we all know about how the piece sounds.—Mr. Percy Pitt wrote a score of over 300 pages for Phillips's tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," but "practical exigencies reduced it" when the play was performed. "Not a note is heard in its intended place of the expressive music designed to accompany the fateful reading in the garden; and, calamity of calamities, it was found impossible to provide Mr. Pitt with the full orchestra for which he was told he might write. That which remains, however, attests not only to his accomplished musicianship, but also to dramatic perception of a high order. The opening prelude suggests with remarkable vividness the war of emotions about to be illustrated. It is built up with the Fate motive, the themes associated with Francesca the beloved and Giovanni the tyrant, and the festivity music for the wedding in the first act. The preludes preceding the other three acts are no less distinctive and calculated to put the mind of those who listen in proper frame for what they are about to see. The soldier's song, methinks, will survive the play for many a year, for it is a fine, manly, exhilarating piece of workmanship, albeit the sentiments might be objected to at Exeter Hall. It is, indeed, in what is left of the purely incidental music that Mr. Pitt has been specially successful, and its strains are so thoroughly in sympathy with the situation they illustrate that more than once they creep in imperceptibly, deftly supply what the words leave unsaid, and discreetly withdraw, leaving behind a satisfactory sensation as of the advent of a pleasant visitor."

March 31.

"THE CREATION."

Haydn's Cheerful and Tuneful Oratorio Performed by the Handel and Haydn Last Night at Symphony Hall—Spirited Singing by the Chorus.

Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," was performed last night in Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. The solo singers were Miss Emma Juch, Miss Gertrude Miller, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Joseph Baernstein. Mr. Tucker was the organist. There was a very large audience.

Much of this music is still fresh and delightful. Haydn was always careful in workmanship. Fertile as he was, he was seldom, if ever, slovenly, or perfunctorily dull. He was naive in his descriptive, zoological pages, but the period was naive, and descriptive or program music is, after all, largely a matter of degree. Haydn's lion, tiger, heavy beasts and worm were probably not taken too seriously by the composer himself, and is the attempt to portray them more ludicrous

than that of some highly respectable German gentleman to picture Bismarck in a symphony of four movements, or that of Mr. Kocssler to describe in music Brahms as the friend of children, or the lover of Nature, or friend of Mr. Koessler in Hungary?

The performance of the chorus was excellent; it was characterized by freshness, vigor, appreciation of dynamic gradations. The familiar pages were sung as though new beauties had been unfolded in rehearsal. The chorus sang not only as though it had been thoroughly and intelligently drilled, but as though it fully enjoyed the music; and this enjoyment was naturally contagious.

Emma Juch sang with her accustomed skill and taste, and she gave pleasure by her art in piano or mezzo forte passages. When she was obliged to declaim with vigor, or sing with breadth, the tones were thin and worn. The inexorable years! It looked earlier in the season as though Miss Juch were doomed to remain the boy in "Elijah," but last night she was promoted to the rank of Gabriel, in the concerted music. Her task was not an easy one, but on the whole it was creditably performed. The voice itself is a fine instrument; many of the tones are of clear and beautiful quality; they are fresh and youthful, and there is also the rich glow of womanhood; but the highest tones are not always carefully concentrated, and they scatter as in spray. This singer has two excellent qualities—enthusiasm and patience. The former quality should not tempt her to tasks that are beyond her present abilities or to the squandering of tonal force. It is easy for a Boston singer to cultivate patience. It is thrust upon them, even when by birth they are without it. They also sing who only stand and wait. I hope some day to hear an oratorio well given by local singers, and with at least a dozen Americans in the orchestra.

Mr. Davies sang in his manly, straightforward fashion and often with effect. The voice itself is growing hard and metallic. Mr. Baernstein was more fortunate in passages that displayed his lower and middle tones. The upper tones were inclined to be pinched, dry, and false in the intonation. But how many true basses are there now before the oratorio public; basses with unctuous, genuine quality, and not baritones with occasional lower tones? Mr. Baernstein declaimed the zoological recitatives in the right spirit and his account of the creation and the characteristics of the worm fully answered the expectations of the amusement-loving public.

The society gave two extra concerts this season for the establishment of a building fund. The program announced that \$3500 had thus far been raised and that the society hoped to have its own building for various purposes in 1915.

At these extra concerts Verdi's "Requiem" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" were sung. The other works performed were "The Messiah" (twice), Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Gounod's "Gallia," portions of Bach's Passion music according to Matthew, and "The Creation." This is not a brilliant record. At least one new or unfamiliar work of prominence should be performed each season. Lately in London, Handel's "Alexander Balus" and "Acis and Galatea" were brought out, and in Germany oratorios by Handel which are practically unknown here were sung. Edgar's "Dream of Gerontius" has been heard even in Germany. I do not say that these particular works should be brought out in Boston, but surely there should be a departure from the beaten track.

Is it really necessary to sing "The Messiah" twice each season? Is it advisable to perform portions of the Passion music? If Bach's music is given as a religious service—and such seemed to be the intention on Good Friday—I have nothing to say. If this music was given as a concert performance, much might be said. The selections were not effectively chosen; the chorals were dragged; the recitatives were drawn out; the arias were, as a rule, taken at a snail's pace, and the music was for the most part a bore. For this both conductor and solo singers can be faulted; and if there are to be concert performances of the Passion in future, the work should be studied in a different spirit. It should also be said that much of the music itself is unutterably tedious and only religious because of the associations connected with the text.

Philip Hale.

An eight-month-old baby at Denver, Col., was killed by a malted cat. The baby was asleep in his carriage in the back yard. The cat put its mouth within the child's mouth, and sucked its breath until the baby was suffocated. At least Dr. F. E. Waxham thinks this was the cause of the death; the mother saw the cat jump from the carriage, and Mrs. F. S. Knox, a neighbor, corroborates the mother. No one saw the cat at work, but that of course is an unimportant point.

Mr. Edward Toppel wrote learnedly about cats in 1658, after he had gained most of his information from Conradus Gesner. "It is most certain that the breath and savour of Cats consume the radical humour and destroy the lungs, and therefore they which keep their Cats with them in their beds have the air corrupted, and fall into several Hecticks and Consumptions. There was a certain company of Munks much given to nourish and play with Cats, whereby they were so infected that within a short space none of them were able to say, read, pray, or sing in all the Monastery."

The trouble is, as the negroes in Missouri say, some cats are real cats and some are devils, and you never can

tell which is which. In Hungary the cat generally becomes a witch from the age of seven years to that of 12; and witches ride on tom-cats, especially black ones.

The Countess of Orkney—Connie Gilchrist—cannot appear at King Edward's coronation. If we were Orkney we should be delighted to stay at home with Connie, and give up the show.

Miss Fritz Scheff says that Mr. Jean de Reszke proposes to sing Canio in "Pagliacchi." We should not like to see him in this part. Canio was not a perfect gentleman.

Now that the sun is growing more powerful, look out how you sit in its rays. Mrs. Philip H. Sechler sat by the window last week, and the rays exploded her celluloid comb. The report was as loud as a pistol. Still more pathetic was the case reported by Amatus Lusitanus (16th century) in his "Curatium Medicinalium Centurie Septem" of a young maiden, the daughter of Vincent, a currier. She, about 13 years old, used to wash her hair in the heat of a July day, and then let it dry in the sun, "to make it yellow, but by that means tarrying too long in the heat, she inflamed her head, and made herself mad."

Mr. William Dibblee, "the oldest hair dresser in the United States," says that Jerry Lind used raw onions on her hair. We know some singers of passionate temperament who use them on the voice. Then in emotional moments they are irresistible.

F. E. W. asks the meaning of "hornswoggle," a verb.

Several meanings are given. "It is an expression of surprise, disgust, consternation, etc., as 'I'll be hornswoggled, or hornswaggled.'" The verb is equivalent to "dingswizzle." In "Dialect Notes," Part VIII., the form "hornswoggle" is not found.

A friend who is now in Texas wrote us by chance from San Antonio, March 21: "To hornswoggle means to come it over one. To hornswoggle a railway is to secure a Government appropriation for the improvement of a river, which is not intended to be used for navigation, but for the purpose of mentioning low rates for freight."

"Slang and its Analogues" gives "hornswoggle," the noun: nonsense, humbug.

Farmer's "Dictionary of Americanisms" says: "Hornswoggle, a Western creation, signifying nonsense, foolery, or chaffing, deception. Variants are skulduggery and shenanigan."

The Rev. Geoffrey Hill is the author of a book on "The Aspire; or the use of the letter H in English, Latin, Greek, and Gaelic." He believes that the aspire should go and would have gone but for the influence of printing and fashion. A London reviewer well says:

"The use of H is one of the solid and unsurmountable facts in the modern plan of life; it cannot be jested away. Once there was a rich manufacturer who bought a great home in London, and sought the friendship of noblemen and their families. His custom was to tell his wife, after each dinner party they gave, that he could buy up all the guests they had been entertaining without missing it, and this was true; but he used to say hideosyncrasy and erselarch, so that those at his table could eat no food, and would do no more than ask him to lunch at large restaurants where none of their circle ever went. Incensed at this treatment, the rich manufacturer retired to a mansion in the environs of Bolton, where he had first earned money as a 'little piecer,' and there he did much good and was idolized by all, for he was an honest, large-hearted man. Now his son went to Trinity Hall, where he swindled at cards one evening, and was caught. Another time he blasphemed terribly in the hearing of all at a game of pool in which a Dean and a Minister of the Crown were taking part. When he went about to divorce his wife she was beforehand with him, and divorced him instead. Nor did he come out well in a certain very nasty affair at Goodwood Races. But in spite of all, people received him, and he had everything that his father had sighed

for in vain. For though the G which should have been at the end of his present participle active was always wanting, and he slurred all his words until it was all but impossible to understand him, his use of H was faultless."

And yet did not an English Judge say in a patent case: "I think I understand it now. First you procure a solution of potassium hydrate, then you add hydrochloric acid, and then you 'eat it.'"

We were turning over the pages of J. L. Grandchamp's Philosophical Essay on how far the barbarous treatment of animals concerns public morals, and whether laws should be made with regard to this treatment. The book was published at Paris in 1804, and it looks pompous and dull; but we came across a story that may interest anti-vivisectionists. Dr. Champeau of Lyons made experiments on live dogs that he might

LONGY CLUB.

You have met the man who wanted just enough money to go to Providence. He never explained why he wished to go to that city; there was an air of haughty reserve that checked inquiry. Perhaps he had made an engagement to meet a friend at the Hope Club. Perhaps he wished to have a heart-to-heart talk with the editor of the Providence Journal on an important matter of etiquette or dress. Did he ever

go to Providence? He was going three or four years ago; but we saw him yesterday, and his longing was still unsated. If he wished to go to Baghdad, or Cairo, or even Burlington, Vt., we could understand his impatience.

There is in London a Charity Organization Society by whose reports "frauds"—persons of ingenious speculation and lively imagination—are exposed. Lewis H— was in the habit of sending letters to successful authors: "Though personally a stranger to you, I have read your magnificent book, and judge from it that you have a kindly nature. I worked much for my dead friends. Kindly Tom Hood, the genial editor of Fun, was, excepting my dear mother, the best and truest friend I ever had."

Then there is the man who asks for "a cool hundred to help purchase a deferred annuity for myself." Henry B— writes to "fellow-sportsmen more successful in life" than he has been: "From my youth I have ridden straight to hounds, upon good cattle of my own, in many counties, and with many different packs." The "reduced parson" finds elderly ladies dead easy. "He is usually a heavy drunkard, resident in a common lodging house." Then there is the romantic husband who wishes to get his wife's wedding ring out of pawn.

April 3 1902

MR. EDWIN H. LEMARE.

The Second Organ Recital in Symphony Hall by This Brilliant Player, . . . Endeavors to Turn His Instrument Into an Orchestra.

Mr. Edwin H. Lemare gave his second organ recital of the season last night in Symphony Hall. There was a large audience, which displayed unmistakable signs of pleasure.

The program included Wostenholme's Fantasia in E major; Lemare's Nocturne in B minor and Pastorale in E; Bach's Toccata, adagio, and Fugue in C major; a transcription of the "Angel Scene" from "Haensel and Gretel"; Bossi's Etude Symphonique; Hollins's Intermezzo in D flat; an improvisation; and the Andante Cantabile and Toccata in F from Widor's fifth organ Symphony.

Mr. Lemare is an organist of uncommon fluency who plays easily and often with a distinction of manner that may be called elegance.

He is, however, consumed with a desire to turn the organ itself into an orchestra, a feat that is inherently impossible. This desire leads him into experimental registration, which is sometimes plausible, sometimes almost grotesque. In his endeavor to produce constantly shifting color-effects, he occasionally neglects weightier matters of the law, as rhythm and continuity. Furthermore, although he has shown that he can play legato, he is addicted to staccato and is not content with thus treating pages that are marked "not bound together," but he uses the staccato until it is intolerable. Last evening his use of the 32 ft pedal was injurious to true effect and it soon became tiresome. There was also an irritating abuse of the tremolo.

There is generally much that is interesting in Mr. Lemare's registration; therefore the registration of the pedal in the Adagio by Bach surprised by the lack of taste and judgment. This Adagio is a charming page, with a well-defined melody of pleasing melancholy, a light accompaniment, and what might be called a pizzicato pedal. Mr. Lemare registered this pedal too heavily, and the tone was now tubby, now like the breathy low tones of a French bassoon. The whole effect was spoiled.

Mr. Lemare is undoubtedly a popular player, one that knows how to entertain an audience. It is to be regretted that a player of his ability and brilliance should not devote himself to the elevation of the popular taste. If he should neglect Wostenholme, Hollins et al for a time, refrain from playing transcriptions of orchestral pieces and play only the best organ music, he would still win applause. As it is, his performance is often meretricious, and his influence over young organists cannot make for musical righteousness.

Philip Hale.

It is necessary that a man should be apprised early in life that it is a masquerade, in which he finds himself. For otherwise there are many things which he will fail to understand and put up with, nay, at which he will be completely puzzled, and that man longest of all whose heart is made of better clay.

We saw a sign yesterday: "Corinthian Restaurant." Why "Corinthian?" Corinth was famous for its daughters of persuasion, but this restaurant is simple and respectable. The wine of Corinth was sour and hard; but this is a temperance restaurant. The Corinthians were notoriously profligate and corrupt, but their table was not world-famous. There were peculiarly cold springs of water at Corinth, but iced water may be had in any restaurant,

provided the ice is not boiled from fear of microbes. Corinthian brass was celebrated, but brass is often provided in local restaurants by the waiter, the proprietor, or your accidental table companion. "Corinthian" is a term applied by both Shakespeare and W. E. Henley to a rake, a loose liver; and in the early part of the 19th century, a Corinthian was a dandy, a man of fashion. Does this proprietor thus insist that his eating-house is the resort of the ultra-fashionable? Or is he pleased with the sound of the word and indifferent to the meaning?

To "Harvard": The first Oxford-Cambridge race from Putney to Mortlake was rowed in 1845. The first race with outriggers was rowed in 1846. The races began to be annual in 1854. Keel-less boats were used in 1857. The Cambridge boat sank in a gale in 1853. Sliding seats were introduced in 1873. The fastest race on record was won by Cambridge in 1900 in 18 minutes 46 seconds.

Some one contributed an article entitled "Good and Ill in Flat Life" to the New York Evening Post. Here is a sentence: "Even in her own rooms, when with a crowd of young friends, who are almost always laughing and never very quiet, there is a certain subdued air, for all realize there are tenants above and below who must be considered." Are there such flat-dwellers outside of the apartment houses in Utopia? "A certain subdued air": "tenants above and below who must be considered." Surely the writer is an ironist.

You undoubtedly read the other day of Mr. Schuch's dictionary of "cuss-words," which is published at Berlin. The words are arranged handily for use against men, women, both sexes, children, and soulless corporations. Perhaps such a book is needed in Germany, but American travelers should be careful in the use of it. If you curse a railway official, you blaspheme against the Government, you commit petty treason against the Emperor himself.

We spent three years in Germany, and never were we once impressed by either the dignity or the terror of a German oath. The profanity of a German always seemed to us forcibly feeble, or feebly forcible. One of the most successful efforts of a German is Heine's "Stossseufzer," which begins:

Unbequemer neuer Glauben!
Wenn sie uns den Herrgott rauben,
Hat das Fluehen auch ein End—
Himmel—Herrgott—Sakraмент!

Now the language of the Dutch persuades you that even an Amsterdam beauty is cursing you, when, as a matter of fact, she is most coquettish. Remember the Captain of the Flying Dutchman, who uttered such frightful blasphemies that Heaven took memorable vengeance, was named Vanderdecken, not Schmidt, not Mueller. The vessel is the Flying Dutchman, not the Flying Frenchman, not the Flying German. The Italians are ingenious in profanity, as they were in tortures and poisonings; the Orientals are superbly imaginative in curses; but any one that speaks English by birthright need not know envy. Walt Whitman characterized the English language as the friend of "The grand American expression; it is brawny enough and limber and full enough. It is the powerful language of resistance; it is the dialect of common sense. It is the speech of the proud and melancholy races and of all who aspire."

Some of the French Kings had individual oaths; and there are certain old families in Boston whose members pride themselves on hereditary profanity.

General Paoli insisted that all barbarous nations swore "from a certain violence of temper that could not be confined to earth, but was always reaching at the powers above, and that there was greater variety of swearing in direct proportion to the variety of religious ceremonies."

The habitually profane man is a tiresome person, to be avoided as carefully as the confirmed story-teller. The swearer is like a young woman who italicizes every other word in a love letter. His language is without force. Oaths serve chiefly to enlarge a limited vocabulary; they straiten the language; and they really impress no one. Even "damn" in a comedy that is supposed to portray genteel society no longer excites laughter in the play-houses, although play-goers of today laugh easily.

There is much talk in France and Italy about the increase in tea drinking. Tea is served in parlor and café late in the afternoon for all that wish to be considered fashionable. Not long ago it was impossible to obtain decent tea in Germany, except at the house of some English, American or Russian sojourner. The tea was worse even than

the coffee. We read lately that when tea was first brought to Europe by the Portuguese, the leaves were boiled, served as greens, eaten with melted butter, and the water in which they were boiled was thrown away.

Poe put Thomas Dunn Brown in his gallery, "The Literati," and admitted that some "scraps of verse with the gentleman's nom de plume, Thomas Dunn English, had considerable merit." He attacked him savagely in 1846 as a prose writer and editor of the "Aristidean." Here are pleasant instances of criticism as it was then understood:

"Mr. Brown has at least that amount of talent which would enable him to succeed in his father's profession—that of a ferryman on the Schuylkill."

"Mr. Brown had, for the motto on his magazine cover, the words of Richelieu: 'Men call me cruel!'"

I am not; I am just."

"Here the two monosyllables, 'an ass,' should have been appended."

"About his appearance there is nothing very remarkable—except that he exists in a perpetual state of vacillation between mustachio and goatee."

April 4 1902

ADAMOWSKI TRIO.

In the Last Chamber Concert of Miss Terry's Series at Chickering Hall—Saint-Saens's Trio in F Major and Solo Pieces.

The fourth and last concert of Miss Terry's series was given last night in Chickering Hall by the Adamowski Trio, which is now made up of Miss Edith Thompson, pianist; Mr. Timothee Adamowski, violinist, and Mr. Josef Keller, cellist. There was a good-sized audience.

The concert began with a performance of Saint-Saens's Trio in F major, op. 18. The feature of this performance was the scherzo in which Miss Thompson showed clean-cut technique and spirit. In the other movements her playing was characterless, and in the opening Allegro she once nearly came to grief. On former occasions her enthusiasm was often inclined to be extravagant, so that she forgot the sense of proportion and forced tone. Last night she went to the opposite extreme; she was not duly assertive; she was too often a self-effacing accompanist, not one of three equals. Possibly, for this reason, the first two movements and the Finale made little impression, although Messrs. Adamowski and Keller played with appreciation and intelligence.

Mr. Keller played the Berceuse from "Jocelyn" with fine tone and finish, and a polonaise by Popper. Miss Thompson played an Intermezzo by Cui, a scherzo by Brahms and a nocturne and scherzo by Chopin. I have heard her play with greater brilliance and authority. Mr. Adamowski played emotionally a melody by Paderewski, and added the familiar Mazurka by Zarzyski.

Philip Hale.

Come let us anew
Our journey pursue.

"Merlin," to whom we have before this referred, wrote entertainingly the other day about "the spring of the will." He discussed the obscurity of the origin and the action of the will or the "won't."

"Take, for example, so very commonplace an instance as the getting out of bed of a morning. One feels that the hour is here, one resolves to obey the call of duty, but lingers over it in a momentary abandonment to the luxury of rest. Then, without any further recognizable impulse from the mind, one finds oneself actually paddling about the carpet and mechanically preparing for the day's toilet. Personally I have surveyed that odd little process many hundreds of times, and have had to recognize the fact that the first impulse had, to all seeming, died away, and that it has been acted upon without any renewal of it so far as I have been able to discover."

And now let us comment on this text.

In boyhood, bed is a prison. There was no severer punishment than the sentence to bed without supper in summer months. The loss of the supper was easily borne, for the meal was often forgotten in the enthusiasm of sport; but the idea of going to bed while it was still light, when you knew that other boys were playing, was intolerable. The slipper, the rawhide, the riding-whip, the horse-whip—all these were used as instruments of education in our boyhood—these were as nothing to that awful speech: "Go up stairs, Sir; and go to bed directly." (The poor children in flats can not go up stairs. They live on a monotonous plain.)

How quickly the bed was left in the morning by vigorous youth. There was so much to be done; so many games to be played; and, incidentally, there was

school. A taste for lax was cultivated in college, chiefly because prayers in the seventies were held at such an absurdly early hour, when no one could possibly be devout. And each succeeding year taught the pleasure of dawdling in bed, brought the reluctance to don the armor of starched linen for the daily fight.

We do not refer to the morning sluggishness of the victim of strong drink, nor to the pains of him alluded to by the poet Armstrong:

"What dextrous thousands, just within the goal

Of wild debauch, direct their nightly course! Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days. No morning admonitions shock the head. But ah! what woes remain!"

We have in mind the man past forty of reasonably temperate life in all that pertains to food and drink but intemperate in work. He wakes sore in head and body, as though he had been mauled with a club. It seems as though he could never move, as though he had not the strength to poke his legs about outside in search of slippers. Again he hears the warning voice. He summons what is known as the will. He is at last in slippers and bath robe, and he moves like an automaton to the bath-room.

And thus does some stiff-jointed, despoiled horse begin the weary round of the brick-yard.

The mechanical operation of the will is illustrated in curious fashion by meditation during the act of shaving. The bearded, no doubt, have their own appointed and regularly recurring time for thoughts of repentance and resolution: on their way to work, just before going to sleep, or possibly at dinner while the wife is telling about the rudeness of Mrs. Highbinder at a reception. But while we shave, practically the same series of thoughts enters, dwells, and finally leaves the mind, and has done all this for several years.

Thomas Campbell calculated that a man who shaves himself daily and lives to be 70 years old, spends as much time in the act as would have sufficed for learning seven languages. We prefer the opinion of Southey, who held the time to be so many hours, days, years for reflection.

Here are some of these thoughts that appear with undeviating regularity: I must buy another razor; a razor is like a chance in a lottery, but I should have at least seven; and here are only three. Why does anyone buy a German razor? I must ask Scupperman for that \$5 I lent him a year ago; I should think he would be ashamed to see me. We must all be more economical in the house. That servant girl must stop putting on coal at night so that she can sleep later in the morning. I shall have to have it out with her. Strapping a razor should be taught in the schools. How awkward I am with my hands! It's a wonder I am able to shave myself. Why do I not have the courage to grow a beard? Is it possible that at my age I still care for the opinion of others? I must buy a good strap. They say that bristles from a tooth-brush induce appendicitis; I must be more careful about my brushes. Some day I shall not shave myself; some strange man with studiously subdued manner will come in and shave me. I suppose he charges more for shaving corpses. How dull the Club is now! I never see the fellows I like. I guess I'll resign. How sallow and flabby I am; I must take exercise. The days go by. You still have only three razors; you do not buy a strap. Scupperman still owes me \$5, the servant girl piles on the coal at night, you still shave, you use the old tooth-brush, you have not resigned from the Club, you do not take exercise. As soon as you have cleaned your razor and put it away, all these thoughts and other recurring thoughts vanish from your mind, to come again the next morning when you soap your voluptuous chin. But you are nearer the corpse-shaver. Perhaps he is even now preparing the very razor.

There was a young Roman exquisite who apparently had all that heart could desire. One day he wrote, "I am tired of doing the same things." He put this statement where it could be easily seen, and then killed himself.

They say that all good Bretons believe in the appearance, from time to time, in the night hours, of a death chariot. Narcisse Quellien, who founded the Celtic dinner at Paris, and discovered Perrine, the heroine of Brittany, who like Joan of Arc heard celestial voices and met Joan's fate, was killed at night by an automobile.

Section "Leisureless-Lief" of the Oxford English Dictionary has just been published. Mr. Bradley, the editor of this section, says that the word "lengthy" was found before the 19th

... American writers, "in many of the early British instances it is referred to as an Americanism." J. H. P. Washington and Hamilton used the word frequently.

Mr. Bradley does not refer to John Pickering's "Vocabulary or Collection of Words and Phrases which have been applied to be peculiar to the United States of America" (Boston, 1846). Pickering discussed the word at length, and commented as follows: "I never heard 'lengthy' among Englishmen; but an English friend (who has, however, been in America for several years past), observes in rather an emphatic manner that there certainly was a time in England when this word would have passed unnoticed in the first societies of a familiar conversation." "Criticism of the word" may since have struck it out of use.

April 5, 1902

We can readily understand the surprise of Mr. Hanotaux at Orion, Algeria. There he was, this ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, presiding over the session of the National Geographical Congress. He had delivered the inaugural address and distributed decorations, and he had done many things with dignity and grace. It was, indeed, a large day for him and his relations. But as the sagacious ancients remarked: "Call no man happy until he is dead." Up rose a young woman, who clutched his arm, whispered, threw a purse in his face, cried in a loud voice: "You are a coward and a wretch! You ruined my life!" struck him in the face with her reticule, which no doubt corresponds to the Boston bag carried by many of our estimable citizenesses.

Poor Mr. Hanotaux! Perhaps he is blameless; perhaps the woman is a hysteric, or possibly a black mailer. However this may be, he replied, they say: "You can do whatever you please," in answer to her whisper.

If he were a hardened villain, the cold and sneering seducer of melodrama, he would have lighted a cigarette and said in a clear, bell-like voice: "Morality my dear young friend, is chiefly a question of geography and chronology." All the geographers would have applauded. But Mr. Hanotaux did not take his cue.

Thus in the hour of his greatness, the flush of his pride, he was reminded that he, too, was mortal.

If the young woman had just cause, she was theatrical in her choice of hour and occasion. She threw her reticule in the face of geographers and the French nation. If Mr. Hanotaux had been minister of domestic affairs, the irony would have been more pointed.

It is a sad piece of business, whatever the facts may be. We are sorry for the young woman; we are sorry for Mr. Hanotaux; and if he is a family man, we are sorry for his wife and the little Hanotaux.

It appears that the press agent is the bright particular star of the Circus now exhibiting in New York. There are "hippodromatical revivals," "bachelordomical parades," "arenical aggregations." There is "a panoramic suggestion of the complete and comprehensive concentration and consolidation of all the constituents, celebrities, chieftains and champions in these colossal combined 'reuses.'" Furthermore, there is "an encyclopedic and exhaustive exposition of all the essential elements of experience, enterprise, energy and extravagance embraced in these enormous exhibitions upon the two stages, three rings, and the vast enclosure of the Arion d'Espace and the endless ellipse of the Hippodrome."

"Arion d'Espace" is particularly good. An "Arion" is a heretic who denies that the Saviour was of the same essence with God, or he is an "Aryan," one of the very old race. Each one of these has filled much space in books, and either one would be an attraction in a circus to all well-informed visitors. Is it possible that the ingenious press agent made a wild clutch at the French adjective "aerien" and just missed it?

There are "comic cachinnating clowns." Now a "cachinnating" clown is one that laughs loudly or immoderately. We are not prepared to deny that a man may laugh at his own jokes. Charles Lamb, we believe, discussed this question; but the real point is this: While the clown is doing his work is there a cachinnating audience? Dr. Depew, for instance, is a cachinnating story teller; but does the listener laugh with him or at him?

We regret the absence of the "Shakespearean clown." It looks as though the race were almost extinct. The few survivors are now known as Baconians, and they jest in books, pamphlets, magazine articles.

Edward FitzGerald, in a letter published

last Thursday in the New York Evening Post, wrote as follows: "I believe it is from no personal prejudice that I think American Reviews of English books are apt to be juster than English of English. The critics are removed from the authors they criticize; from the clubs and coteries, and editors, who are for them, or against; and so can judge independently, which is scarce possible otherwise. So I maintain that we country folks are—*ceteris paribus*—better judges than the Londoners, for the same reason; and I see that Wilson—(Chr. North) said the same of Scotch critics to N. P. Willis. 'The opinion of one quiet, intelligent country parson was worth them all,' he said."

This letter was written in 1877. We have changed all that, and English books are now often published synchronously by firms in this country. Furthermore, some of the most carefully prepared reviews are written by the publishers themselves and printed in "literary magazines" controlled by them.

We have looked forward to ending our life in Persia, for we have been told that it is a quiet country, with a fine climate and few if any modern improvements. The inhabitants are traditionally tellers of the truth, although there are some able liars in "The Adventures of Hajji Baba." Education is general there, poetry is appreciated by all classes, cut-away coats are considered indecent; there are no specialists, but all diseases and remedies are divided into "hot" or "cold," which simplifies matters; there are wonderful sherbets of sugar and rosewater and sweet seeds, pomegranate, orange, violets, cherry-juice, willow-buds, all cooled by lumps of ice, and ice costs only about \$2.50 for 28 pounds a day during the whole summer; an Armenian woman thinks that if she covers only her chin with a veil she is modest in the otherwise liberal exposure of charms; there are no clocks; the Persians do not admire plump beauties, but their type is the antelope. We have looked forward to a peaceful end in this blessed country; but we learned yesterday that an Australian millionaire has obtained a concession to work an oil belt, and surveying has begun for a pipe line. That settles it. We now look forward to a rude burial at Oysterville, Barnstable County, although ice is by no means cheap in that delightful village, and the chins of the women are not covered.

Miss Elizabeth Banks in an article published in Cassell's "Living London" says that a coster girl will willingly pay 30 shillings for an ostrich feather. Why are women crazy in this respect? Is it, as "Guinevere" suggests in the Referee, because the fascination of the feather is a kind of "throwback" to savagery; "to the days when the art of the weaver was not yet, and we were compelled, in the interests of modesty and personal adornment, to clothe ourselves with whatsoever we could contrive to lay our hands upon?"

What does the poet say?

"Then a song for the bird whose feathers wave
Over the chattering font and the fresh-made grave—
A song for the bird of the desert, whose plume
Is seen by the cradle and not at the tomb."

Among the old Egyptians the ostrich feather was the symbol of truth. The Soma! and the Arabs use it as the sign of victory; and the white feather is stuck in the back hair after the wearer has killed his foe.

April 6, 1902

SYMPHONY AND CHAMBER.

Twentieth Concert of the Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, Conductor—D'Indy's Piece for Orchestra and Piano—Chamber Concert by Messrs. Hofmann, Kreisler and Gerardy.

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Symphony on a Mountain Air.....D'Indy
(For orchestra and piano)
(First time, Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist.)
Excerpts from "Legends".....Dvorak
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.
"Francesca da Rimini" fantasia after Dante.....Tschalkowsky

D'Indy's Symphony for orchestra and piano is built on a mountain-air known to the dwellers in the Cévennes. This air is simple, melancholy, beautiful. The work is a Symphony, not a piano concerto. The piano is used as an orchestral instrument; it enters occasionally in solo, as a flute, an oboe, a horn might enter. There is never any passage for display of merely virtuoso

qualities. Harp and piano are used together, in opposition, in various instrumental combinations, and in a most interesting manner.

Some have likened the air as here used to the "fixed idea," the melody that runs through Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony. I do not find the comparison wholly fortunate; for D'Indy's treatment of his theme is incessant, nor does he use it expressly for the expression of a particular and established mood.

The music of this Symphony is almost always charming, often beautiful with a rare and fragrant beauty, always interesting, and always masterly in the workmanship. The transformations of the theme are both ingenious and pertinent. There is no groping, no idle experimenting in audacity, bold as certain harmonic progressions and certain instrumental combinations may be. There is the firm hand of a master, who is too true an artist to be bold simply for the purpose of astounding the bourgeois. There may be in the first movement a fleeting thought, but only for a moment, of "Tristan," there may be here and there a reminder of Gabriel Pauré; but as a whole the music is of indisputable originality.

Nor is any movement only episodically beautiful. Themes, as well as the chief themes, are developed and recalled and combined logically and with well defined purpose. Never is there technical skill for the sake of the manufacture; it is for the sake of beauty, contemplative, serene beauty; the thoughts are of one that breathes in the quiet spirit of the eternal hills, the fine air that is far above the bustle and the tumult and sordid care and strife. Yet this music is never austere, never ascetic, in qualities that we find occasionally in d'Indy's chamber music; it is poetic, but it is human, not mystical music, and in the finale, there is downright peasant jollity, which, however, is free from vulgarity even in the boldest glances. As a tone-painter d'Indy stands far away from Teniers.

It would be a pleasure to speak at length of many details both of structure and of orchestral expression. In this expression there is exquisite sobriety, as well as gorgeous richness. A few instruments, artfully combined, give here more color than the whole and hard-worked orchestra of certain modern composers. There is such a thing as rich discretion as well as timid or bald discretion. When d'Indy does employ the might of the orchestra the strength knows reserve; there is suggestion of instruments forced to the very limit.

Mr. Bauer played with fine appreciation of his pleasurable task, and the performance as a whole was eminently satisfactory. Mr. Gericke is to be thanked heartily for introducing a work of such high and pure beauty. I hope that another season he will make us acquainted with other orchestral works by this admirable musician which are as yet unknown here.

The familiar, but never too familiar, "Fingal's Cave" also gave much pleasure. One is sometimes tempted to wish that Mendelssohn had written only this, portions of the Scotch Symphony, portions of "The Walpurgis Night," a few pages of "St. Paul" and perhaps "The Midsummer Night's Dream" overture. Then he would not have suffered such underrating as followed the preposterous adulation. Then he would have been known as a romanticist of the first rank. How happy the composer of whom it is said: "Would that he had written more!"

Now last night the music by Dvorak seemed singularly old fashioned. Much of it mere prattle, and all of it as though it had been written years before "Fingal's Cave."

Perhaps more might have been made out of the whirlwind in Tschalkowsky's superbly sombre "Francesca da Rimini." These hellish winds should rage in frightful fury. These winds as described by Dante, incited Tschalkowsky to the composition of the Fantasia. The storm-scene should be continuous, not fitful. The winds that bore guilty lovers and swept them hither and thither as leaves in an autumnal gale are the same winds that Claudio feared when he exclaimed in the flush of his youth: "To be imprison'd in the viewless winds. And blown with restless violence round about the pendant world;" from such a fate he fain would escape even at the cost of his sister's honor. With this exception, and here there is a question of degree, not intention, the performance was impressive.

The program of the second chamber concert given by Messrs. Hofmann, Kreisler and Gerardy in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon was as follows:

Trios, B flat major, op. 67.....Beethoven
Funerailles.....Liszt
Mr. Hofmann.
Variations.....Boellmann
Mr. Gerardy.
Preludium, E major.....Bach
Air, G major.....Goldmark
Caprice, A minor.....Gutrad
Mr. Kreisler.
Alceste.....Gluck-Saint-Saëns
Etudes, E major, C sharp minor.....Chopin
Feuerzauber.....Wagner
Rhapsodie No. 6.....Liszt
Mr. Hofmann.

Two of the pieces on the program were unfamiliar to the greater number of the audience. Liszt's "Funerailles," composed in 1850, was published three years later. It was inspired by the Hungarian political troubles of 1849-50, and Liszt paid melancholy tribute to the patriots, Prince Lichnowsky, Count Batthyány and Count Teleki. The variations for cello by Boellmann (1862-1897) were first played by cello and orchestra at a Lamoureux concert in 1892.

The "Funerailles" interested chiefly as a means of displaying Mr. Hofmann's power, and his skill in crescendo. The music itself suggested horse-horses frightened by bells, forgetting the nicety of their duty, and plunging wildly toward the cemetery. Mr. Hofmann played with great distinction both in ensemble and in the solo pieces.

To speak of the performance of the two and of Mr. Gerardy's and Mr. Kreisler's solos would be again to employ only words of glowing eulogy. The variations for cello played by another might not divert a hearer from reading peacefully, say, the Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, or reflecting on domestic trials and tribulations; but Mr. Gerardy's unsurpassable tone and extraordinary artistry vitalized and glorified the eminently respectable music. And Mr. Kreisler was at his best. The concert deserved a larger audience; but there was much enthusiasm, and there were encores.

Philip Hale.

THE Orchestral Club, Mr. Georges Longy, conductor, gave the second concert of the third season in Chickering Hall last Tuesday night. The program was as follows:

Fantaisie on Russian Songs.....Rabaud
Adagio and Menuet from Divertimento No. 2.....Mozart
Ballet et Thème Slave Varié from "Coppélia".....Dellbes
Divertissement Espagnol.....Loeffler
(Saxophone Solo, Mrs. E. J. Hall.)
Prelude to "L'Après-Midi d'un faune".....Debussy

Marche Héroïque de Szabady.....Massenet

The Divertissement by Mr. Loeffler was produced last season by the Orchestral Club; the ballet by Dellbes was produced here by the National Opera Company in 1887. Massenet's Marche Héroïque was played here certainly as early as '87-'88; Theodore Thomas brought it over from Europe early in the eighties, and it at once became popular. Nor did he disdain to play it at a Symphony concert in Chicago, Dec. 30, 1899. The announcement, therefore, on the program, "First time in America," was unfortunate.

But the pieces by Rabaud and Debussy were genuine novelties, and I doubt whether any one in the hall had heard the excerpts from Mozart's Divertimento No. 2.

Rabaud is ranked among the most brilliant of the younger French composers. He is now in his 29th year, and he has written a symphony, quartet, oratorio and orchestral pieces. One of his earliest works, "La Procession Nocturne," is a musical illustration of an extract from Lemaux's "Faust," which inspired Liszt to write a companion piece to the Mephisto waltz. This "Procession" has been played by Mr. Van der Stucken's orchestra in Cincinnati, and it is highly praised. I was disappointed in the "Divertissement," which is an example of good workmanship without special distinction. The airs themselves are not interesting, and the treatment of them is pedagogic rather than romantic or imaginative. The finale is especially monotonous in rhythm and color. It is strange how often fantasias on folk-songs are without piquancy and exotic flavor.

The prelude to "L'Après-midi d'un faune" by Debussy is music of rare poetic quality, and the performance of it was an event worthy of note. Debussy is known here only by the string quartet played lately at a Kreisler concert and by this prelude, yet he has written a set of "Nocturnes" for orchestra that should be played, and there are songs by him that are worth a wilderness of pages by Mahn, Chaminade, Holmes and others who are popularly supposed to represent modern French art in this particular field. He is a singular character, this Achille Claude Debussy. They are now rehearsing at the Opéra-Comique his opera "Pelléas et Mélisande" founded

on Maeterlinck's play. The Paris correspondent of the Musical Courier wrote: "One of the artists engaged speaking of the music said: 'It is exceedingly difficult to learn, but when known the music, I think, will make one continuous line of melody, which will evidently be the revealing of a new form of art.' This prelude, as I said last Sunday, was inspired by Stéphane Mallarmé's poem of the Faun that regrets the departed nymphs, but consoles himself by the thought that he can evoke their presence at will; for all visions seen by him are dreams of his soul. The music is exquisite for suggestive vagueness, refined sensuousness that is cerebral rather than bodily, delicate shades of color that melt and fade into each other. This is indeed dream music; the measures are as "sleep-chasings," to borrow the happy phrase of Walt Whitman. The tremulous, indecisive tonalities, the seemingly capricious or even reckless modulations, the strangely beautiful quality of successive combinations of timbres, and above all the vaporous afternoon mood of the music—these make the Elogue a thing apart. I know of no such ravishing measures as those that bring the end. And the originality, the individuality of this music!

Mr. Loeffler's Divertissement may be considered by the composer a trifle, but it, too, has that rare quality in these days—Imagination. There is the mad spirit, the brilliance of costume and scene, the dance-passion, the arrogance of coquetry, the mad-making

rhythm that fires the blood, the dash of proud melancholy—all that we associate with Spanish dancers from the time of the Gadjinas whose quivering hips and audacious gestures fascinated the youth and the poets of ancient Rome. Delicias gaditanas! And for centuries the dances at Cadiz were the same as those immortalized by Maritani. Languor, grace, and passion! How well Mr. Loefler who dwells by the ley Charles has colored these by music!

The Orchestral Club need no longer apologize for its performances or invoke the mercy that should be extended to amateurs. Debussy's music is difficult in its poetic character as well as in the problems of intonation. The performance was not ideal, but it was comparatively good, especially when you recollect that the players as a rule follow music as a recreation. The music would tax a well-trained orchestra of professionals. The Orchestral Club gave more than an idea of the work. In music that did not demand such extreme finesse, the performance was, indeed, admirable; as in certain pretty variations by Delibes, as in the excerpts from the Divertimento by Mozart. The powder-and-brandy March of Massenet was played as by Hungarians. The violins distinguished themselves throughout the concert for quality of tone, strength, brilliance.

Mr. Longy has achieved surprising results. The conductor of a club composed largely of amateurs must be something more than a thoroughly equipped, temperamental, authoritative leader. He must have constant tact, patience, and enthusiasm. The performance of last Tuesday showed the results of the working together of all these qualities.

Mrs. Morris Black of New York, who made her first appearance in this city, sang two old French songs, "Maman, dites-moi," "Amlnte," Augusta Holmès's "Thrinodia" and Coquard's "Hail lull." Her tones were rich and warm and she sang with much distinction; with delightful simplicity in her treatment of the old songs, with classic feeling in the "Thrinodia" and with dramatic passion in Coquard's melody.

The Orchestral Club may now well claim to be one of the institutions of this city. Although it is a quasi-private organization, its influence is unmistakably far-reaching and for the public good. Mr. Longy and the club have produced music, well worthy of being played, which we should otherwise not know. We have become acquainted with composers whose names even were unfamiliar to many. We have had an opportunity of studying the tendencies and the aims of the young French school. The musical horizon has been widened.

The liberality of the management has allowed for the full performance of certain works. If the composer demanded two harps, they were used; if antique cymbals or bells of special character were intended for peculiar effects, the instruments were obtained. And it has been a pleasure to observe the interest taken in the saxophone, sombre and noble instrument, whose inherent charm and power have been artistically displayed by Mrs. R. J. Hall, both in solo and in ensemble.

The Orchestral Club has brought out the following pieces in Boston: First season, February, 1900, Pessard's "Dances Espagnoles," Sérénade Enfantine, Bonnard; Marche des Batteurs, from "Xavière," Dubois. April, 1900: Overture to "La Princesse faune," Saint-Saëns; Scènes Luxembourgeoises, Charles Becker; Rigaudon et danses Cénévoles, Th. Dubois; Noce Arabe, Tavan; Agnus Dei, Bizet (arrangement from L'Arlésienne, saxophone instead of voice). Second season, Jan. 29, 1901: Prelude Act III, "Eloa" Lefebvre; suite "Le roi s'amuse," Delibes; Divertissement Espagnol for orchestra and saxophone, Loefler; Ballet Egyptian, Luigini. April 23, 1901: Luigini's "Voix des Cloches," "Panis Angelicus," arrangement of César Franck's melody for tenor, saxophone solo. Third season, Jan. 7, 1902: "Poème Roumain," Enesco; Prelude to Act I, "Fervaal," d'Indy; Album Leaves, Chauvet-Maréchal. The Club has also played the overture to "Mireille," the Prelude to "The Deluge," Saint-Saëns; "L'Arlésienne," suite No. 1; "Marche Troyenne," Berlioz; Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie"; Bach's suite in B minor; Overture "Patrie," Bizet; Meditation from Massenet's "Thaïs"; Erlenberg's overture, "Life a Dream." Some of the pieces first named were played for the first time in this country.

The Cecilia will produce Massenet's oratorio, "The Promised Land," next Tuesday night for the first time, I believe, in this country. The work was first performed at the church of St. Eustache, Paris, March 15, 1900. The text is from Deuteronomy and Joshua. The oratorio is in three parts. The first, "Moab," recalls the promise made by the Lord to Moses that he should

cross the Jordan and go into the land flowing with milk and honey, with the curses pronounced on them that would not keep His laws and the blessings bestowed on the obedient. The second part, "Jericho," tells of the overthrow of the town by the Israelites and the curse launched against the impious who should try to rebuild the city. The third, "Canaan," describes the joy of the Israelites at entering into the promised land, and there is a song of gratitude to the Lord for his enduring mercy. There is only one solo part, "The Voice," which is now a soprano, now a tenor, and now a baritone. Miss Marguerite Lemon, who will be the soprano, last appeared in Boston in opera in de Koven's "The Three Dragoons" (May, 1899).

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette tells us of Juliette Toutain: "The young lady aspirant to the Prix de Rome, Mlle. Juliette Toutain, has scored a great success during the week in a cantata of her own composition. On the eve of the performance by the orchestral class of the Conservatoire, Mlle. Toutain received a postcard from the music students at the Villa Médicis (the French school in Rome) wishing her the best success. It was a charming and thoughtful act, for, as one remembers, Mlle. Toutain represents in herself the new woman, who desires to penetrate the masculine preserves of the highest education. However, if this adventurous lady wins the Prix she will not go to the villa—it would be against the wishes of her parents—but she would probably live in a palace, by the side of the school, which, it is suggested, should be turned into quarters for women students."

Marie Juliette Toutain was born at Trouville, July 22, 1877. She took the first piano prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1896, and since then she has taken other prizes.

This is the easy way in which Mr. Vernon Blackburn let Mr. Appleby down: "Mr. Appleby sang various songs in an extremely earnest manner; his voice is, perhaps, not so clear as we should like it to be; he does not sing keenly enough to obtain the cordial appreciation we should like to give him, and we mention this fact because we think that it is only a matter with him of determination to get rid of a dangerous vocal tendency. He is quite sufficiently intelligent to command the limit of his resources, and we trust that he will use every endeavor to make the most of his undoubted gifts. He needs to temper his voice, to sharpen and refine it, before its real merits will be truly recognized."

To "temper," to "refine." A ruder critic would have written to file, to sandpaper.

Mr. Albert Debuchy, the first bassoon of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has received from the French Government the Academic Palms for distinguished artistic work in Paris, and has been made "Officer of the Academy." Mr. Debuchy is just recovering from a severe sickness that forced him to the hospital.

"Siegfried" was performed recently for the first time in St. Petersburg. A Russian critic wrote: "It should be the duty of our director to find out whether this man Wagner has written any other operas, and if he has, they should be produced here." It is not necessary to believe this story.—Two new orchestral pieces by Franz Kullak, Funeral March and Festival Polonaise, were played lately in Berlin.

At Monte Carlo Sigrid Arnoldson made a sensation as Juliet, although Mr. Jean de Reszke was the Romeo.—Suzanne Adams will sing in concert, not opera, in this country from next November to May, 1903, and she will also sing in oratorio.—"Ganymede," a light opera in three acts, by Mrs. Stella Prince Stocker, will be performed in New York May 2.—The Paris correspondent of the Musical Courier found that the gestures of Mr. Nikisch, the eminent Hungarian conductor, were often "exaggerated, eccentric and sometimes unnecessary."—Bruckner's "Te Deum" has been performed in Liège, but the great work is unknown in Boston, although it has been sung at Cincinnati and St. Louis.—Franchetti's new opera "Germania" was produced successfully at the Scala, Milan, March 11. It is an allegorical opera, and the action skips about freely from a mill near Nuremberg to the Black Forest, to Koenigsberg and at last to Leipzig on the 19th of October, 1813.—Sinigaglia's new violin concerto was highly praised in Vienna when Serato played it. Our local virtuosos might look at it with a view to performance in—say 1910.—If you wish to compete for a prize of £20, offered for the best sextet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, piano, send your manuscript before Jan. 17, 1903, to Dr. Yorke Trotter, 22 Prince Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.—A new ballet, "The Idol with Green

Eyes," music by Le Borne, was produced lately at Rouen. The scenario is extraordinary. Two Indian maidens, Fashima and Dieira, are wildly and mystically in love with an idol whose eyes have bewitched them. One of the maidens is to be chosen priestess. They dance in competition. Fashima is about to triumph when Dieira suddenly throws off her garments and is revealed in all her loveliness. Fashima, mad with jealousy, plucks out the eyes of the idol and stabs herself.—Charpentier's "Louise" gave much pleasure at Cologne and Nuremberg.—The Signale (March 12) says: "Georg Henschel has composed a Requiem in memory of his wife, the highly esteemed singer; and it will be performed in Boston and Breslau, the birthplaces of the never to be forgotten singing pair."—Master Floriz Reuter will play at the Symphony Concert in the Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, next Thursday night.

Here is information from Bayreuth. The dates of performances this year will be as follows:

"Der fliegende Holländer," July 22; "Parsifal," July 23; "Der Ring des Nibelungen," "Das Rheingold," July 24; "Die Walküre," July 26; "Siegfried," July 27; "Götterdämmerung," July 28; "Parsifal," July 31; "Der fliegende Holländer," Aug. 1, 4; "Parsifal," Aug. 5, 7, 8, 11; "Der fliegende Holländer," Aug. 12; "Der Ring des Nibelungen," "Das Rheingold," Aug. 14; "Die Walküre," Aug. 15; "Siegfried," Aug. 16; "Götterdämmerung," Aug. 17; "Der fliegende Holländer," Aug. 19; "Parsifal," Aug. 20.

The performances of "Das Rheingold" and "Der fliegende Holländer" begin at 5 P. M., those of the other works at 4 P. M.

Numbered and reserved seats can be booked on applying to the Verwaltungsrat der Bühnenspiele, Bayreuth, Bavaria (telegraphic address "Festspiel, Bayreuth").

Tickets for the "Ring des Nibelungen" will be issued for the complete cycles only. Price £4 for the four days together.

The price of tickets for "Parsifal" and "Der fliegende Holländer" is £1 for each performance. The allotment of seats will take place in March next; applications for tickets can be made now.

Applications must comprise the same number of tickets for "Der fliegende Holländer" as for "Parsifal," when the dates are successive, as it is impossible to book seats for "Parsifal" alone, and thus destroy the continuity of the various series. Tickets for single performances cannot be considered until after March 1, 1902.

Apartment at various prices can be secured without extra charge through the Wohnungsausschuss, the office of which during the performances is at the railway station.

A blind pianist, Mr. James Mendel, made his appearance at the London Hippodrome, March 10. The London Era says of him:

He can extemporize on any theme, a la Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, Bach, etc. Expert musicians consider him to be possessed of the most extraordinary powers of reproduction, whilst his technique is phenomenal. Mendel is totally blind, and was born 26 years ago at Fairfield, near Manchester. It was at Henshaw's Blind Asylum he learnt the rudiments of music by the Braille System. He afterwards won a £40-a-year scholarship at the Royal Normal College. He has a repertoire of over 1000 different pieces, including all the classics; and he is conversant with all modern compositions. He has a wonderful faculty for extemporizing on any theme, and the most extraordinary powers of reproduction. Anybody may sit down and play a selection, no matter how difficult, original or otherwise, and Mendel will follow and reproduce it.

April 7, 1902

For what is our civilized world but a big masquerade? Where you meet knights, priests, soldiers, men of learning, barristers, clergymen, philosophers, and I don't know what all! But they are not what they pretend to be, they are only masks, and, as a rule, behind the masks you will find money-makers. One man, I suppose, puts on the mask of law which he has borrowed for the purpose from a barrister only to give another man a sound drubbing; a second has chosen the mask of patriotism and the public welfare with a similar intent; a third takes religion or purity of doctrine. For all sorts of purposes men have often put on the mask of philosophy, and even of philanthropy, and I know not what besides. Women have a smaller choice.

Beer comes to us from Bellows Falls! This will be news to many who knew that Vermont produced slate, marble and maple sugar, but were not aware that there were breweries in the State. Years ago there was a fierce rivalry between Bellows Falls and White River Junction in the matter of custard pie, which was found in rich deposits at the railway stations. The pies were thoughtfully protected by wire screens against the common or domestic fly. As soon as a train neared the station of either village men rushed from their seats, stood upon the platforms or even the platform steps, in order to be sure of at least one huge section. Sometimes little boys were seriously injured in the crush. Yet there was grandeur in the sight. The free and independent citizen, with black coat covered with a yellow duster, with a stove-pipe hat, with traces of the pie on his bristling

beard, stood waiting for the newly arranged train; he stood panting, hut triumphant. O, the wild charge they made! Foreign despots, securely entrenched, could not have withstood it.

Mr. Napoleon Lajole "spurned" a salary of \$7000 a year for three years. In these grossly commercial days we like to hear of a man spurning any sum of money, great or inconsiderable. As they say in Paris and Montreal, Vive la joie!

"Edmond Rostand is writing a play entitled 'Jeanne d'Arc,' in which Sarah Bernhardt will play the leading part." Sarah has already played the part of Jeanne. The play was by Jules Barbier, with music by Gounod, and she first made her appearance in it at the Porte-Saint-Martin, Paris, Jan. 3, 1900. The play itself was first performed in 1873.

Cecil Rhodes founded two scholarships at Oxford for each American State and Territory. Mr. Rockefeller has also given much money to colleges.

There died at Springfield last week an old man who invented the steam calliope or piano. Yet his last days were without remorse at the thought of thousands thus made miserable; for some one took away from him the invention before, as a perfected machine, it spread woe and desolation.

"Calliope," with the accent, please, on the second syllable. The word originated in the United States, and it was applied by some unconscious humorist; for Calliope, the beautiful-voiced, was the ninth of the muses and presided over eloquence and heroic poetry.

This is sad news from Glasgow: the Magistrates have decided to refuse licenses to hotels, restaurants, etc., where women are employed as bartenders, except where the women are actually license holders. There are two kinds of barmalôs; sweet, and the kind mentioned by Tennyson, "bitter barmald, waning fast!" Each has long been a cherished English, Scottish, Irish institution. Goldsmith in 1772 described the barmald as "unblushing," and there is a taunt in the later line, "bar-maldenly in their conception of polished badinage;" but one of the most illustrious English play-actresses—she died some years ago—who was renowned for the sweetness and delicacy and grace and womanly charm of her Viola, began life as a barmald, and they say that she adorned the position and was noted for her chaff and repartee.

Boston, April 4, 1902.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day: The New English Dictionary has come to "Lief," and had as lief go faster, unless that should involve poor work, of which we have more than enough. The latest part is done by Mr. Bradley, who defines "on the level" as meaning moderate in ambition or aim, and shows two things: First, that Mr. Bradley is not familiar with American slang, for which he is not to blame; and, in the second place, that dictionary makers might do well to consult the real talk of real people. In American slang, "on the level" means "in good faith." "On the square" is a trifle less slangy, perhaps. Square dealing may be colloquial, but will pass muster in literary style, if there be any. Any person of sense can pick up such terms by talking with ward statesmen (a ward statesman is a man who wants favors he ought not to have, sometimes) or that great multitude not anxious about society novels. Of course, Mr. Bradley's work is on the level. An on the level is good slang, the meaning of which can be traced without difficulty.

BERTHA.

In certain parts of England "to be level with" is to be even with, to requite. But how ignorant, as Bertha says, are the English concerning the great treasure house of American slang. Mr. Farmer, for instance, compiled a dictionary of Americanisms, and he admitted only "to do one's level best," "level-headed," "to do things on a broad level," which implies "stability and fixedness." The whole phrase, which prompted Bertha's article, is "on the dead level." A man makes a statement to you. You say: "What are you giving us?" He answers: "On the dead level."

The New York Sun published an interesting account the other day of the breaking up of a "grafters' trust." From the proceedings in court we learn that a "flopper" is one who can sit on the sidewalk with his legs doubled up under him. "A cane man holds his left hand as if it was paralyzed, and carries a cane in the other hand. A dim-light grafter is supposed to be blind, and a pensioner plays the wounded soldier racket. The sores are the ones

who have bars on their hands."

The word "graft" is by no means new. In "Vocabulum; or the Rogue's Lexicon," compiled by George W. Mat-sell, Special Justice, Chief of Police, etc., etc. (New York, 1859), "graft" is "to work," and "grafting" is working, or helping another to steal. In English slang, "graft" is work or employment. Did not the word in this country also mean "to sole old boots?" Further-more, in general dialect and slang use in England and Australia, "graft" means a trench, ditch, a place "graved" or cut out; the depth of a spade in digging; work of any description; a narrow, crescent-shaped spade, used in cutting drains.

KNEISEL QUARTET.

Eighth and Last Concert in Chick-ering Hall—A Fine Performance of Cesar Franck's Piano Quintet. With Mr. Harold Bauer as Pianist.

The eighth and last concert of the Kneisel Quartet this season (the 17th) was given last night in Chickering Hall. Mr. Harold Bauer was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Quartet in D minor (posth.) Schuert
Sonata in A major No. 2, for piano and violin Kneisel and Bauer
Piano Quintet in F minor Franck

Schubert's quartet has been played with more exquisite tone and finish by the Kneisels. Last night there were occasionally rough passages and that which in quartets of less reputation is vulgarly called "scratching." These remarks are not applied to the performance of the "Death and the Maiden" theme and variations, which is by far the most imaginative portion of the work. On this movement the players bestowed loving care with delightful results. Whether it were wise to play a quartet that consumed three-quarters of an hour, to follow it with a sonata by Bach, and then to bring on such a radical work as Franck's Quintet is a question that will on reflection admit only one answer. The less familiar and more serious work should have been placed first. After one has listened to chamber music for over an hour, some light or familiar and approved piece should bring the end, that is if the subscribers demand imperatively a feast two hours in length.

The sonata was played with fine sense of proportion and most musically by Messrs. Kneisel and Bauer.

But the feature of the concert was the noble performance of Cesar Franck's quintet, one of the greatest of all compositions in the literature of chamber music; indeed, only a few of the quartets of Beethoven and the string quartet of Franck himself can be put safely by its side. This quintet has now been played here three times, but there must be additional performances before we can all appreciate fully the strength of this masterpiece of work-manship, emotion and imagination. This music is at the same time of elemental grandeur and the most cunning artistry. The apparent nakedness of the musical thought, the deliberate avoidance of all sugary sentiment, platitude, elegance, conventional juggling with themes, expected brilliancy due to conservatory-made-and-sold polish—these qualities of Franck's art perplex and no doubt annoy some who are happy only when they hear available repetition of what has been said by so many composers that it has come to be regarded as the true, the only possible expression. There are many estimable citizens, tax-payers, supporters of happy households, connected with charitable institutions and always ready to serve on a committee, who honestly enjoy plays by, say Mr. Belasco or Mr. Potter, or adaptations of popular novels, and would be bored beyond yawning if they should attempt to read Sophocles, or Aeschylus, or let me whisper this—the tragedies of Shakespeare. No novel by Thomas Hardy or Mr. Meredith is "the best story of the month."

Now Cesar Franck's music is not for a parlor, not even for an "at home" with music. I can readily understand how musicians to whom Tschalkowsky seems rather coarse and Richard Strauss a dangerous person, may faint, even in the street, if they hear unexpectedly the name of Cesar Franck, that blameless simple, devout soul, whose life was devoted to art and the church. They are not willing to accept the fact that form and expression in music are elastic, fluid; that no original thinker, no true poet in tones can possibly express himself to-day in the manner of Mozart, Beethoven or the so-called middle period, Schubert, and be an honest man or a self-respecting artist. That which is good in the works of the great in other periods will live, and it will always be honored. These same great ones were misunderstood, sneered at, neglected by the majority of their contemporaries; they, too, were called revolutionaries. Think of the abuse heaped on Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, not only by persons "fond of music," but by professors, critics, the anointed. But of what avail are the lessons of history? The once despised are now acknowledged to be great; and in the same breath the statement is made that because men nearer to us do not write or do not write in the manner of the immortals, therefore they are tedious, unintelligible, or mad. Such a work as this Quintet by Franck is a sufficient answer.

Mr. Kneisel and his companions have done brave and righteous work during the past year or two. They have not hesitated to make new works known to us, they have studied them deeply, until the performance was authoritative.

The idea of neglected the ancient worthies; they have displayed catholicity of taste; they are not blind partisans; they are not inflamed propagandists. Furthermore, they realize that an attempt to stem the inevitable would be as ridiculous as the sight of Mrs. Partington armed with her mop against incoming ocean.

As I have said, the Quintet was nobly played by the Kneisels and Mr. Bauer. When ensemble is so admirable it may seem invidious to mention an individual; and yet I cannot easily think of a like performance unless Mr. Bauer were the pianist.

Philip Hale.

The sight of any free animal going about its business undisturbed, seeking its food, or looking after its young, or mixing in the company of its kind, all the time being exactly what it ought to be and can be, what a strange pleasure it gives us! Even if it is only a bird, I can watch it for a long time with delight; or a water rat or a hedgehog; or, better still, a weasel, a deer or a stag. The main reason why we take so much pleasure in looking at animals is that we like to see our own nature in such a simplified form. There is only one mendacious being in the world, and that is man. Every other is true and sincere, and makes no attempt to conceal what it is, expressing its feelings just as they are.

We have received the following letter:

Goshen, April 5, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your remarks about the corpse-shaver remind me of a story told by Mr. Tim Murphy, whom you doubtless saw in "A Texas Steer." He was once stranded in a little town, and he asked the landlord of the tavern where he could be shaved. The landlord looked doubtful for a moment, then his face brightened: "I'll get you one." The words were vague, but at the end of half an hour a person appeared armed with the implements of torture and was shown to Mr. Murphy's room. The barber examined the patient's face, and said: "Will you please lie down?" Mr. Murphy exclaimed: "Why? Can't you shave me if I am sitting up?" To which the barber answered: "I've always shaved 'em lying down. You see I never shaved a live one."

AMBROSE BILLFINGER.

We hear that Prof. Horatio W. Parker, who is now spending his sabbatical year in Paris, will receive the degree of Doctor of Music from Cambridge University, England, this spring. The honor has been given to some famous musicians, among them Tschalkowsky, Saint-Saëns, Boito, Bruch.

You read undoubtedly at breakfast a pleasant article entitled "Patching People," how a surgeon in Breslau removed a section of bone from a woman's shin and pieced it with a joint from her great toe; how a surgeon of Freiburg patched the stomachs of animals with pieces of intestines, etc., etc. But Gascar Tallacotus of Bologna did surprising things in the 16th century, and therefore his statue stands in the theatre of anatomy; he holds a nose in his hand; but were not Alexander, Benedictus, Vesallus and Paré before him? Dr. Fludd, the Rosicrucian physician, told a delightful story that may have suggested to About his "Nose of a Notary." You will find it in the learned annotations of Dr. Zachary Grey to "Hudibras." A certain nobleman in Italy lost much of his nose in a duel; he was advised to take one of his attendants, to make a wound in his arm, and to join the little remainder of his nose to the wounded arm of the servant, and to continue it there for some time, till the flesh of the arm was united to his nose. The nobleman prevailed on one of his slaves on the promise of freedom and a reward, to consent to the experiment, by which the double flesh was united, and a piece of flesh was cut out of the slave's arm, which was so managed by a skillful surgeon as to serve for a natural nose. The slave was rewarded and set free; he went to Naples, where he sickened and died; at which instant a gangrene appeared on the nobleman's nose; upon which that part of the nose which belonged to the dead man's arm was, by the advice of his physicians, cut off; and, being encouraged by the above-mentioned experiment, he was prevailed upon to have his own arm wounded in like manner, and to apply a piece of it to the remainder of his nose. He did this; a new nose was cut out of his arm, and it continued with him until death.

The day will undoubtedly come when little children of both sexes at a tender age will have their insides carefully removed and replaced by metallic organs, handsomely nickle plated and securely riveted. Then the hospitals will not stand in dread of the surgeon with his infuriate passion for operations.

F. H. writes: "I read your remarks last Saturday about the white feather of the ostrich, worn in the back hair of a warrior, as a symbol of victory.

Now if the victor in a contest a white feather puts the white feather in his hair as a token of victory, what becomes of the popular notion of 'showing the white feather'?"

The white ostrich feather was thus worn not only by the warriors to whom we referred, but also by Romans and others. Pliny, speaking of ostriches, says: "Now two things they do afford, in recompense of men's pains that they take in hunting and chasing them; to wit, their eggs, which are so big, that some use them for vessels in the house; and their feathers so faire, that they serve for pennaches to adorn and set out their crests and morions of souldiers in the wars."

The phrase "show the white-feather" came from the game-cock, not the ostrich. A true sport contributes the following tale: "Among game-cocks a cross-bred bird is known by a white feather in the tail. Of old the breed was strictly preserved in England, for though birds of all descriptions were reared in the farm-yard, special care was taken that game fowls did not mix with them, but this would occasionally happen, and while the game birds were only red and black, white feathers would naturally appear when there was any cross. The slightest impurity of strain was said to destroy the bird's courage, and the half breeds were never trained for the pit. It became an adage that any cock would fight on his own dunghill, but it must be one without a white feather to fight in the pit."

Here is a strange story from Paris. Years ago a boy and a girl in Alsace grew up together. When the time came, they went into the world to seek their fortunes. The boy went to America. The girl went to Paris and by hard work and economy finally got together a sum equivalent to \$80,000. She was now 40, but she remembered her playmate, Emile. She found out that he was a workman in a town in the United States; that he was a bachelor, and she wrote asking if he would marry her. He went to Paris, and the wedding-day was named. Caroline fell sick and died on the day for the signing of the contract. Emile was heartbroken at the death of his Caroline, but he remembered that he had at her invitation given up his position, gone to Paris and stayed some time at a hotel, so his expenses had been considerable. He had consented to marry her without claiming any advantages of a pecuniary nature. She had left all her property to a cook at Versailles. Emile therefore put in a claim for \$2000 as compensation. Has the court yet settled the matter?

CECILIA CONCERT.

First Performance in the United States of Jules Massenet's Oratorio, "The Promised Land"—A Work Without Dignity and With Little Beauty.

Massenet's oratorio, "The Promised Land," was performed last night for the first time in the United States by the Cecilia Society, Mr. Lang conductor. The solo singers were Miss Marguerite Lemon, soprano; Mr. Leo Liebermann, tenor, and Mr. Heinrich Meyn, baritone. There was an orchestra with Mr. Roth concertmaster, and Mr. Whelpley was the organist.

The oratorio was sung in the original French. I understand that the performance would otherwise have been impossible. The chorus had been drilled patiently for some time in the general rules of pronunciation, the niceties of diction, and the exquisite use of the mute "e." It will be seen that the Cecilia offers peculiar advantages to singers, old and young, who not only obtain a thorough musical education, but accuracy in the pronunciation of French, Latin and English. The Cecilia thus combines the attractions of a conservatory of music and a school of languages. One might have expected last night French "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe," but I was assured by a Canadian who happened to be present, that the pronunciation of the chorus solo singers and conductor was admirable, and that any one of them would find no difficulty in obtaining a good bargain in fur overcoats or the wine of the country at any respectable shop in Montreal or Quebec.

Massenet's oratorio was produced for the first time by Mr. d'Harcourt at the Church of Saint-Eustache, Paris, March 15, 1900. The baritone was Mr. Noll, and the soprano was Miss Lydia Neville. The annotator of the Cecilia program assures us that "Massenet himself has called it his favorite work." Massenet has this amiable weakness for all his compositions, whether it be one of his pornographic operas, or his latest work, "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame," an opera without a female character. The annotator also informs us that "the score is full of precise directions, to secure the effects he desires." Thus it will be seen that Massenet is ever thoughtful of conductors; he remembers their trials and tribulations; he knows their weaknesses, that they, too, are mortal. At the same time I have seen scores by other composers from 1800 to 1902 in which precise directions were given.

The text of the oratorio was taken from passages in Deuteronomy and Joshua in the Vulgate as translated into French by Silvestre de Sacy. The first part of the work is entitled "Moab." A Voice tells how Moses spoke to the people at the end of the 40th year, and reminded them of the Lord's promise on Horeb (Exodus, iii, 8) that He would take them out of the hand of the Egyptians and bring them unto a land flowing with milk and honey. Moses does not appear directly in the oratorio, therefore I need not

discuss the reason why he was not allowed to enter the promised land, but could see it only from afar, a point that has vexed many worthy commentators. Then the Levites pronounce some of the curses in the 27th chapter of Deuteronomy, not all the curses fortunately, for some of them, as Tristram Shandy's father remarked to Dr. Slop on a memorable occasion, are indeed, sad curses. The Voice says: "Obey and you will be blessed." The chorus prays that it may be permitted to cross the Jordan.

The second part is "Jericho," and the text is taken from the Book of Joshua. There is an orchestral prelude, which is chiefly remarkable for its dullness; the chorus describes Jericho as a shut-up town; the Voice, which is now a tenor instead of a baritone, gives the instructions of Joshua, which he had received from the Lord. There is a march which is singularly ineffective, in spite of the sonorous blasts of seven trumpets. Perhaps if these trumpets had been of rams' horns the blasts would have been more thrilling; but the march itself, interrupted by dry and short chords, and by these trumpet phrases, with a trio that suggests the approach of the ladies of the ballet, is exceedingly futile. The chorus shouts a great shout, and the walls of Jericho fall, as though they had been built under the rule of a local Tammany. Then the chorus curses any man that shall attempt to rebuild the city.

The third part is "Canaan." An instrumental pastorella is followed by a chorus, "Behold the Promised Land." The Voice, now a soprano behind the scenes—many sopranos should be seen and not heard—tells the people to return to their tents with much silver, gold, brass, and iron, and the chorus ends the work with a song of thanksgiving.

The music does not demand detailed comment. In Part I, the music given to the Voice, "Then art to pass over Jordan," is distinguished by most agreeable orchestration. The chorus of curses would be more striking if an Italian by the name of Verdi in his "Aida" had not thoughtlessly anticipated the mood and coloring of Massenet. The final chorus "O Lord God, I pray thee" is by far the most spontaneous and beautiful portion of the work. In Part II, the most conspicuous feature is the shout of the people, which was, indeed, lusty and long continued, although the walls of Symphony Hall proved the good faith of the contractors. In Part III, there are a few pleasant passages in the Pastorella, which also contains uncommonly disagreeable combinations of instruments (as solo violin with flute), and the soprano solo with organ accompaniment is peaceful and agreeable.

As a whole, the work is without solidity, dignity, or abiding beauty. The music is often boring; and when it should be most impressive, it is cheaply theatrical. It will never be ranked among even the second-best compositions of Massenet, who for the last few years has been incredibly industrious in the attempt to prove that he is still the leader in French music. One searches vainly in "The Promised Land" for any strength of design or expression. There are a few, very few, charming passages, here and there a touch of individuality—and that is all. The performance of the chorus was admirable, and that of the orchestra was for the most part irresponsible. Mr. Meyn declaimed his lines with dignity and intelligence.

The concert opened with an uninspired performance of the prelude to "Parsifal"—why does Mr. Lang insist on leading orchestral pieces? Mr. Liebermann, who has a naturally good voice, down, far down in his throat, sang, with constantly open tones, Walther's "Prize Song." Miss Marguerite Lemon, who appeared here three years ago in comic opera, sang "Divinités du Styx." Her voice is not yet well placed. When the tones are occasional-ly and properly brought forward they are of excellent quality and effective. But the great air itself is far beyond her present ability. There was a good-sized and very applause audience.

Philip Hale.

And since I have friends in the earth and sea—with a few, I trust, on high—'Tis a matter of small account to me the way that I must die.
For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing in the triple tree,
Or die in my grave as a Christian should, is much the same to me.

But who would die from an umbrella thrust? There is no more deadly weapon, and the wound is ignominious. It is bad enough to poison the blood by carelessness with rusty shears, whether you are cutting coupons or the material for a sparkling and original paragraph; but to be punched wantonly with an umbrella, a meist, snelly, half folded umbrella! And who is not in danger? An elderly person mounts in front of you the steps in the Subway. His umbrella is held under his arm, with the handle in advance. He stops suddenly, to puff, to tie up his shoe, to gain a more advantageous view of the young girl in front of him. Plunk! the pointed tip hits you just below the eye. Or an athlete brandishes his weapon as though he were surrounded by foes.

"W. F. W." discussed the other day the feminine carriage of the umbrella. "Woman," said this philosopher, "who has the exigencies of her habiliments to consider, has but two ways of carrying hers, and which is the least nice of them I am hardly prepared to say. She will, under favorable conditions of weather and of foot way, carry her umbrella close-clasped, as though it were something in the nature of an infant, and thus appealed to her. And

April 10, 1902

"REQUIEM" AND RECITAL.

Miss Louise Ainsworth's Song Recital Last Night in Steinert Hall—Mozart's "Requiem" and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis-Night" at Chickering Hall.

Miss Louise Ainsworth, contralto, gave a song recital in Steinert Hall last night. She sang Vaccai's "Ah, so tu dormi," Coleridge-Taylor's "Blood-Red Ring," Elgar's "Where corals lie," an aria from Jodeliers' "Dimitri," three songs by Augusta Holmes—"Les Griffes d'or," "Sous les Oranges," and "Violon d'Amour," "Three Thoughts," by Neidlinger, Schuyler's "March of the Mountains," and Miss Lang's "Hills O'Skye."

Miss Ainsworth has an agreeable voice with lower tones of true power, and a certain richness. In some ways she shows the results of careful instruction, but she is hardly ready to sing in public. She is not yet fully mistress of her breath. This was often shown last night by false intonation in sustained notes, especially when they occurred at the end of phrases; it was also shown by her abrupt ending of phrases. She gives promise of being an emotional singer; for there were hints at genuine feeling in the songs by Coleridge-Taylor and Elgar, although her actual performance left much to be desired in strength and authority of expression. She is not yet able to vitalize a song, to prepare and establish a climax, to catch the mood of the composer, to interpret. In other words, she is a pupil that has much to learn.

Mr. Jacques Hoffmann, violinist, played the Andante from Saint-Saens's concerto No. 3, and Zarzycki's Mazurka; Mr. Carl Barth, cellist, played a fantasia by Servais. They, as well as the singer, were heartily applauded. The concert began with an excerpt from a trio by Mendelssohn in which Miss Adeline Raymond played the piano. Miss Raymond accompanied, as a rule, with much taste.

Philip Hale.

BOSTON SINGING CLUB.

Mozart's "Requiem" and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis-Night" were sung last night at the second concert of the Boston Singing Club, Mr. H. G. Tucker, conductor, in Chickering Hall. The solo quartet was composed of Miss Gertrude Miller, soprano; Miss Katherine Ricker, contralto; Mr. Louis Black, tenor; Mr. Charles Delmont, bass. There was an orchestra with Mr. William Kraft concertmaster. The young chorus showed ambition, at least, in undertaking to sing these works. Each of them demands finesse as well as sonorous body of tone and ripe experience in choral work. The result of the undertaking was undeviating, expressionless, monotonous force. There were few, if any, attempts at dynamic gradations. Mr. Louis Black bore away the honors in solo and quartet. He sang admirably throughout, and in all respects. Miss Ricker did well, but Miss Miller was not at her best; her voice, for once, lacked quality, and her performance was without distinction. The orchestra was steadily boisterous. There was an audience of fair size.

The sincerest bourgeois are those who scribble little poems and smudge little canvases in the intervals between an afternoon reception and a dinner party. The amateur artist is always the most inaccessible to ideas; he is always the most fervid admirer of the commonplace.

Boston, April 8, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Katie knows how. For variety she gave us "arme Ritter." What is one to call them in honest American? Fritters? Take the right kind of best bread, duly sliced, gently dipped in milk, fried in your best butter, with a trace of apple, and served with sugar and cream, I guess; for I cannot cook. Eggs come into play sometimes, and Katie knows how, though she may not know that fritter and "arme Ritter" rhyme. For their story we shall have to go to medieval days, when men were merry, and eating rich.

VERMONT.

The Muret-Sanders German-English Dictionary translates "arme Ritter" by fritters. There is a German expression "arme Ritter bachen," to fry fritters; that is, to live in straitened circumstances. Some German fritters may, however, be enjoyed only by the well-to-do; witness this recipe given by George Augustus Sala: Pare, core and quarter some apples, and cut them into round pieces. Put a quarter of a pint of brandy, a tablespoonful of fine sugar pounded, together with some cinnamon, into a pan. Add the apples thereto, and set the whole over a gentle fire, stirring them often, without breaking them. Set on another pan with lard, and when it boils, drain the apples, dip them in flour, and put them into it. Strew sugar over the dish, and place it on the fire, lay it in the fritters, throw some sugar over them, and glaze them with a red-hot salamander.

When was the term "arme Ritter" first applied to the fritters described

by "Vermont"? It is not found in Christian Ludwig's "Deutsch-Englisches Lexicon" (Leipzig 1765), which is a mine of curious information.

There are homely dishes of which a wise man never tires. Have you not sat at a pompous dinner when you would have gladly swapped all the courses from grape fruit ruined by sweetening, liquor, or wine, to coffee, for a plate of beefsteak and onions, or a salt-fish dinner, or a "New England boiled dinner"? We once heard a woman describe some neighbors as "people that eat rice pudding." She said it with such scorn that we looked shocked and slowly wagged the head as though the eaters were beyond redemption; but at luncheon the next day we took two helps of the despised dish, for the raisins were uncommonly numerous and toothsome. Query: Can a man with false teeth truly enjoy "toothsome" food? It's a vile term.

East Walpole, April 7, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Is it a dulcimer the man plays at receptions and the hotel? Is it a pantaleon? It will never do to call it Hackbrett, any more than we think the player a gypsy. His name may be Jean-Jacques, and he keeps time whenever he wants to. Sewall, good soul, heard the dulcimer on May 23, 1717, but not at Cousin Porter's. And the editors add a most beautiful explanation, as if they had heard our gypsy friend of 1902. Tell us gently, and oblige.

MIRANDA.

We showed Miranda's note to our acquaintance, the music critic. He said: "Her meaning is vague. In the first place I do not go to receptions, nor do I dine at hotels. A Hackbrett is primarily a chopping board, and it might therefore be applied to the piano, which is chopped by thousands; it is also a dulcimer. Now the dulcimer is one of the oldest musical instruments. In its earliest form it was a flat piece of wood, on which were fastened two converging strips of wood, across which strings were stretched tuned to the national scale. 'Dulcimer' in the Book of Daniel should be a kind of bagpipe; dulcimer is a mistranslation. Pepys heard a dulcimer in 1662: 'Here among the fiddlers I first saw a dulcimer played on with sticks knocking of the strings, and is very pretty.' Coleridge had rare luck:

"A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abera."

"The Abyssinian maidens were famous for their cool skins. If they had been piano players this epidemic glory would not now be traditional. 'Pantaleon' was a name given by Louis XIV. In 1705 to the dulcimer improved by Pantaleon Hebenstreit in 1690. The instrument made a sensation and moved deeply the celebrated Ninon de Lenelos. Hebenstreit was at first a dancing master. In 1708 the Elector of Saxony invited him to Dresden to be court musician and player of the pantaleon at the yearly salary of \$1500, a great sum in those days for such employment. Toward the end of the 18th century a man named Noelli tried to revive interest in the machine, but without success. If the band mentioned by Miranda is a Hungarian band, the instrument is undoubtedly a cymbalo, which is a kind of dulcimer. It is a heating instrument. Now the—"

We were obliged to be rude. We said: "There, that will do." A music critic will run on forever if you give him the slightest opportunity. We were inclined to doubt his story about our old friend, Ninon, so we consulted the "Historiettes" of Tallemant des Reaux. That malicious chatterer says she played the lute and danced the sarabande in a wonderful fashion; he tells of some of her surprising caprices and adventures, but not a word about her emotion at hearing the pantaleon. If Ninon heard it in 1705, she was then 50 years old. She died the next year. Perhaps the shock brought her to an untimely end. One reason why Tallemant des Reaux said nothing about what happened in 1705 was because he died in 1692.

Boston, April 8, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

You are on the square. As the word square is a little geometric, plain people may prefer the simpler "level." Our slang supplies the illustrations. In England two roads crossing in the same plane are said to cross on a level. The amusing act of 1826, incorporating the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, provides for cases "where the said intended railway or tramroad shall cross any turnpike road or public highway on a level." We say at grade, meaning on the same grade or plane. Our statutes have this term, "at grade," in the forties, when railroading flourished. And so we talk of "grade crossings," sometimes known

locally as know-nothing crossings, because the Know-nothings of 1855 made a Spartan law requiring railroad trains to come to a dead stop when about to cross another railroad at grade. The phrase is still current among older persons. English engineers got their use of the word level in connection with railroads from the canal language of the period. And so one might moralize, after one has listened to the people, after one has traced the genealogy of crafts and their talk, and after one has done forever with the dogma that still spoils so much of our law and more of our dictionaries. Kents and Goldsmith are lovely; on grade crossings it may be safe to ask the man that makes them, particularly when he keeps shy of belles-lettres.

YANKLEE.

April 11, 1902

A floor-walker said to us the other day: "Customers wonder why we do not like to send home goods for trial. The chief reason why we sometimes hesitate is because certain customers take mean advantage of us. Not long ago a woman, you probably know her by name, she belongs to the swell set, came in here, was pleased with an outside wrap and ordered it sent home with the privilege of returning it if she was not wholly satisfied. The wrap came back in two or three days. One of our clerks found in a pocket a valuable lace handkerchief and cards to a wedding. The woman had undoubtedly worn the wrap—it was a handsome one—for the occasion. She came in and said she would like to try it on again. The clerk said: 'It is not necessary, madam; here's your handkerchief.' We have sent home shirt waists. They have been returned, neatly folded and carefully pinned, so that you would swear they had not been touched. When we take them out to show to another customer, we often find them soiled, for we had forgotten to send dress shields with them. No wonder that we are suspicious, if not cynical; and, mind you, the women that do these things are found only among our richest and most fashionable customers."

Perhaps this explains a certain condensation and superciliousness on the part of many clerks toward women whose intentions are strictly honorable. The clerks have become disillusionized.

This reminds us of a conversation between two clerks overheard in a milliner's. "She kept saying, whenever I showed her a hat, 'It's perfectly exquisite.' When they say 'Perfectly exquisite' I know they are not going to buy anything."

Paris is said to be the most "be-stated" city in the world, and it is remarked that many of the men thus honored met violent deaths, so that a looker-on might say: "How many men, too, who look down upon us from their stone pedestals with features concentrated into smiles, malevolent, satirical, benign, distrust, seem to us common mortals, by the unhappiness of their endings: 'Beware of greatness.'"

There is probably no city that has not an ironical statue, one that preserves the memory of some dealer in pompous platitudes, a solemn pretender, a quack, an egoist that masqueraded as a plausible philanthropist. Lucian tells us that at Olympia it was not allowed for the victors to have statues above the living size; that the hellanodice, or the nine chief judges at the games, took great care that none should exceed the truth, and that "they were not so nice in examining the competitors themselves as they were in their statues." A commentator says the reason for this care was that posterity might not confound these statues with the images of gods and sons of gods. And Panthea begged the painter Lycin to keep her within the confines of humanity, and not to make the shoe too large for the foot, "lest," said she, "on attempting to walk I might happen to fall on my nose."

Statutes as well as tombs should be proportioned, not to the wealth or position, but to the deserts of the person. "Tombs are the clothes of the dead; a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered." Thomas Fuller thought it a provident way to make one's tomb in one's lifetime: "both hereby to prevent the negligence of heirs, and to mind him of his mortality. Thus the most ambitious motions and thoughts of man's mind are quickly quelled when dust is thrown on him, whereof his fore-prepared sepulchre is an excellent remembrance." Cecil Rhodes was never so arrogant as in the preparation of his tomb, with the thought of a railway for future pilgrims. No doubt he, too, will have a statue. Indeed, it is surprising that some poet in Westminster Abbey has

been disinclined to make room for the Imperialist who believed that money does and should rule the world, and that a rich Englishman is necessarily dearer than any simple, conscientious foreigner to the great Lord of the Universe.

If statues were proportioned to the deserts of men, how many heroic figures with marble togas or bronze trousers and cont-tails would suddenly shrink to manikins. It is a pleasant thought and the shrinking would be of incalculable public benefit. A child naturally thinks that only the truly great are honored by a statue. Hence, even in his daily walks he is confronted with false ideals.

Here is the plot of a new play, produced at Antoine's, Paris, if "Les Petites," by Borday, has a plot. A girl wishes to marry a man who is poor. The parents are unwilling, and the girl drowns herself. Now there is another daughter in the family, and on the day of the funeral she "thrashes round" because her mourning dress reaches only to her ankles and not to the ground. Furthermore, the trip to the cemetery will prevent a drive with a friend. The father makes a bluff at parental discipline, and the girl recites to him some pages of Jean Jacques Rousseau on the relation of parents and children.

MRS. FLORENCE HARTMANN.

Her Song Recital in Chickering Hall in Which She Introduced "Reed Songs" by Albert Fuchs.

Mrs. Florence Hartmann gave a song recital last evening in Chickering Hall. She sang five songs by Fuchs, Rubinstein's "Es blinket Thau," Wagner's "Traueme," Gabriel Faure's "Rencontre," "Les Barreaux," "Fleur Jetée," Augusta Holmès's "Te Souvient-il" and "Le Chevalier Bellecoille," and songs by Tschalkowsky, Zöllner, Loewe, Nevin, Allitsen, and Maud V. White.

The group by Albert Fuchs is a fair example of the modern German song that is written by men who have not the genius of Richard Strauss, but belong to what may be called the post-Wagner school. They have gone far away from the direct melodic appeal of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Loewe, and they strive to make each song a little tone-picture. The result is that the songs for the most part leave no impression save that of weariness. They are not well defined; they are written with a certain skill which resembles that of a cabinet maker of routine, who, cheered by an intoxicant, thinks he is doing especially brilliant work. Albert Fuchs is a man who is classed among the radicals, although he has been a pedagogue during his career. He is now about 44 years old, and he teaches at the Dresden Conservatory. Of the five songs with the text by the morbid Lénau, the second has the most distinction; it is a gloomily gloomy and impressive, and in this song Mrs. Hartmann displayed considerable intensity of emotion.

Mrs. Hartmann is a singer who often disappoints reasonable expectation, for her voice is naturally a full, rich organ in the lower and lower middle registers. The upper tones are not so agreeable, and they might easily be bettered. The disappointment comes from two or three causes. She is evidently a nervous person, and her nervousness is of the kind that impairs and does not spur. Her tones are inclined to be too far back, and when she arouses herself for a climax or to make other rhetorical effects, she throws the tone into the nose. The voice is naturally sombre, but it would be ready to respond to emotional calls if it were properly placed, and it is not without excellent qualities.

Mrs. Hartmann has improved somewhat in spontaneity of delivery, for I remember her as a sluggish singer. Last night she showed keener appreciation of the composer's intentions than on former occasions, but she still needs esthetic development. Too often she gave the impression of a quick reader singing a song for the first time and chiefly anxious about striking correctly the intervals, yet, no doubt, she had studied diligently and tried to make her points. She sang with variation of expression, and in this she has gained; but she did not individualize the songs to any marked degree, nor was she authoritative. Furthermore, she seemed in unmeaning accommodation, explosiveless. Her intonation was purer than on former occasions, but it was not flawless. It is the fashion to present a polyglot program, so it was not surprising to hear at least 12 songs before a word of English was uttered.

Mr. Julius Theodorowicz, violinist, played pieces by Sarasate, Zarzky, and an arrangement of a nocturne by Chopin.

Mr. Alfred de Veto accompanied delightfully. There was an audience of fair size, and there was much applause.

Philip Hale.

"Go," said the Voice. "Thou shalt be always poor, that shalt live in humble places, the good of necessity shall continually prick thee to work when thou wouldst meditate, to write when thou wouldst walk forth to observe. Thou shalt never be able to sit down to rest, thou shalt be afflicted with grievous diseases; and thou shalt die

when little more than half the allotted life of man is past. Grieve therefore, be happy with what is given, and lament not over what is denied."

Mr. William Mertens, the opera singer, is disgusted with America and he proposes to leave us forever. He tells the story of his woes: how "American managers have done him out of \$18,500"; how his wife made trouble for him because he was living with another lady; how lawyers and detectives turned a calcium light into his room, from the effects of which he was obliged to spend eight months in a sanitarium; how he has been illegally imprisoned. But, strange to say, Mr. Mertens does not mention the cruellest stroke of fortune. On Feb. 10, 1896, Mr. William Mertens was obliged to create in the city of Boston the part of Roger Chillingworth in Mr. Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter."

M. A. P. tells a story of sacrifices: how the second wife of Richard Wagner cut off her hair and put it in the coffin of her husband; how the widow of the Duc de Morny paid her husband a like tribute; how George Sand sent her hair to Alfred de Musset as a peace offering when the poet, jealous of an Italian doctor, had left her. But M. A. P. does not tell a charming story about the hair of Ninon de Lenelos, to whom we alluded the other day.

Villarsenx fell in love with her, and he was madly jealous. He was sick high into death; and she was so moved that she cut off all her hair, which was very beautiful, and sent it to him, to let him see that she did not wish to leave her house or receive anyone. After he had this proof of her affection the fever left him.

Then there is the woman in the ballad by Charles Cros. Her hair was beautiful, blonde as an August harvest, and so long that it kissed her feet; and when she died she said to her lover: "Make a violin bow from my hair, to charm other women." He made the bow and wandered about, and the listeners marveled at his violin, for death and songs of death were in the sounds. The King took him in high favor, and the wanderer ran away with the brown Queen. They ran away by the light of the moon, but every time he played the violin to please the Queen the bow mournfully reproached him. The lovers died, and the dead woman took back her pledge, took back her hair, blonde as an August harvest, and so long that it kissed her feet. But has not Mr. Loeffler made sad, strange music for this ballad?

In a much older ballad a famous harper passing by the milldams of Blinnorle saw a drowned woman, envied and killed by her cruel sister. He made a harp of her breast-bone.

Blinnorle, O Blinnorle; Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone; By the bonny milldams of Blinnorle.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair, Blinnorle, O Blinnorle;

Whose notes made sad the listening ear; By the bonny milldams of Blinnorle.

"Perhaps more disease germs such as Influenza are conveyed from person to person through the medium of door handles than anything else."

This would argue a painful dearth of handkerchiefs. Or would the writer advise us to open a door with our foot?

Sir Philip Burne-Jones insists that each city has its own peculiar odor, that a stranger can smell a city. "The great, blended odor of the entire city." There is truth in his remarks. When a stranger enters Munich there is a smell as of many breweries—a peculiar, sweetish, yet pungent odor of malt, not at all unpleasant to a beer drinker. After a day or two the smell is not remarked, but after the stranger leaves the city the smell is distinct in his memory; it exerts a spell; it urges him to drop his work, to take the next steamship. We have not been in Munich for 17 years; but that sweet smell haunts us still. Paris has a peculiarly individual odor; so has London, so has Berlin, so has Dresden. Boston, no doubt, has its own smell, which is highly respectable, rather musty, with a suspicion of old family cockroaches.

A pathetic portrait sketched by Gulnereve:

"The confirmed bachelor is as methodical to his habits as the bear who regularly goes to sleep for weeks at a time during the winter. His life is one perpetual hibernation. His existence is a groove from which he hates to be ejected. When a bachelor of this old and crusted type is staying with one in a country house one is terrified for fear lest luncheon or dinner should be a minute late. If something should have gone wrong in the kitchen his hand goes instinctively to his waistcoat pocket, and he looks furtively at his watch from time to time. Then it is that he thinks of the liberty of his clock, the accustomed seat for dinner, the wife steward who knows exactly

what he will drink. These were the confessions made to me lately by one of the most charming old bachelors I know. But notwithstanding his devotion to his favorite club, he is never so happy as when he is the host of a large dinner party at the Savoy or the Carlton."

Boston, April 11, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day.

Can you tell us of the parentage of "Reuben, Reuben," the first stanza of which runs about as follows:

"Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a sad world this would be,
If the girls were all transported
Far beyond the Northern sea."

I have heard the piece sung, played and slaughtered from cradle-time, but it remained for me to suffer infliction in an entirely new form while waiting for a train in the secluded hamlet of Malden the other day. This time it was evolved from the catacombs of a fantastic street piano on wheels; the outfit was drawn by a horse with about as much life as a sphynx. The external accompaniments to the internal furor were fearful and wonderful. A brace of cymbals slammed discordantly on top of the box—much, the spectacle reminded me, like the antics our family rooster used to cut up at dawn down on the farm—and an underdeveloped bass drum, projecting from a crane at one side of the rear of the mechanism, alternately shook and shuddered beneath the all-powerful pressure of a restless, much be-swaddled stick. To whom is this generation indebted for "Reuben?" Of course I don't hope to learn the name of the fiend who conceived the limitless possibilities of a performance of the piece with the mechanical accompaniments I have described.

INDEFATIGABLE READER.

Does any reader know the origin of "Reuben?"

MR. LOEFFLER'S NEW PIECES

Two Orchestra Poems Founded on an Idyll by Verlaine and a Fantastical Villanelle by Rollinat Performed for the First Time at the Symphony Concert of Last Night.

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven
Two poems.....Loeffler

1st movement of the Hungarian Concerto for violin.....Joseph Haydn

Symphony in C (3. and 11. No. 1).....Haydn
Mr. Loeffler wrote his "Poems" last summer in the village of Dover, Mass. The first might be called an Idyll, and it is a musical paraphrase of the exquisite poem of Verlaine in "La Bonne Chanson," the poem that begins: "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles." In the poem the lover calls on the morning star before it disappears to make his thought shine in the dream wherein his sweetheart still sleeping stirs. The quails are calling in the thyme; the dew shines on the hay; there is joy among the wheat fields; the lark flies skyward; but the star must hasten, for the golden sun is even now pushing above the horizon. "La Bonne Chanson," written during the betrothal of Verlaine to the maiden whom he married, to her great sorrow, has inspired several composers to songs; but I believe this is the first orchestral piece in illustration of any portion.

Mr. Loeffler in the past has shown a rare talent for the suggestion of the Macabre in music; witness his divertimento for violin and orchestra; his "L'Étang," two of his songs; he has also thickened mystery and edged horror, as in "The Death of Tintagiles." Much of his chamber music is sombre or mystic, or even cryptic; in fact his talent I might say genius without fear of contradiction—has been of most peculiar quality; he has delighted in evening shades in forsaken gardens where strange figures whisper secrets to each other and then vanish; spectral shapes in crepuscle, the ghostly mist. And some, therefore, called him morbid and likened him with a shake of the head to Maeterlinck, whose plays they had not seen or read.

Now he appears as the composer of a remarkably poetic and beautiful composition, in which there is the freshness of daybreak, the joy of nature, the flush of exulting, impatient love. It is not panoramic music, a painstaking literal translation of the poem, so that the hearer can put his thumb on the lark as he is about to rise, or estimate at a glance the worth of the lay; but the poem is all there, the spirit and the suggestion of the detail, from the fading star to the superlative of sunrise. There is even a dash of sensuousness, which is unusual in Mr. Loeffler's music; but it is healthy, naturalism in rhythm or color, nor is there any of the cello interwauling so dear to Massenet and his school in the portrayal of passion. The love music is that of the adoring lover, who is confident that all nature exists merely for him and his sweetheart; it is not the calculating passion of the voluptuary with a note book, lest he forget,

nor is it the remissent base of the prematurely old. All nature is interested in this lover; to carry word to him to remind his sweetheart of his thought, to exult with him in his love.

The other poem is a paraphrase of Rollinat's "Villanelle of the Devil." The Devil prowls about in all disguises, the tempting priest and sceptic, sage and lecher. "He'lls" a-burning, burning, burning; the Devil prowling, runs about. These are the refrains of the about. Mr. Loeffler has not only his own themes, illustrative of the burrow themes, takes the vicious tune "A la Vilette," made known to us here by Yvette Guilbert, and he takes the old tunes of the Reign of Terror, "Ca ira" and "La Carmagnole," with which to make different points. One of the most successful and impressive portions of the work is the church scene, which is admirably contrived; in fact, he has succeeded in this playful scherzo where seriously minded composers of great talent have failed. His organ is

in the church, not merely on the stage; there is a service; the atmosphere is as unmistakable as is that which surrounds "the tough" or "the pedagogue" when each in turn is impersonated by Satan. Here is a wealth of most ingenious detail, and there is not a verse of Rollinat that is not suggested in the music. The demoniacal spirit is preserved throughout, from the watchings and the darting and the hurried retreat of the Devil to the ghastly cynicism of the final verse.

Of these two poems the Idyll undoubtedly gave last night the greater pleasure. The performance was better, for one reason. The "Villanelle" at times limped, and there was a controlling continuity. The piece is extremely difficult, and the players did not apparently have the confidence and dash that are absolutely necessary to vitalize and carry through the Satanic impersonations. In a word the performance was hardly devilish enough; yet it revealed a bizarre fancy, cynical humor, and uncommon ingenuity in use of themes for the illustration of even antipodal ideas.

Mr. Loeffler's imagination and invention have never perhaps been displayed with such positiveness as in these two pieces. He is still daring in his use of harmonies, and his orchestration is a perpetual surprise and delight. In the Idyll there are warmer colors than he has used before, there are effects of broader and deeper sonority, there is more humanity in his melody. The music will appeal to many who do not understand who perhaps do not care for quiet tints, exquisite harmonies, subtle lines of beauty. Some may think that Mr. Loeffler has been influenced in a measure by the later works of Richard Strauss. I do not find this true. Strauss is a man of broad lines, pronounced moods, stupendous moments. He has not the subtlety or the fragrance of Loefflerian detail; he seldom hints, he seldom suggests; he insists, he commands. Mr. Loeffler is by far the more refined nature; Strauss has the elemental strength, and there is in his music "the spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea." Strauss has a strong dash of Eulenspiegel in his character. Mr. Loeffler has not only the most delicate sense of poetic refinement; he has polished wit. You cannot imagine Mr. Loeffler capable of musical rudeness or vulgarity even though he should entitle his work, "The Speech of Cambronne." These, however, are but impressions. Such works should be heard often for thorough appreciation. I know this, however, that each in its way is a masterpiece. And who could have imagined this music or put it into commanding and at the same time insidious form but Charles Martin Loeffler?

Mr. Winteritz played the first movement of Joachim's Hungarian Concerto. It is an extremely difficult work, but even the knowledge of this fact did not console me. Mr. Winteritz's tone was seldom agreeable; it was often maddening, and his performance was generally uninteresting. I admit that he played many notes that were arranged so as to present difficulties. But that is not all in music—even in a concerto for violin. Joachim made his concerto sound as though it really amounted to something; but I heard him play it when he still could play, and he put into it something that you will not find in the notes themselves.

Philip Hale.

MR. BAUER'S FAREWELL.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his farewell recital yesterday afternoon in Steiner Hall. He played Schumann's "David's Bändelconcerto," Franck's "Prelude, Aria and Finale," Chopin's Ballade in F minor, and Balakireff's "Islema." On the whole it was the finest performance that he has given here this season. The audience was enthusiastic and recalled him again and again. Among the encores was a Study by Alkan.

THESE are sad days for the hide-bound conservatives. Mr. Gericke persists in producing dangerous if not immoral novelties. The names of Richard Strauss, Loeffler, d'Indy, von Hausegger adorn Symphony concert programs. Mr. Kneisel does not hesitate to produce works by César Franck, d'Indy, Loeffler, Debussy; the Orchestral Club is a nest of revolutionaries and incendiaries; Mr. Longy, as conductor of two clubs, is an equal sinner, for does he not spend his art and skill on pieces by d'Indy, Loeffler, Debussy, Caplet, Rahaud, Enesco? Mr. Lane, to whom the hide-bound and the timid turn, is found playing—and playing with marked appreciation as well as skill—the pernicious "Enoch Arden" music of Richard Strauss—and producing works by Russians and Frenchmen. And even at the New England

Conservatory Gabriel Fauré's "Birth of Venus" was performed last week. Think of it! Venus as portrayed by a modern, radical Frenchman, who had the audacity to assist at her birth! Only the Handel and Haydn Society stands unmoved, blind to the onward march, deaf to the siren voices. There it stands, a sight not without pathetic interest, still faithful to two performances of "The Messiah"—why not three?—and swearing solemnly that it will never forsake "The Creation" or Rossini's "Stabat Mater." May we not expect from the venerable society next season a revival of "David" by the Chevalier Neukomm, or a first performance of "Esther, the Beautiful Queen"? Walt Whitman sang:

Great are the myths; I, too, delight in them,
Great are Adam and Eve; I, too, look back
and accept them;
Great the risen and fallen nations, and their
poets, women, sages, inventors, rulers,
warriors and priests.

But he also sang:

Great is today, and beautiful,
It is good to live in this age; there never
was any better.

Let us by all means be allowed to hear occasionally "The Messiah," "The Creation"—even Rossini's "Stabat Mater" if it is well sung by the chorus and a quartet of great singers. Works by Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn should be played, sung, admired; but the works of contemporaries should be welcomed, looked forward to with interest, played, discussed, repeated, if they are worth while. It is of much more importance to hear an unfamiliar work by Franck, Loefler, Strauss, d'Indy, Debussy, by a radical Russian, Frenchman or German, than to hear for the hundredth time an overture by Weber or a second-rate work by Beethoven or Haydn. The greatest classic works suffer from over familiarity. We should appreciate "The Messiah" more keenly if we should hear it only once in three or four years. The 5th symphony itself cannot stand constant repetition.

Mr. Lang did well, for instance, in the production of Massenet's "Promised Land." Do you say the music is dull and cheap? The greater part of it is poor stuff, no one will dispute you; but

how were we to know this without hearing it? "Because Massenet wrote it." Nonsense, Massenet has written both charming and stirring music. Witness some of his early orchestral works, that thoroughly and musically delightful opera "Manon," that striking work "La Navarraise," the ballet music to "The Cid," certain pages of "Eve." Here is a work that has attracted attention; it has been performed even in Spain. Why should we not be allowed to hear it and judge for ourselves? There are two choruses that might well bear repetition at a miscellaneous concert.

I hear that an effort was made to bring Massenet to conduct the work. It is not surprising, if he was asked, that he refused, for he will be 60 years old next month, and when he was in Vienna lately to conduct his "Mary Magdalene" he suffered acutely from rheumatism, which was not wholly cured by the honors shown him by Emperor and people.

At any rate the Cecilia did something; it produced something; it made us acquainted with a work of Massenet's later years. Now that the society sings bravely in French, may we not hope to hear some day César Franck's "Ruth," "Psyché," "La Rédemption," Debussy's "Blessed Damiens," Gabriel Fauré's "Requiem"; d'Indy's "Song of the Bell"? It might be a pleasure to know Bantock's "Christus," or Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which has already been sung in Germany. Or might not the whole of Prof. Paine's opera or Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley's "Romeo and Juliet" be sung in concert form? Of course we should not be obliged to like any of these works.

I know well that the making of a program is a difficult task. There should not be too many novelties; there should be great care in the selection of familiar pieces; the program should be well contrasted, of reasonable length, etc., etc. Furthermore, the program-maker is constantly harassed by members of his audience. Some Symphony subscribers wish only works by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn. Certain subscribers, no doubt, have threatened Mr. Kneisel because he brings forward works by Franck, Debussy, d'Indy. They probably do not swear to take his life, to shoot him through the window at his home, but they speak ominously of their "loss of interest," their dislike of music "that they cannot understand," "crazy music." If Mr. Kneisel listens to such complaints, he should remember that by the strength and the

beauty of the pieces themselves, and the artistry displayed in the performance, he has triumphed gloriously. There is a younger generation that is not content with hearing constantly quartets by Mozart and Haydn and other worthies. These hearers are not futile old men, they are not ignorant persons who attend the Kneisel concerts because they have heard that it is "the thing" to do so; they are appreciative, eager to learn, ready to discuss.

Unless there is fierce discussion over music, the art itself is dead.

From the top gallery at the Colonne concerts come groans and cries and hisses when music that is held unworthy of performance is brought forward. Would that there were such healthy interest even in Symphony Hall when orchestral piece, oratorio, cantata or solo piece bores beyond measure. Better such a spirit of revolt than blind acceptance of everything traditionally respected, or smug enjoyment of the mediocre simply because it is of local origin, or dull, ignorant rejection of the grand or beautiful because it is unknown, or presented in a strange and unfamiliar form.

Alma Webster Powell, lawyer and coloratura singer, has been in Warsaw and the Kurjer of that city published a most discriminative and flattering review of her performance. I quote from the Concert Goer:

Pianista kompozytor p. Eugeniusz de Pirani opozycję towarzyszenia p. Webster-Powell, odegrał sam cały szereg utworów Pacha, Chopina i swoich. W grze jego jak i w utworach znać muzyka wykształconego w doskonałej szkole. Technika posiada p. Pirani wysoko rozwinięta, w samej jednak grze widnieć jakas chwycność rytmiczna, pewien niepokój, wpływający na nirowność tempa.

Mrs. Elsa von Grave-Jonás, who will give a piano recital Monday afternoon in Steinert Hall, was born at Cologne in 1876. She studied at the Royal Music School, Munich, and with Von Bülow. For some years she taught at the University of Music at Ann Arbor and at the New York School of Music. She is the wife of the pianist Alberto Jonás.

Paul Kalisch, Lilli Lehmann's husband, has been made a member of the Société des Beaux Arts. They say that August Bungert's Homeric trilogy will be produced at the Metropolitan, N. Y., next season. The rumor is probably unfounded.—Mascagni was disappointed because he was not made director of the St. Cecilia, Rome, after the death of Marchetti, and he is in hot water at Pesaro, where he directs the conservatory. He receives a salary of 12,000 francs, but he is at Pesaro only two months in the year, and these two months are in the bathing season, which is vacation time at the school. This story seems incredible.—The Emperor William has given Geraldine Farrar a pin of diamonds and rubies—another triumph for America! In connection with this it is interesting to note that Emma Eames was poisoned the other day by fish.—An overture, "The Charm of Spring," by Prince Joachim Albert, was performed at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin. "It begins with a melancholy air for piano, an air intended to picture the awakening of the flowers; the theme is taken up by the orchestra, and the piece ends with a waltz of flowers, which is truly marvelous." "O Prince, you are too kind," as they say in "The Princess of Trebizond."—Santley

is still singing in London. "His voice retains its quality to a surprising degree. And he is still singing 'Nazareth.'" He was born in 1834.—A company composed of doctors and their wives with an orchestra composed of doctors performed lately in Vienna a comic opera, "Genevieve," by an amateur, Moegle. The audience, no doubt, was made up of patients.—It is a great pleasure to learn that Jacques Thibaud, the violinist, proposes to visit this country next season.—Melba will sing the solo in Elgar's Coronation Cantata.—Johannes Weber, formerly music critic of the Temps, Paris, died late in March. He was born in Alsace in 1818. In 1861 he began his work on the Temps, where for many years he showed a narrow, pedantic and morose spirit. He was technical rather than illuminative, sympathetic, imaginative, and he wrote in a crabbed style. His book, "Les Illusions Musicales," is entertaining and suggestive, but his memoirs of Meyerbeer, whom he served as secretary, is a worthless volume.—Louis Diémer, the brilliant French pianist, has founded a triennial prize of 4000 francs at the Paris Conservatory, to be given in competition to a male pupil who within 10 years has already taken the first prize. The first competition will be in May, 1903, and six chosen pieces must be played. The

poor judges!—"Theingold" has been produced at Nice. Monte Carlo would have been a more appropriate place.

Darcée, who once sang here the duet in the fourth act of "The Huguenots," has been most successful in "Tosca" at Bucharest.—Some posthumous organ choral preludes by Brahms in the manner of Bach will be published by Simrock.—Among the pieces played at the 12th "Rehearsal" of the Leipzig Conservatory were a Prelude to "Red Rock" by G. E. Simpson of Kansas City, and a symphony in D by Julian Carrillo of San Potosio.—Julian Riel, a Spanish tenor, met with great success in "Il Trovatore" at the Scala.—A new opera house modeled after the Scala, will be built in St. Petersburg. It will hold 2300.—De Lara's "Messaline" met with much favor at Toulouse.—At the last concert of the Philharmonic orchestra, Berlin, Nikisch conductor, only two pieces were played: Tchaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony and Beethoven's fifth.—They were not wildly enthusiastic over Melba in concert at Berlin, March 19, when she appeared with Joachim. She sang the same old songs; "her upper tones showed fatigue, and in forte her voice was without nobility."

—The overture to Rozmniek's new opera, "Till Eulenspiegel," was heartily cursed in Berlin March 28. "The piece is without originality or wit," says Otto Lessmann.—A new symphony, No. 2 in D, by Jean Sibelius, performed at Helsingfors March 8, is highly praised.—A new opera, "Walpurgisnacht," by Andreas Hallén, has been produced successfully at Copenhagen.

The New York Tribune was pained beyond measure because an aria from Richard Strauss's "Guntram" was sung by Mr. George Hamlin at the last con-

certs of the Philharmonic Society, April 4-5. The aria was sandwiched between the 1st symphony and the 9th of Beethoven.

Strauss was his own poet. Pretty imagery inspired his apostrophe, but its literary expression is of that strained, distorted, repellent kind that has haunted itself for decades in the face of German poetry and seems proud of being accepted as bastard offspring of Wagner's muse. For twelve minutes the song endures, and the judicious suffer. The orchestral stream on which the words float is rich in its polyphonic texture and golden in color. But, alas! it is this and nothing else from beginning to end! No rhythmical variety, no change of color, no development of theme, no climax either spiritual or material. Not one of the pictures fancied by the poet moved him one second.

The varying verse, the full resounding line, The long, majestic march, and every divine.

All is smoothly flowing monotony. Strauss got his hint of the dramatic scene from "Tannhäuser," but when he came to compose he turned to a later drama, and gave us a flaccid, flabby, unemotional copy of strains and harmonies from "Tristan und Isolde." The Germans have a quotation from Goethe which they are in the habit of using in cases of this kind; it is inelegant, but it is apt, and those will pardon a reference to it who failed to understand why Richard Strauss's operatic maunderings should, in defiance of sense and chronology, have been associated with Beethoven's sublime symphonic utterances. Wagner's hawkings and expectations have been successfully acquired by Richard Strauss; and obviously they have been made to do service in "Guntram." But the people, to whom the great Richard was always ready to appeal, would have none of the lesser Richard's opera. "Guntram" was a failure, and the critics who have attempted to defend it have been apologists, and nothing else. It can easily be imagined that under proper conditions the beautiful music would compel admiration, but there ought to have been presented something of the militant brilliancy of the dramatic incidents which precede the episode and a bit of the riot which follows, but these things needful for the appreciation of the excerpt would only have emphasized the irrelevancy of such music in a concert of the Philharmonic Society.

"Wagner's hawkings and Expectations" is a pretty phrase, one that Mr. Willie Winter himself might envy in his sullen rage against Ibsen or Maeterlinck. Meanwhile Strauss lives, flourishes, and makes his irresistible way. Even the Tribune cannot stop him.

Mariel Garcia celebrated in London his 97th birthday, March 17. Think of it for a moment! He made his debut in New York as Figaro in 1825, when Wagner was 12 years old, Liszt was a boy prodigy, Beethoven was living, and Schumann and Mendelssohn were youths. His sister, Pauline Viardot, still living in Paris, is in her 81st year.—They say that Paderewski will sail on the 30th, attend the coronation services, go to Poland "to be present at the first performance of 'Manru'" but "Manru" was given in Poland last year—then play in Spain and Italy.—Mancini will conduct for Mr. Grau next season, and there is talk of "Ernani" with De Marchi as the hero. De Marchi will also sing in "La Bohème" and "La Gioconda." It is again stated that A. Hertz of the Breslau

Opera House will lead the German operas for Mr. Grau.—Fritz Scheff threatens to sing Juliet. Why not Brühlde?—Lillian Carlsmith, now known as "Mlle. Carlsmith"—she was once known in Boston as Miss L. C. Smith—sang in Paris, March 23, at a concert in which Augusta Holmès took part.—Louis Ganne's "Les Saltimbanques, or the Bohémians," was produced in English at Northampton for the first time in England March 24. The plot is not novel, but the music, they say, is charming.—Miss Hedwig Kaumann, who has been for several years coloratura singer at Wiesbaden, has joined the Royal Opera, Berlin.—A new ballet, "Côte d'Azur," music by Drigo of St. Petersburg, was danced at Monte Carlo by "ladies of the Russian Imperial ballet."—Pierre Lalo, music critic of Le Temps, and son of the composer, is attacking Gallhard's management of the Paris Opéra. He alludes to the "notorious decadency" of the institution and Gallhard's reign of "incompetency and incapacity."—I am glad to hear that Alexander Mackenzie's new Coronation March has no "niggly" passages for the strings and that the figure of the drum taps, with which the march opens, begins "Tum, titi ta-ta, titi ta-r-r-r-r" to the end of the measure. You will see at once that it is an inspired work.

Some years ago Mrs. Leighton Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump gave a lecture in Boston on Wagner. It appears that they are still at it, and that the character of their entertainment is unchanged. I quote from the Pall Mall Gazette of March 5 this amusing account:

Yesterday afternoon, at the Steinway Hall, Mr. Basil Crump and Mrs. Leighton Cleather combined to give the first of four Wagner concert lectures. Now, Lower Seymour Street is not the hill that leads from Bayreuth Station to the Festspielhaus, nor is Steinway Hall precisely that theatre itself. We are accustomed to respect the rules which are followed in the Bavarian town; but when they are applied under these diminished circumstances, they become altogether grotesque. When it is solemnly announced that "these lectures will begin punctually and the doors will be closed during each speech and musical selection," when through some chance you arrive three minutes late and manage by craft to avoid these stern conditions, and grope blindly for a seat, in the result planting yourself upon a neighbor's knee, when finally you discover that all this bother is all about a magic-lantern entertainment—then, in Mr. Gilbert's immortal words, "you cannot choose but smile." Mr. Crump's lecture on "Tannhäuser" was delivered, we are bound to say, in an admirable voice, and with much refinement of manner, but we cannot conscientiously add that his matter was exciting or very novel. To discuss, for example, the mood in which the drama was written is practically futile, because a thousand moods really require elucidation, and to repeat the story of the plot reminds one rather of the infantine simplicity of Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." However, let us be just; magic-lantern entertainments do require a certain amount of darkness, even though Cimmerian gloom be not an absolute requisite; there still are people possibly who need the information which the lecturers are eager to impart. Add to this, that the great Frau Wagner actually gave permission for the lantern slides to be made from the Bayreuth scenery, that there is a glory in being able to call out sternly "Lights down, please!" when an unlucky janitor opens the door to let in a glimmer—and you have quite a number of reasons why these lectures should be a source of personal entertainment to the givers and of some profit to certain audiences.

Mr. von Sachs wrote an interesting letter from Vienna about pianists in that city. It was published April 9, and I quote Mr. Sachs's remarks about Emil Sauer:

"Not quite so satisfied with his present musical status in Vienna is probably Herr Emil Sauer, who in former years could flatter himself to occupy the enviable position of prime favorite among all his rivals. When he first appeared and for several successive seasons he had a following than which nothing more enthusiastic could well be imagined. It mattered little that criticism pointed out certain deficiencies and exaggerations in his playing; he was the established favorite here, and all that he chose to do at the keyboard was sure to be adopted in the unquestioning spirit of blind faith. So far did his popularity go that the plan was set on foot and successfully carried through of engaging him permanently for the Conservatory of Music. A special position had to be created for him, with such exceptional salary and privileges that the entire staff of piano professors who had been instructing at this institution practically all their life resigned in a body, feeling it was a slight to which they could not submit. 'Prof.' Sauer did not enter upon his new duties till a few weeks ago, and it would be premature to undertake to say how far he has met the expectations that were set upon him as a teacher. In his capacity of soloist he certainly has lost some of his popularity with the public, who allowed him this winter to give two recitals that were both poorly attended. The press, on the other hand, has treated him recently far more leniently than some years ago, and seems to be more than ready to give him credit for his many and various excellencies, among which, however, an able and modest pen are not to be reckoned. If one may judge by the volume of autobiographical notes published about Christmas time,"

Amédée Boutarel described admirably Mark Hambourg, who played at a

Lamoureux, one of the great ones. He is not a vibra-
tor, but he is a robust wrestler who attacks a work, violator, it, does it. The piano is to him an anvil on which his fingers (and with the force of hammer)

And like so many dreamers, who have a the luminous darkness of the universe at their heart, he found his most precious an interrupted solitude in the crowded and more crowded streets of great cities. He had found the queen of Sheba, and seen to seven, dividing the world, could find nothing more tolerable in mortal conditions, when he was truly aware of them than the company of the meapest of mankind in whom poverty and vice and the hard pressure of civilization still leave some of the original vivacity of the human comedy.

The summer bids fair to be a trying one. We have already received circulars from hotels and boarding-houses, and each one makes this ominous statement: "Ping Pong has been introduced."

Mr. William Abraham, who studied the relations between workmen and employers in the United States, said to his constituents in Wales that he did not admire the custom here of thrusting aside workmen after perhaps long years of service, owing to their age and failing capacity, and supplanting them by younger men.

There is too little respect for the aged in this country. Their slowness and weakness or vanity and garrulity provoke impatience. Do you suppose that Nestor would be allowed to run on in Boston as he did in the Grecian camp? If he were to hold forth at a club or in a street car, some one would remark before five minutes were over: "What's the old dink giving us?"

Nor is old age now characterized by a long white beard and weak hands. A workman of 50 years is reckoned as an old man. Of what use are experience, reflection, judgment? They fly in the air when weighed against the quality known as hustling, which is compounded of impudence and the courage that comes from ignorance.

It is not alone the loss of a salary that sickens a middle-aged man, or an old man thrown out of employment; nor is wounded pride the only sore; there is the uneasiness that comes from the loss of a routine task. There once was a man, foolish rather than crazy, who was in a madhouse at Zurich. They gave him full liberty, which he never abused. His only pleasure in life came from his ringing the bells of his parish. When he grew old, either because he was thought to be unfit for this important function, or because someone envied him, he was deposed of his charge. The foolish man, in the depths of despair, but he did not whine in the mad-house or about the town; he went to the man who had charge of the belfry and said: "I come, my dear sir, to ask a favor; I rang the bells; it was the only thing I was good for, and now they are not willing to let me do it. Please cut off my head; if I could do it, I should not trouble you"; and he put himself in a position convenient for the execution. This scene was described to the Chief Magistrate, who was touched, and he wished to reward a passion for being useful when it was entertained by even the least of the citizens. The foolish man was reappointed, he was provided with an assistant, and he finally died while ringing the bells.

There were passionate press agents years ago. The Globe (London) of April 20th, 1821, published this paragraph: "This being Passion week, the customary suspension of theatrical amusements will be, of course, solemnly observed till Easter Monday. During this interval the Royal Menagerie, Exeter-change, announces an additional share of attraction during the week, the proprietor having spared no pains to render this wonderful establishment of new varieties gratifying to the scientific and rational admirers of Nature's astonishing works, which are particularly animated at their feeding time, 3 o'clock every evening."

Correspondent of the New York Sun are much exercised over the question whether sheep drink.

Sheep drank in the early days. See Genesis xlix, 3, 7, 10. Rachel kept her father's sheep. "And it came to pass, when Jacob saw Rachel, the daughter of Laban, his mother's brother, and the sheep of Laban, his mother's brother, that Jacob went near; and rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flock of Laban, his mother's brother."

Sheep drank in Boccia. There were four rivers there which worked strange effect on sheep after they drank from them: "The sheep drinking of Melas and

Ponius grew black; of Cephisus, white; of Nanthus, red." This was known to all persons of any education.

Yet the fact that sheep drank was disputed certainly as long ago as 1658, for Mr. Edward Topsel said in his "History of Four Footed Beasts and Serpents": "There is nothing that maketh a sheep grow more fat than drink."

There be many that trouble themselves about this question, namely, for what cause the sheep of England do never thirst except they see the water, and then also seldom drink, and yet have no more sheep in England than in any other country of the world. Inasmuch that we think it a prodigious thing that sheep should drink; but the true cause why our English sheep drink not is, for there is so much dew on the grass that they need no other water; and therefore Aristotle was deceived, who thinketh that the Northern sheep had more need of water than the Southern. In Spain those sheep bear the best fleeces of wool that drink least. In the Island of Cephalene all their cattle for want of water do draw in the cold air; but in the hotter countries every day once at the least, about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, they water their sheep. The correspondents should read Mr. Topsel's invaluable work; they would not then ask so many foolish questions about animals.

It may not generally be known that the river Scamander turned all sheep that drank of it yellow; and there are two rivers in Antandria that turn sheep from black to white and white to black. If a dam or cwe does not love her lamb put pennywort to drink in the water, and her affection will be awakened.

Mrs. Potter, as you doubtless know, assumed March 31 the part of Calypso in "Ulysses," the part designed originally for her. The Pall Mall Gazette thus speaks of her performance: "That Mrs. Potter was enchanting to the eye goes without saying, albeit so incongruously ample a train suggested less a goddess than some victim to a fashion introduced in the interests of the trade. To the ear she was much less satisfactory. She delivered her lines so drawlingly and affectedly that it was at first difficult to distinguish her words, and even when one had become familiarized to her tone, it was not easy to judge their significance. Unless Mrs. Potter can see her way to improve on her present rendering of Calypso, the assumption will not increase her reputation as anything more than a very beautiful woman."

We cut this important Berlin satiasty item from the German News: "Mr. and Mrs. Pitcairn-Knowles are contemplating settling in Jersey, where they have been on a visit for a time. Mr. Knowles's latest hobby is tomato growing, and probably the change of residence may have something to do with that, the climate of Jersey being most suitable."

PEOPLE'S CHORAL.

Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass and Other Music at Symphony Hall.

The fifth annual concert of the People's Choral Union was held at Symphony Hall last evening before an audience which taxed the capacity of the hall. The soloists were Miss Anita Rio and Mrs. Mary M. Brackett, sopranos; Glenn Hall, tenor, and Gwylm Miles, baritone.

The first part of the program was Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass. A trio, Messrs. Miles and Hall and Miss Rio, sang the "Kyrie Eleison," after the orchestra and organ had given the overture to St. Paul. Miss Rio and Mr. Miles, in solos with the chorus, were heard in the "Gloria Excelsis," and the trio and the chorus sang the Credo. Miss Rio and Mr. Hall had solos in the "Agnus Dei."

The second part was from Mendelssohn's setting of the Ninety-fifth Psalm. Mrs. Brackett sang for the first time during the evening, and was first heard in a duet with Miss Rio.

After the psalm there were solos by Mr. Hall, Mrs. Brackett and Mr. Miles, and the chorus gave Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's "Song of Welcome," which has been written for the opening ceremonies of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

All four soloists did splendidly. Miss Rio has a sweet voice, and sang her parts of the mass and of the psalm with proper feeling, and seemed to interpret the passages better than the other soloists. Mrs. Brackett did not do herself justice in the duet in the psalm, but in the aria from Costa's Eli sang beautifully. She was applauded enthusiastically. The final chorus was very fine. Samuel W. Cole was conductor, Miss Jennie Weller, organist; William Dietrich Strong and Miss Edith Snow, accompanists.

April 12, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I have just returned from a business trip out West, where I am told there is an appreciably keen appreciation of humor. I saw no proof of this appre-

ciation. On the contrary, whenever I tried first-class jests and sparkling repartee that had already given me a reputation in Boston, they fell on dull ears. I had a letter, for instance, to a Mrs. January, who lived in a large Western city. I went into an apothecary's to find her address. The directory stated that she lived on a corner of Frost and Winter Streets. I sniled a winning smile at the clerk, and said: "She must be a cold proposition." "Oh, no," he answered, "she's a most genial lady."

RICHARD PLUMB.

A prominent official of North Carolina says that President Roosevelt is "the kind of a man that you would like to ask to take a drink." This prominent official must be the Governor of the State, who once had a famous conversation with the Governor of South Carolina.

It is not surprising that King Victor Emmanuel delights in "mixing unrecognized in the crowd of his subjects." Several famous rulers enjoyed the practice. There was Harun-al-Rashid, who went about the streets of Bagdad, in merchants' gear, to solace himself and to see and hear what new thing was stirring. Attended by Ja'afar, his Wazir, and by Masrur, his Sworder of Vengeance, he would listen to the complaints and joyful expressions of his subjects, and enter houses wherever was the sound of merriment. There was the Viceroy in "La Perichole" who went nosing about to find out whether he were popular. We are inclined to believe that King Edward himself would gladly doff his crown and go disguised as a commercial traveler, or as Mr. Hall Caine, to a music hall or a race track. The perquisites of royalty are more bothersome than the daily privileges of private citizens.

We saw yesterday, about 2.30 P. M., a chimney of one of the School of Technology buildings on Boylston Street belching forth thick, black smoke. It was only the other day that we received a circular urging us to join in a protest against the "smoke nuisance" in Boston, and one of the men that signed the call was an esteemed Professor of this very school.

That was steep gambling at the Vienna Jockey Club. Count Potocki lost 3,000,000 crowns in 20 minutes at baccarat. He has been banished from Austria, by way of compensation. The Count married a Princess of the house of Radzwill. Perhaps he is lucky in love. His wife might imitate the conduct of Madam de la Vaupaliere, whose husband was a passionate gambler. She presented him with an exquisitely worked and richly ornamented box to hold his counters, and in one side of this box was inserted her portrait; opposite were pictures of his children; and there was this device: "Think of us." Nevertheless, as Grimm tells us, the husband played that winter of 1777 with more than ordinary fury.

Another nobleman banished for the same cause is Count Kinsky, husband of the opera singer Ilka von Palmay. Her press agent now has fresh material for advance articles.

Other noble men were banished. You observe that gambling in Vienna is an aristocratic sport. There was a period in England when nearly everyone that claimed to belong to the best society of London gambled heavily. The vice was called a protest against the monotony of life; for there was then no hanging about the ticker, no telegraphing to brokers. Noble dames pursued the sport in exclusive drawing-rooms. "A small society governed England and gambled in St. James's Street." The games were commerce, hazard, or faro. The letters of George Selwyn are filled with allusions to gaming; and he, although a prudent man, was constantly risking his small fortune. There was a time in the United States when a gambler was popularly supposed to wear a white plug hat with a weed around it, an irreproachable broadcloth coat, glossy linen, diamonds of incalculable worth, and a jet-black moustache. Today the gambler is found in nearly every walk of commercial life; there are gamblers in drugs as well as in stocks and at the poker table. They have no distinctive dress.

To publish the names of 50 leading men or women of the United States or the titles of the 50 best poems, American or English, or the names of the 49 who should sit in the American Academy is an ingenious way of securing copy. There is always some one who is "surprised" to find the name of a friend or the title of his favorite poem omitted.

Boston, April 10, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I met a man today who was born in Vermont some 40 odd years ago. The village where he was born lies close

to the Connecticut River, and it is one of the beautiful old-fashioned little places with a wide single street lined with great big old elm trees. That man is a critical, retrospective fellow, and I'm sure has a deep regard for old Vermont, for when he left me, he said: "Give my love to old Vermont when you return." This man has not been to that dear old place for over 30 years. He leads a busy life and perhaps hasn't time to go, but won't he some day have eternity? Can't you say something to him that will do him good? I think he will see it if you print it.

We should like to visit certain towns in Vermont. There is a village named Tunbridge. Years ago we passed through it. We sat by the driver of the stage coach from South Royalton to Chelsea, and swore, for we were young, that some day we, too, should be a stage driver; either that or the head man at a saw-mill, for each profession had its peculiar fascination. All we remember of Tunbridge is here and there a red barn. But the village gave its name to a delectable dish known as a Tunbridge tart. Layers of doughnut crust were piled as high as a big loaf of Boston brown bread, between these layers Shaker applesauce was thickly smeared. Are such tarts made in these degenerate days? Perhaps the inhabitants of Tunbridge never ate them; for they say that no inhabitant of Dunderberg marmalade, that the dwellers in and about Gruyere cannot furnish you with the cheese so named, perhaps because they speak the Romance dialect. The Tunbridges lived chiefly on pork and potatoes, no doubt.

MRS. VON GRAVE-JONAS.

Mrs. Elsa von Grave-Jonas gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. She played a Capriccio by Searlatti, Schumann's "Carnival," Brahms's Rhapsodie in G minor, Chopin's nocturne in C minor and Barcarolle, Liszt's arrangement of one of Chopin's Polish songs, and an "etude de concert" by Moskowski. Mrs. Jonas is the wife of Alberto Jonas, the Spanish pianist, who has played here at a Symphony concert and in recital. She studied in Munich, was a pupil of Dinelow, taught at New York and at Ann Arbor, and she is now associated with her husband in the music school at Detroit. Her recital of yesterday does not call for special comment. At times she displayed a pretty technique, and at other times her technique was insecure. Her tone was agreeable in the gentler passages, but when strength was demanded, her tone was harshly dry, and an abuse of the damper pedal blurred that which should have been sonorously clear. Her interpretation was for the most part without distinction. Her emotion was perfunctory rather than spontaneous. There was a small audience.

Philip Hale.

TWO CONCERTS.

Mr. Stephen Townsend's Song Recital Last Evening in Steinert Hall—Mrs. Helen Hopekirk's Chamber Concert in Chickering Hall.

Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, with Mr. Alfred De Voto, accompanist, gave a song recital last night in Steinert Hall. There was a good-sized and most appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Two arias from "Azara".....J. K. Paine Sea Pictures.....Elgar "Archibald Douglass".....Loewe "A Thought"....."Summer Noon" and "Tryste Noél".....Miss Lang "The Rose and the Garden"....."Ashes of Roses"....."If Love Were What the Rose Is".....Foots

It was a pleasure to hear the arias from Prof. Paine's opera, although the piano was here a sorry substitute for the orchestra. It was possible only to guess at the color from such hints at effective results as the accompaniment to "In childhood was baptized" and a few other passages. The arias have character, dramatic force and variety, and it is a pity that we cannot hear them in their proper place, in the opera and on the operatic stage.

What may be said concerning Mr. Townsend's singing of these arias may be applied to his dramatic or heroic work throughout the evening. He was probably not in full control of his voice, for the upper tones were less brilliant in forte passages than on former occasions; indeed, they were occasionally flaccid, and at times there was a suggestion of a throat in the voice, there was marked physical effort. (The compass of the singer is at the best a limited one.) In the heroic passages the upper tones were not always well taken, and in the exhibition of full force, there was no suspicion of reserve strength. But in songs of gentler emotion, Mr. Townsend showed genuine and exquisite art, as in his delivery of Miss Lang's "Summer Noon," which was the feature of the evening, so far as the artistry of the singer was concerned. At times Mr. Townsend took breath with strange delicacy of the verse, as in the last line of Prof. Paine's second aria.

Elgar's "Sea Butt and full orchestra, for Miss Clara Butt and full orchestra. The most beautiful of the series, "where crails lie," lost its peculiar haunting quality and subtle sensuousness when sung by Mr. Townsend; and this was

There is no reason why the unicorn displayed on any State or city building in Boston should not be green. We sought in vain at the Public Library for a copy of a treatise "On the Domestication of the Unicorn," by J. B. Snorrosius; nevertheless, we are able to assure you that in Zeila, a city of Aethiopia, there were several purple unicorns, and possibly the ancestors of Mr. Gelett Burgess's purple cow. Certain unicorns of India have yellow manes and tails. Ludovicus, the Roman, saw two unicorns in a park of the temple at Mecca: "This beast is of the color of a horse of weasel color" (Aungervyle edition, Edinburgh, 1884, p. 56). Aloisius Cadamustus described unicorns in the New World as lion-colored. No doubt there were green unicorns; for this world even now is full of wonders.

Now that beef is so high, why do we not eat the cooking of kide come into fashion. It will be remembered that Jacob at Rebekah's command brought two good kids of the goats for his mother to make savoury meat for old, dim-eyed Isaac, who had asked for venison. We should not care to eat goat's flesh, for the goat especially the rotary goat, is a miscellaneous heating diet but we have been assured by travellers that the kid is preferable to lamb and has a much more agreeable odor, so that there is no need of mint sauce. The wise Orientals have eaten kid for years—but not necessarily the same kid. "Kid being absurdly cheap," is Mr. Phil Robinson says, "suits them culinarily admirably, and the small animal with its tiny 'chops' and minile 'forequarter' lends itself excellently to curry, kabob, or pilau."

The ancients discouraged the eating of goat's flesh, and yet there was a Thibetan wrestler who overcame all rivals, and he ate goat continually. "For it is very strong and remaineth a long season in the body, and doth much good being digested, notwithstanding the strong and rank smell thereof." In Germany there was this dish—perhaps it is even now found at "American pensions." "They take a goat's heart out of the body and split it into small pieces, and break six eggs upon it, and the crumbs of white bread, seasoned with spices and saffron, and so put into a bag, and so d and so roasted; afterward they are served upon the table, and strewed over with kitchen sugar." But abstain from goat's liver; for the eating brings on epilepsy.

And who would eat a gory beef-steak now that the days are warmer? How much better a thin slice of buttered bread covered with salted pecan nuts, or two or three old-fashioned crackers smeared with Shaker apple sauce! Even the poorest family wastes money on traditionally necessary food.

There was a curious race of 300 yards the other day at Lintwaite, a suburb of Huddersfield, between an Irish terrier, Mickey, and a pigeon, Flighy. Mickey was to run the distance; the pigeon was to fly it against time, and alight on its owner's shoulder or hand. Odds were offered on the bird until the day of the race, when the wind blew in a gale across the course of flight. The owner of the dog was on horseback and preceded Mickey, who covered the 300 yards in 27 seconds. The pigeon was obliged to fly zigzag, and it was six minutes in the flight. "It was generally recognized that the test was unfair to the bird on such a day," although the pigeon is not reported as entering a protest, or explaining his defeat to the reporters.

The London Chronicle, in a review of an "Exhaustive Study of the Art of Osculation," by one Christopher Nyrop, indulges in a pleasant digression on kissing as observed through the centuries and in various countries. In the course of this digression it quotes a learned opinion from the Bench.

"In 1857 Mr. Thomas Saverland brought an action against Miss Caroline Newton, who had bitten a piece out of his nose for his having tried to kiss her by way of a joke. The defendant was acquitted, and the Judge laid it down that 'when a man kissed a woman against her will she is fully entitled to bite his nose if she so pleases.'"

The Chronicle quotes from several authors, sacred and profane; but it unaccountably overlooks a sublime passage in Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier." Bembo is speaking (we use the translation of Sir Thomas Hoby). "Therefore the woman to please her good lover, besides the granting him merry countenances, familiar and secret talk, jesting, dallying, hand in hand, may also lawfully and without blame come to kissing. . . . For since a kiss is a knitting together both of body and soul, it is to be feared, lest the sensual lover will be more inclined to the part of the body, than of the soul, but the reasonable lover wotteth well, that although the mouth be a parcel of the body, yet is it an issue for the words that be the interpreters of the soul, and for the inward breath, which is also called the soul; and therefore hath a delight to join his mouth with the woman beloved with a kiss . . . because he feeleth that, that bond is the opening of an entry to the souls which drawn with a coveting the one of the other pours themselves by turn, the one into the other's body, and be so mingled together that each of them hath two souls and one alone so framed of them both ruleth (in a manner) two bodies. Whereupon a kiss may be said to be rather a coupling together of the soul than of the body, because it hath such force in her that it draweth her unto

it, and (as it were) separateth her from the body. For this do all chaste lovers covet a kiss, as a coupling of souls together. And therefore Plato the divine lover saith that in kissing his soul came as far as his lips to depart out of the body."

Right you are, Bembo. We advise our readers to ponder these words and then go ahead, without fear of microbes. For what can microbes do to the soul?

April 17, 1902

To the mast, nail our flag! it is dark as the grave,
Or the death which it bears while it sweeps o'er the wave;
Let our deck clear for action, our guns be prepared;
Be the boarding-axe sharpened, the scimitar bared;
Set the canisters ready, and then bring to me,
For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.

Mothers are already buying summer clothes for their young. Little boys will prance about by the side of the loud-sounding sea, with sailor's hats, much beribboned and stamped with names of war ships. Our bubbling sympathy impels us to give advice to mothers who are now perplexed. All healthful little boys are fond of playing pirates, and why should not the dear ones be appropriately dressed so that they may enter into the sport with keener zest? After a thorough examination of "The Pirate's Own Book," a volume that may be heartily recommended to any active boy with imagination, we are of the opinion that the favorite costume of Capt. Bartholomew Roberts, who turned pirate after he sailed for the Guinea Coast in November, 1719, would please mother as well as young and relieve the monotony of the beach view. When Roberts went into the engagement off Cape Lopez, he was dressed in a "rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck, with a diamond cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand, and two pair of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling flung over his shoulders." As his biographer well says: "a gallant figure."

Furthermore, we recommend a really fond mother to buy a bushy black beard for her Augustus, so that he may imitate at night that hero under the Jolly Roger. Mr. Edward Teach, better known as Black Beard, Mr. Teach derived this name "from his long black beard, which, like a frightful meteor, covered his whole face. He was accustomed to twist it with ribbon in small quantities, and turn them about his ears. In time of action he stuck lighted matches under his hat, which appeared on both sides of his face and eyes, naturally fierce and wild, and made him such a figure that the human imagination cannot form a conception of a fury more terrible and alarming." With such a beard and an ingenious use of papa's electric lantern, Augustus will have the time of his life in frightening elderly ladies who go to the Cape to test their nerves.

They are telling many stories about the late Aurlen Scholl, playwright, novelist, essayist, duelist and, above all, and first of all, newspaper man. Scholl coined a famous word, which at once acquired international reputation, and he coined it in a newspaper. Nestor Roqueplan invented the word "forette," then came "cocotte," and in 1853 Scholl put in circulation "horizontal."

Scholl is often described as well as mentioned in the Journal des Goncourts. In 1852 he sat in the office of "Paris," a daily literary journal. "Scholl, with his monocle screwed in an eye, his witty bursts of rage, his ambition of gaining the next week 50,000 francs a year by his romances in 25 volumes."

His wit was biting. He said of Barricade, "Yes, he had talent, but he does not know how to make you forgive it."

His vitality was depressing to men of weaker nerves and slower thought. Epigrams, anecdotes, prophecies, incredible stories would flow from his mouth, from soup to fruit, from the rising from table to the leaving the house. He must have been a tiresome person.

He told Baudet, Huysmans and Edmond de Goncourt of a rope dancer whom he courted. His rival was Tissot, whose pictures of the Saviour were exhibited here in the old Providence station. Tissot used to go with her to the railway stations, holding in one hand the hoop through which she jumped, and in the other a little sewing machine with which she repaired her costume. And at the same dinner he told of an American who, whenever he arrived in a strange city, went to the courts, ordered dinner for the company, and thus was sure of an elephant who would show him everything in town.

Scholl believed in "the power of the press." He once said: "Fear no one except justice and the Figaro."

He was a sick man as far back as 1887, when he was obliged to eat a prepared bread. He was happy because he could get to bed at 2 A. M. When he was in love with the rope-dancer he was obliged after the show to be at cafés until 3 A. M., then at a bar frequented by acrobats, the man that walked on his fingers and other ingenious artists, and when Scholl, dead-tired, wished to go home, the dancer would point to

some far away place and say: "Am I wrong, or is there not a little light off there?" So it would be 5 A. M. before he could pull his boots.

Yet Scholl stood the pace bravely, for he was born in 1833.

There is weeping in Paris over the threatened disappearance of the Maison Dorée. When any guest would complain of the bill, the landlord, old Verdier, would answer: "Yes, I know it is dear, but it keeps cads away from you." The restaurant has many pleasant associations. The Duke of Hamilton fell down the staircase that led from the private supper-rooms and was picked up dead. Salamanca, a Spanish banker, was especially amiable one night, and he threw ice cream over the dresses of Cora Pearl and her lady friends; then he signed checks to appease them, and he called for the landlord. "How much would this infernal place cost?" About 4,000,000 francs. "Then, I'll buy it," roared Salamanca. "And the first thing I'll do will be to burn it down," with which remark he set fire to the curtains.

Columns could be filled with anecdotes of this restaurant and its frequenters. Charles Astor Bristed described it in an article published in Frazer's (1855) as ranking B No. 1: "the Maison Dorée, as it calls itself on the outside, the Maison d'Or, as everybody else calls it. This establishment has acquired an immense vaudeville and feuilleton reputation; the name is redolent of Carnival and Mi-carême suppers. Ten years ago the Maison Dorée was not; where it now is, there was a nice little unpretending restaurant."

There was once a Maison Dorée in New York; perhaps there is now; we have not visited the metropolis for several years. Artemus Ward spoke of it in a letter to the Prince of Wales: "As regards catin uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too. You can get half a mackeril at D'Imonico's or Mr. Mason Dory's for six dollars, and hiled portaters throw'd in."

Swinburne wrote a beautiful poem about a forsaken garden; an abandoned cat wailing on the piazza of a closed seaside cottage is a pathetic spectacle, and so is an old farmhouse tattered and torn and friendless; but nothing is so dreary as a restaurant that is no longer fashionable. The tarnished and cracked mirror still retains the images of reckless men and still more reckless women. The furniture is now shabby genteel. The waiters are obsequious where they once were arrogant. The oil cruet is clouded, and cayenne pepper is found only after a prolonged search. There is a muddy flavor, as of decayed custom. Even the napkins are discouraged.

April 20 1902

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

First Performance in Boston of Sigmund von Hausegger's "Barbarossa," a Symphonic Poem in Three Parts—An Interesting and in Some Respects an Extraordinary Work.

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerike, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Melpomene" Chadwick
Fantasia on Hungarian folk tunes for piano and orchestra Liszt
"Barbarossa" von Hausegger
Hausegger's symphonic poem is a musical illustration of the old legend of Barbarossa, the Emperor that is sleeping in the Kyffhaeuser Mountain and who will some day awaken, leave his retreat, hang his shield on a withered tree, which will then break out in leaves, and bring peace and happiness to Germany. The symphonic poem is in three movements: "The Distress of the People," "The Enchanted Mountain," "The Awakening." The chief thematic material is found in all the movements.

The first movement is the most closely knit together of the three. The first theme is impressive in its simplicity, and that which follows, closely related to it, is also effective. The contrasting theme that leads into a pastoral section is charming. All this serves as an introduction, which is interesting in harmonic and orchestral treatment, although it is without strongly marked individual character. But the mood suddenly changes, and the allegro that

follows is descriptive of the distress and lamentation of the people. The music grows wilder and wilder; there is a lull; and for the first time the barbarossa theme appears, given to the trumpets, trombones, and tuba. It arises majestically, not blatantly, but with mild and benignant dignity. There is the Emperor; but he is still sleeping. Will he not hear the cries of his people? This movement is admirably constructed; it is full of thought; there is a wealth of fine detail; and there is an authoritative grasp of the subject that is sometimes missed in the following movements.

These two movements are more imaginative, more daring in conception and expression, but they are prolix, and there are too many climaxes, which constantly arouse expectation of a stirring end, so that the attention of the hearer, often disappointed, at last begins to wander. The second movement, "The Enchanted Mountain," is in the nature of an exceedingly long Scherzo with a trio of abnormal length. The idea of the supernatural is fantastically and effectively expressed, with the shadowy theme that is continually transformed, with mysterious harmonies, with the chuckling and the gibbering of the spectral beings who now are strangely busied and now vanish. There is a vision of the sleeping Emperor. The view arouses dreams of happiness that would be real if he would only awaken to the cry of his people. All this supernatural business, the vision of the Emperor, and the first suggestion of peace and happiness, are expressed in masterly fashion, but the Trio is expanded until it loses its contrasting force; the composer has too much to say, and the thoughts are soon mere repetitions. The hearer does not ask, "Will the Emperor never awaken?" but "Will this Trio never end?" and the controlling thought is desire for the reappearance of the ghosts who must bring the movement to a close. And in this Trio are deceptive climaxes that work injury.

Nothing could be more stirring than the awakening of Barbarossa in the third movement. The muted trumpets are heard faintly as from the bowels of the mountain. They sound clearer and nearer. Then there is the expression of an expectant and rejoicing people. The march that follows the music of preparation is not particularly striking and it leads into a short battle scene that is not among the successively descriptive sections. Surely the orchestral burst after this battle scene brings the apotheosis and the end; but no; there is a return to the music of peace and happiness in the Trio of "The Enchanted Mountain," then there is another preparation for a climax, which again leads to a lull and again there is preparation for the apotheosis; but when the final song of triumph comes it appeals to jaded ears that again fear disappointment.

This symphonic poem was finished when the composer was 27 years old. He had already served a long apprenticeship. He had had active and long experience as a conductor; he had written two operas, which had been performed, a mass, an orchestral ballad, a symphonic poem. His father, a distinguished ultra-Wagnerite, had trained him carefully in the Wagnerian way that he should go, but "Barbarossa" reveals the son as a diligent student of the works of Richard Strauss and an enthusiastic disciple of that great master. The influence of Strauss is unmistakable from the treatment of the first theme to the apotheosis. Hausegger has a remarkable mastery of the technic of his art; there are many passages of individual invention, especially in the second movement; but the general architecture of the work, the broad lines, the manner of expression, the massing and the contrasting of timbres, the audacity in the juxtaposition and crossing of themes, the defiance of tonal relations—these show close application to the study of Richard Strauss and enthusiasm for his genius.

Hausegger, in the last two movements of this symphonic poem, wrote as for eternity. He is as one intoxicated with his own thoughts, nor is he yet a master of feeling and subtle suggestion. Would that for music there were such a machine as a duck-press, and that it might be applied to this scherzo and finale! "The Enchanted Mountain" a masterpiece; it would render the finale irresistible; but the composer could not bear to strike out any of his thoughts;

he was never weary of expanding them, of exhibiting them as though in a new light they would shine with unexpected brilliance. There is passage after passage that provokes hearty admiration; there is at times a freshness of thought that has the exuberance and perfume of confident, exultant youth; there is, in spite of the following of Strauss in his sublimely arrogant march through the hostile land or conventionalism, the sight of an extraordinarily equipped young musician striking out boldly for himself. Much may be expected from the man that wrote "Barbarossa."

Mr. Gerike had evidently given great care to the preparation of this performance. He read the work with infinite pains, with keen appreciation that was often enthusiasm, and the result was most brilliant and effective. He and the orchestra are heartily to be congratulated.

The concert opened with an impressive performance of Mr. Chadwick's noble overture, a work that custom does not stale, for it has the spirit of antique tragedy and the expression is modern in its poignancy. There is no farring touch of sentimentalism; there is no extraneous or alien thought, and the very impersonality of the subject accentuates the impression of heroic suffering and woe.

Mr. Buonomini appreciated the true character of Liszt's Fantasia. Here is music that is intended to reproduce the characteristically the effect of the cymbalo with attendant instruments. The cymbalo is not an emotional machine; it is the peculiar instrument of

a rhapsodizing virtuoso. Mr. Paderewski succeeded in conveying this idea to his audience. He displayed the requisite speed and brilliancy with clearness, ease and distinction.

Philip Hale.

"NICOLETTE," a comic opera book by Mr. R. A. Barnett and music by Mr. Charles E. Hamlin, was produced the last week in March at Bangor, Me. We all know that Mr. Barnett is a man of the utmost sobriety in walk and conversation, and Mr. Hamlin enjoys a similar reputation in New York and Boston. Imagine, then, the surprise at finding that the local branch (Bangor) of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at the regular meeting on the afternoon of April 10, passed resolutions against the introduction of a drinking song in the operetta. As such resolutions may prove a deadly blow to all comic operas, I quote them in full:

Whereas, Some of our members have recently enjoyed the music and beauty of "Nicolette," and have been proud to see so much talent in our local artists; and

Whereas, We are informed that wine was furnished the singers at a supper between the performances; therefore

Resolved, That we regret that any person in a position of responsibility should have thus offered temptation to that company of young people, while we respect and congratulate those among them who adhered to their higher principles and refused the wine.

Resolved, That we think "Nicolette" would have been a greater honor to its authors, to the State of Maine and to the art of this hopeful and progressive young century if no one of its tuneful numbers had been fitted to the praises of the drinking custom, against which the civilized nations, including even France, so deeply cursed by it, are now rising in protest, and we regret that an entertainment which might have been wholly clean should have been marred by the unnecessary taint of that ancient evil.

I rubbed my eyes when I read that "wine" was served to the members of the company. The only opera singer that ever served real wine on the stage in Boston was Victor Maurel, when he sang Den Giovanni at Mechanics' Building. It was served in the supper scene, and the "ladies of the ballad" and the "ladies of the chorus" soon grew kittenish. And what was the result of Mr. Maurel's outrageous conduct? He is now an exile in Paris.

It may be taken for granted that no manager of a comic opera ever served "wine" to the whole company. "Wine" is one of the perquisites of the prima-donna, and this is one reason why so many managers die poor.

I also rubbed my eyes and whistled a mocking air when I was asked to believe that any man in Bangor, Me., refused "wine" when it was offered as a gift. For I have summered in Maine. The answer of one of the managers was welcome and reassuring: "No drinkables of any sort were served

except coffee and ginger ale." These, it is true, are pernicious drinks, but neither the server nor the drinker breaks the law of the State.

The same manager thought the objection against the drinking song uncalled for. "It was a pretty and tuneful song—a good many people consider it one of the best in the opera, and I don't believe that one person in a dozen paid attention to the words so much were they occupied with listening to the music and watching the chorus. Of course they had goblets and there were also empty pitchers on the stage, but I don't think that these could be considered very harmful."

Probably the Bangorites are not accustomed to operetta. The lighter operas by Auber and others always contained a drinking-chorus and a prayer—no opera was complete without them. The operetta came in direct descent from these operas. The prayer is now often omitted, but the drinking-song is inherent and indispensable. The drinking is purely in a Pickwickian sense. The very landlord who fills the flowing bowl has a thirst that can hardly wait for the fall of the curtain. The mad revellers often hold the cups bottom up before they quaff the sinful wine, ale or liquor. Things are seldom what they seem—as Mr. W. S. Gilbert once remarked. Furthermore let me assure the Bangorites from personal knowledge that Mr. Barnett signed the pledge when he was nine years old; and that the only intoxication that masters Mr. Hamlin is the intoxication that comes from a blend of music and State pride.

Mr. Paderewski ordered a feast some time ago in New York, as the story goes, and all the well behaved music critics were invited, but Mr. Huneker of the Sun, Musical Courier and Town Topics, and Mr. Spanuth of the Staats-Zeitung had not expressed themselves as wholly satisfied with "Manru" and they were among the missing. In heavenly minds can such resentment dwell?

In connection with this story the following quotation from Mr. Huneker's "Raconteur" of April 16 is of human

and contemporaneous interest:

First scene from my new play: A back room in the piano palace of Paderewski, the Terrible Pasha of the Hundred Tales. The Tyrant is reclining on top of an old grand, comfortably padded with the manuscript scores of "Manru." Enter the Grand Vizier Adlingtona. He trembles visibly. Pasha P. beckons him with his hypnotic eyes. The Vizier falls on his knees and awaits orders, his face the color of clay.

"Are there any of them left in the iron cage?"

"Only two, Sire."

"Their names?"

"Spanker, of the Musical Zeitung, and Hunnuth, of the Staats-Courier."

"Ha!" Long, sad pause. The Grand Vizier sobs to himself in the key of P.

"Where is Padre Martinez? Is he still impenitent?"

"Yes, Royal Gazaboo. Out in the cold World writing gavottes."

"Ho! let him keep the ball and chain on his leg." The Vizier moaned gently.

"Have the impenitent pair boiled in Pilsner, heated to a terrific temperature. No! Stay! I have it." He turns languidly in the direction of a large Pianola.

"Here, take this to the brass cell and have them chained near it. It contains the first act of 'Manru.' Let them hear it for a week. Perhaps then they may think differently of my music!"

"Yes, Sire. It is well." But the Vizier paled beneath his make-up.

"What has become of the others, Slave?"

"They all died of indigestion in the Beefsteak Dungeon last week, O Ruler of the Spheres." The curtain drops as the man in the moon motive is heard in the back yard.

According to the New York Tribune the record of concerts in New York this season is as follows:

Symphony concerts.....	43
Popular orchestra concerts.....	26
Choral concerts.....	14
Private singing societies.....	17
Concerts of chamber music.....	42
Piano recitals.....	29
Violin recitals.....	14
Song recitals.....	32
Organ recitals.....	31
Mixed recitals.....	62
Total.....	315

Melba will visit the United States early next year to sing in concert.—Paderewski has given 5000 marks (\$1250) to the Beethoven House Society of Bonn to establish scholarships for young composers. Each scholarship is of the value of 500 marks, but several may be awarded to the same competitor. The award and the payment take place on Beethoven's birthday. The competitors must be without resources, who devote themselves to composition, and they must be under 25 years of age. The application to enter the competition, addressed to the President of the Beethoven House Society, must be accompanied by a statement, supported by testimony, of the applicant's life, course of education and studies, trustworthy information as to age and need; one or more compositions as proof of his talent, manuscript or printed, with evidence that the work was done by the competitor without assistance; a statement as to how the winner intends to use the scholarship.—Mr. Otto Floersheim heard one of the farewell recitals of Eugene Gura in Berlin: "The once famous Bavarian court opera baritone, and one of the world's greatest lieder singers, is today but a ruin, a shadow of his former self. It was absolutely painful to hear him croak Schumann's 'Harfner's Ballad' and 'Sonntags am Rhein,' and to see him gasp for breath. The vast audience, however, which filled nearly every seat in the Philharmonie, applauded furiously nevertheless. It is too bad when great artists—artists who have not only a well earned fine reputation to defend, but are also not in need of money—do not know when to stop appearing in public."

In 1897 a fund was established at Linz, Upper Austria, by the Common Councilmen for the performance of Anton Bruckner's works within 25 years. On Palm Sunday his fifth symphony, the Gloria from the Mass in F minor, the adagio from the string quartet and the "Troesterin-Musik" were performed. They say that Spain is now Tom Tiddler's ground for German orchestral conductors.—The dedication of the Liszt monument at Weimar will be on May 30, 31.—Arthur Hartmann, the violinist, pupil of Mr. Loeffler in Boston, has been playing most successfully in Bulgaria, Servia and Hungary, and he will soon play to His Holiness the Pope.—Liza Lehmann is at work on a cantata.—Miss Rosa Louise Samuels of Jamestown, N. Y., a violinist and a pupil of Ysaie, has been playing in the French Provinces.

The Ménestrel says that Marie, the

wife of Joachim, has demanded from a Viennese court the return of a letter which she addressed years ago to Brahms. Now the wife of Joachim was named Amalie and she died in 1899. Joachim has a daughter, Marie, but did she ever write to Brahms? It will be remembered that when Joachim and his wife separated Brahms espoused the cause of the latter.

Electricity played a great part in the late production of "Siegfried" in Paris. The most interesting bit of property was the anvil on which the hero forges the sword. The anvil is of wood, and on it is placed a slab of metal in which

are several grooves, large enough to admit a metal wire. Each wire is supported at each end by a device which prevents it from touching the slab of metal when it is in a normal condition. The whole is connected with the electrical apparatus of the theatre, one pole being in connection with the metal on the anvil, the other with the wires. Normally there is no electric current, because the wires are not in contact with the metal plate. But when Siegfried brings down his hammer contact is established, a short circuit results, and the wires become red hot and sparks are emitted. So with every stroke of the hammer or sword. At the first attempt the wires were sometimes burned out, but the difficulty was soon overcome. The illusion was perfect.—Musical Courier.

In "The Vengeance of Love," an opera in one act by Alexander Tanéeff, produced lately at St. Petersburg, all the seven characters are women. In Massenet's latest opera the characters are all men. The two operas should be played as a double-bill.

A Paris journal publishes lately this paragraph with reference to the fashionable enthusiasm over "Siegfried": "Snobism; a disease most prevalent today, which presents the symptoms of cretinism. An autopsy has revealed the fact that the brain of the patient was wholly destitute of gray matter."

Why should the Sun insist, as it did last Sunday, that Walter Damrosch's presence at the opera here "has done much to improve the quality of the performances in which he was a factor?" Is not this nonsense, in view of the fact that there is no improvement and that other conductors are mentioned to assume the direction of German opera?—Musical Courier, April 16.

I quote from an exchange: In the hospital of Hubertusburg were two idiots. One was a restless idiot named F, the other an apathetic idiot named D, who was deaf and dumb. F liked to pass his time in the corridor of the hospital near the doctor's office. At the beginning of March, 1899, he began to hum, without ever stopping, a melody of his own composition, always the same, sung sometimes in a low voice, sometimes in a bellow, sometimes with his mouth open, sometimes with it half open. All the while he was either leaning against the wall or balancing himself rhythmically on his legs, with his fingers in his eyes. The doctor stood the performance as long as he could, but, losing all patience on March 9, he sent this cheerful idiot to an upper story. For eight months silence prevailed. Then Jan. 10, 1900, the singing began again, the same song. It was now sung by the apathetic idiot who could neither hear nor speak. A clear case of obsession of the second idiot by the first idiot, but it had taken six months to manifest itself. It is remarkable that both these idiots added variations to the original melody. "Here," the doctor remarks, "we see the natural instinct which in higher stages of intellectual development leads one to appreciate a melody and treat it in a thematic fashion." In other words, the pair of idiots had the first sparks of the genius of a Bach or a Mozart.

The Pall Mall Gazette calls attention to a rule enforced often in Boston: "We notice that there has been a good deal of dissatisfaction lately over the somewhat stringent rules which concert givers have enforced, whereby considerable crowds are compelled to stand outside the doors during the performance of some quite lengthy movement. We think that the question involves a certain amount of fault on both sides; speaking generally, a concert-goer has no right to be late; but there are, of course, exceptional circumstances where the unpunctuality of a few minutes is unavoidable, and it certainly seems a somewhat drastic measure to prevent a man from availing himself, for quite a long time, of a privilege for which he has had to pay, in some cases, a considerable sum of money. We should have thought that the case would be most easily met by the performance of some short piece at the opening of those concerts where the rule of exclusion is to be rigorously enforced."

The leading German choral association, the Royal Cathedral Choral Society, has been given leave by the Kaiser to take part in the German Sänger Verein festival at Baltimore next year. On this occasion a "Kaiser Song" is to be rendered. A prize of 2000 marks

will be given to the composer of the successful text, and 4000 marks to the composer of the music.

The libretto of "Merrie England" (book by Basil Hood, music by Edward German, Savoy, London, April 2) reminds the Era of the old saying that the English take their pleasures sadly.

To speak of Tartini's Sonata as "The Old Gentleman's Trill" is considered in London an instance of striking humor.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Lay of the Brown Robbery" has inspired A. von Ahn Carse of the Royal Academy of Music to a work for solos, chorus, orchestra and recitation. The Referee said of the performance March 25: "Mr. Carse, to drop his prefixes, which seem to want rearranging, is only 22, and, in spite of all temptation, is still an Englishman, although

two generations since he might have been a Swede. The great merit of his music is its reflection of the spirit of the text, a quality which points to exceptional intuitive perception of subtleties. Greater power to suggest them to an audience may be expected. This ability is a gift, a thing apart from technical knowledge, although, of course, it can only be exercised by perfect command of the resources of art. This command Mr. Carse had already acquired in great degree. The supernatural, or, I would rather say, the abnormal, element of the uncomfortable story is cleverly suggested in the first scene, but there is no straining after gruesome effects; and even when the Evil Spirit, in the garb of a nun, appears by the bedside of the heroine and talks 'fearsome nothings,' the most terrible recurrent chord used is that of A minor, in close harmony deep down in the bass. I take this as a pleasing sign of Mr. Carse's sanity. A healthy mind does not brood over the horrible. The young composer's sense of beauty is pleasantly apparent in his music, particularly in the last scene, in which the heroine sings her swan-song of tender grace and idyllic charm."

Messrs. Wood, Nikisch, Weingartner and Saint Saëns will conduct at the Musical Festival in London which will open April 28.—Ffrangcon-Davies will sing the Wanderer in "Siegfried" and Wolfram in "Tannhaeuser" at Covent Garden.—Prof. Prout is preparing a new and "correct" edition of "The Messiah." This will be good news for the Handel and Haydn.

April 21 1902
The blab of the pave, the tires of carts, sluff of boot-soles, talk of the promenaders.

Boston, April 18, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

The great public has no shine on our City Council, and does not adore the City Hall departments. Yet the staff of the Street Commissioners has compiled, the City Council has published, and the Municipal Printing Office has printed a street list for which foreign nations may envy us, seeing that they have nothing of like value or merit. This plain list of streets, alleys and triangular squares covers more than four hundred pages, and may be commended to the studious attention of those compiling local histories. At first sight such an enumeration may look dry, whatever that means; but let one try the street one lives in, and the streets one travels in. And if you have a taste for history, here be riches. Whatever they did in the seventeenth century stands, not excepting Brattle Street, and Dosset Alley, now miscalled Franklin Avenue. Oliver Street is another illustration, and commemorates the great Peter Oliver, as Brattle Street bears the honored name of Thomas Brattle. This great spirit of the seventeenth century survived in the eighteenth, however mean that may have turned. When they renamed our streets in 1708, the town still knew how to be merry. It made Summer and Winter meet; it arranged Milk and Water so they should never meet; it surrounded the Mather Church with sunshine and moonshine; it called our financial street King Street, for we had no King in 1708, and it called prison lane Queen Street, reserving the Queen's name for Anne Street, one of the least attractive in town, and ending in Fish Street. And so one might go through the list were it not that bright readers can do that much better for themselves. Look at it a bit fancifully, and you have almost three centuries of town life boiled down into a catalogue. Men pass away, buildings crumble, the streets live, each telling a story.

SUFFOLK.

Our correspondent forgets the "Dictionnaire administratif et historique des Rues de Paris" by the brothers Lazare, first published in 1844, when he says that foreign nations have nothing of like value or merit. There are later editions, and there are also other dictionaries of streets. The book by the

Lazares is a large octavo of 702 pages with double columns. The history of each street is told from the beginning; how it happened to be laid out, why the name was given to it, the length in metres, all laws that have been passed concerning it, whether there is gas, water, sewerage; there is also a wealth of anecdotal and historical information concerning the shifting character of the street, the dwellers at various times, churches, theatres, palaces, statues, etc., etc. Why was a part of Falmouth Street, which is in the district known as Fairland, Boston, named St. Stephen Street? Why was the name Hemenway given to a portion of Parker Street? Why was the name Bothnia abandoned? You find little or nothing concerning such burning questions in the book of the Street Commissioners. But open Lazares' book at random. "Rue Paquet-de-Villejust." It is not much of a street, but see the attention paid to it: "Begins at the rue de Chaillet, Nos. 77 and 79; ends at the Chemin de ronde de la Barrière de l'Étoile. The last numbers are 15 and 8. It is 396 metres long. First Arrondissement, Champs-Élysées quarter. This street, 22 metres wide, was opened by virtue of a royal ordinance March 18, 1836, on land owned by Messrs. Dumoustier, Laurent and Grassal. No building on this street should exceed a height of 12 metres. Mr. Paquet de Villejust, lawyer and chevalier of the Legion of Honor, who assisted in opening this street, died at Paris in 1839."

And there is a sentence about privileges of construction given to a certain house. Or look at Barrière Franklin. There was in 1841 only one little building. "The name is an homage to one of the founders of American liberty," etc., etc. And his name was given to this particular barrière because Franklin lived for some time near it in Passy. Why Berkeley Street? Why Ipswich Street?

We learn from "The Pirates' Own Book" that Mr. Charles Gibbs—the fine fellow died hard, for after he had hung for about two minutes he raised his right hand and partially removed his cap, and in the course of another minute raised the same hand to his mouth—before he became famous opened, with \$1000 lent him by friends in Rhode Island, a grocery in Ann (sic) Street, Boston, near what was then called the "Tin Pot." Now Anne Street with an "n" was originally called Conduit Street as far as Cross, if we are not mistaken, and the street has also been known at various times as Fore, Front, Fish, Ship, North. A book of Boston Streets, written after the manner of the Lazares, would tell why the name "North" was finally given, and would contain a graphic account of the street in its true commercial glory.

There is a book by Gustave Kahn, "L'Esthétique de la rue" (1900). In it are marvelously picturesque descriptions of the street in all ages, the street of Pompeii, the street of the Arabian Nights, the moving streets of Venice and Amsterdam. But the great description is in the first pages of Balzac's "Histoire des Treize," where the novelist speaks of Parisian streets that are "dishonored, noble, merely respectable; young streets about the morality of which the public has not yet formed an opinion; assassin streets." There are streets that are always clear or always dirty, inevitably mercantile, or streets for day laborers. "Indeed, the streets of Paris have human qualities."

There are few picturesque streets left in Boston; streets that suggest stealthy murder, decoy streets, streets fit for fences and squalid crime. There are few that suggest a tale by Poe. The most approved streets are inherently commonplace; thus Commonwealth Avenue is without distinction, so is Marlborough, and so is Beacon Street from Arlington to the Charles Gate. It is true that the streets have names; and in this respect we are still far ahead of the dwellers in the numbered streets and avenues of New York. The locomotive engine with a number instead of a name has only the shadow of former glory.

The Pall Mall Gazette says editorially: "No one will read the last will and testament of Cecil John Rhodes, without that catch at the throat, etc." The choice of words is admirable. Mr. Rhodes was never so happy as when catching some one or something by the throat; as, for instance, the Boer nation—and shouting: "Stand and deliver."

Beef—condemned by Galen and others as a breeder of gross and melancholy blood.

"Beef throughout the East is con-

sidered an unwholesome food, and the Badawi will not drink cow's milk, preferring that of the camel, the ewe, and the goat." Sir Richard F. Burton.

Hippocrates characterizes beef as a strong, astringent, indigestible food.

Orbasius says that beef is impracticable and forms thick blood.

Seth said that beef is difficult of digestion and distribution.

April 22, 1902

There are stories in biographical sketches of pianists about the steadiness of nerve displayed by certain virtuosos who would play scales at great speed with a full glass of water or wine on the back of each hand. This was, indeed, a feat of execution. Another feat of execution was performed by Mr. James Van Hise, carpenter, hangman, owner and lender of gallows (Mr. Van Hise, of course, lives in New Jersey). "Once, when he was to hang two murderers within a few minutes, he paused in the interlude and balanced a full glass of water upon the back of his hand, calling upon several witnesses to see how little his nerves were affected." Mr. Van Hise, by the way, has a bristling red and gray moustache, and he is 60 years old, but he retains the professional enthusiasm of his early manhood. It was said in commendation of Horne Tooke's extreme coolness and command of nerve, that "once at a public dinner when he had got on the table to return thanks for his health being drunk with a glass of wine in his hand, and when there was a great clamor and opposition for some time, after it had subsided, he pointed to the glass to show that it was still full." Query, would a prohibitionist think it wrong to use wine for such a test in the course of a heated argument?

We regret that a man of such nerve should whine because Sheriff George Virtue proposes to give Mr. Henry Schaub his personal attention on the scaffold. Mr. Van Hise says: "The revenue from hanging has been a part of my income for 40 years." His enthusiasm, then, has a silver lining. The ideal hangman should be above such sordid interests. We like to think of him as dignified, rather stern, not given to vain boasting, sure and graceful in performance. After each matinee he should record in writing an account of the proceedings, a description of the behavior of the convicted, and his own impressions concerning the guilt or innocence of the one swung off. Comparisons between the conduct of Smith and that of Jones, from the last breakfast, thoughtfully prepared by the accomplished wife of the jailer, to the last dance, might be instructive reading for the young. In his old age the ideal hangman should be genial, a storehouse of anecdote always open to his grandchildren, kindly critical and appreciative of the efforts of his successor. If for any reason he be disbarred in his prime from active exercise, we like to think of him as clerk in a haberdasher's, not asking "What size do you wear, sir?" but handing over a collar with quiet authority, and with the remark: "I know this will fit you."

You read now and then of a woman that obtains damages in court from some amorist who kissed her against her will. The sum obtained depends on the character of Judge or jury, and also no doubt on the physical attractions of the kisser. Yet contradiction and irony enter into the verdict. If a woman is maddening and irresistible in her beauty, surely the defendant is the more excusable; yet the handsomer the plaintiff, the greater the amount of the judgment. Now in Iceland among the Grágás there was a fixed punishment. If a man kissed an unmarried woman under legal guardianship without her consent, and even if she consented, each kiss cost the excited man a fine of three marks, equivalent to 141 ells of wadmal, "a quantity sufficient to furnish a whole ship's crew with pilot jackets." If a man kissed the wife of another, with or without her consent, he was excluded, or he paid a sum of money considered as equivalent to exclusion.

Sir Walter Raleigh's account of the last sea fight of the Revenge has been published here in attractive form, and the narrative is well worth reading in connection with Tennyson's ballad and Stevenson's essay on "The English Admirals;" and yet we turn gladly to the tale as told by Jan Huyghen van Linschoten in 1594. Look at this picture of Sir Richard: "Sir Richard Grenville was a great and rich gentleman in England, and had great yearly revenues of his own inheritance; but he was a man very unquiet in his mind, and greatly affected to war, inasmuch, as of his own private motion, he offered his services to the Queen . . . Of nature very severe, so that his own

people hated him for his fierceness, and spoke very hardly of him . . . He was of so hard a complexion that, as he continued among the Spanish Captains, while they were at dinner or supper with him, he was (sic) carouse three or four glasses of wine, and crush them in pieces, and swallow them down, so that oftentimes the blood ran out of his mouth, without any harm at all to him; and this was told me by divers credible persons that many times stood and beheld him."

Polly Dawson in the current number of the Conservator describes children "with parched lips and bleared eyes," and "with minds dazed by the fumes of the narcotic," mechanically rolling cigars in a factory. A young Creole relieves the monotony by dancing, but the exercise does not seem to agree with her. "Her livid face takes on pink, her dull eyes fire. Exhausted she drops upon the bench coughing violently."

"And the cigars?" cries Polly Dawson in a fine hurst. "They lie in the houses of the torpid, indolent rich. Men smoke of their fragrance and through the delicious vapor they dream of fat bank accounts and wondrous women."

As a matter of fact, the "indolent rich" Americans generally smoke cheap tobacco; the vapor is seldom "delirious," and the cigars are of the brand vulgarly known as stinkadora. Hustling politicians often smoke good cigars, as do men whose tastes far exceed their income. "Wondrous women"! But tobacco is not an aphrodisiac; on the contrary—as Charles Reade noted in a once famous passage in "A Terrible Temptation."

One thousand nine hundred and two is the tercentary of the opening of Bodley's Library at Oxford, an institution in which some Americans may now be interested. All the wishes of the founder have not been respected. Thus he proposed to exclude plays: "Even if some little profit might be reaped (which God knows is very little) the benefit thereof will nothing counterveil the harm that the scandal will bring upon the library when it shall be given out that we stuffed it full of baggage books." And "baggage" had then a meaning, which is now, alas, obsolete; of spoken or written rubbish, rot. Nor did the officers of the library put on a shelf the body of a dried negro boy, which was bequeathed by some appreciative and literary person.

April 23, 1902

"'X' don't you go buryin' no corpses arter dark, aces, if you do, the sperrit don't get quit of the corp till the dawn. That's aces sperrits are mortal afraid of the dark, 'n' sticks in the dead 'uns' throats till it grows light agen."

"Merlin" of the Referee (London) tells the following strange story, which is of local interest: "Five or six years ago I was lecturing in the United States. Two gentlemen well known in London theatrical circles conducted my tour. Any inquirer is welcome to their names. We were living together in apartments on Mount Vernon (sic) in Boston. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a piercing cry. I was called by name three times and I knew the voice. I awoke quivering, and was too disturbed to sleep again. I spent the time till breakfast over a pipe and a volume of Tennyson. At the breakfast table I told my story, and two or three hours later I received a cablegram announcing the sudden death of the mother of that nearest and dearest friend whose voice had reached me in the night. My companions will confirm the two facts that I reported my disturbance before the news arrived, and that I identified the voice at the other end of the spiritual telephone. I quote this instance, not as being single in my experience, but as being the only one in which I am able to appeal to living witnesses who were deeply impressed by it at the time, who made note of it and signed a deposition." And he tells another story of clair-audience which we save for a gloomy day.

An American and his wife while riding in a motor car through the Posilipo tunnel were attacked in the dark by peasants "armed with long and heavy clubs." The travelers are "unable to understand the reason for the attack." We understand it perfectly, and have felt precisely as the peasants felt. The most mouse-like man is arrogance personified when he is whizzing on a motor car. The naturally timid is reckless itself when he crosses a crowded thoroughfare. Whistle or bell is only an aggravation to him that goes a-foot. It is not a warning, it is a pompous call for staring admiration. The man that in these days walks for his health must be an athlete, unless he can find a length of pasture land. The horse, the motor car, the trolley car, the bicycle—these keep him skipping, jumping, shying, spurring. Then

there is the feeling of contemptible inferiority. Dr. Holmes's pedestrian made a brave show of despising the driver of a fast horse; but he put his feelings into rhyme long before machinery monopolized the streets.

Well-seasoned opera-goers will hardly understand the reluctance of any one to share a dressing-room with Miss Lucienne Bréval. But Emma Eames was always pernickity.

An English critic speaks of the Ben-Hurlyburly at Drury Lane.

They say that Kubelik is afraid of oysters, asparagus and green corn. To such extremities are press agents reduced.

When you read some days ago that a young and beautiful Viennese girl of noble birth and with millions of simoleons cloped with her groom, you at once pictured the happy man as a prince in disguise, or as a sentimentalist of uncommon physical charm, or as a young Apollo of glorious form and breathing forth vitality. We learn that this groom is at least 50 years old; he is lame; he squints diabolically; and his face was changed by an accident. This does he exceed the "strangeness in the proportion" held by Bacon to be indispensable to "excellent beauty." But propinquity has much to do with making marriages that are called love-matches, and this Viennese girl of nineteen years is sure that wherever her husband's glance is directed, one eye always rests fondly on her.

Boston, April 21, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

"There are three great rocks ahead of the practical young man who has his foot upon the ladder and is beginning to rise."

The quotation is from Mr. Andrew Carnegie's latest book, "The Empire of Business." Whether goeth the practical young man that he should meet rocks? Has Mr. Carnegie discovered in his empire of business a realm wherein the laws of gravitation, to say nothing of the laws of rhetoric, are so twisted that rocks meet the climber of a ladder? Truly an Alice-in-Empire-land story, and Mr. Carnegie as Columbus led the way for Alice. Most roads in life are rocky, but we had hoped that the road skyward was kept free. If the rocks are really there, practical young men, the world over, owe Mr. Carnegie a debt of gratitude for his warning. But stay—perhaps Mr. Carnegie meant sky-rocks, aerolites; then the metaphor is saved and the practical man as well, and, incidentally, the language has been illuminated by a rhetorical flash of meteoric brilliance. N.

We advise Mr. Carnegie to change his secretary.

We learn from the Sketch that the piano in Mehta's London home was made in Germany; it is a Bechstein grand. Does Mehta no longer "love America"? Even the fact that her white bookcases contain the works of Balzac and Anthony Hope does not wholly console us.

CARL FAELTEN'S RECITAL.

The program of Mr. Carl Faelten's piano recital of last night at Steinert Hall included Beethoven's sonata in E flat, op. 31, No. 3; Brahms's Rhapsody in D minor, No. 1; Nos. 1, 7, 8, 9 of Schumann's "Forest Scenes," Chopin's Barcarolle, and Saint-Saëns's variations on a theme by Beethoven for two pianos op. 35. Mr. Faelten was assisted by Miss Alberta V. Munro. This was the sixth recital of this season and the 18th in the series of standard piano works. The net proceeds from the sale of tickets are used for the scholarship fund of Mr. Faelten's school. These recitals have been interesting and profitable to the lover of music as well as to the student. The programs have included some of the best works of the classical and the classically romantic school, and the pieces have been played with the thoughtfulness and intelligence that characterize the performance of this well-known pianist and teacher.

April 24, 1902

THE SATISFIED.

When he was young he doted on tall women. At school he dreamed of Ananias; at the fresh-water college he read with delight how the goddess made Penelope taller to look upon and whiter than snow ivory, and when the wife of Ulysses then descended from the upper rooms the knees of the suitors were dissolved in wonder and longing.

His mother, a reserved and stately daughter of a Congregational deacon, died soon after he left off dresses. His father failed the year the son left college. There was a clerkship offered in Boston. Lonely, in a boarding-house, he fell victim to propinquity and married the second daughter of the landlady.

She has been his wife for at least a dozen years, and she has not gained in stature since the wedding day. She

chunky, richly cosseted, wide-hipped, without lines of beauty, childless. With a complexion nourished by made-gravy and soggy pastry, with a catarrhal nose, she breathes hard after a slight exertion. She "loosens her dress" to read the Sunday newspapers.

She and her husband have lived these dozen years in the boarding-house, and they have shared the pathetic and grotesque ignominy of one bedroom. All processes of her toilet are known to him. He has laced her stays. She has talked to him with hairpins in her mouth. He has observed the changing fashions in the more intimate dress. He surely can have no illusions concerning her.

And yet he is convinced that she is of serene, imperial figure. He has said to her time and time again when her bare and mottled arms were raised and her thick fingers busied with her hair: "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall." At first she would answer coquettishly: "Get out!" and stretch herself before the looking-glass; but now she yawns noisily and asks whether he thinks beef will go still higher. Once he told her as he lazed in a Sunday bed that the Spartans gave their children a spare diet because they thought their bodies would thus grow in height. She was angry, and her voice was rough, as from gin; he wondered at her vexation and stroked and soothed her.

No room could be too cramped for him with her. He would rather see her washing her feet one after the other in the high set-bowl—for the battered, greasy bathtub is chiefly for the boarders—than Diana in the stream after the chase. It would be cruel if it were not useless to reason with him. He knows love only through his chunky wife. Yesterday he said to a clerk, who was critically comparing two playactresses: "Well, I always said I'd marry a tall woman, and I did."

Mr. John Burroughs admits in the April Century that Poe had a "more consummate art than any other American singer," but that he has never been popular in this country for the reason that "art, as such, is far less appreciated here than abroad." Mr. Burroughs says: "We demand a message of the poet, or that he shall teach us how to live. Poe had no message but that of art; he made no contribution to our stock of moral ideas; he made no appeal to the conscience or manhood of the race; he did not touch the great common workaday mind of our people."

But does the poet of rare imagination

or perfect art ever touch the "great common workaday mind?" What is the message of Coleridge's "Kubla Kahn?" That one should take opium and fall asleep to dream wondrous dreams? Or what is the "contribution to our stock of moral ideas" in Collins's "Ode to Evening?" Armstrong in "The Art of Preserving Health" made an appeal to the conscience of the race, as when he sang:

Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes;
Choose sober meals, and rouse to active life
Your cumbersome clay; nor on the unfeeling
down,

Irresolute, protract the morning hours,
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad
With cheerful ease, and succulent repast,
Improve his habit if he can.

This is sound, substantial advice; but when there is talk about poetry we prefer to Armstrong's complete works these two lines of Poe:

Whose wreathed fancies intertwine
The violet, the violet and the vine.

But is there no "message" in Poe's "Haunted Palace" or "The Conqueror Worm?" It has been the misfortune of Poe that his name is connected inseparably with "The Raven" and "The Bells." Now Poe, the poet of poets, is the singer of "The Sleeper," "Dream-Land," "The Valley of Unrest," "The City in the Sea," "Israfel," "The Haunted Palace," "The Conqueror Worm," "Annabel Lee," "Ulalume" and the verses "To Helen" that begin:

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nemean barks of yore.

And we may add those most musical and wildly imaginative prose-poems, "Silence" and "Shadow." These pages are few; but they outweigh in costly value all the volumes of the Cambridge school.

It is well known that Mr. Burroughs

has been for years an enthusiastic admirer of Walt Whitman, the poet of democracy. We yield to no one, not even to Mr. Burroughs, in our admiration, love and reverence for that great seer and man. Whitman was a poet of messages, a preacher; he constantly appealed to the manhood of the race; he wrote deliberately, arrogantly, to touch "the great common workaday mind." Yet Whitman has never been the poet of the common people. For years he was known and appreciated chiefly by a few poets—and other aristocratic thinkers in Europe. Today he is not read by the great majority of the men and women whom he addressed. His

name is not so familiar to them as the name of Poe, whose "Raven" has long been one of the most familiar poems in American households. Yet where is the "message" in this "Raven"?

April 25, 1902

MISS BLANCHE FOX.

Her Appearance Last Evening at the First of Miss Emma Howe's Song and Opera Recitals in Huntington Chambers Hall.

The first of a series of song and opera recitals by pupils of the Emma Howe Vocal School was given last night in Huntington Chambers Hall. Dr. Louis Kelterborn was the accompanist.

These recitals are composed of a concert with a miscellaneous program and excerpts from an opera given with costumes and action. Last evening the first part was a song recital by Miss Blanche Hamilton Fox, who was assisted by Mr. Edward Phillips, bass.

Miss Fox sang Homer's "Break, Break"; Clough-Leighton's "I Drink the Fragrance of the Rose," and "April's Lament." Mrs. Beach's "Sweetheart, Sigh No More," "Pleurez mes yeux" from "The Cid," Caldara's "Sebben Crudele," and Hasse's "Ritornel fra poco."

They that take part in these concerts are announced frankly as pupils, yet it may not be impertinent to speak of the character of Miss Fox's voice and her present attainments. The voice is naturally a contralto, and within this register in its restricted sense the tones are warm, rich, sympathetic. When the song lies within this natural compass, the singer is emotional by virtue of pleasing and moving tonal quality. Confident in her resources, she is not anxious about tonal production, and she sings with genuine effect. Thus last night she was heard to conspicuous advantage in Caldara's "Sebben Crudele," which she delivered with true feeling. And whenever the music allowed her the liberal use of the natural working voice, the impression made by her performance was eminently agreeable.

When she sang music in which the rhetorical or dramatic stress was in the upper part of her voice, the tones were not so spontaneous in delivery. Thus Massenet's "Pleurez" was distinctly above her working range. Nor is she, at present, able to do justice to such a song as that by Hasse, in which the roulades demand the utmost finish of art. Such songs by ancient masters tax the skill of a Sembrich, for they require a perfect management of breath, absolute equality of tone, and the nuances that come only from artistry and long experience. It may be said, then, that in the most emotional song of those chosen by her, Miss Fox displayed beauty of tone and natural feeling. The other songs, as a rule, were not suited to her voice, or they were beyond her present abilities. The tones that are hers as a birthright are those that should be most generously cultivated; there are many mediocre "mezzo-sopranos" whose voices have been manufactured; there are few altos; and yet the alto is the voice of all voices to stir the heart. Miss Fox was heartily applauded.

Mr. Phillips sang with Miss Fox the "Benedictus" from Saint Saëns's "Noël," an aria by Verdi, and songs by Pressel and Löhr. The concert ended with excerpts from "La Favorita" sung by Miss Elvira Leveroni, Miss Ella Kirmes, Mr. Carlo Passananti, Mr. Edward Phillips and a small chorus. The second of these entertainments will be given next Thursday evening, when Miss Elvira Leveroni will be heard in grand songs, and there will be excerpts from "Aida" and Vaucall's "Romeo and Juliet," in which Mrs. Almy, Miss Wheeler, Miss Leveroni and Miss Abramson will take part.

Philip Hale.

But we are still too young, or old!
The man is gone.
Before we do our wares unfold!
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold!

Americans that attend King Edward's levees are not necessarily obliged to kiss his hand. It is only when the royal monarch thrusts his hand in the face of a visitor that reverential osculation is required—which reminds us of the story of Rabelais and the Pope. We observe that some newspapers put an acute accent over the first of the two last "ces," but there is no reason for the accent; the word has been in the English language for at least 225 years. And mind you, if you throw with pride the stress on the second syllable you betray at once your low American origin. The Oxford English dictionary says: "All our verse quotations place the stress on the first syllable." In England this is the court pronunciation, and prevails in educated use. The pronunciation *liv'i* or *lev'i*, with stress on the second syllable, "which is given by Walker, is occasionally heard in Great Britain, and appears to be generally preferred in the United States." Give us the levees along the Mississippi and we care not who goes to the levees of King Edward.

An old bachelor died lately at Berlin, and he left by will a sum that is about \$75 in American money to every relative who should stay away from his

funeral. There was one who snatched fingers at the gift and followed the body to the grave. After the burial a codicil was brought to light which annulled the will and bequeathed everything to the faithful follower. Now the other relatives are angry and are trying to prove in court that the testator was mad. No, he was not mad; he was only cynical, and his cynicism was the result of acute observation. His will should be posted into Gabriel Peignot's "Testaments remarquables."

By the way, was not a story founded on a similar incident published recently in an American magazine, with the scene laid in New England? Possibly the Berliner read it and made a note of it.

Boston, April 23, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

A very ugly cake is distributed every Easter to the poor of the village of Biddenden, Kent. It is stamped with the date 1100, and the figures of two women joined together at the hip and shoulder, and the visitor is asked to believe that the two were named Eliza and Mary Chalkhurst; that they were born or died in 1100, aged 34 years, and that their land was left in perpetuity to the rector of their parish to buy bread, meat and cake for the poor at Easter tide. The story is in all the encyclopaedias and guide books; but doubts have arisen. It is said that in 1100 there were no Elizas and no Marys in England; that there were no surnames, and no such place as Biddenden. Moreover the historian of Kent says that the cakes came in about the Hanoverian time and represent two maiden ladies named Preston, who left land for charitable purposes.

Inasmuch as Arabic numerals were not in use in the 12th century the date is obviously of no account. Might not the apparent "11" have started in life as the sign of the twins, and the ciphers have been added by some clever person addicted to correcting apparent errors, confounding the righteous and making the judicious grieve?

H.

(1). These cakes were distributed every Easter Sunday in the afternoon. The land left amounted to 20 acres.

(2). The twins, named Preston, are said to have lived nearly 30 years in this close union, when one died, and the other followed her example in a few hours.

(3). These cakes had been printed in this manner only within a period between 1750 and 1790.

(See Hasted's "History of Kent.")

There is a picture of this cake and a copy of the printed narrative of the legend on page 443 of Hone's "Every Day Book," vol. ii., page 443.

(4). Peignot says that Arabic numerals were brought into Europe by the Saracens in 991; but he also says in his "Dictionnaire de Bibliogé" that they were known in Europe "before the middle of the 13th century, and were used at first only in books of mathematics, astronomy, then in chronicles, calendars; they were not admitted into diplomas or charts before the 16th century, and appear on coins only, with the ordinance of Henry II. in 1549." Dr. Wallis cites authorities to suggest the probability that Arabian arithmetic, performed by Arabian figures, was known in England to some learned men in the 12th century. And was there not a dispute as to whether the date over a gateway at Worcester was A. D. 975 and in Arabian figures?

(5). A word about surnames. Camden in his "Remains Concerning Britain" says: "Yet in England certain it is, that as the better sort, even from the conquest, by little and little took surnames, so they were not settled among the common people fully, until about the time of Edward the Second." Now Edward II. died in 1327.

(6). Concerning twins. See a curious investigation into the similarity of tastes and disposition in Galton's "Inquiries Into Human Faculty," pp. 216, 242. Among African savages one, at least, of twins was put to death. There were several famous cases of joined bodies before the birth of the Siamese twins; thus there were the Hungarian sisters, Helene and Judith (1701-1723), who died from fever at St. Petersburg. Montaigne tells of a peculiarly hideous instance of one child, joined to a headless child, and he philosophized over it. "Those which we call monsters are not so with God, who in the immensity of his works, seeth the infinite of forms therein contained. And it may be thought that any figure doth amaze us hath relation unto some other figure of the same kinde, although unknown unto man." There is an old superstition that a twin sister is doomed to be childless.

Can any one tell without consulting ancient cookbooks the precise nature of these dishes served at a banquet given at the Guild Hall to George III. in 1761? "Poplets of Veale Glasse, Comports of Squabs, Notts, Goodevan Pattie, Green

Morels, Clear Marbrays, Peths, Pallets." And what were "Lapslecks and Rolards," which garnished "2 Grand Epergeses filled with fine pickles?"

In the 17th century a machine for making cider was called in England an Ingenio. Has anyone heard this term applied in New England to a cider mill? The term was applied earlier as well as later to a sugar mill or sugar works in the West Indies.

April 26, 1902

And then they ordered fresh bottles to kill time, which is so long-lived, and to hasten life, which jogs along so slowly.

There is a citizen that thinks to glorify his town by boasting of the hidden immorality within its walls. He sits with a guest from New York. "Yes, no doubt New York is a pretty tough place," says the stranger, "but all big cities are tough and at the same time moral. You hear more about the dives than about the good deeds and righteous lives of thousands and tens of thousands. And remember that men go in herds to New York to amuse themselves, to blow off steam, to see the elephant."

The Bostonian is restless.

The New Yorker continues: "Now here in Boston there is some drinking, I suppose; and there is probably gambling, and it is impossible for you to be wholly free from what is euphemistically known as the social evil; but I should call Boston a highly moral city."

The Bostonian can no longer contain himself: "Moral? Moral? My dear sir, Boston is undoubtedly the most immoral town on the face of the globe. Neither Sodom nor Gomorrah was in it. And this immorality is not confined to the lowest class; it pervades all ranks; it taints Beacon Street, sir. I myself am a quiet family man, and my wife does not care for society—although she comes from the best stock in the Connecticut Valley—her father was a Parsons—but I am told that the so-called best families of this city are secretly but grossly immoral. Many of our most prominent business men are said to live double lives. Only yesterday I met a celebrated lawyer—you know his name—at 8 o'clock in the morning walking hurriedly in a district vulgarly called Fairland. He may have been riding, for there are livery stables in the neighborhood, but I have my suspicions; yes sir, I have my suspicions. Take another instance; there is a stenographer in my office, a most estimable person; a hard-working girl who supports her mother and two sisters, all refined women—I called at their house last Sunday, for my wife had a nervous headache; when she applied for a position, I asked her why she left Benko, Josslyn & Co.—steam-gauge people—and she blushed, sir, and said: 'Excuse me; I prefer not to tell.' Here are only two instances that have come under my own observation; but there are thousands like them. And the worst of it is that few suspect the appalling immorality that is widespread. Rome in its worst days was not so corrupt." And the Bostonian stops, merely to recover breath.

"Bless my soul!" says the New Yorker, "you surprise me."

The Bostonian smiles. He has triumphantly defended the reputation of his city.

In beef we trust.

You see this same singular pride in villages. Charmed by the quiet of some hillside or seacoast place, you meditate on the same out-of-door lives, the absence of the rum shop, the friendly intermingling without the possibility of making chance acquaintanceships; but if you congratulate the storekeeper on the peace and righteousness of the daily life, he will hasten to disabuse you, nor will he spare his own relations in the desire to show you shocking examples. He, too, is influenced by local pride. He cannot bear the suspicion of pastoral innocence. Thus is he a twin brother of the sensitive Bostonian.

"Eminent Bostonians" have signed a protest against the smoke nuisance. And what will be the result? Each chimney will put the protest in its pipe and smoke it.

Of all the landlords, commend us to Jacques Bignon, the famous restaurant man of the Second Empire. Count Paul Demidoff ordered a simple dinner at his place on a holiday in winter. The host induced the Count to reason with Bignon himself. "How is this, for instance? You charge me 30 francs for two peaches?" "Yes, Monsieur le Comte." "At peaches so rare, then?" Bignon smiled a smile of ineffable sweetness: "It is not the peaches that are so rare, monsieur, it is the Demidoffs."

Does any well-informed citizen know what all this row in Venezuela is

about? Generals are killed and Generals are exiled and Generals lead revolutionists. Why? Have they no other facilities for exercise?

Now when Senator Money from Mississippi feels sluggish, liverish, depressed in Washington he draws a pen-knife and enters into a physical argument with a street-car conductor.

A courageous Frenchman, Mr. Jules Martin, has prepared the edition for 1901-1902 of a little volume, "Nes Artistes," which, handsomely illustrated with portraits of actors and singers, is sold in Paris for 50 or 75 cents. Each sketch is a succinct account of the artistic education and career of the artist. Thus we read that Calvé was born at Madrid in 1861; the names of her teachers are given; her début was at Nice, and her career thereafter is told in a few words with the dates of her "creations." Of course the book is disconcerting to the sensitive. As a foreign critic said: "You hunt up the history of the principal artists in such and such a play and the Table of Affinities rises before your eyes. The passionate appeals of the lover to the trembling girl have been delivered by an actor of 35 to an actress of 49. It is immoral, uncalled for, and chilling."

Yet we find that some women did not give their ages. Thus Miss Louise Preval, the playactress, was born on Oct. 11. There's the record of her birth-day. You know when to send her flowers or diamonds with a pretty note of congratulation; but the compiler of facts finds no date of year. Suzanne Devoyod—"born at Paris." But when? We learn that some of these women propose to ask for an injunction "restraining the publication of the book as being an unwarrantable intrusion into their private lives." Then they should also apply for an injunction against the sale of the huge catalogue of the Paris Conservatory.

An oculist in Detroit had told her she was suffering from iritis, and should abstain from reading. The fee was \$10. The Boston expert sniffed at the mention of iritis, and declared there was no sign of it. His fee was \$10. A renowned Philadelphia specialist diagnosed the trouble as iritis, and advised (fee \$10) an immediate operation; but a celebrated London authority, though discovering in the eye a well-developed case of the disease, thought any cutting should be avoided. Two guineas was his tariff for this advice. Suffering still, despite a treatment faithfully pursued, the desperate patient sought out a resident foreigner, known throughout New York for cunning in cases like hers. His long examination concluded, he said: "It would be good if you took a warm bath once a week." "To be sure," protested the visitor, "but I've had that or a cold bath daily all my life." "Yes," rejoined the specialist complacently, "it is a very good thing." And then he directed that the next patient be called in.—New York Evening Post.

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

The First Serenade of Brahms and One of Raff's Earliest Descriptive Symphonies—"In the Woods."

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerike, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Serenade No. 1, in D major, op. 11.—Brahms
Symphony in F major, No. 3, "In the Woods," op. 135.Raff

When Raff's symphony "In the Woods" was first produced here by Theodore Thomas and his orchestra in 1871, the work was considered bold, almost reckless, in the attempt to portray in music the sounds of the forest and the fantastic thoughts suggested by the woods. "The Wild Hunt" was held to be outrageously discordant. Then little by little the symphony was endured, then embraced. It is not so many years ago that Raff was one of the most popular of composers among hearers of fairly cultivated taste, and there were many musicians who put him at the head of the romanticists.

And now Raff is spoken of with condescension, as a man of fine appreciation of tonal color, of indisputable contrapuntal skill—but one that wrote an enormous amount of swollen salon-music and pot-boilers. It is true that Raff wrote many pot-boilers; he was obliged to do this or starve, for there have been few more pathetic lives in the history of music than that of Raff.

How old-fashioned do many parts of this symphony seem today! And yet there are many proofs of Raff's skill and color-sense. The music is fundamentally salon-music; it might be called "Moonlight on the Hudson" or "Golden Shower," and yet how sympathetically clothed in orchestral dress are these same conventional thoughts!

"The Wild Hunt" no longer terrifies

It seems to us after hearing the music of Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Richard Strauss, and others, rather tame, a ride on a sound family horse with asparagus boughs fastened in the harness to keep off the flies. Yet Dame Hilde is prettily pictured. César Franck by the way, was not fortunate in his portrayal of "The Wild Hunt." I should like to hear the subject treated by some wild modern with imagination fired by alcohol; for it is a stirring subject; yet I doubt whether he could surpass the effect of the few measures given to it by Weber in the scene of the Wolf's Glen.

After all, Raff caught certain forest-moods and reproduced them. It was his misfortune that out of them he felt obliged to build a symphony. For put whatever titles you please to the movements, give each one a page of descriptive text, the thing is still a symphony in four movements, and poetic moods of this specific character hardly brook rigid symphonic treatment. It is strange that Raff, who thought so highly of Liszt and was so intimate with him, did not give his imagination freer range in the symphonic poem. We shall hear less and less of Raff, and already his name is seldom seen on programs.

Yet there are pages of his that still give gentle pleasure, that soothe, especially when the hearer is in amiable mood. It must not be forgotten, however, that Raff himself was an influence and must be reckoned with seriously in tracing the history of the symphony since Beethoven.

The Serenade of Brahms, without the Second Scherzo, lasted about 45 minutes. No doubt the hardened Brahmsites said to themselves: "O that it would go on forever!" The first movement is not without interest, and no doubt the minute bassoon figure, are in the spirit of the 18th century; but as a whole the work is without relief, and the inherent melancholy becomes more depressing than any deliberately and long-drawn out pessimistic wall of sad-eyed Russian or ultra-modern Frenchman. Brahms, far back, must have had an English ancestor; he took his pleasures so sadly.

Mr. Gerike read the works with infinite care, and the audience was liberal with applause.

Philip Hale.

CALVÉ swears that she will never return to this country.

"My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?"

And this is the return for the slavish adoration of the great American public.

How different the conduct of our own Nordica, who before she sailed brought suit for damages against a railway company and thus left a grateful remembrance!

But before you abuse Calvé ponder a moment her trials and tribulations. As "Carmen" is with her a drawing card, she has been obliged to play the heroine night after night, until spontaneity is now impossible, and this she knows. She was superb in "La Navarraise"; the public did not care for the opera. She was, they say, remarkable in "Mefistofele," "Hamlet," "Messaline"—parts that she has sung only a few times, and in no one of them has she been seen in Boston. She appeared here, and here only, as Mignon; and the attempt was disastrous, for she was not fully prepared, she was suffering physically, and she was mastered by a superstitious fear. Her Santuzza, which is a far finer impersonation than her Carmen, has never been fully appreciated by the great public. To this public Calvé always was, is, and always will be Carmen. The old traditions are forgotten. Carmen is no longer a sensual demon contrived by the infernal powers for the destruction of man; a maddening, cruel, sinister apparition; she is a comic character, serious in the card-scene and in death; comic in the other scenes; and the more outrageous liberties Calvé takes with text, situation, mood, music, the better the public likes her: "She is so original!"

Her Marguerite in Gounod's opera is beautifully composed and subtly acted; but inasmuch as she does not giggle and play the boyden in the jewel scene and scream in the final trio, some of the opera-goers shake their malicious heads.

When Calvé first came to this country she was a sincere artist. Her Carmen was a different creature from the one that now slides easily and often lazily through the four acts. She is a woman of quick perception, acute instincts, and she has a pretty sense of humor. When she saw what the public really liked she gave it in strong doses, and Art yielded her face, shed tears for Bizet, and left the stage. Calvé never forgot that memorable night in Mechanics Building when seated in an exposed "box" she was gaped at by hundreds and at close range as though she were

a Wild Girl from Borneo. Did not some poke at her with canes or umbrellas to see whether she would scream? There is an admiration that is chiefly offensive curiosity. This tribute was paid her. And from that night Calvé has had no illusions concerning the artistic appreciation of the great public.

Now they tell her in New York that her voice is cracked; that she never

knew how to sing, etc., etc., all of which is untrue. You heard her this season; she loafed through Carmen; she was a thrilling Santuzza, and in "Cavalleria Rusticana" she sang and acted with her old intensity; never was her voice more beautiful; never did she show greater artistry in the management of her voice. And you heard her in concert in Symphony Hall, was her voice worn out, harsh, cracked? Go to!

She will come back to us and delight us as of yore. Only let us hope that she will have the courage to abstain from "Carmen" for at least two years. It is a brilliant, tragic opera; a masterpiece; but over-familiarity with it is not good for public or singer.

The program of the second concert of the Choral Art Society of Boston, which will be given in Chickering Hall next Wednesday night, Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich conductor, is of much interest. There will be five madrigals and glees by Palestrina, Praetorius, Orlando Gibbons, Thomas Linley.

Palestrina (1517 or 1518-1594) is known here chiefly by his sacred works. Among these are two books of five-voiced madrigals (1581, 1594), but he also wrote two books of secular four-voiced madrigals (1585 and 1589). In the first volume of the latter compositions, Palestrina is said to have created a new style—I refer the curious to Baini, or Kandler's Palestrina; many of the verses to which he set music were considered loose, and he himself in the dedication of the "Cantica Cantileorum" to Gregory XIII. alluded to this collection apologetically.

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621) wrote many madrigals—a collection entitled "Megalyndia" appeared in 1611.

Orlando Gibbons, one of the very few gleigions names in the list of English musicians, was born at Cambridge in 1583; he was organist of the Chapel Royal in 1604, organist of Westminster Abbey in 1623; he died at Canterbury of the smallpox in 1625 and is buried in Canterbury Cathedral. The first set of madrigals and motets for five voices was published at London in 1622. One

of the most famous of his pieces is "The Silver Swan."

There were two composers, father and son, named Thomas Linley. The father (1725-1795) wrote operas, music dramas, glees, etc., and he was the father of Eliza Ann Linley, the "Maid of Bath," a soprano who eloped with Richard Brinsley Sheridan and was married to him in 1773. Thomas, the younger, was born in 1756 and drowned in 1778. He wrote stage music, anthems, glees and songs, of which "O Bid Your Faithful Ariel Fly" in "The Tempest" was long popular.

Cornelius (1824-1874) is a familiar name, Brahms's two motets were published in 1879. Dillroth sent a copy of "Warrum" to Hanslick in December, 1878, with a letter of extravagant praise. "The questions of childhood, the wisdom of old age, the doubts of manhood—all are in this music." * * * The tonal effects remind me of Lottl, Palestrina, and then again of Brahms. And the Viennese physician said that if he were King of Bavaria he should have it sung to him by a hidden chorus, and should be jealous of every tone that went through the church door to profane outsiders.

Gabriel Fauré's Madrigal was written for mixed quartet or chorus. César Cui, born in 1835, is one of the leaders of the radical Russian school, but he is known here chiefly by his smaller pieces. He is Professor of Fortification at the St. Petersburg Engineering Academy, and yet he has written at least five operas, symphonies, other large works, and for some years he braved danger as a music critic. Ivan Knorr was born at Mewe in West Prussia in 1853. He studied at the Leipzig Conservatory, taught at Charkov, Russia, in which county his boyhood was spent, and was called to Frankfort in 1883. He has founded vocal, piano, and orchestral compositions on Ukraine folk tunes.

Mr. Longy and Mr. Gehhard will play a sonata in C minor by Handel for oboe and piano.

Emma Nevada was welcomed enthusiastically at Nevada City. The bells were rung; banners were waving, whistles shrieking, cannon booming.

"A band composed of miners played 'Auld Lang Syne' as a number of white robed school children, wearing sashes of golden hued ribbon, approached, carrying arches of peach and cherry blossoms, under which the prima donna passed on her way to her carriage. Here she was met by the Native Daughters of the Golden West, who escorted her in carriages to her hotel, followed on foot by the school children, headed by the band."

The theatre was crowded to suffocation by "the élite of both Nevada City and Grass Valley."

I now quote from the Daily Morning

Union and Herald:

The centre portières part, a vision of sweet, beautiful womanhood appears, lingering a brief moment as she holds the rich folds apart, a dark, warm frame to the picture—the lark with a voice of melody divine.

Such a roar of applause sweeps upward from the multitude that the building fairly trembles. Will it never cease? Ah, that comes straight from the heart of the free spoken people of the mountains. It rolls and sweeps, surges and beats, and amid it all, the famous little woman, greater tonight to those enraptured hundreds than the proudest queen who ever sat on a throne, comes down the centre of the stage, a vision of dainty, sweet good nature.

"Isn't she sweet?" "Oh, the dear thing!" and kindred exclamations burst forth spontaneously.

The little diva wears a gown that baffles description. Pale blue over a dreamy creation of rare lace, a single hunch of pale pink roses in her corsage and one large, full blown rose in her hand.

The tempest ceases. Bowing right and left with a smile that each appreciates, the piano dashes into the prelude. Then her lips part and the silence of death prevails as she bursts into song.

We learn that there was "no false aid" from the piano; "never for the slightest moment was there a false shade or a sign of flatness in the beautiful voice which has enthralled kings and queens. It rang sweet, rich and full, pouring out its rippling melody with a beauty that Paris would have shouted its 'Bravos' over and brought St. Petersburg to its knees."

She sang "Home, Sweet Home."

A sob-like note hung in the peerless prima donna's voice during the rendition of the grand old song, rising, sinking until one could almost see the rude cabin, the sweep near by, the woods, the tinkling bells and catch the breath of meadow and mossy bank."

She sang "The Mocking Bird." "Playing a simple accompaniment, she filled the air with such bird-like tones as no mocking bird ever sang. The witchery of that white throat was beyond comprehension. God, in His infinite goodness, gave a good woman the magic of music when Emma Nevada came into the world."

This is the way grand opera strikes the music critics in Pittsburgh:

"Nervously, even violently, intent all day yesterday were the heartstrings of nearly 10,000 grand opera patrons who attended two presentations that in every way were notable. Quickened was the flow of blood by the thrill of heaven scaling ensembles and of solo performances that were spangled with the diamond light of pristine brilliance. High were the beatings of the waves of enthusiasm, which washed from auditorium across the footlights and immersed soloists, chorus and orchestra, with results most infectious. Memory, this day and for many others to come, will delight in telling off again and again the beads making up the rosary of subtle character portrayal and vocal triumphs; and life will be much the brighter for the hours passed only too quickly at the big enchanted Duquesne Garden."

Massenet's "Mary Magdalene" was given early this month at Naples for the first time, and it pleased so much that it was given the second time. The tenor was Vignas, who sang here in 1894 at Mechanics Building, as Turiddu and Edgardo.—An "Oriental Fantasia" by an Italian composer, Mrs. Mary Roselli-Nissim, was produced lately at Pisa. She wrote with Giuseppe Menichetti an opera in two acts, "Max," which was produced in 1898 at Florence.

—There will be a Jewish opera house in Hackney, London. Among the portraits and busts of musicians used as decorations are those of King David, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn. Operettas by Goldfaden, with Jewish texts, will be played; other librettos will be translated. There will be performances on Sunday, but not on Friday evening or Saturday afternoon. The season will begin May 21.

A concert will be given tomorrow evening in the Chapel of the Shepard Memorial Church, Cambridge, for the benefit of the East End Christian Union. The proceeds will go toward making an extension to the Union's Building to contain gymnasium, bath and industrial class rooms. Mrs. Patrick Walker, soprano, Miss Evelyn Fellows, violinist, and Mr. H. G. Tucker have contributed their services. Mrs. Walker will sing songs by Goring-Thomas, Hawley, Johns, Foote; Miss Fellows will play pieces by Godard, Mlynarski, Allen and, with Mr. Tucker, a sonata by Handel; and Mr. Tucker will play piano pieces by Liszt, Scarlatti, Schumann, Bach-Saint-Saëns, MacDowell, Schubert, Chopin, Wagner-Brassini, Rubinstein.

The big summer concert of the Handel Orchestra at the Crystal Palace will be given over to the celebration on July 5 of Independence Day, for there will be an American exhibition at the palace. Ther several music by

American composers.—
"American soloists and players for Walter Damrosch harmonic the conductorship of players Society of New York."

elect their conductor, a delightful scheme for breeding and educating dissonance, and the election of Mr. Damrosch is prophesied. Not long it was said that he proposed to devote himself exclusively, and with a wet towel round his brow, to composition; but he would miss the exercise of conducting, and with him this exercise is violent, sudorific.—This Mr. Alfred Hertz, who will conduct the German operas next year for Mr. Grau, was born July 15, 1872, at Frankfurt, where at the age of 12 he began to study at the Hoch Conservatory. His teachers were Irspruch, Schwartz and Fleisch. At the age of 19 he was chorus master at the Halle Theatre, and then at the theatre of Sachsen-Altenburg, but he began his career as a conductor at Elberfeld-Barmen. In 1889 he went to London to conduct works by Fritz Delius. For some years he has been a conductor at the Breslau Opera House.—Mr. George L. Ruffin of Boston will sing Mephistopheles in the performance of "Faust" by the Theodore Drury opera company (negroes) at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York, May 5. This company has already sung "Carmen" and "Il Guarany." Theodore Drury will be Faust and Miss C. Marie Rovetto of Providence, Marguerite.—Mrs. Ida Ekman, a Finnish but polyglot singer, was eminently successful in Paris, April 10.—The Choral Society of Students, Vienna, performed an unpublished choral work, "The Song of Songs," by Anton Bruckner.

Here is good news. Perosi is refusing all invitations to go abroad and conduct his oratorios.

Paris, April 22.—Henri Cherubini, who claimed to be a grandson of the composer Cherubini, has died in a penitential condition in the hospital at Martigues. He was 55 years old.

Cherubini, the composer, was married in 1794. He had three children, a son and two daughters. The son, Salvador, was in 1862 inspector of the Beaux-Arts, and he had accompanied Champollion the younger on a scientific mission to Egypt.

De Sicard has been fiddling in London. Mr. Blackburn says: "He plays with extraordinary sweetness and sureness of tone. One would hesitate to describe him as very great, but the true-ness and certainty of his ear, his undoubtedly fine technique, and the perfection of his phrasing are all matters that afford much satisfaction to the listener. If he does not know the troubled storminess of a Sarasate, he does approach the realm of honey-sweet expression which has gone so far to make the rightly great reputation of Joachim. His chief drawback to our mind is that he is inclined to be monotonous; he seems to be too much content with the production of a single effect."

Two new pieces by A. Perillou were played at a Thursday Colonne concert in Paris April 10. Berceuse Catalane, a sort of Intermezzo for cello and orchestra; and a Passepied for violin and harp, which was highly praised for melody and flavor.

The orchestra for the performance of Saint-Saëns's new work "Parysatis" in the arena at Béziers in August will be thus composed: two bands of wind instruments (220), strings (100), 20 hunting trumpets, 20 harpers.—Max Klinger's polychrome monument of Beethoven includes in the design a throne, an eagle, Adam and Eve, Tantalus, Aphrodite, and the Crucifixion. Truly a most catholic selection! The throne is supposed to be, as well as the eagle, an attribute of sovereignty. The bas-reliefs indicate that the music of Beethoven rapturizes humanity, with its passions, sorrows and evolution from anti-Christian civilization.

April 25, 1902

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:
A New York paper of good pretensions prints pictures of some old furniture supposed to have been used by Lord Percy, who met the Minute Men at Lexington in 1775. In the lot there is a high chest of drawers, in which one keeps linen and underclothes. The trade, I think, calls such furniture a chiffonier, spelt and pronounced in a variety of ways calculated to set the French right at last. Round here, that is, in Chicago and New York, where men have more cash than good language, they call it a highboy, when it has six drawers, and a lowboy, when it has but two or three. Has this term, highboy or lowboy, or either of them, become part of our language? Or is it merely a New York and Chicago adaptation of the French bahut, picked up by our trade in Paris? What did Lord Percy call the thing? It stands on thin legs, is not roomy, and might do well enough for Lord Percy or an ornamental youth. In short, tell us about highboys and lowboys, and beware of his excellency the man in trade. I have not looked in the dictionaries, because they copy such things from fiction, which is ant

to be a little late in matters of language.

April 22, 1902.

MIRANDA.

These are hard questions. The word "high boy" in this sense is not in the Oxford English Dictionary. A "high boy" in the 17th and 18th centuries was one that lived high, a fast man; or "a partisan making high claims for his party." Nor is the word in the great Dialect Dictionary now publishing; nor is it in the early editions of Webster's Dictionary; nor is it in several volumes of Americanisms which we have consulted. It is found in at least one of the latest American dictionaries—the Standard—and it is entered therein as a New England term.

Mr. L. V. Lockwood in his "Colonial Furniture in America" (1901) speaks of a high chest of drawers commonly known as high boys—"though this name is never used in the records, and probably was given in derision after their appearance would become grotesque to eyes trained to other fashions." Thus "a chest of drawers and a table" in an inventory would mean today a high boy and a low boy; for this low dressing table had drawers.

Esther Singleton, in her "Furniture of Our Forefathers," says that high boy and low boy, meaning a high case and a low case of drawers, are never found in the inventories of the 17th and 18th centuries. The term "case of drawers" is now obsolete in England; "chest of drawers" took its place; but "case of drawers" is found in New England in 1690, although the term seldom occurs in early Boston inventories. The newer kind of chest that stood on "slender cabriole legs" is what is now described as a high boy. This use, by the way, of "cabriole" is peculiar.

The words "high boy" and "low boy" were probably of local rather than general use in New England. We asked on Saturday several New Englanders whom we happened to meet. A., born in Boston, had never heard the words in his boyhood and youth. To B. of Haverhill and C. of Lynn they had long been familiar in family conversation. D. of Exeter, N. H., had never heard them, while E. from another part of that State had never heard the furniture called by any other name. F., raised in Northern Worcester, had never heard them. G., born in Vermont and raised in Conway and Northampton, Mass., never heard the words in Vermont or the said towns of this Commonwealth.

The story of a "monstrous bull whale" sinking the New Bedford whaler Kathleen is indeed a thrilling story of the dangerous deep.

Whales in the sea
God's voice obey,

As the New England Primer feelingly remarks.

The New York Sun in a description of the ramming and sinking says: "In all the salty annals of New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket there is but one story like that of the Kathleen."

Now the great Sperm Whale, the most majestic, is the most formidable of all whales. Herman Melville describes his "pre-eminent tremendousness" in "Moby Dick" and quotes Olsson and Povelson "declaring the Sperm Whale not only to be a consternation to every other creature in the sea, but also to be so incredibly ferocious as continually to be athirst for human blood." In the earlier days of the Sperm Whale fishery many pursuers of right whales could not be induced to embark for the capture of the more ferocious variety, for they swore that "to chase and point lance at such an apparition was not for mortal man. That to attempt it would be inevitably to be torn into a quick eternity."

Melville gives instances of the destruction of vessels by whales.

In 1820 the ship Essex, Captain Pollard, of Nantucket, was cruising in the Pacific. She saw spouts; and boats were lowered. "Suddenly a very large whale escaping from the boats, issued from the shoal, and bore directly down upon the ship. Dashing his forehead against her hull, he so stove her in that in less than 10 minutes she settled down and fell over. Not a surviving plank of her has been seen since. After the severest exposure, part of the crew reached the land in their boats."

The ship Union of Nantucket was in 1807 lost off the Azores by a similar attack.

In the early thirties an American sloop-of-war on the way from the Sandwich Islands to Valparaiso was so jammed by a whale that the vessel was obliged, with all pumps going, to make for the nearest port.

Langsdorff in his Voyages tells of his ship almost running into a whale. "The gigantic creature, setting up its

back, raised the ship three feet at least out of the water." Captain D'Wolf, who was in command, was an uncle of Melville, and in 1851, the date of "Moby Dick," was living "in the village of Dorchester near Boston."

Procopius was luck in the sixth century mentions the capture in the Pontus of a great sea-monster, which had destroyed vessels for a period of 50 years.

And Melville claims that if the sperm-whale, once struck, is allowed time to rally, he then acts "not so often with blind rage, as with wilful, deliberate designs of destruction to his pursuers."

April 29, 1902

TWO WOMEN.

You are a snowdrop, sweet; but will
You look upon this daffodil
That in a careless hour has lain
So long, it cannot drink the rain
And be renewed, or by the sun
Find that unkindly grasp undone?

You are a snowdrop; put your white
By this spelled gold, dear heart, tonight:
Touch leaves with this less happy flower
Undone by some too happy hour.
You might have been the daffodil
If I had kissed your prudence still.

We saw Saturday a deed of unusual courtesy. A man boarded a car in the Subway. He had fought his way as with the beasts at Ephesus, and he arrived, puffing slightly, but with a copy of the Strand for May under his arm. The moment he had secured standing room he opened the magazine. We knew his impatience; for did he not long to read the concluding chapters of "The Hound of the Baskervilles"? A woman, who was also standing, addressed him. The man showed no annoyance; on the contrary he smiled his society smile, and talked with her as though the fleeting moments summed up in the one short happy period of his life. They talked in gentle tones; his eyes were tender; his attitude was devotional, but no man is romantic to the world at large when he is hanging from a strap. The conductor called out: "Massachusetts!" With one last passionate glance the man left the car. We watched him as he crossed the avenue. Heedless of passing cars, he opened the magazine, and while he was reading the first page, a finger ripped open the next leaves.

"Musolino is confident of achieving his liberty, and when he has done so he will realize the ambition of his life by making a visit to America." We read this and saw as in a pleasant vision Major Pond and Mr. Richard Heard sending cablegrams couched in terms of irresistible seduction. And then the vision faded before we saw whether these cablegrams were prepaid.

Here is a chance for society play-actresses who are "considering handsome offers." There will be a Godiva procession at Coventry on Coronation day, and the managing committee advertise for a lady. The horse will be provided, and it will be white; from which it will be seen that Titian blondes have the better chance. The last Lady Godiva received only £10, but consider the worth of the advertisement. Nor should any woman blush at the thought of exposure. The interest of the spectators is of course purely historical; and as old Thomas Heywood tells us, the woman that created the part "rid with no more touch of immodesty than when shee shifted her smocke in her priuat chamber." Leigh Hunt says in his essay, "the whole story is as unvulgar and as sweetly serious as can be conceived." Of course the candidate must be serenely confident of figure and ankle-kissing hair. For Matthew of Westminster thus described the original impersonator: "Nuda, equum ascendens, crines capitis et tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, praeter crura candidissima, inde lavavit." It is a pity that King Edward will be engaged elsewhere. He has often shown warm appreciation of American playactresses.

The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch says: "In nearly every town where Edgar Allen Poe made his home, whether for a long or short period, some memorial of his life is preserved and pointed out; some visible evidence is furnished that the public is proud of the fact that he resided there once, and wishes it known that it cherishes his memory."

Poe was born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1809. The most imaginative of American poets, the most exquisite master of verse born in this country, was a Bostonian by birth. Is there any memorial to him in this city? Does any one know even the street in which his mother, the playactress, lived when she brought into the world this glory of American literature, this great master of the school that began with Baudelaire and is now formed by the disciples of Verlaine?

The officers of the Boston Public Library insist that wet umbrellas should

be left at the cloak-room. This demand is made public by placards. The officers also announce by placards that they will not be responsible for the umbrellas when they are in the cloak-room. Is it possible that there is an umbrella-collector among them? We know a woman in the city who has from 75 to 100 fine specimens, which are guarded in an upper room with great care. When it rains she wears an old hat and a mackintosh.

Paul Heyse in his "Marv of Magdala" represents Judas Iscariot as the favored lover of the Magdalene before she repented, and he attributes the betrayal by Judas to mad jealousy. There are many strange legends about Mary. All agree in this, that she was honorably born, and it is stated by several authorities that she was a widow when she began a life of pleasure. There is a curious account of her in "The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints." Thus the writer reports from hearsay that she was wedded to Saint John the Evangelist when the Saviour called him from the wedding, "and when he was called from her, she had thereof indignation that her husband was taken from her, and went and gave herself to all delight." Heyse represents her in his play as a woman whose ideals were wrecked by an unhappy marriage.

The legends about Judas are exceedingly wild. His mother, Cyhorca, dreamed the night of her wedding that she should bring forth a son who should be a traitor to the Prince of his own people. She and her husband were sad and pensive, and when the child was born they cast it to sea in a small boat. The babe was borne to an island called Iscariot, and the childless Queen of the island reared it nobly. Later she had a child of her own whom Judas killed; and Judas fled to Jerusalem, his birthplace, where he went into the service of Pontius Pilate. Now Reuben, the father of Judas, had an orchard of fair and yellow apples, and Pilate would fain eat of them, so he told Judas to fetch him some. When Judas mounted the wall, his father, a stranger to his son, rebuked him, whereat Judas beat out his brains with a stone. Judas afterward married his own mother, and one day the awful secret was disclosed. Then Cyborca persuaded her husband-son to repent and become a disciple.

Saint Brandon once saw Judas "naked on a great rock in the sea, full of misery and pain," for the waves of the sea had so beaten his body that all the flesh was gone off and nothing left but sinews and bare bones; and on this rock he is allowed to cool himself on certain days and nights of the year.

April 30, 1902

The following poem is now published, we are assured, for the first time. It will be appreciated by all that are demented with the mania of collecting.

THE BOOK HUNTER.

I've spent all my money in chasing
For books that are costly and rare;
I've made myself bankrupt in tracing
Each prize to its ultimate lair.
And now I'm a ruined collector,
Impoverished, ragged and thin,
Reduced to a vanishing spectre,
Because of my prodigal sin.

How often I've called upon Foley,
The man who's a friend of the cranks;
Knows books that are witty or holy,
And whether they're prizes or blanks.
For volumes on paper or vellum
He has a most accurate eye,
And always is willing to sell 'em
To dreamers like me who will buy.

My purse requires fences and hedges;
Alas! it will never stay shut.
My coat-sleeves now have deckle edges,
My hair is unkempt and "uncut."
My coat is a true first edition,
And rusty from shoulder to waist;
My trousers are out of condition,
Their "colophon" worn and defaced.

My shoes have been long out of fashion;
"Crushed leather" they both seem to be;
My hat is a thing for compassion,
The kind that is labeled "n. d."
My vest from its binding is broken;
It's what the French call a relique;
What I think of it cannot be spoken;
Its catalogue mark is "unique."

I'm a book that is thumbed and untidy,
The only one left of the set;
I'm sure I was issued on Friday,
For fate is unkind to me yet.
My text has been cruelly garbled
By a destiny harder than flint;
But I wait for my grave to be "marbled,"
And then I shall be out of print.

X. writes: "I have lived in Boston 53 years and have always heard the 'chest of drawers and table' called 'High-daddy' and 'Low-daddy,' both by my Boston ancestors and those from the Connecticut Valley."

W. asks: "What is the origin of the phrase 'to boot,' as in 'I'll give you \$5 to boot?'"

The word "boot" in the phrase has nothing to do with "footwear," whether

cost \$15 or \$2.67. The "b" corresponds to the "b" and this word compound Teutonic and use "good, advantage, profit, use," and the phrase "to hoot," which appeared about year 1600 in literature, means "to advantage, into the bargain, in addition; besides, moreover." Then there is the verb "to hoot"—not in the meaning "to assist one's departure," "to express indignation," "to criticize severely"—but "to do good, to be of use or value; to profit, avail, help," also "it matters"—and this verb is used only in the third person.

Here is a pathetic story of school life. A mother sent a first class Peruvian mummy, sun-cured, to a European school, where her son had been educated. The gift was for the museum. As soon as the mummy was exposed to European air it turned quickly to a plain, a metery corpse, and as such was buried. The master of the school regretted the occurrence, and in his letter to the mother wrote, "I shall never think on the mummy without thinking on you, dear lady." And now she is wondering as to his precise meaning.

Miss Loftus talked affably to a London reporter the other day. She is now Miss Cecilia Loftus. "I have been Cecilia in America for ages, and it seemed too silly to be Cecilia over there and 'Cissie' here." It appears that it was good, kind Mr. Frohman who opened her eyes to the fact that "Cissie in America is never considered seriously as a name at all; it is simply a sort of slang term that amounts almost to a reproach." "I scarcely think," said Miss Loftus, "that there is an equivalent for it in England."

Dear Miss Loftus, there is such a slang word as "sissy" which is applied to extremely ladylike young gentlemen; but put your left hand on your heart and raise your right hand; will you solemnly swear that you were not known in this country as "Cissie" from San Francisco to Eastport, from President Roosevelt to Mr. Sam Bernard?

The third and fourth volume of Mr. De Mattos's translation of Chateaubriand's *Memoirs* have appeared. They abound in good lines. Thus Chateaubriand describes Lord Liverpool as "one" hearing his years fall like the drops of a winter's rain on the pavement. Lord Londonderry was so unimpressed that "he would not have budged if you had caught him in the ear with a sausage." Mrs. Siddons was "dressed in erape, wore a black veil like a diadem on her white hair, and resembled a Queen who had abdicated her throne."

Mr. T. H. Aldrich's "Mercedes" was performed in London at the Royalty Theatre about a fortnight ago. The *Pall Mall Gazette* said: "If Mr. Aldrich was bent on a climax similar to that of 'Romeo and Juliet' he should not have let it down by the preliminary destruction of a score of supers. . . . The piece is unsatisfactory. It contains one fine scene—that between Mercedes and the soldiers, which scene is, moreover, powerfully written. But the rest is not very good, while much of it, including the whole of the first scene, rather bores. A first-class idea is obscured by a confused and stagey elaboration."

A candidate for the position of keeper in a city menagerie was asked the other day when undergoing the civil service examination: "If the prize lion sprang his ankle, what would you do to give him relief?"

"I'd get some liniment," was the answer, "and put my hand in between the iron bars and put the liniment gently on the lion's ankle." "I suppose you know," was added in parenthesis, "that I've got a wooden arm."

Another applicant, aiming at appointment as police matron, was asked what were her special qualifications for the place. "I've been a widow off and on for 20 years," she answered. —N. Y. Evening Post.

CHORAL ART SOCIETY.

Its Second Concert, With a Program of Well-Contrasted Madrigals and Part Songs, and a Motet by Johannes Brahms—Mr. Longy, Oboist.

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor, gave its second concert last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Ogni bella, Madonna . . . Palestrina
Sie ist mir lieb . . . M. Praetorius
Ah! here heart . . . Gibbons
Dainty fine bird . . . Gibbons
Christmas Song . . . Cornibus
The Two Rivers . . . Cut

Spring Delight . . . Cui
Sonata in C minor for cello and piano . . . Brahms
Motet "Warum," op. 71, No. 1 . . . Brahms
Madrigal . . . Gabriel Faure
Fon Cossack Love Songs . . . Knorr
There is no doubt but that with a small choir of experienced and carefully chosen singers who are paid for attendance at rehearsals and concerts a conductor can obtain more musical results than when the chorus is as Ruskin described it, the roar of multitudinous mediocrity. Mr. Goodrich's chorus numbers on paper 32 singers. It might be increased to 40 or to 50, for there will always be a few unable to take part, until the climate of Boston is regulated by scientists, after the manner of Paris in the 21st century as described by Rachilde in the fantastic story published in the March number of the *Mercur* de France.

Mr. Goodrich is fortunate in a chorus that is thus established. The parts are well balanced, and there is for the most part an agreeable quality of tone, although among the sopranos in the upper register and in fortissimo there is a stridency that should be corrected. The different pieces were sung with sane expression; there was no too palpable attempt to gain effects; there was no extravagance in contrasts; there were delicate nuances and dynamic gradations, and never was there the irritating see-saw between fortissimo and piano or the equally distressing monotony of mezzo forte by which choruses are too often distinguished. Mr. Goodrich led quietly, authoritatively, musically.

The most effective of the first group of madrigals was that by Praetorius, in which archaism did not remove the music from the sympathetic comprehension of modern hearers. Palestrina, was, of course, like Hannibal, a pretty fellow in his day; his name is thrice honorable; but his music and that of many of his immediate followers must be administered sparingly. At a concert devoted exclusively to Italian or Netherland music of the 16th century, hearers as well as singers should be paid. How much more human is the music by Gibbons! Old-fashioned, yes, but you are conscious of grace and the emotional charm that are found in Elizabethan lyrics. The song by Cornelius was beautiful; but the beauty last evening was in the choral background rather than in the solo sung by Miss Woltmann, whose voice seemed incongruous in character, too positive, almost metallic. The part-songs by César Cui were delightful in mood and in vocal presentation. And in the Madrigal by Faure, which was written either for mixed quartet or chorus, there is the sentiment found in some of his songs, as in "Clair de Lune," the sentiment of momentary regret for love past and almost forgotten, the suspicion of light insincerity in love that is the affair of the moment, that will die with the night, and the "specious words" that thrill and also awaken distrust.

The Motet by Johannes Brahms—this composer should never be called simply Brahms; the word Johannes is so symbolical of many of his works—has been highly praised—by hardened and desperate Brahmsites. The first word of the text is "Why," and this word may be asked of the composition. To say that it is well-made is no answer; Brahms was a painstaking manufacturer. Nor does the fact that Brahms was influenced in this particular motet by Bach excuse the general dreariness of the music or the absence of imagination.

The words used by the composers were printed in the program-book, and they were of genuine assistance; for the enunciation of the polyglot singers was sadly indistinct.

Mr. Longy played with inimitable tone, beauty of phrasing, and general artistry an aile sonata by Handel. Mr. Gebhard, who accompanied him, is a pianist of genuine parts, but in this sonata his touch, especially in forte, was of cast-iron rigidity and destructive force.

The first concert of the second series will be given early in December.

Philip Hale.

What is it that makes certain old ladies so savage upon certain subjects? Miss Clappercaw is a good woman; pays her rent and her tradesmen; gives plenty to the poor; is brisk with her tongue—kind-hearted in the main; but if Mrs. Stafford Malynoux and her children were plunged into a caldron of boiling vinegar, I think my revered friend would not take them on.

The landlord was fussy about the character of his tenants, and the agent was an amateur detective. The right-hand flat on the third story had been vacant for three or four months. "We cannot be too careful," said the agent to Mr. Tennant, who was complaining about mice; "Mr. Boland is a very particular man and so am I; one doubtful person in an apartment house is enough to ruin the name of the whole block." The agent's face blazed—probably with virtuous indignation, although his breath smelled strangely of fireworks. "Why, we could have filled that flat 20 times, but the people were not our kind or your kind. There was an elderly lady in deep mourning; she must have been about 50 years old; but I found there was talk about her some 20 years ago, and I was obliged to make an excuse. You are fortunate, sir, to be in such a house. I'll write to Mr. Boland about those mice holes. Just at present he's in Japan, but I'll write by the next mail, and he is unusually prompt in answering letters."

Mr. Tennant told his wife at dinner that Mr. Boland would attend to the mice holes. "The landlord might not stop them up himself but he would send a man as soon as he heard about it in Japan." "Whom did you see at

the club?" she asked. "Why?" "O, nothing, but I understood you to say that Mr. Boland is going to send a man from Japan to stop a few holes that you might stop in five minutes if you were practical and could do anything with your hands. It's a wonder to me that you can fill a pipe and then fight a match."

Later in the evening he said in a soft voice that they ought to be happy, for they were in a respectable as well as a comfortable house. "You cannot be too careful, in these days; and you may have queer neighbors even on Beacon Street. We are lucky." His wife answered: "I don't know about that; the man on the first floor is often beastly drunk; the people opposite have late supper parties; there's a lot of poker playing on the next floor, and the widow has a good many men callers." Her husband looked at her: "Do you keep watch on them?" "No; but Ingrid told me." "If I were you I shouldn't listen to servant's gossip, kitchen talk." "But I must talk with somebody. I'm alone all day, and at night you want to read."

Three or four days after a woman and her little daughter and a dog moved into the flat that had so long been vacant, and a card appeared over the speaking-tube: "Mrs. Reginald Hawkinson Hanly." The new comers were directly under Mr. Tennant, his wife and Ingrid, who were apprehensive. "I suppose we shall hear the child squalling and yelling and running up and down—and then there's that dog!" Apprehension was soon stilled. Mrs. Hanly and her family were singularly quiet. A piano was heard in their flat one Sunday night; but the tunes were of a sacred nature and they were played with more devotion than art. There was seldom a sound during the day.

But Mr. Tennant began to notice as he went up the stairs that an alluring odor came from the Hanlys' flat, an odor that suggested the East, thick rugs, luxurious divans, enticing attitudes. And little by little he became conscious of the fact that the neighbors were talking. "Who is Mr. Hanly? What does he do? Why doesn't he show up? His name isn't in the directory. Where is he? She's young, and if she is a widow she's a grass one." Later the talk became still sorer. Mrs. Hanly's bell was rung late at night, and visitors were admitted after 11 o'clock. Someone had heard distinctly a cork pop after midnight. Someone had seen her with a man at the Aboukir restaurant, and she laughed a great deal and carried on.

Mrs. Tennant finally rebelled: "George,

don't you think you ought to speak to the agent about that woman down stairs?" "What's the matter with her?" "Where's her husband? Who are those men that call at 11 o'clock? Does any decent woman dine late at the Aboukir? Her door is always locked in the day time, and if the servant goes out on an errand she gives a peculiar knock when she comes back. I don't think we can afford to live in the house with such a person." "What nonsense," answered Mr. Tennant; "didn't you tell me she had a children's party for her little girl the other day? Shady women can't have children's parties. She must know decent people." "Pooh; she may have ordered them in from an orphanage." "Don't be silly," said Mr. Tennant; "live and let live. They are quiet at any rate; and I'd rather have such neighbors than a highly respectable couple with five children in rude health. Besides, she is a mighty fine looking woman; I like to rest my eyes occasionally."

The days went by, and Mrs. Hanly became a more and more suspicious character. Mothers in the block told their children not to have anything to do with the little girl. Mrs. Johnson nearly stepped into the gutter when she passed her. Mr. Johnson was seen across the street one night breaking his neck in his anxiety to see what was going on in that heavily scented parlor. Mrs. Champney said she could not understand why her husband refused to complain to the agent. Mrs. Hanly alone was undisturbed. She did not court acquaintanceship; she was neither shy nor bold. Champney swore to Tennant and Johnson at the corner drug-store that she was a corker, and then they all betrayed analytical and anatomical enthusiasm.

Last Sunday, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a voice was heard roaring in the hall: "Come along, Molly; get a gal on you." It was an unknown voice, a voice of authority as well as pride. Again the voice roared the command. There was a rush to the front windows. There was Mrs. Hanly, a dream of delight; never was she so fascinating, so irresistible. Jowler and the little child were leaping about a thick-necked, broad-shouldered man dressed after the manner of a New York broker. Jowler was barking, and the child cried: "O papa." And there at last was Mr. Reginald Hawkinson Hanly.

May 2, 1902
The world of shadows is more real than the passing pageant of human things.

Old Chimes is falling rapidly. We dined with him and Miss Enstacla yesterday. Little-neck clams were served instead of oysters, and Old Chimes laughed a feeble, ghostly laugh and said, "Le raw is dead! Vive le raw!"

It thundered during the night of April 30-May 1. And what is the portent?

When April blows his horn
It's good for hay and corn.
Many thunderstorms in May,
And the farmer sings, "Hey! hey!"
Though it seems to us "Hey" should here be spelled with an "a".

Mr. Charlemagne Tower will attend the levee of King Edward today. A man with a name like that needs no dress of court, no decoration. He can never be abashed; he can never be lonely. On the angry Atlantic, on a dreary steppe of Russia, in the palace of the Tsar or in the simple country house of an American multi-millionaire he has an unflinching source of pleasure: the contemplation of his name.

To "One of the Crowd": You quote from an editorial paragraph published in the *Journal* this sentence: "In 1806 the Weekly Inspector of New York spoke of a mob as 'highbinders' and 'banditti'"; and you ask where the phrase originated.

The writer tells us that it is in the "Marginalia" of Poe, who refutes a statement that the term was "not in use certainly before 1819" by the quotation from the Weekly Inspector.

Poe adds: "In a subsequent number, the association are called 'hidebinders.' They were Irish." Now "Vocabulary: or the Rogue's Lexicon," by George W. Matsell (New York, 1859), does not contain the word, although it recognizes highbeak, highflyer, highbroke, highgag, highjink, highliver, highpad, highropes, highride, hightober. "Highblinder" is in the Oxford Dictionary and it is characterized as "United States slang." The first meaning is rowdy, one of a gang which com-

mits outrages on persons and property, and among the earliest quotations is the one from the Weekly Inspector of 1806. The New York Evening Post of the same year is quoted: "A desperate association of lawless and unprincipled vagabonds calling themselves 'highbinders' during the last winter produced several riots." Then the dictionary gives the more modern meaning of the term, and the first quotation is from the American Missionary of 1887: "The Highbinders were already on his track, and he scarcely feels safe even in Oakland."

Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms says that "highbinder, a riotous fellow," is New York slang. Charles L. Norton, in "Political Americanisms," writes: "Highbinders: conspirators, ruffians. A term originally applied to Chinese detectives in California, afterward to political conspirators and the like." Mr. Norton evidently was not acquainted with the earlier use of the term.

The Oxford Dictionary hints at "high" and "bender" as component parts of the slang word: "high" as "overbearing, wrathful, and 'bender' as 'a hard drinker.'" It also refers to "hollbender, a protracted and reckless debauch or drunken frolic."

Now there is a Scotch term, "highbendit," which means primarily "dignified in appearance," and then "haughty, ambitious." And "binder" in Ireland means "anything very large and good of its kind." But doubtful things are mighty uncertain.

You also ask: "What does 'mallagrigeous' mean? It suggests malevolence and grue, and gorgeous—possibly exarabilities of splendid sin. And what is a 'mallagratofozler' or whatever it was? It conveys no suggestion whatever and is not in the dictionary. I heard it at a men's dinner. Is it off color?"

"Mallagrigeous" is a Scotch word and means "grim, ghostly, discontented looking." It is in certain dictionaries; as Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language, "Joseph Wright's 'English-Dialect Dictionary.'"

"Matagrabbolser" is a French word coined by Rabelais and appropriated by the fantastical Sir Thomas Urquhart in his *Mirlick translation*, Book I., chap. 19, where Master Janotus Bragmardo in the course of his oration for recovery of the bells of our Lady's Church says: "Consider, Domine, I have been these 18 days in matagrabbolising this brave speech." A commentator thus explains the word: "It signifies the studying or writing of vain things. When Rabelais coined this word, says M. le Duchat, he had in his eye these three 'matulos,' foolish, useless, trifling; 'grapho' I write; 'hallo,' I throw, from whence mak-

ling 'matagrophobalzen,' to throw out foolish written things, he afterwards formed his French 'matagroboliser.' This column is a striking example of matagrobolization.

We did not write the poems to which you allude so pleasantly. We regret this exceedingly. When we were 18 years old we tried to write an elegiac poem for the Yale Record; but our experience was not unlike that of a kinsman of Artemus Ward. "I'm the only literary man in our family," wrote Artemus Punch: "It is true I once had a dear cuzzun who wrote 22 versis onto 'A Child who nearly Died of the Measles, O' but as he injoiciously introduced a chorius at the end of each stanza, the parents didn't like it all. The father in particler wept afresh, assaulted my cuzzun, and said he never felt so riddlekus in his intire life. The unhappy result was that my cuzzun abandin'd poetry forever; and went back to shoemakin, a shattered man."

Mr. Henry L. Nelson tells this story in "The Capital of Our Democracy," published in the Century, as an illustration of the self-conscious Brahminism of Boston: "We have had a charming morning, sir," said a candidate for Governor of the State, who was attempting to fulfill his promise to his party leaders and to win the friendship of a strong and influential man of the people who had complained of the candidate's haughty bearing—"a charming morning together, and hereafter, if I fail to recognize you when we meet in the street, I beg you to attribute my apparent lapse in courtesy to my near-sightedness, and not to my consciousness of the difference in our social positions."

A. C. M. said in the New York Evening Post of April 30: "There are, to be sure, a great many woman concert reporters, but these are far from being critics, and need only be mentioned here to be ruled out of the discussion. One such was heard of not long since who reported an important music festival for a leading Boston newspaper, and openly boasted that she did not know one note of music from another!" Names, please. What festival? What newspaper?

The Earl of Wemyss has invented a tool, the "multimplement." It is a combination of ten implements, including a pick, mattock, spade, chopper, saw, rasp, bill and cooking plate. It weighs about 24 pounds, and in its case measures 19 inches in length. Dr. Tushmaker of Boston once invented—at least John Phoenix said so—a special instrument for pulling a back tooth of Mr. Byles. "It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw."

My heart is but a tomb, where vain and cold
My dead hopes lie: encoffin'd there, my
Pride
Lies dead, and my Life's Gladness cruci-
fied,
And there my Morning Joy long turn'd to
mould;
And there like once-lov'd corpses dead and
old
My Victory that long, long since hath died,
And all my Hopes lie shrouded side by side,
For whom: no eyes have wept, no dirges
toll'd,
And there insensate on the darken'd floor
Despair a maniac still doth howl and
scream,
Among all these long dead alive alone;
Among these things I sit upon a throne,
In endless contemplation evermore;
Nor these suffice to break my iron dream.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

The grasshopper hopped before his eyes and made them water. He was constantly using his handkerchief and at last he was measured for a pair of spectacles. But he did not see the grasshopper.

The grasshopper rubbed his legs and wings together close to his ears, and he put up his hand to brush it away. His hand curved unconsciously like a trumpet and he began to ask "what did you say?" "I didn't catch that!" or, "How?" The grasshopper whirled so that the man could not hear—not even hear the grasshopper.

The grasshopper alighted on his shoulders. The man stooped under the weight. He could not straighten again. But he did not feel any grasshopper.

The grasshopper crawled over his legs, and the man could no longer walk down town. Passengers in the car saw the grasshopper and gave the man a seat: he wondered why; for he did not know that the grasshopper was on his knee.

And the grasshopper clung to his fingers until they began to shake. The veins showed in ridges, the nails were ribby. He did not recognize the queer clinging of the grasshopper's feet; he did not notice the stain that was left on his fingers.

And then the grasshopper hopped, whirled, weighed, crawled, clung so persistently that the man could not leave the house. At last it crawled into his stomach; another time it was near his brain.

One day the man was reading absently in a big book with coarse print and leather covers, and he came to a passage which read: "Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

And then the grasshopper thought the man had read long enough.

H. C.

Emma Eames is always faithful to art. Just before sailing, she said to the reporters: "I am not going to sing at Covent Garden, although the Directors wanted me. But no Covent Garden for me this year. I want to sing there when the public is interested in what is going on on the stage and is not looking at the people in the boxes; and that is what it will be at the Covent Garden after the coronation." The amiable prima donna! We have seen Emma when she was evidently annoyed because the audience paid attention to others on the stage, even when she was there. When she herself sits in a stage-box, she sits far back so that she may not draw the eyes of the spectators from the stage. Does she? To use the language of Artemus Ward: "O yes, we guess she doesn't she."

Oliver Cromwell had a neat way of providing for prisoners-of-war. He was in the habit of selling them for galley slaves or sending them to plantations where they were bid off at auction. After the massacre of Drogheda he wrote to the Parliament: "All the priests found were knocked on the head promiscuously but two, who were shot the next day."

"In connection with the alleged American outrages on the Filipinos. Mr. O'Brien, late corporal in the Twenty-sixth Volunteers, now an actor in Mrs. Leslie Carter's company, has described the pillage of a place called Barrio Lenog. The troops were commanded to take no prisoners, and the natives, who huddled together in defenceless groups, were shot down; the white flag was constantly ignored, and their bearers deliberately shot. 'Dumdum bullets were used.'—The Era (London), April 19th.

We wish that there were more men like Baron, the famous Parisian comedian. He bought an automobile to show that he is still young and interested in all that is modern. (Baron was born in 1833.) As soon as the chauffeur starts the machine, Baron, frightened, yells to the man to stop, for a cab is coming. "The result is that the automobile goes about a mile an hour, with Baron nervously scanning the horizon and trembling."

Coronets, made in Germany, will be sold for the Coronation show at six pence apiece.

A policeman of Leeds, England, has painted a picture, "Summer," which has been accepted for the exhibition of the Royal Academy. The policeman of this city might try their hands at art. "The Deserted Soda Fountain" would be an admirable subject in Sunday still life. And in Boylston Street from Exeter to Ipswich there are excellent opportunities for studying the nude, so long as young athletes run in training, clad chiefly in a breech-clout. Not that we object to these young athletes; on the contrary, we like to watch them. Now that young women are given to all manner of athletic sports and are mannish in costume, walk, general bearing and conversation, why should they not be allowed to follow the example of the Spartan maidens under good King Lycurgus? Plutarch tells us how Lycurgus took away from them "their womanish dayntines, and brought up a costume, for young maydes and boyes to goe as it were a procession, and to daunce naked at solemne feastes and sacrifices, and to singe certaine songes of their owne making, in the presence and sight of young men. . . . It was done in the presence of the Kings, the Senators, and all the rest of the cittizens which came thither to see these sportes. . . . Moreover, it somewhat lifted up their hartes, and made them nobler minded, by geving them to understand that it was no lesse comely for them in their kynde and exercises to carie the bell, than it was for men in their games and exercises to carie the price."

Lowell, April 30, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

I notice in the menu of the banquet to Archbishop Williams the "surprised brook-trout." It may surprise you, but I am so green about such matters

that I am forced to ask: "What is a 'surprised trout'?" Where does the surprise to the little speckled beauty come in? Is it when after making a dart at a little fly, he finds himself dangling on a line, instead of getting back to his shady pool and munching a sweet morsel? Tell me. "Let me not burst in ignorance."

ANGLE WORM.

We do not know. Neither do we know the nature of these dishes served at the coronation of Elizabeth Queen of Henry VII.: "Sheldes of Brawne in Armour, Hart powdered graunt Chars, Valance baked, Pekok in Hakell, Fruter Augco, Frutt Synoner" etc.

May 4, 1902

LAST SYMPHONY.

The Twenty-Fourth Concert Brings the End of the Brilliant Twenty-First Season—Pieces by Schumann, Humperdinck and Tschai-kowsky—Mr. Ben Davies, Tenor.

The 24th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D minor, No. 4.....Schumann
"Onaway! Awake, Beloved".....Coleridge-Taylor
Moorish Rhapsody, Nos. 1, 2.....Humperdinck
Siegmund's Love Song.....Wagner
Overture, "1812".....Tschai-kowsky

Mr. Gericke was enthusiastically applauded both at the beginning and at the end of the concert. The symphony chosen for the ending of the season is one of the most poetically beautiful in the repertory; it is the one of Schumann's four that can be heard with full enjoyment. I am aware some now belittle the two middle movements, and say that they are intermezzi which should have been written for the piano; but this criticism need not disturb anyone. These movements breathe a romantic spirit that Schumann himself never surpassed as expressions of gentle, dreamy melancholy. I know of few more haunting pages in orchestral music than those of the trio in the scherzo. This trio might have been played last night with greater elasticity in tempo, and the finale might have been read less rigidly, with more dramatic exuberance and greater liberty in song. The first two movements were finely played. Humperdinck's Moorish Rhapsody may now be put on the top shelf. The chief interest last night was in the attempt to find Moorish character in the music. Since this is not to be found after diligent search, the Rhapsody is merely a collection of notes. Did Engelbert Humperdinck write the music to Brother Gustav's poems printed on the fly-leaf, or did Gustav write the poetry after Brother Engelbert had composed the music? This Rhapsody is not effective as program music or as absolute music. It is without character, without exotic charm, without even attractive ugliness. Fle on it! Away with it!

Tschai-kowsky's "1812," which was written for an out-of-door performance at the dedication of a Moscow Church, brought a sonorous and stirring close. The composer himself declared it a "mediocre" work and deplored the fact that it was played in concert halls; yet it abounds in striking passages, and the entrance of the Cossacks and other wild riders is picturesquely described. No doubt, as a whole, the overture is for a cyclorama, but no ordinary man could have written it—not even Humperdinck with all his Wagnerian polyphony, and a poem by Gustav.

Mr. Ben Davies sang "Onaway" from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," and Siegmund's Love Song from "Die Walkure." He was more successful in the familiar song of Siegmund than in the tune by the son of the Sierra Leone physician. For he sang "Onaway" without romantic feeling, in an incongruously straightforward, declamatory fashion, without nuances, except for a passage in falsetto, and the climax was sentimental in parlor fashion, instead of being broad and heroic. An unintelligent performance! But in the song from "Die Walkure" he showed that it is not necessary to bawl the measures or shriek them spasmodically, chopped, and out out of tune, after the approved manner of favorite German tenors.

A short review of the 21st season of the Symphony Orchestra will be found on another page of this issue.

Philis Hale.

THE musical season in Boston is said to end with the last Symphony concert. A belated singer or pianist may perform after this date, with an apologetic air, as one born out of due time; a teacher may exploit pupils to the delight of their parents; a stray operetta company may sing and dance even in June with desperate defiance of the weather; the elocutionist, assisted by a singer or a pianist, is always with us; but the season is over with the 24th Symphony Concert.

The 21st season of the Symphony Orchestra was on the whole more interesting than the one that preceded it. These works were performed for the first time in Boston:

SYMPHONIES.

Bruckner: Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5. Dec. 28, 1901.
D'Indy: Symphony on a Mountain Air for orchestra and pianoforte (Mr. Bauer, pianist), April 5, 1902.
Taneiff: Symphony in C, No. 1, Op. 12. Nov. 23, 1901.

SYMPHONIC POEMS.

Chausson, Ernest: "Viviane," Symphonic Poem, Op. 5, Feb. 1, 1902.
Hausegger: "Barbarossa," Symphonic Poem in three parts, April 19, 1902.
Loeffler: Two poems for orchestra (MS.): "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles," Verlain; "Villanelle du Diable," Rollinat. April 12, 1902.
Strauss, Richard: "Ein Heldenleben," Dec. 7, 1901.

OVERTURES.

Elgar: Overture, "Cockaigne," Nov. 30, 1901.
Glazounoff: Overture, Solennelle, Op. 73. Feb. 15, 1902.
Schillings: Symphonic Prologue to "Oedipus Rex," Op. 31, March 1, 1902.

SUITES, VARIATIONS, ETC.

Glazounoff: Suite from the Ballet, "Raymonda," Op. 57A, Jan. 25, 1902.
Koessler: Symphonic Variations ("In Memory of Brahms"), March 15, 1902.
Rubinstein: Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11 of the Ballet, "The Vine" (revised and orchestrated by Wilhelm Gericke) (MS.), March 8, 1902.
Schumann, Georg: Symphonic Variations on the Choral, "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten," Op. 24, Oct. 25, 1901.

CONCERTOS, ETC.

Bach-Mottl: Concerto in F, No. 2, for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin, with accompaniment, Dec. 28, 1901.
Liszt: Concerto Pathétique for pianoforte and orchestra, arranged and orchestrated by Richard Burmeister (Mr. Burmeister, pianist), Oct. 26, 1901.
"Dance of Death," for pianoforte and orchestra (Mr. Bauer, pianist), Jan. 11, 1902.

OPERATIC TRANSCRIPTIONS.

Strauss, Richard: Love Scene from "Feuersnöth," March 8, 1902.

Total number of works produced this season for the first time..... 18
Of these 18 works 10 are by Germans: Bach-Mottl, Bruckner, Hausegger, Koessler, Liszt (2)—for in general classification Liszt is reckoned with the Germans—Schillings, Georg Schumann, Richard Strauss (2).

Three are by Frenchmen: Chausson, d'Indy, Loeffler—for Mr. Loeffler, French by birth and American by naturalization, reckons himself, if he must be classed, with the members of the modern French school.

Four are by Russians: Glazounoff (2), Rubinstein, Taneiff.

England was represented by Elgar.

The following artists appeared for the first time at these concerts: Sopranos,

Miss Cramer, Miss Heindl; contralto, Miss Spencer; tenor, Mr. Van Hoose; pianists, Miss Cottlow, Messrs. Buonamicci, Hutcheson, Slivinski; violinists, Messrs. Gregorowitsch, Winteritz; cellist, Mrs. Gérardy.

And here is the summary of pieces performed: Wagner, 12; Beethoven, 8; Brahms, 6; Liszt and Robert Schumann, 5 each; Goldmark, Mendelssohn and Tschai-kowsky, 4 each; Dvorák, Mozart, Richard Strauss, 3 each; Glazounoff, Grieg, Haydn, Saint-Saëns, Weber, 2 each; and these composers were represented by a single work: Bach-Mottl, Berlioz, Bruckner, Chadwick, Chausson, Cherubini, Chopin, Coleridge-Taylor, Elgar, Godard, Götz, Hausegger, Humperdinck, d'Indy, Joachim, Koessler, Lalo, Liszt-Burmeister, Loeffler, MacDowell, Raff, Rubinstein, Rubinstein-Gericke, Schillings, Schubert, Georg Schumann, Spohr, Taneiff, Viextemps, Volkmann, Weil—38 pieces in all.

These may be classified as follows: German, 63, and if Mr. Oscar Weil is a German, 69; Russian, 9; French 8 (with Mr. Loeffler included); Czech, 3; English, 2; American, 2, or with Mr. Weil, 3; Belgian, 1; Scandinavian, 2; Polish, 1; Italian—Cherubini—although the French might claim him. So far as the pieces heard for the first time are concerned, the deepest impression was made by the superb performances of d'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Air"; Hausegger's "Barbarossa"; the two Poems by Mr. Loeffler; and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." It would have been well if these pieces had been heard twice, and in each case within the space of three weeks. Chausson's "Viviane" was charming; Elgar's overture "Cockaigne" showed that the English have at last escaped from Mendelssohn. Bruckner's symphony in B-flat contains marvelously impressive pages.

Miss Cramer's appearance was unwarranted and unfortunate. Miss Cottlow's poetic and beautiful performance of Grieg's concerto was one of the features of the season. Mr. Gérardy is now without doubt the first of the 'cello virtuosos. Mr. Gregorowitsch charmed by finish and elegance and purity of style. Nor will Mr. Slivinski's admirable performance of Tschai-kowsky's concerto be soon forgotten.

If there were disappointments (Dvorák's Legends; the pieces by Glazounoff, Koessler, Schillings, Georg Schumann, Taneiff), there is this to be said: the works by the four last named have attracted attention abroad and won favorable criticism. It was a good thing to hear them and know for ourselves how mediocre they are. The excerpts from Dvorák's Legends were new to many in the audience, and now they are prepared to deny themselves cheerfully hearing the other numbers of the set.

Many of the more familiar works gave rare pleasure on account of inherent worth or the brilliance of the performance; as the works by Beethoven, the symphonies by Brahms, Chadowitz's "Mazurka," Liszt's "Festklänge," Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave," Raff's "Im Walde," Saint-Saëns's Symphony for orchestra and organ, Schubert's "Infinite" a performance of rare beauty—the work by Robert Schumann, Tchaikowsky and Wagner.

The season as a whole was one that reflected great credit on Mr. Gerike and the orchestra. We are all so accustomed to these concerts to perfection of mechanism that we are inclined to take things for granted, or to be hypercritical. It is a pity that for purposes of comparison we do not hear other orchestras of reasonable pretensions.

Not the least agreeable feature of this 21st season was the interest shown by Mr. Gerike in works of the modern and radical school. The introduction of such compositions recalls to me the opening lines of the Epilogue to "Henry VIII.":

"'Tis ten to one, this play can never please All that are here. Some come to take their ease."

And so an Act or two, he these, we fear, We've fought with our trumpets, so, 'tis clear, They'll say, 'tis naught."

But Mr. Gerike realizes that these works which are now exciting controversy throughout Europe, which are extolled and attacked by pamphleteers, should be heard in this city. Fifty years from now the most radical of them will probably seem conventional to the audiences in the hall that takes the place of the present home of the orchestra. And those interested in musical history will wonder why there was such a pother about them in the years 1901-02.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann of Boston, violinist, gave a concert in St. James's Hall, London, with an orchestra, April 21. The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of him as follows:

Mr. Hartmann took the violin part in Tchaikowsky's Concerto in D major. He is an extremely able and an exceptionally gifted player. If at times he seems to be a little lacking in breadth, the sweetness of his tone, the absolute accuracy of his ear, and an extreme refinement of manner were distinguishing notes of a charming and fascinating player. In the finale, especially of the Tchaikowsky, he was altogether admirable. It is very rare indeed that one hears a youthful player with so definitely mature an accomplishment to which there has only to be added certain deeper emotional elements to place him, in our opinion, in a very high rank indeed. In Faure's pretty "Berceuse" he was quite flawless, and he received an encore for his playing of Nachez's "Danse Trizane." The orchestra under Dr. Cowen played quite well, and Mr. Percy Pitt was the accompanist of the evening.

"Der Wald," a one-act opera by Ethel M. Smyth, was produced at the Royal Opera, Berlin, April 9. The opera failed dismally. The correspondent of the Era wrote:

"The performance lasted an hour and a half, and wearied the audience extremely. The music as a composition is not without traces of talent, but there

is no melody, nothing pleasing, nothing to take home with one. It is an endless succession of sound, and no more. The book—also the work of the composer—is weak, and there is nothing that appeals to us in the plot. The opera commences with a mystical chorus of forest spirits, dimly perceived through the gloom of a darkened stage. When the light dawns we see a charming scene in the forest, and learn that Roschen, a woodman's daughter, and Heinrich, a young forester, are soon to be wed. Heinrich brings his sweetheart to a deer he has shot against the law of the land—which he intends to serve as a tit-bit at their wedding feast. He hides the booty in a thicket, but the action is secretly witnessed by a pedler who is wandering through the country accompanied by a performing bear. Later on comes Lohndorf, the mistress of Landgraf Rudolf, mounted on a gaily decked steed, her rich velvet habit showing her love of display. She enjoys something of the reputation of a witch—the action passes in the Middle Ages—owing to her fascination and her cruelty. She sends away her followers and proceeds to make violent love to the handsome young forester Heinrich, who, for his part, belongs to Roschen alone. The scene is curious, and Roschen, who inopportunistly appears upon the scene, no less so, though from a different cause. The pedler comes forward at this juncture, or is rather dragged in by the peasants, who accuse him of theft and propose dawning him in the well. The hidden deer comes to light, and the pedler tells who put it there. Something in those days was punishable by death, so it is easy for Rudolf and Lohndorf to be revenged upon poor Heinrich. After the Landgraf has left the scene, Heinrich makes one more attempt to gain the young man's favor, but he remains steadfast, and the outraged beauty orders him to be killed on the spot. This is done, and Roschen falls in agony upon her lover's body. The stage darkens once more, and the weird spirits of the forest raise their chant as the curtain falls."

The German critics were still more severe. They complain that the book is singularly "realistic" for a stud Englishwoman, and that the music is uninteresting from beginning to end. It is also said that the conductor rebelled against the production, but that the Emperor insisted, and there are hints at the influence of the English Court; that Miss Smyth's sister is a lady-in-waiting, or something of that kind, on the present Queen of England.

This Miss Smyth was born in London, a daughter of General J. H. Smyth, once of the Royal Artillery. She studied at the Leipzig Conservatory and then with von Herzogenberg. Her chief works are a string quintet (Leipzig, 1887-88); sonata for piano and violin (1887-88); serenade for orchestra, (Crystal Palace, 1890); overture, "Antony and Cleopatra," (Crystal Palace, 1890); mass in D, (London, 1893); "Fantasia," an opera performed at Weimar (1898), and Carlsruhe; songs.

Tchaikowsky met Miss Smyth at Leipzig in 1888 and he wrote about her entertainingly in his diary:

"After the Christmas Tree, while we were all sitting round the tea-table at Brodsky's, a beautiful dog of the setter breed came bounding into the room and began to frisk round the host and his little nephew, who welcomed his arrival. This means that Miss Smyth will appear directly," everybody ex-

claimed at once, and in a few minutes a tall Englishwoman, not handsome, but having what people call an "expressive" or "intelligent" face, walked into the room, and I was introduced to her at once as a fellow composer. Miss Smyth is one of the comparatively few women composers who may be seriously reckoned among the workers in this sphere of music. She had come to Leipzig a few years before and studied theory and composition thoroughly; she had composed several interesting works (the best of which, a violin sonata, I heard excellently played by the composer herself and Mr. Brodsky), and gave promise in the future of a serious and talented career. Since no Englishwoman is without her original gifts and eccentricities, Miss Smyth had hers which were: The beautiful dog, which was quite inseparable from this lonely woman, and invariably announced her arrival; a passion for hunting, on account of which she occasionally returned to England for a time; and, finally, an incomprehensible and almost passionate worship for the intangible musical genius of Brahms. From her point of view Brahms stood on the supreme pinnacle of all music, and all that had gone before him served merely as a preparation for the incarnation of absolute musical beauty in the creations of the Viennese master. And in this case, as invariably when I came in contact with rabid Brahmsites, I tormented myself with the question: "Are they all wrong and imagine what does not exist, or have I so offended God and Nature that the 'revelation' predicted by Buelow will never descend to bless me?"

"A. C. M." says in the N. Y. Evening Post—is it not Miss Muirhead?—

"Even as a listener to music, a part where woman's sympathy and feeling and intuition have their highest value, woman leaves much to be desired. She is so personal in her admiration—a recital has generally much more charm for her than a symphony concert without a soloist; and her admiration for the virtuoso depends very often on some entirely irrelevant circumstance—his way of wearing his hair, or graceful brow, or the reputed violence of his temper, quite as much as on his professional ability. And when her enthusiasm is aroused, it is so apt to outrun discretion. No truly musical being, no one with real reverence for music, would exact the encores demanded by the average female concert-goer. One is driven to guess that the tumultuous applause is the result of wagers made by the matinee girls with their attendant swains, for the mere fun of the thing, as to how many times they can succeed in making the unfortunate virtuoso walk the boards. At a recent recital, Josef Hofmann, whose manner towards his audience is charmingly fraternal at all times, after his fourth encore gently but firmly closed the lid of the piano as a hint to the foolish virgins clamored till the lights on the stage were put out. As any one who is bold enough to hire Carnegie Hall for a recital is treated in the same way, the applause is too general to be complimentary. It is a mere whirlwind of indiscriminate. But there is this to be said: It is the women who pay for the concert tickets and make concert-giving possible. The virtuoso would be in a bad way without them!"

I have received the following letter: The death of Mr. J. Melville Horner, the singer, on March 31, at Brookline, Mass., leaves a void in many warm hearts. He was about to establish himself here, having come to us from Pittsburgh, Penn., and had filled many engagements most acceptably, including a church position at Worcester during the last two winters. Last fall he gave a recital under the auspices of Mrs. C. Corliss Frisbie, the able pianist and teacher at Manchester, N. H., and sang at the Musical Festival of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association. He also contributed greatly to the pleasure of a large audience at a concert given by Mrs. S. D. Warren, Sr., at Cumberland Mills, Me., on Sept. 13, 1900, where the Knisel Quartet played important selections, among them Schubert's string quartet movement in C major, the Kreutzer sonata and Rheinberger's charming piano

concert. The musical profession lost in him a noble character and a sweet nature, that endeared itself to all who were able to appreciate it. He took his work seriously and knew how to impress upon his pupils agreeably and patiently the importance of thorough and conscientious study.

He was born at Carmichaels, Green County, Penn., Oct. 14, 1856. He leaves a widow. ERNST PERABO.

April 28, 1902.

Gertrude Stein will take the place of Schumann-Heink at the Cincinnati Festival this month.—Dippel has been invited to be the first tenor at the Opera House in Frankfurt, but he will probably return to this country.—Saint-Saëns wrote the Coronation March ordered by King Edward in four days at Carlo.—Renaud, the famous baritone of the Paris Opéra will sing Wolfram, in German at Covent Garden, and he will also appear with Melba and Caruso, the tenor, in "Rigoletto." Among the new singers at Covent Garden will be Mary Garden of the Opéra-Comique; Miss Metzger, contralto, of Cologne; Helm, tenor, of Mayence; Maréchal of the Opéra-Comique; Miss Doenjis of Leipzig and Munich; Mrs. Kratz (the wife of Otto Lohse); Mrs. Norell of Stockholm; Olive Fremstad of Munich; Miss Padini of Madrid, Lisbon and Buenos Ayres.

They speak of Basil Hood's "Elizabethan humor" as displayed in the libretto of "Merric England"—at the Savoy, London. Here is a specimen brick:

Raleigh—"Do you know what love is?" Bessie Throckmorton—"I was taught once."

Raleigh—"When?" Bessie—"Why, when I learned my Latin grammar; thus—Love, which is masculine, should be declined in all cases."

Raleigh—"When its cases are plural, in my case it is alone—the one love of my life."

Bessie—"Then it is singular." Raleigh—"Love may be a verb conjugated thus—I love, thou lovest, and that's enough, for it requires no third person present."

Bessie—"Ah! for the present, but how of other moods and other tenses, the future and the past?"

Mr. E. E. Kelley's music to "Ben Hur" will not appeal to the fastidious musician. As I surmised in these columns a fortnight since, when commenting on the pianoforte score, the brass is somewhat too generously treated and the strains in no case exhaust opportunities, but the music is always appropriate to the situation, and effective use is made of the theme representative of the Messianic prophecy. The barbaric sensuousness of the scene in the Groves of Daphne is cleverly accentuated, and the prelude to the second act ingeniously suggests the laboring at the oars in the Roman galley. The most effective use of Eastern musical scales is made in Iras's song. The music for the beautiful final scene on the Mount of Olives is Gounod-like in character, but none the less well serves the purpose—a remark which may be said to apply to the score in its entirety.—The Referee (London).

Mr. Finck tells in the New York Evening Post this story about Anton Seidl:

"As for being late At a Seidl performance, no musician ever dreamed of such a thing. Nevertheless, it was Mr. Schlieffen's ill luck to be thirty-two minutes behind time one evening when he was absolutely essential. He had left his house, as usual, in ample time to reach the Metropolitan, without knowing, or caring, what the opera was to be. Suddenly there was a slight collision, the elevated train stopped, and there was considerable delay. He took it coolly until a man next to him said to him, 'We have our newspapers, even the London Times, the Hugo notes.' On hearing that word, Schlieffen jumped from his seat like a madman, ran along the track, crawled down the first ladder, hailed a cab, and told the driver to take him full speed to the opera house. 'The Huguenots' has an important solo shortly after the overture, and he knew there was no one else who could play it. He arrived the moment the solo was due, and had to play it standing, as there was not time for him to take his seat. He heard afterwards that Seidl had commenced the overture, and then, suddenly noticing the vacant seat, had stopped and rushed back to the stage with a furious mien, while some of the hearers hissed at the interruption. After waiting nearly half an hour he had come back pale as death, and resumed the overture. When the act was over, the other musicians congratulated Schlieffen on having played particularly well; 'but don't go near the old man or you'll be a corpse!' But there was Seidl, commanding him to his room. When they got there the conductor opened up a perfect volley of abuse, raving like a madman and upsetting the table in his excitement. The poor musician tried to explain that he was innocent—that there had been a collision; but Seidl was implacable and began again, when suddenly a certain parted, a woman appeared, and said 'But Anton!' It was his wife. She threw him into a seat, stroked his hair, and soothed him with her sweet voice. Presently Seidl spoke again, in almost inaudible tones: 'No, I shall not dis-

charge you. You have never been late before, and never again will be in your life. And—and—you played well; better than ever—yes, you are an artist! And now go back to your place. But, why did you do this to me?"

The Rev. G. Husband, who plays the organ and preaches at St. Michael's, Folkestone, is again Gregorian tones. On April 6 he spoke "with such decision on the subject of Gregorian music that methinks he must have excited the ire

of those who cultivate this old-world style in their churches. He admitted that in the sixth century Gregorian music was a step in the right direction, but maintained that the system was inconsistent with the present developed state of the art, and that 'in using Gregorian chants and hymn tunes we were offering to God music in its worst and crudest and most undeveloped form.' That the old tones in which these chants and hymns are cast present the art in its cradle is of course true, but it is this very antiquity which forms its sanctity in the eyes of many Churchmen; and albeit that its progressions are crude and harsh to modern ears, they are preferable to the sentimentalism and 'jingleism' of third-rate modern hymnology."

May 5, 1902

Hume was of the Pipe-Office (not unthly appointed), and in his cheerfuller cups would delight to speak of a widow and a howling-green, that ran in his head to the last. "What is the good of talking of these things now?" said the man of utility. "I don't know," replied the other, quaffing another glass of sparkling ale, and with a lamphant fire playing in his eye and round his bald forehead—he had a head that Sir Joshua would have made something bland and genial of—"I don't know, but they were delightful to me at the time, and are still pleasant to talk and think of."

The "intimate" news from Washington is interesting, and all will wish Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Corbin good luck. But is the sassiest editor sure about the Depew household? It may be, after all, only one of Dr. Depew's jokes.

Mr. Sims wrote entertainingly a fortnight or so ago about the falsification of wines; how that it is by no means a modern invention. The manufacture of wines was a large industry under Charles I. "Francis Chamberlayne obtained a patent for 14 years and turned out Spanish and Portuguese wines wholesale, manufacturing them from raisins." Etc., etc.

We remember a passage in Henri Etienne's "Apology for Herodotus" concerning the adulteration of drink, food, spices, drugs, in which he bitterly inveighed against the dealers of his 16th century. No doubt there was talk about the genuineness of wines that came from Noah's Vineyard.

Mr. Sims says that sheries and the old-fashioned white wines have lost their vogue in England. "Sweet champagne is dead as door-nails in this country, but still have a public on the Continent. There lingers with me to this day the memory of a bottle of champagne which in a wild moment I once ordered in a Rhine-side hostelry. When it was poured out a thick syrup settled at the bottom. I held the glass up and said to the waiter that he must have made a mistake. 'Oh! no, sir,' he replied; 'the wine is all right.' And he brought me a spoon to stir it up with."

It appears that Mr. Frank Damrosch, supervisor of music in Manhattan and the Bronx, is trying to impress upon the children the proper use of the voice. "He is endeavoring to supply something that will be an antidote to the raucous screaming which is the every day conversational tone of so many tenement dwellers." We have noticed this same raucous screaming in the apartment or tenement houses of Boston as well as in the street and at social gatherings. The Bostonian's voice was never gentle, never agreeable; Cordelia herself would have lost here her distinguishing charm; and did not Dr. Holmes apologize for the voice by saying something about codfish and the east wind? Since the introduction of trolley and elevated cars, automobiles, and other evidences of what is now called civilization, the inhabitants are obliged to scream a-vie. Local singing teachers do not change the situation, as any frequenter of concerts will testify. Cannot Mr. Damrosch come over and spend a year or more in filing, sand-papery and oiling voices? He owes this to us in a way, for his brother Walter goaded the singers under his direction to screaming and thus set a shocking example.

Charles Carroll of Doughoregan wrote to his son, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who happened to be in London, as follows: "I understand you dress plainly; I commend you for it, but I think you should have clothes suitable to occasions, and upon your first appearance among us some show may not be im-

Observers of local musical affairs generally count the season ended with the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, though that affair never marks the close of the city's musical activities. Those activities drag along generally till into May, though the concerts gradually lose in value and eventually run out into affairs which concern only the concert givers, their relatives and their friends. Teachers embrace the opportunity to advertise themselves; pupils to feed their vanity and ambition. In the present case there are still several concerts of first class importance to be given, such as the production of "Israel in Egypt" by the People's Choral Union at Carnegie Hall to-morrow evening, and of Liszt's "St. Elizabeth" by the Brooklyn Oratorio Society on April 25; but with these kept in mind it is possible now to cast a retrospective glance over the season's doings in the concert field, as has already been done in the operative. The simple facts as drawn from the daily record as preserved in the columns of The Tribune will speak with sufficient loudness of the variety, extent and quality of the music offered for popular support in the metropolis to make extended comment unnecessary. They are, however, commended particularly to the attention of those self-complacent critics of New-York who find satisfaction in arguing that New-York is unmusical because it does not possess what is called a "permanent orchestra." Institutions of that character are the possession of Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Philadelphia. In each case, except the first, they live off the bounty of a committee of public spirited citizens, who annually pay a large deficit. Philadelphia has just made its first experience in this direction, and the deficit for twenty concerts is about \$70,000, with the question of permanency just where it was when the season of 1901-'02 began. Meanwhile, New-York has heard no less than forty-eight symphony concerts by the Philharmonic Society, Boston and Pittsburg Symphony orchestras and the local bands organized by Mr. Sam Franko to give concerts of archaic music, by Mr. Frank Damrosch to give concerts of high class music for young people, and Mr. F. X. Arens to give symphonic music at prices within the reach of the poor. Besides these concerts of the highest artistic dignity there have been twenty-six orchestral concerts of a popular order, by which we mean such concerts as occupied the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday nights, in which the best of Mr. Grau's operatic artists participated. Such concerts would, of course, be affairs of supreme importance elsewhere; here they are counted as popular entertainments. Concerts by military bands like Sousa's, Innes's, the British Guards, the "Kilties" and the marine band which came on the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern are not considered in the review, nor are scores of semi-private affairs which were given in hotel parlors and private drawing rooms.

For the accompanying résumé we have gone to The Tribune's weekly calendars, beginning with November 3 and ending April 6. The period compasses twenty-two weeks, making (since Sunday is also a concert day in New-York) 154 days. It must also be premised that the list contains only the concerts which came under the notice of The Tribune's reviewer, either for record or criticism or both—concerts which seemed to have a bearing on musical culture and which made appeal for public support. The only complete exception is found by the organ recitals, which were all free, and which, doubtless were many more than fell under The Tribune's notice. Concerts which belong in a category by themselves are those of the private singing societies, which depend for their support either upon actual associate members, like the Mendelssohn Glee Club, the Liederkrantz, Arion, etc., or a sort of subscription membership, like the Musurgia, New-York Apollo, etc. In the category of "mixed recitals" are included public concerts which did not employ an orchestra, and in which the programme was of a miscellaneous character—songs, with violin, violoncello or pianoforte solos, etc. By song, violin or pianoforte recital is meant an affair devoted exclusively to the exploitation of song, violin or pianoforte music. "Chamber concerts" mean concerts by organizations devoted to the cultivation of classical chamber music—that is, the Kneisel Quartet, the Dannreuther Quartet, the Mannes Quartet, the Bendix Quartet, the Mendelssohn Trio, the Breitner-Schulz Trio, the Severn Trio, the concerts by the brothers Hermann, and by Arthur Whiting with the help of the members of the Kneisel Quartet. The choral concerts were those of the New-York Oratorio Society, the Brooklyn Oratorio Society, the Musical Art Society, the Choral Art Society of Brooklyn, the Prospect Heights Choral Society and the Sunday night oratorios given at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, devoted to the production of "The Messiah," Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Verdi's "Requiem." The other oratorios which had a hearing in New-York with full chorus, solo voices and orchestra were Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri." Under the head of concerts of private singing societies are included the entertainments of the Deutscher Liederkrantz, Männergesangsverein Arion, Brooklyn Arion and Brooklyn Sängerbund, in which full orchestras took part, and the Mendelssohn Glee Club, New-York Apollo, Brooklyn Apollo, Musurgia, Rubinstein and Banks Glee clubs. Concerts by college clubs are not considered. And now for the tabulated record:

Symphony concerts.....	48
Popular orchestra concerts.....	26
Choral concerts.....	14
Concerts of private singing societies.....	17
Concerts of chamber music.....	42
Pianoforte recitals.....	29
Violin recitals.....	14
Song recitals.....	32
Organ recitals.....	31
Mixed recitals.....	62
Total.....	315

The following novelties were produced at the various orchestral and chamber music concerts in the course of the season:

Richard Burmeister, "The Two Sisters," dramatic ballad for contralto voice and orchestra; Dall'Abaco, concerto a quattro, and trio sonata, for strings; Edward Elgar, overture, "Cockaigne"; Glazounow, "Ouvverture Solennelle"; Henry Holden Huss, sonata for violin and pianoforte; Von Hausegger, symphonic poem in three movements, "Barbarossa"; Victor Herbert, suite for orchestra, "Woodland Fancies"; Henry K. Hadley, symphony, "The Four Seasons"; Ottokar Novacek, quartet in C; Max Schillings, prelude to "Oedipus"; Schubert, symphony No. 5 in B flat; Josef Suk, suite for orchestra, "Ein Mährchen"; Sibelius, symphonic poem, "Lemminkäinen zieht Helmwärts"; Richard Strauss, love scene from "Feuersnot"; A. C. Debussy, quartet in G minor; C. M. Loeffler, quintet in F; G. W. Chadwick, pianoforte quintet in E flat; Vincent d'Indy, quartet in A minor.

The symphonies which had a hearing (symphonic poems are not considered) were the following:

Beethoven's first, second, fifth, seventh, eighth and ninth; Brahms's in C minor and D major, Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," Henry K. Hadley's "The Four Seasons," Haydn's in G, E flat and C minor; Liszt's "Faust," Mozart's E flat and "Jupiter," Schumann's B flat, Schubert's B flat (No. 5) and "Pathétique," and Tschalkowsky's G minor and

Among the solo performers who took part in concerts of their own or in association with others (organizations, etc.) we note the following:

Pianists—Helena Augustin, Ludovic Brettnier, Richard Burmeister, Pannle Bloomfield-Zelsler, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Harold Bauer, Hermann Carri, Augusta Cottlow, Eugenia Castellano, Rudolf Friml, S. N. Fabian, Mrs. Elford Gould, Paolo Gallico, Mary Hallock, Helen Hope Kirk, Henry Holden Huss, Josef Hofmann, Arthur Hochmann, Bruno Huhn, Katherine Ruth Heyman, Ernest Hutcheson, Mrs. Anna Jewell, Ruth I. Martin, Stella Newmark, I. J. Paderewski, Julian Pascal, Fanny Richter, Julia Rive, Louis V. Saar, Marie Schaefer, Jessy Shay, Miss M. V. Torrilhon, Arthur Whiting, Wesley Weyman, Josef Weiss, Albert Weinstein, Henriette Weber, Eduard Zeldenrust, Mary F. Williamson and Irene Szabadzky.

Violinists—Florence Austin, Timothee Adamowsky, Mme. Brettnier, Max Bendix, Ferdinand Carri, Florizel Reuter, Clara Farrington, Charles Gregorowitsch, Martina Johnstone, Jan Kubelik, Franz Kneisel, Fritz Kreisler, Leopold Lichtenberg, Olive Mead, Anna E. Otten, William Ortmann, H. P. Schmidt, Luigi von Kunits, Elsa von Molke and Franz Wilczek.

Violoncellists—Jean Gerardy, Leo Schulz, Alwin Schroeder, Flavie Van den Hende, Mark Skalmer, James Liebling and Carl Grienerauer.

Singers—Suzanne Adams, Sara Anderson, Gertrude Albrecht, Mrs. Morris Black, Miss Aileen Brower, David Bispham, Joseph Baernstein, Lillian Blauvelt, Robert Blass, Sydney Blden, Emma Calvé, Vittorio Carpi, Eleanor Cleaver, Ethel Crane, the Misses Carbone, Andreas Dippel, Jennie Dunton, Mrs. Hissem De Moss, Charles J. Dyer, Edouard de Reszke, Carl Dufft, Emil Fischer, Plunket Greene, Heathe Gregory, Mackenzie Gordon, Lucy Gates, Electa Gifford, M. Gillibert, Mme. Galski, Emilio Gorgoz, George Hamlin, Marguerite Hall, Gregory Hast, Kathryn Hike, Mary Howe, Mary Helen Howe, Adah Campbell Hussey, Dorothy Harvey, Marie Hanlon, Hildegard Hoffmann, Emma Juch, M. Journet, Lilli Lehmann, Estelle Lieblich, Elise Lathrop, Gwilym Miles, Charlotte Maconda, Susan Metcalfe, Mme. Mantell, Heinrich Meyn, Marguerite McAlpin, Mal Myota, Mme. Nordica, Helen Niebuhr, Mrs. William Ortmann, Esther Palliser, Katherine Pelton, Signor Paoli, Florence Ranstead, Francis Rogers, Mrs. Tirzah Hamlin Ruland, Tommaso Sallgnac, Mme. Schumann-Helk, Frieda Stender, Ingo Simon, Oley Speaks, Mme. Sembrich, Fritz Scheff, Gertrude May Stein, Anton Schott, Max Stimson, Mrs. Robert Stimson, Sophie Traubmann, Milka Ternina, H. Whitney Tew, Mrs. Theodore J. Toedt, Miss Winnie Titus, Ellison Van Hoose, Anton Van Rooy and Marie Zimmerman.

proper. You may contrive to be supplied with waist-coats of Silk for gentled Summer-Suits, Velvets, etc., from France at ye best hand and in ye newest Taste; after your first appearance you may be as plain as you please."

Sound, Polonius-like advice. By the

way, Edward Fitzgerald used to tell Spedding that Polonius was meant for Lord Bacon, although he was not sure that the dates would bear him out. Have the Baconians considered this question?

It is a pity that we do not know more about the family of Polonius. The wife, we fancy, was a poor, washed-out thing, subdued, with the vestiges of beauty, pathetically impressed by the wisdom of her husband. Laertes was a thorough and noisy egoist, who threw the household into confusion if his breakfast egg was not boiled exactly to his taste. His interest in his sister was selfish; he did not wish his own honor to be smirched and he had always been envious of Hamlet. And how about Ophelia? Jules Laforgue assures us that she was thin; that her eyes were blue and wandering; that a corner of her mouth was always on the defensive:—"She had the appearance of being too perishable * * * a saint in a plain petticoat." She irritated Hamlet because she wished to make him comfortable; at least, Jules Laforgue puts this description into the mouth of Hamlet. If Hamlet had been comfortable, there would not have been any play; therefore Ophelia was doomed to watery death.

Which one of Shakespeare's women would you prefer to know intimately? Cressida, Mariana, Viola? Beatrice is fresh, dippant, unendurable. Cleopatra is a disconcerting person, exacting, too expectant. We should prefer Hotspur's Kate, or Lady Macbeth, who is by no means the heele-browed virago so often pictured, but a sinuous, perfumed, luxurious creature who, by one kiss, would move even the President of a law-and-order league to murder. Juliet is too enthusiastic; and this is why the impersonation of Melba or Eames is endurable—it is radically unlike the original young woman.

This reminds us that Melba's portrait has been painted by Rupert Bunny. Does she call him "mon petit lapin"?

We read the other day that an old house in the rue Beautreillis, Paris, is about to be demolished to make room for a workshop. The street is an old one; it was laid in 1555. The garden of this doomed house forms part of the ancient cemetery of Saint Paul, and in the church of Saint Paul was the tomb of Rabelais and those of three mignons of Henry III., Quélus, Maugiron and Saint-Mégrin, whose names are doubtless familiar to readers of Dumas, the elder. This church was pulled down years ago. But in this old garden was buried Nov. 20, 1703, our old friend, the man with the Iron Mask, buried at 4 P. M., and at a cost of 40 livres, under the name Marchiali. Now the question is: Are his bones really there, and will the mask be found? Yet it is not a thing that we should like to see, nor would we own it for the world. The victim of singularly inhuman revenge suffered enough without this long deferred ignominy of exposure. Let us hope that he and the mask are now a part of the elements.





JUL 25 1935

